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Philips, A. J.

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QUEEN VASHTI

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A GUERNSEY COW

Her Owners, Companions, Caretakers,
Ancestors and Descendants.

A Companion Piece to Black Beauty.

WRITTEN BY

A. J. PHILIPS,

OF WEST SALEM, WISCONSIN.

This book is dedicated to

MRS. HENRIETTA E. FOSTER,

OF TECUMSEH, OKLAHOMA,

To whose good advice, genius and ability in fixing
types in animals, I am indebted for my
success in handling animals.

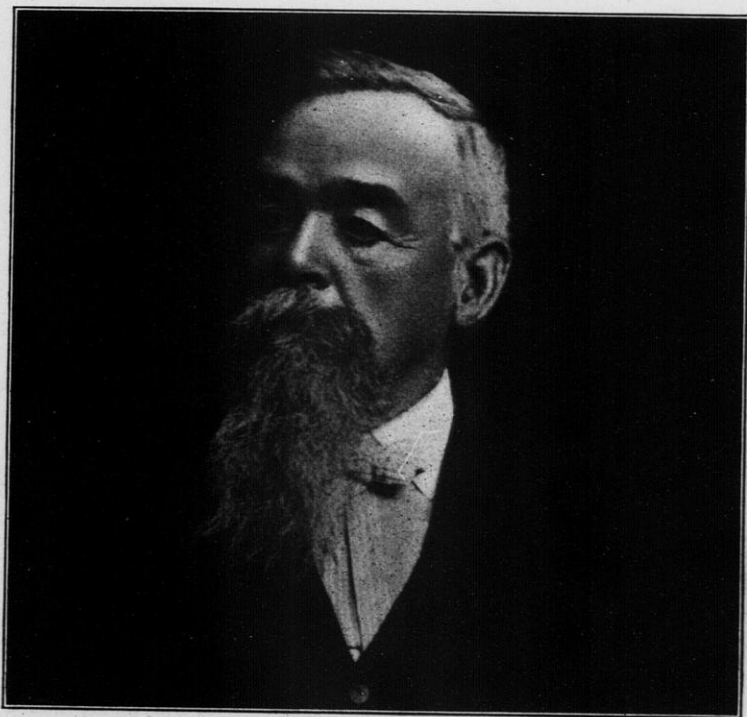
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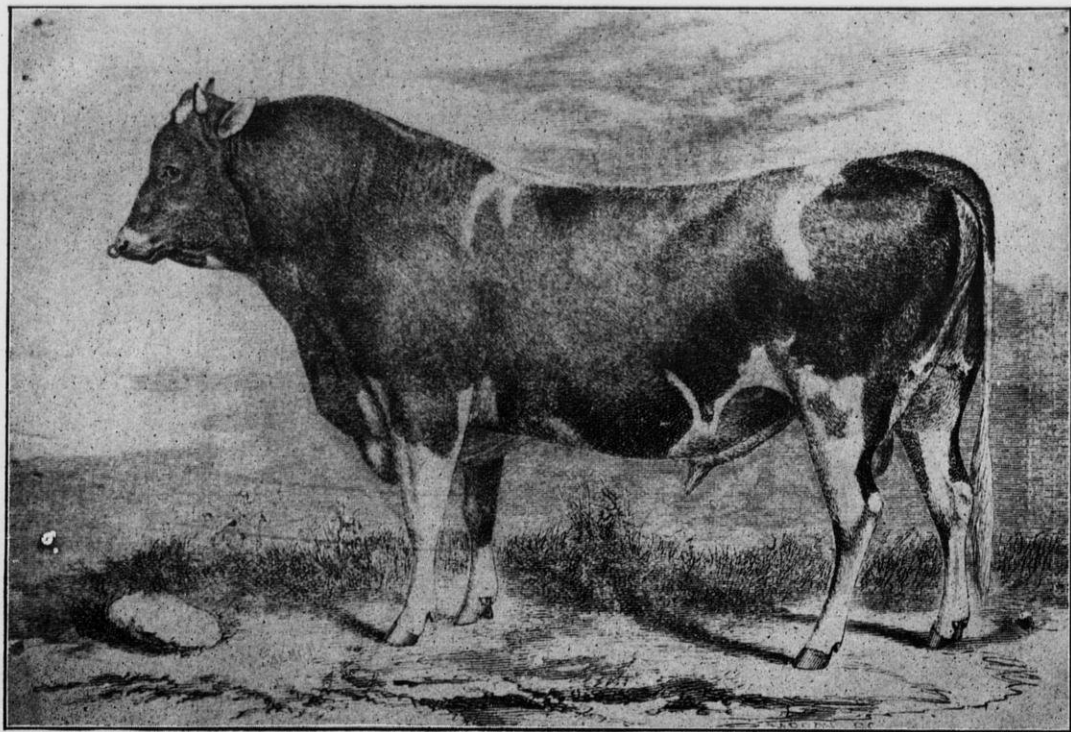
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A. J. PHILIPS

Owner of Queen Vashti for twelve years.



SIR CHAMPION 38. Sire of Champion 16.

PREFACE.

For more than two years I have been studying on some plan to give to the world, especially that part of it which is engaged in the handling of animals, some thoughts which, if heeded, would be of great value. I finally decided that the most successful plan would be to compile them into a book which will not only be interesting, entertaining and instructive reading, but will plough deeper into the convictions and be of more lasting benefit than any other plan I could adopt. My decision to write this book was actuated by the following closing lines of one of John Boyle O'Reilly's beautiful poems:

What is the real Good,
I asked in a musing mood,
ORDER, said the Law Court,
KNOWLEDGE, said the School,
TRUTH, said the Wise Man,
PLEASURE, said the Fool,
LOVE, said the Maiden,
BEAUTY, said the Page,
FREEDOM, said the Dreamer,
HOME, said the Sage,
FAME, said the Soldier,
EQUITY, said the Seer,
Spake my heart, full sadly,
The answer is not here.
Then, within my bosom,
Softly this I heard:
Each heart hold the secret—
KINDNESS is the WORD."

The world is full of books, but I think there is room for and need of another one. Many of our books, perhaps a large per cent. of them, are purely creations of fiction, but this one

will deal entirely with facts, with truth for its foundation. "Truth is strange, but true, for truth is always strange; stranger than fiction, if it could be told." Fiction is attractive and fascinating, but truth is ennobling and uplifting to mankind. Nature moves in an endless circle of truth. Man builds nothing substantial and permanent that is not builded on truth; the success of his daily efforts depends upon every man speaking the truth with his neighbor.

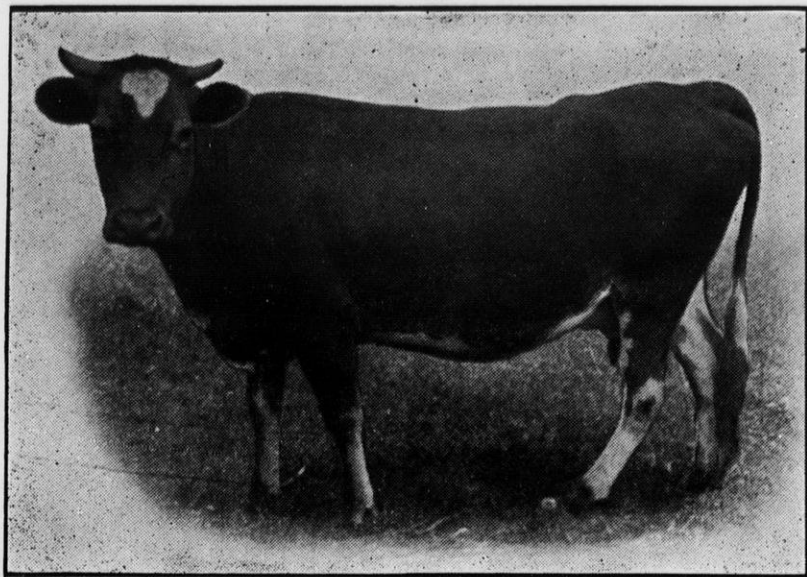
Every chapter in this book will contain something helpful to the youth of our country, the tendency of which will be to make the world better and happier. Three incentives prompted me to write this book: First, to perpetuate and keep in mind the memory of a remarkable woman, to whom this book is dedicated, a woman who has been a cripple, unable to walk a step, most of the time, for over thirty years. But during all this time her intellect has been growing brighter, and she has used it continually, in season and out of season, for the up-building and uplifting of mankind and in working and writing for the better treatment of the dumb animals, God has given us, that cannot plead for themselves. Second, to preserve the history, for future generations to read, of a wonderful cow, showing the value of fixing upon a type and studying the influence of breeding, care and environment upon our animals. Third, to impress upon the youth of our land the inestimable value of practicing true, unalloyed kindness to themselves, their parents, their playmates and every living creature they come in contact with during their lives. To teach them to speak gently! let not harsh words mar the good they might do here," and to "count that day lost whose low descending sun views from their hands no kindly action done;" that in themselves their future lies, that their lives are what they make them." I am greatly indebted to the many friends who have aided me in this work by their encouraging words and kindly interest, and their kindness in furnishing me with data and pictures necessary for my work, especially to A. H. Sagendorph and

Fred Reitbrock who have so kindly furnished me with the needed data, records and cuts of the two branches of the far-famed Yeksa family, the achievements of which prove conclusively that judicious breeding, proper feed, cure and kind treatment will bring animals up to a high degree of intelligence, gentleness, productiveness and profit. I have made more or less mention of my family for the reason that their lives were, for so many years, so closely connected with the history of Queen Vashti that it could not well be avoided; then, too, I thought it would prove that my talks on the rearing of children were not merely a fine-spun theory, that I had tried to practice as well as preach.

In conclusion will say that writing this book has been a labor of love. My constant prayer has been for inspiration and guidance in expressing helpful thoughts and scattering seeds of kindness so they will fall on fertile ground and take deep root and flourish and yield an abundant harvest of good deeds, which they will do if this book is read in the same spirit in which it is written. The faith which guides my work is this: "I expect to pass through this world but once; if, therefore there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it NOW, for I shall not pass this way again."

A. J. PHILIPS.

West Salem, Wis.



YEKSA. 2426.
Dam of Queen Vashti.

QUEEN VASHTI.

CHAPTER I.

MY FIRST HOME.

*“Ye, therefore, who love mercy,
Teach your sons to love it too.”*

The first thing I can remember was being with my mother, one hot morning the last of July, 1889, in a clean, roomy box stall, with a thick bed of clean straw all over the floor, in a large barn that was well filled with cows every night and morning. This barn was on a large farm, called Riverside Farm, owned by A. T. Foster, near Sparta, Wis. It lay in one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys of the State, through which runs the winding La Crosse river, a narrow, rapid running stream of clear, soft water. It's banks being covered with a luxuriant growth of rich, green grass and beautiful flowers, and, for several rods back from the stream, was well shaded by trees. The sturdy oak and the graceful elm, mingling with the darker green of the stately pine and the light tints of the rustling poplars gave the scene a beautiful, park-like effect which was enhanced by the olive green of the willows which so closely fringed the river that their drooping boughs kissed the murmuring water, as it rippled through them on its way to join the majestic Father of Waters at the city of La Crosse. The pasture, on the south side of the farm, ex-

tended along the river for three-fourths of a mile, the north side being bounded by the highway leading to the city of La Crosse.

My mother told me that the cows were put into the barn night and morning to be milked and fed, because Mr. Foster said cows giving milk needed extra feed during the latter part of summer, as they could not give a good yield of milk and keep in good condition on grass alone, as it does not contain as much nutriment as in the early summer months. And that the cows were never kept in the barn at night during the summer, except rainy nights, because they were so much more comfortable in the open air than shut up in a hot barn.

When the men were putting the cows into the barn, the first morning I was there, one of them, called Ed, who had charge of the farm during the absence of the Foster family, looked into the stall, where my mother and I were, and called to his companion: "Oh, Jim, come here, quick, and see what a fine calf Yeksa has. It's a beauty, and a heifer too. I wish Mrs. Foster was here to see it, she would be delighted. I hope they'll come home soon. I'll write to her at once, at Hancock, Minn., where the family are visiting."

I was much afraid of the men and cows when they came into the barn, but my mother, who was such a beautiful, kind looking cow, told me not to be frightened, for the cows could not come into our stall, and that the men were kind to all the cows, and did not kick and strike them, nor scold and swear at them because Mr. Foster did not allow it. Both he and his wife told them that if they mistreated the cows they would give less milk, which would yield less butter, besides being cruel and wicked to abuse, in any way, dumb animals that were dependent upon mankind for care and protection.

After the other cows had been milked, one of the men came into the stall with a pail and stroked and petted my mother, then sat down by her side and began milking. I had previously found where my breakfast was, but there was so much that I

could not take near all of it, though I was very hungry. He milked until the pail was almost full, when he said "Well, Yeksa, you gave a pretty good mess, but I did not milk you dry, as Mrs. Foster says that should not be done for three days after a cow freshens." Then he set the pail on the floor in front of my mother saying, "Your mistress also says that a cow should always be given her first mess of milk to drink, for it has a good effect on her system." My mother put her nose right into the pail and did not take it out until she drank every drop, and she acted as if it tasted as good to her as it did to me.

My mother stayed in the stall with me for three days, but she did not have any more of her milk to drink, as the man said a cow needed only the first milking, so all the milk that I did not take he fed to the other calves. It seemed to me that I had a much better chance than the other calves, for they had to drink out of pails, and had to put their heads through some holes across the alley from us, to reach the pails.

The fourth day my mother was turned out with the other cows, but I know she came back to the barn often, for I could hear her calling me to come to her. I got very hungry before night and could hardly wait for her to come back to me, but, alas! when she did come I was disappointed, for she did not come to me, but was tied up with the other cows. One of the men milked her and brought some of the milk, in a pail, to me right away and said: "You dear little creature, you must be awful hungry. Mrs. Foster told me to always feed the baby calves at noon, but I forgot it."

Oh, how afraid I was of the man! At first I tried to get away, but he caught me, and I soon found that he did not want to hurt me. When he put his finger into my mouth and put it down into the pail the milk tasted so good that I did not try to raise my head until I had drunk every drop. "Well," said he, "It beats the Dutch how easy you Guernsey calves learn to drink. I have handled many other breeds of cattle, but I'll

be blamed if I ever handled calves that learned to drink as easy as you do." He smoothed my hair and petted me a little, and then went to help milk the other cows and feed the calves. He was careful to measure out each one's share, and gave each one a separate pail. He told the other man that was the way Mrs. Foster taught him to feed, so the older calves could not drive the younger ones away or steal their milk. He said that many calves were starved and stunted by losing the milk that belonged to them, which was the case when calves were fed altogether in a trough.

The next day one of the men put me in a nice pen by myself and so near to my mother that she could reach over and lick me and talk to me. She told me to be good and drink my milk, as it would make the men kind to me. She told me that her mistress, Mrs. Foster, was away on a visit, and that she hoped she would come home soon, because she was so good and kind to her. My mother also said that she was the special pet of the whole family and the boss of all the cows on that farm. That she was higher and better bred than the other cows, and that I was as high bred as she was, and that we were both thoroughbreds. She said she had two nice little calves before me, a full brother and sister of mine, but when the Fosters decided to take an extended trip, for Mrs. Foster's health, they were afraid they would not be properly cared for and trained if left on the farm, so sold both of them to Mr. Martenson who took them to Minnesota, which, she heard Mrs. Foster say, was a very large, rich state. My mother said I was such a fine calf she hoped they would not sell me, but would let me grow up to be a cow and be kept on the farm for company for her. My mother said when the Fosters came home they would give me a name, as I had to have one before I could be registered. She said she had a very odd name—Yeksa, one that no cow ever had before, and that how she happened to be given that odd name was an interesting little story, which she would tell me some day when I got older.

The next day when the cows came up from the pasture a man, whom I had never seen before, came into the barn. My mother said she did not like his appearance, so hurried in to see if I was all right. The cows all came into their stalls except one, and she was so afraid of the strange man that the men had to drive her in. The stranger helped them and then said: "If that fool cow was mine I would put her into the barn in double-quick time."

Ed, Mr. Foster's man, said to him: "How would you have done it?" The man said, "I would have set the dog on her, and she would have been glad to go in, to get away from him, when he caught hold of her heels."

In reply Ed said, "Mr. Foster says a dog has no business driving cattle, especially dairy cows, and although he has kept from one to three dogs on the farm they were not allowed to worry the cows, and the cows were never the least bit afraid of them, but were afraid of strange dogs. That cow is one of the best ones in the herd, and if a man should set a dog on her, he would have to get off from this farm in a hurry."

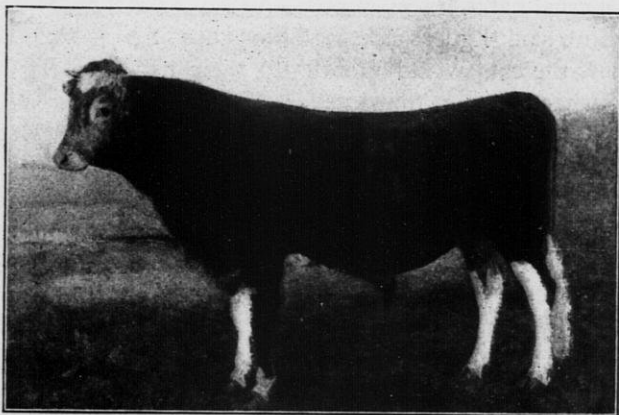
Ed then asked the stranger what his business was, and he said he had a new kind of apple trees, called Minnetonka, that he wanted to sell to Mr. Foster. Ed told him that he had heard Mr. Foster say that he had a poor place for apple trees, but if he did buy any more trees he would first consult a friend of his at West Salem, who was an experienced apple grower, as to which were the best varieties, before he bought any new high-priced trees. Then the stranger got angry and went away, and Ed said to the other men, "That man is able to work and earn an honest living, and he had better be doing it, instead of trying to sell apple trees, at a dollar apiece to the farmers, who ought to have more sense than to buy them. And you can just bet that dogs are not allowed to chase the cattle on this farm; yet the dogs are never mistreated and the Foster family are just as kind to the dogs and cats as they are to the cattle, and the dogs are taught to be kind to the cattle and not chase

the cats, and to protect everything on the place, and they do it too.

“For a couple of years before the Fosters went off on their trip they had three dogs and, for quite a while, twenty cats, all but one of the cats stayed at the barn, that one stayed at the house. Every time the cows were milked those cats were given all the new milk they could drink. It seemed as if everybody in the neighborhood, that had more cats than they wanted, would drop them over the road fence and they would soon find their way to the barn, where they got such good treatment that they sure must have thought they were in cat heaven. Harry, the only son of the Fosters, and Nellie, the only daughter, several years younger than him, each had a little black and tan dog, and Nellie had a pet lamb and two beautiful white kittens, but one day the dog of a neighbor's boy, the same age as Harry, and who often came to see him, killed both of them. One day he chased one of them up a tree, then stood on his hind feet at the foot of the tree with his fore feet as high up on the tree as he could reach and barked at the kitten, till the poor little thing was so frightened that it jumped from the tree, as if to run to Nellie, who stood near begging Stub, as the boy was called, to make Carlo, his dog stop teasing her kitten, but it had not much more than touched the ground till the dog grabbed it by the neck and bit its head almost off before Stub could make him let loose of it. “Oh! my poor little Lily,” cried Nellie, “just see what your cruel old dog has done! Killed my prettiest Kitty. This makes two of my pet kitties he has killed, and if you let him come here again I will have Papa shoot him, for a mean cruel dog like him is not fit to live. He is a big coward, too, mamma says all cruel people are cowards, and like master like dog; so if you let Carlo do cruel things you are just as cruel as he is. He never does fight anything that can fight him back, that is the reason he never tries to catch Grover (the large maltese house cat) or the big cats at the barn, for he knows they

would scratch his eyes out, and that the little kittens can't defend themselves. Now, please Stub, don't bring Carlo here any more till you have learned him not to chase the cats. My poor little Lily was worth more than a dozen mean dogs like him."

"That's your opinion," said Stub, "but I wouldn't give Carlo for all the cats in the county, for I hate cats as bad as he does. And if I was Harry, instead of feeding and petting that mob of tramp cats, like he does, I would kill every one of



SIR CHAMPION 16.

Sire of Puck and Yeksa.

them and make a nice, fur robe for the sleigh out of their skins.' "Oh, you cruel boy! Arn't you ashamed of such heartless talk!" replied Nellie. 'Now, mind what I tell you about Carlo, and don't let him come here any more.'

"Stub did not let his dog come with him for a few days, but one morning he came with him again, and when close to the house the first thing he spied was Nellie's other pet kitten, and before she could get to it the dog had killed it the same as the

other one. Nellie called to her papa, who happened to be in the house, and said, 'O, papa, come and kill this hateful old dog. He has killed poor little Snowdrop, my last pet kitty. Carlo has killed every one of them. Kill him! so he can't kill any more kittens!'

"Mr. Foster came out on the lawn and said, 'Young man, Nellie told you not to let your dog come over here any more; now, mind what I say, don't you let him come into this yard again, until you have taught him to behave himself. It is your fault that he is so mean, you ought not allowed him to form such a cruel habit.'

"Stub said 'I guess it is my fault, but it was such fun to see how the cats would bristle up their hair and run when Carlo chased them, that I never thought about it being any harm, I am sorry he killed Nellie's kittens and won't let him come over here any more.'

"Mr. Foster gave Stub a good lecture and told him that a cruel boy made a cruel man, and if he wanted to grow up to be a good, kind man he must be kind to every living creature."

CHAPTER II.

A TRAMP DOG AND CRUEL BOY.

*"No radiant pearl which crested Fortune wears,
Shines with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down Virtue's manly cheek for other's woes."*

"Go on with your dog story," said Tom.

"All right, I will," replied Ed, "I switched off on to the cats and got wound up, so had to run down before I could get back to the dogs. I believe I left the track at the two little dogs. Well, the third dog was a large, handsome Newfoundland that came to the Fosters' late one cold afternoon in early spring. Nellie spied him, and called to him from the porch: 'Come, poor doggie, come.' He came with drooping head, but with a pleased, though slow, wag of his tail, as if it too, was too tired out to move, and his tongue hanging out of his mouth, as if it was a hot day in summer. He crossed the porch into the dining-room and dropped onto the floor as if he was dead. Mrs. Foster told Nellie to get the wash basin full of cold water and wet his mouth and head, and give him a drink; then to run to the barn, where the men were putting up the cows, and tell her papa to come to the house. As soon as Nellie wet his mouth and head, he opened his eyes, giving her a grateful look, than raised his head and took a big drink of water, but did not try to get up. Nellie came running to the barn and said, 'O, papa, come to the house quick! another tramp dog has come, and he fell right down on the dining-room floor and can't get up, I'm afraid he will die.'

"Mr. Foster said, 'All right, 'I'll come right away, but you ought not to have let a strange dog, especially a sick one, come into the house, for he might bite some of you, and you know that mamma can't get out of their way.'

"'But, papa,' said Nellie, 'I know he won't hurt anyone because he looked so kind and glad out of his eyes after I wet his head and gave him some water, that I know he wouldn't think of biting anyone; and you know that we always give every poor tramp dog and cat something to eat and drink, just the same as we do tramp people.'

"'And that's a fact too, boys,'" said Ed, "and I really believe that every specie of tramp had this farm marked, for hardly a day passed but some sort of a tramp came for something to eat or to wear, or to stay all night. And they were never refused, unless they had been drinking, when they were told that if they had money to buy whiskey they had money to buy something to eat, but if they preferred whiskey instead they could go without something to eat. Mrs. Foster said it was better to feed three undeserving persons than it was to turn one deserving one away, and that Christ says 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,' and that nobody was ever the poorer for what they gave them. I guess it's a pretty good rule to go by anyway, and if I was a tramp I should know it was.

"'Well, in a little while Mr. Foster came back to the barn and told us about the dog. He said he thought he belonged to one of the emigrants that passed here soon after dinner, and, probably, was too tired out to keep up with the teams, and must have come a long distance, as he was completely exhausted, nearly starved to death and footsore. That his feet were swollen up like puff-balls and he was burning all over with fever. Mr. Foster said, 'I bathed the poor fellow's feet with hot water and gave him some aconite, Mrs. Foster had already had prepared, for she said he appeared to have a fever, and the bottom of his feet looked swollen and inflamed. With

good care hé will be all right in a few days. He appears to be a fine dog. I left Nellie feeding him and he ate as if he was famished. I don't see why his owner did not let him ride part of the time. I tell you what it is boys; there is nothing truer than the old proverb, 'A merciful man regardeth the life of his beasts;' he will not only minister to their needs, but is quick to see when they need help.'

"Harry went to the house to see the tramp and when he came back said, 'He is sure enough a fine dog and if nobody claims him he will be lots of help to me in finding the cows, every night, in the pasture.'

"'That all depends,' said his father, 'whether he worries the cows or not.'

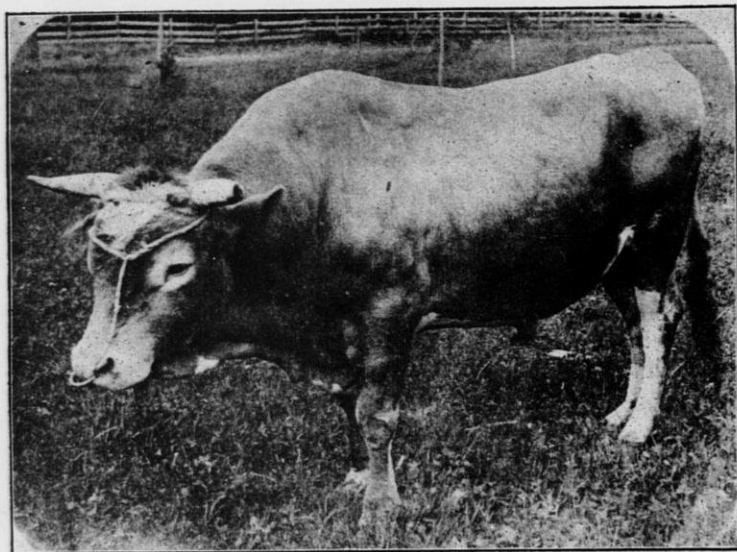
"'Oh,' said Harry, 'I will soon teach him not to do that.'

"When we went to supper the dog was still laying on the dining-room floor, and when each of us looked at him and gave him a kind word he looked at us with grateful eyes and wagged his tail as if he was glad to be noticed. With a few days of good care he was as good as new, and appeared to be very grateful for the kind treatment he had received. He was perfectly happy and contented in his new home and nobody came to claim him, so the Fosters decided to keep him, which made it necessary to give him a name. The whole family, including the hired girl and the hired men took part in the naming. He was called all sorts of names in the hopes that one of them might be his old name. He paid no attention to any of them, till Mrs. Foster said such a stately looking dog ought to have a high sounding name, and called him Colonel, when he pricked up his ears and wagged his tail, and seemed as pleased with the name, as if it was really his own; and wouldn't answer to any other, so he was called Colonel.

"He proved to be a very useful dog in many ways and was much attached to every one of the family. Harry soon learned him to be lots of help in bringing the cows up from the pasture. He was a fine watch dog and would not allow a dog to come

QUEEN VASHTI

into the calf pasture, by the side of the road, and chase the calves as they frequently had done. He seemed to think it was his special duty to keep a close guard over Nellie and her pet lamb, and the two little dogs, Rex and Dido. Wherever Nellie went, on the farm or in the woods, on the other side of the road, the lamb was with her, followed by Rex and Dido



PUCK 1257.
Sire of Queen Vashti.

with Colonel bringing up the rear, as if to guard them, and so well did he do it that it came near costing him his life.

“One morning we were at work, in the meadow, putting up hay; when Nellie came running to us, with the lamb and the little dogs following her, and said, ‘O, papa, do come as quick as you can! or Colonel will bleed to death; I shut him up

in the wood shed so he couldn't follow me. Mr. Miller cut his foot pretty near off with an axe. The dogs, the lamb and I were going to the woods to get some flowers, and just as we reached the other side of the road Mr. Miller came along with an axe in his hand; when Dido ran across the path, in front of him, and he gave her an awful kick in her side that made her cry and fall down, when, quick as a flash, Colonel gave one of his savage growls and jumped at Mr. Miller, when he cut him with the axe.'

"Mr. Miller is the father of the boy whose dog killed Nellie's kittens, and who, when they have more kittens in the place than they want, lets the boy and his dog kill them. It is a case of like father, like son,' and I guess the boy came honestly by his cruel disposition. Mr. Foster was gone quite awhile, and when he came back was as 'mad as a march hare' and said 'I have just come from telling neighbor Miller what I thought of such a cruel, cowardly and contemptible act, and that the kicking of that little Dido was even worse than the cutting of Colonel. He made all sorts of apologies and said he was sorry that he did it, and knew that it was a mean thing to do, but he was in a hurry and out of humor and Dido stood across the path, and before he thought he gave her a hard kick, and said he ought to have known that Colonel wouldn't bite him unless he had hold of Dido.'

"'He came near cutting Colonel's leg off just below the knee. It was a long diagonal cut. I had to take several stitches and put splints on to hold it to place, and it may, by good care, knit together so he can use it again, but I am afraid it won't. The poor fellow lost so much blood that he couldn't stand up. I got madder every minute I was working with him, till I just had to tell Miller what I thought about it to ease my mind.'

"When we went to dinner we all went into the woodshed to see Colonel. The poor fellow would look up at us so pitiful, then at his cut leg and wag his tail at our words of sympathy.

This cut was dressed as regular and he was cared for as if he was a human instead of a dog. His leg got all right, but it was several weeks before he could walk on it. It learned us all a lasting lesson though; that is, to never vent our ill temper on a dumb animal."

The next morning, after I had been fed and the men were cleaning up the barn, a dirty looking boy came in and said, "Hello, Ed, where's that new heifer calf that my sister says is so awful nice?"

"There it is, in that pen," replied Ed, "but don't disturb it, for it is laying down."

The boy looked at me, then said to Ed, "It don't look no different than any other calf, an' I don't think it will make no better cow than our old Mag, that mam said made pretty near a hundred pounds of butter last year."

Ed said, "That shows how much you know about cows. Why that calf's mother made over three hundred pounds of butter, in six months, when she was only two years old."

The boy then said to the other man: "Why Jim, what in the dickens are you sweeping the floor for? I never hern tell of such a thing as sweeping a stable floor—by jimminy if you ain't sprinkling flour on the floor? What yer doing that fur?" "That's not flour, youngster," Jim replied, "Its land plaster. We have to sweep the floor and sprinkle it with this every morning so the barn will be clean and sweet, so the milk won't absorb any bad odors."

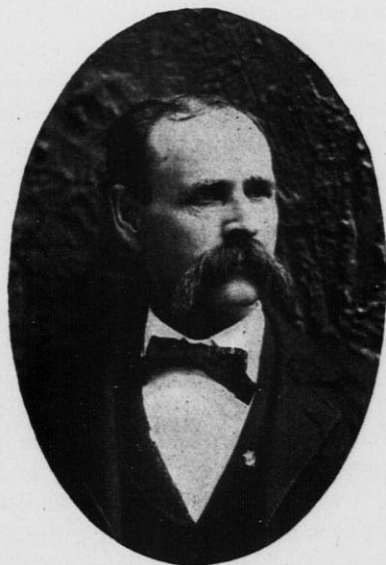
"What's that, odors?" said the boy, "What kind of stuff is it and where does it come from?"

"Oh, you little numbskull!" replied Jim, "you wouldn't know if I told you. It means so the milk won't smell and taste like a dirty cow stable."

The boy then went to one of the windows and caught a couple of flies, for although there were screens over the windows to keep out the flies and mosquitos, there were a good many flies in the barn; then he went to the table, used to set

the cans on in which the men carried the milk to the milk-house, which had not yet been washed off, and was playing with them, when Ed came up to him and said, "Why, Billy Riggs! what in the old harry are you doing?"

"Oh! replied Billy, "I just caught these flies an' pulled off their wings an' part of their legs, an' am having lots of fun



MR. A. T. FOSTER.

with 'em. See what a funny crooked trail they make crawling through this milk on the table."

Ed said to him, "You cruel, wicked, little rascal! If you keep on at the gait you're going you will soon fetch up in the State prison. Don't you know that it is wicked and cruel to torture anything like you have the flies? Didn't anyone ever tell you such things was cruel, don't your teacher tell you so?"

"Dad an' mam lets me do it," replied Billy, "an' I hain't got no teacher, cause I don't go to school, cause I haint got no books. It takes all dad's money to buy whiskey an' tobacker for him an' brother Jack, so he can't buy me no books. My sister she works out some fur the neighbors an' gits money to buy her books an' some clothes so she can go to school. An' I'll soon be old 'nuf to work an' git money to buy me some books too, so I can go to school."

"That's too bad," said Ed, "I'm sorry for you, but I don't want you hanging around here, for fear you will be hurting Yeksa's calf or something else. Mrs. Foster wouldn't have you here a minute, for she is always telling us we must always be kind to every harmless living creature the Creator has made."

"Well," said Billy, "if mam was like her an' taught me such things I'd be kind too. Was you kind to flies an' everything when you was a little boy like me?"

"That boy is a tough case," said Ed to the other men, "The fact is," said he, "we need missionairies at home, instead of sending them to heathen lands, to teach just such neglected chaps as he is to be kind. Say boys, here is a paper I picked up, last night, that Mrs. Foster takes. It is called Our Dumb Animals, is published in Boston. Sit down and let me read you a little of it, it won't take long, and you listen too, Billy, then we must get to work and finish filling the silo."

The men sat down and Ed read this short paragraph: "I believe," said Catherine Smithies, a noble Christian woman, of England, "that teaching children to be kind to the lower animals is preparing the way for the gospel of Christ. All criminals of the future years are children now; they should be educated in kindness; and, if you would add to the usefulness and happiness of children through life, teach them to say kind words and do kind acts to animals."

"Every word of that is true," said Tom, "and you have sure missed your calling Ed. You ought to be a preacher in

some town and teach the law of kindness to neglected children, instead of milking cows and learning calves to drink."

"Ed said, "I guess that's so, but here comes Reed. I sent by him for the mail. Oh! here is a letter from Mr. Foster. They will come home next week, and I am glad of it, for I hate to have so much to look after and so much responsibility."

"Well," said Jim, "we have got along first-rate. Yeksa's calf has come and has learned to drink and is growing fine, and that will please Mrs. Foster. I always like to please her for she is always so patient and kind, and always speaks so pleasant to all of us; in fact, all the family are kind to the hired help and animals."

"Say, Ed," said Billy, who had picked up the paper as soon as Ed laid it down and looked at the pictures, "can I take this paper home, fur its got lots of pictures in it of cats an' dogs, an' horses an' birds that I'd like to have my sister read bout 'em to me. She can read better'n I can."

"Yes, you can have it," said Ed, "now run home and read it, and I hope you will get some good from the reading, but first let me read to you two verses that I was just reading, they were wrote for just such chaps as you." "All right," said Billy, "let's hear it." Then Ed read:

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God has made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But children you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

"That's good," said Billy, and away he went.

CHAPTER III.

THE RETURN HOME.

*“ Home is not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart has builded.*

*Home is not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there is some life to cheer it.”*

One morning, the following week, after Ed had milked my mother and fed me he said: “Jim, you and Tom will have to milk the cows, feed the calves and do the rest of the chores; for I have to go down to the depot after the Fosters, they will come on the morning train.”

The cows were milked and turned out, except my mother; the men said Mrs. Foster would want to see her as soon as she got home, so left her in the barn for awhile. The calves and hogs were fed and the barn all cleaned up and everything put in order; when, after a while, I heard a wagon drive into the yard, and from what my mother and the men said, I knew that Mrs. Foster would soon come to see my mother and me, and sure enough she did; for I soon heard voices and expected to see Mrs. Foster come walking in, and a large sized woman; but was greatly astonished to see a man, whom I knew to be Mr. Foster, bringing in a wee, little lady in a wheel chair. I afterwards learned that she was a great sufferer from rheumatism,

and had not walked a step for many years. Harry and Nellie came too, to see my mother and me, and all of them seemed delighted to be at home again. Mr. Foster wheeled the chair close to my mother, then patted and stroked her neck and said: "Well, Yeksa, old girl, how goes it since I have been gone? You look well and have done well; for they tell me you have got the finest baby heifer in the country. Your



MRS. H. E. FOSTER.

mistress has given it a grand name." Then he helped Mrs. Foster to stand up by my mother. She smoothed her soft hair and said: "Yes indeed Yeksa, you have done well, and we are proud of you." My mother licked their hands as if she was glad to see them, and Mrs. Foster said: "We must go now and see the baby queen of yours."

Mr. Foster then wheeled Mrs. Foster near the door where it was lighter and cooler, then came to my pen and, while carressing me, said: "You are a beauty sure enough, and will make as handsome a cow as your mother, you are even finer than her other two babies."

He then took me carefully out of my pen and led me to Mrs. Foster who, as quick as she saw me said: "Oh, you dear little baby," then gently stroking my hair, continued: "Isn't she beautiful? Her hair is as soft as silk and yellow as gold."

Oh, she seemed so good and kind when I took her soft fingers in my mouth and she smoothed my head. After she had looked me over carefully she said: "You are a wee bit of a darling now, but some day, if you live to grow up and nothing happens to you, you will make a grand cow and will win a great name, and make a record that will live long after we are all dead and gone; for you represent far more than your sister or brother, a type that I have had in mind for years, and for which I have been working and searching—and right now I feel like saying Eureka! for I have surely found it. When Governor Hoard first saw your father and mother at the Monroe County fair, where they and your sister and brother were very much admired and carried off the blue ribbons, he predicted that they and their descendant would fix a type and an individuality that would make its mark in the Guernsey world, and said of your mother: 'She is the mother of a coming family of great excellence.'

"I see in you an advance in the methods of breeding that makes it possible to fix a type and an individuality permanently in a family and keep it pure, and continue it from generation to generation. So strong was my faith that you would be what you are, that I gave you a name that no cow before you ever had, so that you could be properly registered among the best of your race. The name itself typifies individuality. I have named you Queen Vashti, after a noble woman of bible times, of whom we read in the book of Esther. I have always

admired her for having the courage to assert her God-given rights, and preserve her purity and individuality, by refusing to obey the command of King Ahasuerus to appear before him with the crown regal, that he might show her great beauty to the people and the princes. Because she refused to obey him he divorced her and made Esther, the beautiful Jewess, his queen, thinking she would be more submissive.

"Puck and Yeksa, your parents, are thoroughbreds, of royal descent and have so marked you with their type and individuality that it is safe to believe that you, the daughter of their more mature years, will possess the same characteristics and the same power to transmit them as perfectly to your posterity as they have done. So your name is Queen Vashti and your number in the American Guernsey Cattle Club Book is 6,051."

After looking at the other calves and noticing how they had grown during her absence, she asked to be wheeled back to the house, as she wanted to rest after her journey. That evening when the cows were brought up, she came down to the barn again and sat near my pen and near where my mother stood, and talked to us awhile, then Mr. Foster carried her around to my father's stall. He seemed to be a pet with all of them, the same as my mother was. I thought my lot had fallen in a pleasant place at Riverview farm, among such kind and intelligent people; for Mr. and Mrs. Foster were so kind to my mother and me, and Mr. Foster was so proud of her and so kind to her and their children, and the men were so kind to all the cattle. Mrs. Foster stayed at the barn while the men were milking and read to them, from a paper she had, a couple of funny stories. The first one was about a bashful boy who went to see his best girl and got caught in the rain. It continued to rain hard all the evening, and, finally, at a late hour for retiring, she told him she did not have the heart to send him home in the rain, so invited him to remain all night. He accepted her invitation, when she excused herself and said she would go up stairs and prepare a bed for him. It did not take

her long and when she returned she was surprised to see him standing there dripping wet, and said to him: "Where in the world have you been to get so wet?" He replied: "Oh, I just run home to get my night shirt."

The other story was a composition a little girl, back in Connecticut, wrote on the cow. Her story goes as follows:

"A cow is an animal with four legs on the underside. The tail is on the other end from the head and is longer than the legs, but is not used to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. A cow has big ears that wiggle on hinges, so does the tail. A cow is bigger than a calf but not so big as an elephant. She is made so small that she can go into the barn when no one is looking. Some cows are black and some hook. A dog was hooked once. She tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat. Black cows give white milk, so do other cows. Milk men sell milk to buy their little girls white dresses, which they put water in and chalk. Cows chew cuds and each cow finds its own chew. This is all there is about cows."

When Mrs. Foster finished reading the story she said: "There are very many grown people who do not know any more about a cow than that little girl does. To them a cow is merely a cow, regardless of breed, care or feed. All they know about her is that she was made to produce milk and butter; that she is nothing more than an animate machine, provided by an all-wise Creator for the sole benefit of man, and that man's only consideration should be how to make the machine yield the greatest profit; the law of kindness forming no part of the consideration. They never think that the poet meant animals as well as men when he wrote the following lines:

'Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.'

"The whole civilized race, from the time their baby lips

could lisp the words, have been taught this stanza; but how little they apply it to every-day life, or dream that it can have any bearing on their business affairs. Repeat it to most dairy-men and tell them that their happiness and that of their families depend on their daily practice of it, it falls on leaden ears; but just whisper that the practice of it in the care of his dairy cattle will add to his profits, he will prick up his ears and listen, and by a little plain reasoning, it can be ploughed into his convictions until he can almost hear the musical jingle of the silver dollars as they multiply in their pockets. If a man's make-up is devoid of the proper proportions of the milk of human kindness, he needs a generous diet of albumnoids in the shape of convincing logic. But it is deplorable to think that the most perfect of God's creatures can only be taught to be kind and humane by appealing to his love for the 'almighty dollar.'

The little calves had nothing to do but eat, sleep and grow. Mrs. Foster told the men to always put a little oil meal, which had been previously soaked in cold water for twelve hours, in the milk when they were fed all skim milk, which was when they were about two weeks old. As I grew older my mother talked to me more. She told me about my sister, Bonnie Jean, and my brother, Yeksa's Prince, who, as I said before, went to Minnesota. She, also, told me about my father, Puck, who was born at Kenosha, Wis., on the same farm where she was born, which was owned by I. J. Clapp. My father was named after the Puck Magazine. His father was a noted individual, his name was Sir Champion XVI; his grandfather was imported Champion 38; his mother was imported Meg and his grandmother was imported Daisy 2d, and were all descended from a long line of royal ancestors, on the Island of Guernsey, that were noted for their great milk and butter production. The Sir Champions were noted for transmitting their excellent characteristics to their posterity.

My father and mother were selected, by Mr. Foster, from I. J. Clapp's fine herd of Guernseys, as a nucleus of a Guernsey

family. Mr. and Mrs. Foster were not satisfied with the dairy breeds they had tried, so concluded to try the Guernseys, about which Mrs. Foster had read in an article, signed I. J. C., in the Western Rural, saying they were larger, hardier and more amiable than the Jerseys and not so sensitive and nervous as they were; that they also gave more and richer milk and colored their own butter. The Fosters were so pleased with the description of them that Mrs. Foster looked in the Breeder's Gazette and found the advertisements of two Guernsey breeders, to whom she wrote for a catalogue and price list, I. J. Clapp being one of them. They decided that after Mr. Foster had seen some of these cattle that if they were as good as represented they would buy a male to head their dairy herd. With this purpose in view, Mr. Foster took a trip through Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota and looked over some of the best herds of Jerseys and other dairy breeds, and liked the Guernseys better than any of them, and thought they were the coming dairy cows. She said, "your father was a younger animal than Mr. Foster wanted, but his pedigree was so good and he possessed so many fine dairy points that he purchased him. And he was so greatly impressed with the record of the Sir Champions and their remarkable powers of transmission, that he decided to purchase me too. So your father and I came to Riverside Farm together and were the first Guernseys in this part of the state.

"Your father is a handsome animal and his picture that Fred Foster, the artist at Sparta made, looks just like him. He has a very amiable disposition, and when young was very playful, and he and Mr. Foster had many a pleasant romp together. One day, when they were having a big playspell, one of the neighbors came into the yard and said to Mr. Foster, 'What are you up to? Don't you know you'll spoil that fellow playing with him that way? Why, you'll get him so he will want to hook everybody he sees, and will be so ugly when he gets older that you can't do anything with him.'

"In reply Mr. Foster said, 'There is where you are off; for the more you handle such animals and play with them when young, and the kinder you are to them, yet make them obey you, the more amiable and gentle they will be when grown up. They need to be handled and trained the same as children, because the nature of animals is not so very much different than that of the human family. If you should shut up a young boy, away from playmates and never allow him any liberty, and punish him every time he offered to play or try to get free, what kind of a man do you suppose he would grow up to be? Why, he couldn't help but be morose and ugly, and, thinking as he would have a right to think, that everybody was against him he would be against them, and always ready to defend himself and fight for his rights. That is just the reason there are so many ugly, vicious bulls. They have been spoiled in their early training, and the more sensitive and nervous their temperament the easier they are spoiled. Why, you know, don't you, that it is much easier to break a colt to drive that has been kindly handled and trained from its birth until it is old enough to work? One kind of animal is no different in that respect than another.'

"Yes" replied the man, 'you are right about horses, but I never thought about it making any difference with other animals, but I guess you are right, and, hereafter, I'll follow your plan for it has worked well with you.'

"Your father has always been so kind, and though he spent much of his time with the calves in their lot, he never offered to hurt them. Mrs. Foster said of him that his power of transmission was unusually strong; that even his grade progeny bore his color and markings to a great degree, so much so, that when Governor Hoard saw his first grade heifer at the fair, he said she was a typical Guernsey.

"When we came here a fine large Jersey called Hero headed the herd. He was fat and sleek, with hair as smooth and glossy as satin and looked as if he always had the best of care.

QUEEN VASHTI

He was very kind and gentle; so gentle that when sometimes, he was led, with only a rope around his horns, past Mrs. Foster, as she sat, with a red shall around her shoulders, in her wheel chair, he would look calmly and pleasantly at her when she spoke to him, and neither the men nor calves were afraid of him, though one of the men said that when Mr. Foster bought



EX-GOVERNOR HOARD,
Editor of Hoard's Dairyman.

Hero he was counted the most vicious animal in the county. He stayed here nearly two years after we came, until your father was old enough to fill his place. At first we had pens near his stall and he told us his story, which was a very sad and pitiful one. It does not seem possible that any man could be so cruel to a dumb animal that was dependent on him for food and care. One day your father and I were talking to each

other, and telling how lonely we were so far from our old home, and among strangers, and how much we missed our parents and brothers and sisters and friends; when Hero, who heard us, said, 'you have come to a good place and will have a good home, where you will be well cared for, and where everybody will be kind to you. It is the best home I ever had, and I have had a good many. I have had a very hard life, though I am only seven years old.'

'How did you come to have so many homes?' said I, 'you look as if you had always had a good home and an easy time?'

" 'Oh, yes,' replied Hero, 'I know I look that way now, but if you had seen what a sorry looking object I was when I came to this good home you would have thought that I had never had anything but a hard time.' 'Tell Puck and me all about it, won't you?' said I, 'It must be a very interesting story.'

" 'Yes, I will,' he replied, 'then you will know why I said you had come to a good place and would have a good home here; but I don't like to tell it, for it makes me feel ugly whenever I think how cruelly I was treated.'

CHAPTER IV.

HERO'S STORY.

*"Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy and delight to save."*

I asked my mother if she wouldn't tell me Hero's story, she said she would, as it was such a good illustration of the difference in the effects of kind treatment and cruel treatment of animals. She told it in his own words, as follows:

"I was born on a dairy farm in the eastern part of this state. My owner was one of the first men in the state to own and breed Jerseys. My father and mother were both thoroughbreds, and belonged to one of the best Jersey families in the United States. The herd to which I belonged took many prizes, every year, at the state fair, and my owner was very proud of them. It was a nice home and my owner was a good, kind man, but he lived in the city, where he had an extensive business. He hired a man and his wife to live on his farm and manage it. He gave orders to the manager and men to take good care of all the animals and be kind to them. But one of them, knowing that the owner couldn't see what the men were doing, was not always kind, and it was my misfortune to be in his care.

"I was of a playful disposition, inclined, I guess, to be pretty fiery. Often, when he came into my pen or into the yard where I was kept, I wanted to play with him. I would run towards him with my head down, as if I was going to butt him, like all calves do when they play. But he thought I was

mad and wanted to hurt him, and would hit me a hard blow with whatever he happened to have in his hand, and sometimes would prick me with a pitchfork. Frequently he would hit me so hard it would hurt me for several hours. When he struck me he would say, 'I'll learn you better than to fight me, you ugly little beast.' I was quite young when my owner sold me; but this man gave me a bad name to start with, which lasted me a long time and caused me lots of suffering. When the man who had bought me, came to get me, the man who had taken care of me said to him, 'I'm glad you are going to take Hero away for he is inclined to be ugly and tries to fight me, you'll have to watch out for him.'

"'He don't look ugly,' said the man, 'I guess you mistake playfulness for ugliness, however I will tell my men to watch him closely.'

"'When my new owner took me to his home he put me in charge of one of the men and said, 'you will have to keep a close watch of him because the man, who has been taking care of him, says he is inclined to be ugly and wants to fight everyone that comes near him. But take good care of him and be kind to him, and, I think he will be all right, for he looks good natured and appears to be playful.'

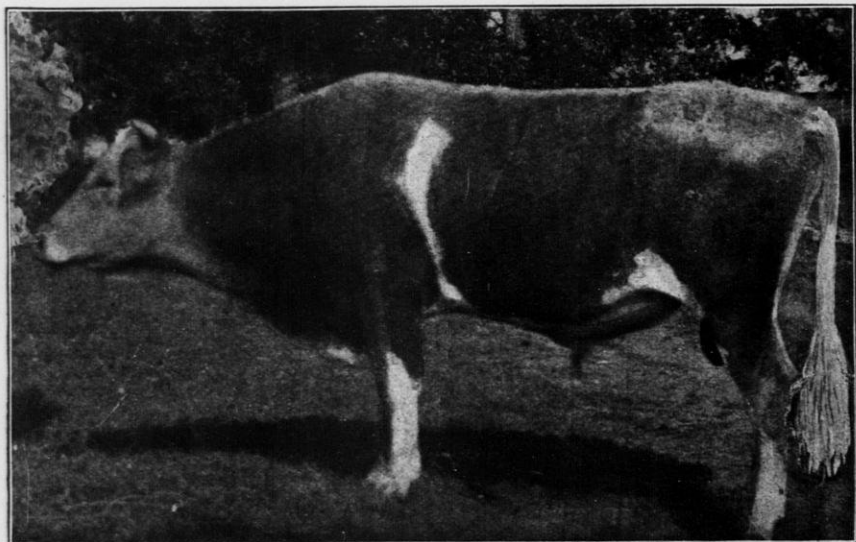
"'All right, I will, sir,' said the hired man, 'but you know that Jersey bulls are said to be the most vicious animals on earth, and the ugliest things imaginable, but I'm not afraid of them though.'

"'He was, however, afraid of me, and did not understand my disposition any better than my other caretaker had, and treated me even worse than he had done. I made up my mind, then and there, that the reason they mistreated me so was because they were afraid of me; that they were cowards, and that all cowards were cruel. I, after a while, got so I really wanted to hurt him, and get even with him for some of the hurts he had given me, and tried my best to defend myself. In a couple of years I went to another home and, I am sorry to say,

QUEEN VASHTI

my bad name went with me. So I went from place to place, and, I suppose, would have been sold to the beef canners long ago, had it not been for my being considered such a valuable animal, and my progeny so excellent for dairy purposes.'

"I have been in this good home two years. About a year before I came here Mr. Tyler bought me to head his herd of Jerseys.



YEKSA'S PRINCE 1943.

Son of Yeksa and Sire of Yeksa's Sunbeam, Dolsey, Belle R
and other good cows.

His farm joins this one at the river. It is one mile, by the foot bridge, from his barn to this one, but by the wagon bridge is over four miles. I was abused worse there than any place I was ever at. The manager, as well as the other two men, were afraid of me, and dare not come into my box stall, where I was tied to the manger by a rope on my horns and one attached

to the ring in my nose. And, sometimes, when I would pull back so hard on the ropes, to get out of reach of the hard blows the men would give me, when they would put my food and water into my stall, that the ring would cut my nose until it bled. They kept a large club and a pitchfork leaned up against the stall to strike or goad me with. I was never out of the stall for four months; was never curried or brushed, and the stall was never cleaned out, except as a man would, now and then, reach in with a rake and draw out a little of the filth. Mr. Tyler found out that, under such management, I was worthless to him, and one day came down to his farm, and came to my stall and looked at me, and said to the manager, 'See if you can't put Hero in a little better shape, for I have sold him to Mr. Foster and he will come after him to-morrow. I hated to see such a valuable animal killed, so sold him for almost nothing. Foster says he is not afraid of him and thinks he can manage him all right.'

"'Well,' said the manager, 'he's welcome to the job, but if I don't miss my guess he'll find he's bit off more than he can chew. And I have my doubts about his being able to get him over to his place without killing some of the men or the bull.'

"I waited anxiously for the next morning to come, for I thought any change was preferable to remaining in my present condition.'

"Early the next morning Mr. Foster and his men came for me, and as soon as I heard his voice, I was glad, for it sounded so cheery and kind, and when I saw how masterful, yet kind, he looked I was still gladder. Mr. Foster came close to my stall and looked at me, as if he felt sorry for me, and his voice was so kind and sympathetic when he said, 'Poor fellow, I don't wonder that you are ugly. I would be uglier than you are if I was abused as you have been.'

"Then he said to the manager, 'How, in the name of common sense, could you abuse anything so outrageously? You

don't, for a moment, think do you, that the Lord will ever forgive you for being so cruel, for he won't?'

"'But,' said the man, 'I couldn't help it, he is so ugly everybody was afraid to go into his stall so it had to be done. And I don't see how you are going to get him out of there, for a man risks his life if he goes near the ugly brute.' 'Why lead him out, of course,' said Mr. Foster. 'Don't you know that God hates a coward? And I don't blame him for it, for I never yet saw a coward but what was cruel.'

"He then said to the men and boys, who had come into the barn, 'Get out of here every one of you except Ed,' that was one of his men, 'this is no free show.'

"After they had all gone out doors he let down the bars to my stall and said, 'Now Hero, old fellow, it is you and I for it; but don't be afraid, for I won't hurt you, and will take you out of this filthy place in short order, and where you will have pure air and decent treatment.'

"He did not act a bit afraid of me and I did not feel much afraid of him, for he acted so kind, and I was so glad to get out of that dirty stall and into the open air that I behaved the best I knew how. He kept talking kindly to me and pitying me, and came into my stall and smoothed my neck and snapped a jockey stick into the ring in my nose, then untied the ropes from the manger and led me out into the barnyard, and tied me behind his wagon. Oh, you cannot imagine what a treat it was to get out into the fresh air and God's blessed sunshine once more, after being shut up in that dark, dirty, foul smelling place for four long months. Men ought to know that no animal on earth could remain good natured under such treatment, especially such sensitive, nervous animals as the Jerseys. They seem to forget that God implanted within all animals the love of liberty and freedom to roam at will in green pastures and wooded dells. Then how can they expect an animal, robbed of his God-given rights, as I was, not to fight for his liberty and fair treatment. Why any man, that is half a man, if put in

my place would not peaceably submit to such treatment, but because I rebelled they pounded me with a club and goaded and scratched me with a pitchfork.

"When the men and boys saw Mr. Foster leading me out of the barn door they all ran and climbed on top of the high board fence which enclosed the barnyard, as if they were afraid I would tear them to pieces. It made me lose all faith in the human race to see how cowardly they acted and how afraid they were of a poor, abused animal like I was. When Mr. Foster tied me to the back of the wagon he pulled off the largest loose pieces of matted hair, which hung from my sides, and said to the on-lookers, 'What do you think of men who will keep an animal in such a condition as this one has been? Wouldn't you be ashamed to send out such a looking thing? Just look at the bruises and scratches all over him.'

"He gave them a good lecture on cruelty to animals that they will remember, and, I hope, may profit by. Mr. Foster sat in the back end of the wagon and held the rope that was fastened to the ring in my nose and, every little while would talk kindly to me, so I never tried to pull back or get away, because I felt that, where anyone so kind as he and his men were, I would find a good home and was very anxious to get there; for you know, although people say animals cannot reason that we can tell the moment we see a man and hear his voice whether he is kind or not and whether we will like him.

"We passed many people on the way, and they all stared at me as if they thought I was a great curiosity, and everyone had something to say about me. One man said, 'Hello Foster! what sort of an animal have you got there? He's as shaggy as a buffalo. What do you expect to do with such a scurvy looking thing?'

"Why breed some good grade Jerseys, of course," replied Mr. Foster. 'You come and take a look at him, in about a month and you will see the finest Jersey bull in the county.'

"The man laughed and said, 'All right, I'll believe it when

I see it.' "Another man said, 'Is that Tyler's ugly Jersey? He surely acts docile enough now, I guess you must have hypnotized him, but what an awful condition he is in. It is a shame to abuse an animal as he looks to have been. You don't expect to be able to do anything with him do you, for he is too old to be governed by the law of kindness and looks as if he had never known what kind treatment was?'

"I thought to myself, that shows how little most men know about animal nature, and that kindness begets kindness; and that I would show them, that if I was only a shabby looking, ugly Jersey bull with a bad name, that I could appreciate good, kind treatment and be grateful for it.'

"When we got here and were going along the drive to the barn, the wagon stopped at the side of the house and Mr. Foster went in and brought Mrs. Foster and Nellie out to see me. Their eyes filled with tears when they saw how terribly I had been abused, and Mrs. Foster said, 'What a pitiable looking object he is. It does not seem possible that anybody could be so cruel as to mistreat an animal as he has been.'

"Nellie said, 'Oh, mamma! look at the cuts on his side, and see his hair, how dirty and matted and rough it is. It looks as if it had never been curried and brushed—and see! great patches of it are hanging loose ready to fall off.'

"Mr. Foster said, 'It looks smooth to what it did when I led him out of the barn, for I pulled a lot of it off and a lot more fell off from the jar of his walking over here.'

"Mrs. Foster and Nellie's voices sounded so kind that I turned my head to look at them, when Mrs. Foster said, 'Poor fellow, he does not look vicious, and I do not believe he is. I think he is more sinned against than sinning.' Look at his great, black, velvety eyes; they have an appealing look, almost human, yet in their dark depths is a red gleam, like the heart of a fire opal, which indicates a fiery spirit that would be hard to control if once aroused. How can people be so cruel to helpless creatures that are dependent on them for care and

protection? The other day I read a few lines that every child ought to memorize and remember; that ought to be preached from every pulpit, and printed on large letters on a card and hung in every barn where animals are kept. It is as true as holy writ and says:

‘A man of kindness to his beast is kind,
But brutal natures show a brutal mind;
Remember, He who made the brute;
Who gave thee speech and reason formed him mute.
He can’t complain, but God’s omniscient eye,
Beholds thy cruelty, and hears his cry.’

“When we reached the barnyard, I was given all the good, cold water I could drink and the old loose mats of hair were brushed off, then I was led into the barn and tied in a large, well ventilated box stall with a clean, soft bed of straw and given all I wanted to eat. I was so happy and felt as if I was in heaven. In a few days Mr. Foster brought Mrs. Foster to see me, when she said, ‘Well, Hero, you poor fellow, you don’t look to be the same animal I saw the other day and as soon as you get a little flesh on your bones you will be a fine looking fellow.’ Then she said to Mr. Foster, ‘See what a grateful look he has in his eyes already.’

“I did feel grateful too, and I know I felt even better than I looked, for each day, after Mr. Foster had brushed me all over and put a cooling salve on my wounds, I felt so much more comfortable than the day before; but it was a long time before I got over the effects of my cruel treatment, and if anyone came near me with a pitchfork or anything they could strike a blow with, or raise their arm with a quick motion, I would gather myself together, as if to receive a blow, and tremble all over, but everybody was so good to me that, after a while, I got over it. And never, since I have been here, have I been given a blow or an unkind word, and I have always had the best of care and all I wanted to eat. While Mrs. Foster was looking at

me the man, called Ed, came to my stall and said, 'Hero here, is an object lesson in cruelty to animals that will last me as long as I live. I think it is awful to abuse any animal so.'

" 'There is no excuse whatever, for it,' said Mrs. Foster, 'The first and greatest consideration of the owner of dairy cows, in hiring a man, to take care of them, is that he is kind and gentle to animals; for, it is a fact, that a cow with generous feeding, but with cross and unkind treatment will not yield as great a profit as she would with kind treatment. A good dairy cow is extremely sensitive and responsive to kind treatment or abuse, and anyone ought to know that when the milker approaches a cow and she gazes at him with eyes filled with fear and trembling, and gathers herself together, as if to receive an expected blow, she is not going to yield as great a quantity of milk or as rich in quality, as she would if her eyes gave him a glad welcome. 'Kindness begets kindness,' and the cows are, indeed, few that will not do their very best when kindly treated. Whenever we hire a man he is told that if the cattle and horses do not like him we will not keep him. We once hired a young man, who proved to be naturally vicious, and kept him nearly a week. He did not openly break any of the rules, but all the cows, in the section of the barn where he worked, disliked and feared him, and some of the gentlest cows would not allow him to tie them up or untie them; and those he fed, but did not milk, as well as those he milked, fell off greatly in their yield of milk. Kindness does not cost a cent, only a little self-control and self-respect. If every man, who desires to make the greatest profit from his dairy cows, would try treating them kindly and gently, merely from a business standpoint, he would soon find there is the most money in it, to say nothing of the ease it would be to his conscience.' "

CHAPTER V.

THE STORY OF TEMPEST.

*"The brave are the tender—then do not refuse
To carefully cherish the brutes you must use;
Make their life's labor sweet, not dreary and sad,
Their working and serving you easy and glad."*

One day, not long after the Fosters returned home, when the men were cleaning out the barn, a man came in and said, "Where's the boss? I heard he came home."

"If it is Mr. Foster you mean," said Ed, "he has gone up town, but will be back in a couple of hours. Do you want to see him about anything special?"

"Yes, I do," replied the man, "I have a fine cow I want to sell him at a bargain. She is part Jersey and part Ayrshire, and gives a big mess of milk; it is mighty rich milk too, but she kicks and tears around so no one can milk her. I heard that Foster don't care how fractious a cow is, so she gives lots of rich milk, as he can soon tame them."

"I can tell you right now," said Ed, "that he won't buy her, for he has gone out of the market as a buyer of that kind of cows. Because, he says, he has found that ugly, unruly cows are more damage than profit, as their mere presence seems to irritate other cows and make them nervous. The last experience he had with that kind of a cow he came near getting the worst of it."

"How did that happen?" said the man.

"Well," said Ed, "I'll tell, for it's quite a funny story.

and we all had a good laugh when Mrs. Foster told us about it, Mr. Foster laughed, too, as hearty as any of us. Mr. Foster's success in taming the vicious Jersey bull, and making him so kind and gentle, got his name up as a cattle tamer, so that everybody, far and near, that had an ugly cow came here to sell her, which, his wife said, flattered his vanity; but he said he liked to show people that it was easier to rule animals by kindness than cruelty, so he bought a number that appeared to be good. As a rule, the cows were fine looking and some of them proved to be good and all, except the last one, became quite gentle.

"We soon had a lot of unruly cows on the farm. Some would jump fences, others would tear them down and open the gates; there were hookers and kickers, and one that sucked herself. The last one kicked and hooked both. Her owner said he gave up milking her as a bad job and let the calf suck her the last year he owned her, but he said she gave a big mess of rich milk, was a grade Jersey, and a handsome cow, but none of his children dare go into the yard where she was. Mr. Foster told him to bring the cow up and if she appeared to be as good as recommended he would buy her. When he came with the cow she looked to be as good as he said she was, so Mr. Foster bought her. When Mrs. Foster saw the cow she said to Mr. Foster, 'She is a handsome cow, but I guess you have found your match this time, for every inch of her is temper. Look at her eyes! see how green they look, and see that red blaze in them. We will have to call her Tempest.'

"The first thing Mr. Foster did was to put brass knobs on her horns, the same as he had on the horns of all the cows that tried to hook each other, as both he and Mrs. Foster don't believe in sawing off the horns, because they think it is cruel and spoils their beauty and that they don't look as intelligent without horns. Why, no amount of money would induce them to saw off the horns of their handsome Guernsey cow, Yeksa.

1. Foster petted and coaxed the cow for a number of days,

and she did not appear to be near as ugly as represented. It was not long till the cow came in, when he was highly elated, for she behaved all right when milked, and gave a big mess of milk, but Mrs. Foster said to him, 'You just wait till you take the calf away from her. You are not 'out of the woods' yet, by a long ways, in your 'taming of the shrew,' unless her eyes greatly deceive her.'

"When the calf was taken away she was true to her name, for she was sure a tempest. She kicked and hooked at everything that came near her, and could not be milked at all without the leather shackles on her hind legs. The first day she was put back into the pasture was Sunday. The men only had to do the chores morning and night Sundays, as Mr. Foster did them at noon so they would not have to come back till night. When we came home to do the night chores Mrs. Foster said to us, 'You missed seeing a circus by being away to-day.'

"I said, why, what's been going on?" Then she told us what had happened, and said:

"When Mr. Foster went to the barn at noon he spied Tempest flying like a bird over the pasture gate to come to her calf. He went down the lane to meet her and put her back into the pasture. She evidently divined his purpose, to which she seriously objected; for, with an ugly bellow, head down, and eyes aflame she came at him. He caught her by her horns when she pushed him into the wire fence and bumped his head against a fence post, which stunned him for a second; but he never lost his hold on her horns, and, holding her by one horn with one hand and by her nose with the other, he put her back into the pasture without striking her a blow. He then finished the noon chores and came to the house, looking more like a prize fighter than a gentleman dairyman. You couldn't have kept from laughing to see what a comical figure he cut. His shirt was in rags, one sleeve hung in strings; he was covered with blood and had seventeen cuts, of different sizes, on his arm; one ear and cheek was cut and scratched, and his head

numbered one more bump, and a larger one, than phrenology allows. One leg of his pants was badly demoralized and his leg had several bruises and long cuts on it. When he came into the room where I was, I said to him, 'Oh, my! what is the matter? What have you been doing? Have you been trying your skill as gladiator, and you and Hero been having a bout?'

"'Hero is all right,' he replied, 'but Tempest and I have been having a matinee, but I conquered her, all right enough.'

"'I said, you look to me as if you had been conquered too. He washed off the blood and bathed his wounds with arnica and took several doses of it in alternation with aconite and laid down all the afternoon, and did not feel like eating any dinner, so I guess he has paid pretty dear for his victory.'

"It took Mr. Foster several days to get over his tussle with Tempest, but she was as gentle as a lamb ever after it with him, but wouldn't let anyone else milk her. Her big yield of milk only lasted a couple of months, and in four months didn't give over three pints. Letting the calf suck her the year before had ruined her for a dairy cow, so she was sold to the shippers. So you see Mr. Foster has had all the experience he wants with that kind of cows. He says the only way to get good, gentle cows is to raise them yourself, because a cow never is as good that has been cruelly treated and not properly trained when young."

When winter came I had a stall where I was tied up, and, although, I was the youngest calf in the barn I was the largest one. I had warm milk to drink almost every day until I was a year old, for Mrs. Foster said there was nothing better to grow and develop a young heifer into a good cow than plenty of milk. She seemed particularly anxious to do the best she could by me. We had all we wanted to eat during the winter and kept very warm, as there were so many of us in the barn together.

One day, towards Spring, when Mrs. Foster was in the barn, a good looking, smooth talking man came in and wanted

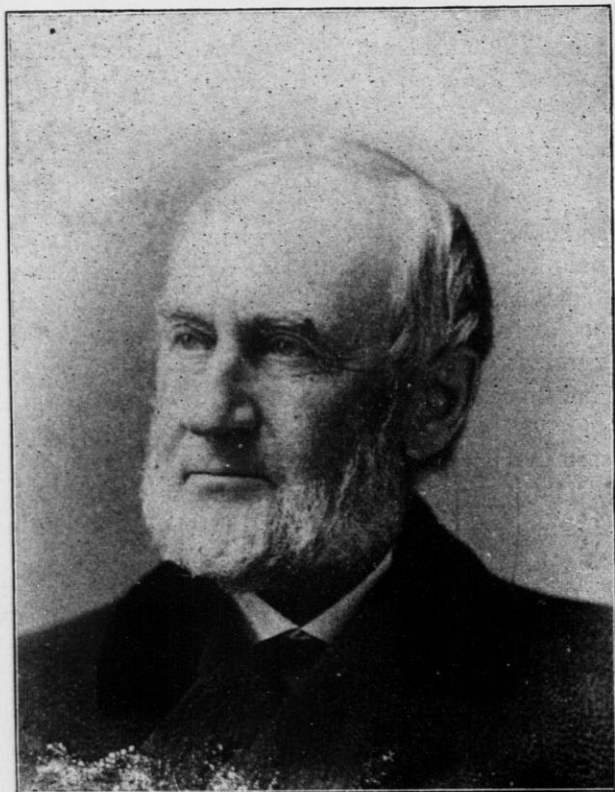
to sell her some patented stock food. He told her that those beautiful cows needed it. But, Mrs. Foster seemed to be well posted about it, and said that none of those patented foods were good for much, whether they were for animals or humans. That the stock foods were made out of a poor grade of bran, oil meal and a lot of cheap stuff, which made the manufacturers of them rich at the expense of the farmers who were so short sighted as to buy them; and that for purity and healthfulness, as well as profit, she preferred to have the food grown on the farm, and if any had to be purchased she wanted it mixed on the farm. He said, in a gentlemanly way, "I never dispute a lady, especially when she is so near right."

He then looked my mother and me over and said she was a very handsome cow; and that I was a fine calf and would grow to be as handsome a cow as she was, then packed up his samples and went away. After he was gone Mrs. Foster said she did not think it was right, or just to the farmers, for farm papers to advertise those high-priced, adulterated stock foods, which cost the farmers so much and gave them so little in return. "But" she said "P. T. Barnum uttered a self-evident truth when he said that the American people liked to be humbugged."

One warm, pleasant morning that spring, before it was time to turn the cows into the pasture, Mr. Foster brought Mrs. Foster to the barn, and a man named Philips came with them, they told the men that he lived at West Salem. He did not pay much attention to the other cattle, but went and looked at my father; then came and spent some time looking at my mother and me, and while looking at me, he kept saying: "Isn't she a beautiful calf. If I owned her I would think I had a good start for a dairy herd."

Mr. Philips said that he and one of his neighbors, a Mr. McConnell, had bought a thoroughbred Guernsey bull, named Cadet, of Mr. Gordon, or Koskonong and that that the first of his progeny was just making their appearance, with which

they were greatly pleased. He said that his attention was first called to the Guernseys by meeting I. J. Clapp, of Kenosha, and looking over his herd and hearing about their records at



I. J. CLAPP. Wisconsin's Pioneer Guernsey Breeder.

the State Fair at Milwaukee. He said that Mr. Clapp was one of the most painstaking breeders then in the state; and that, soon after the fair, he visited Mr. Clapp, at his home, and

looked over his herd of Guernseys. He said, too, that the next time he was greatly interested in the Guernseys was at the Monroe county fair, at Sparta, where Mr. Foster took my father and mother, Bonnie Jean and Yeksa's Prince. That he saw Gov. Hoard talking with Mrs. Foster for a long time, by the pen where the cattle were, and heard him say, 'Yeksa is a wonderful type of a dairy cow and will make her mark.'

Mr. Phillips said he made up his mind then and there that if any of Yeksa's heifer calves were ever for sale by the Fosters that he would try his best to get them, and exacted a promise of them that whenever they had any for sale that he was to be given the first chance to buy. He said he had spent the better part of his life experimenting with apple-growing; that it was a very pleasant, healthy business, which brought a man in contact with the best of men—men of excellent habits, and irreproachable character—men who seldom ever used profane language, or used liquor or tobacco in any form. But, that now, in connection with the fruit business he was going to build a silo and commence dairying in a small way; that he had made up his mind that the best dairy cows he could raise or buy were none to good, as it took about as long to take care of a poor cow, that barely paid for her keeping, as one that paid a good profit; then, too, there was so much more pleasure and satisfaction in raising and handling thoroughbreds, as they are handsomer and more intelligent than the common breeds, especially the dairy cows from the Channel Islands, as they have always been in such close contact with the human race, and having been cared for mostly by women, they have acquired a high grade of refinement and intelligence that they are much more responsive to kind treatment and show a greater appreciation of it; said, "You are right, Mrs. Foster in saying, 'they surely prove the truth of the axiom 'Blood will tell.'"

I heard more dairy talk there for an hour than I had ever heard before in my life. Mr. and Mrs. Foster agreed with Mr. Philips in every particular. After promising to visit them

again soon, and to send them a barrel of fine apples the next fall he bade them goodbye and started for home.

That evening, when the men were doing their chores, Billy Riggs came into the barn and said, "Hello! What are yer doing?"

"Hello, yourself" said Ed, "How goes it with you Billy, and what brought you here?"

"Why, my legs, of course," was Billy's answer, "I come fur some more of them nice Dumb Animal papers Mrs. Foster gives me, an' thought I'd run down to the barn an' see how much Yeksa's calf has growed since I was here last."

He came over to my stall and patted and smoothed my neck, and I let him do it, for I was not afraid of him as I used to be, as he seemed so much kinder and he appeared to think a great deal of me. He said, "By golly, how Queen Vashti grows! She gets bigger an' bigger every time I come. She ain't a calf no more, but is mighty near as big as her mother. My, but haint she a beauty, an' how smart she looks out of her big, black eyes—why, she looks smart enuff to tell a story—Say Ed, don't you think she could tell a story just as good as that horse, Black Beauty did, in that book Mrs. Foster gave me? Only she's yaller instead of black, but it could be called Yaller Beauty, but everybody is so kind to her that she could'nt tell much about cruel treatment."

"No, that she couldn't," replied Ed," but she could tell about a cruel little boy named Billy Riggs pulling off the legs and wings of flies for fun. How would you like that?"

"I wouldn't like it at all," Billy replied, "fur I don't do that any more, and I don't steal bird's nests, nor kill birds no more, nor tie the cats' tails together, an' hang 'em over the clothes line, to see 'em fight; nor put little stones in a tin can, to make it rattle, an' tie it to the dog's tail to make him run an' howl, no more neither, for them Dumb Animal papers says such things is wicked an' cruel, an' boys what do it go to

prison, when they grow up to be big cruel men, an' I think so too, so does Mrs. Foster."

"Well, Billy," said Ed, "you are, for a fact, getting to be a pretty good boy, and now you've got on the right track you will grow up to be a pretty good man if you'll stick to it. But you'll have to go to school and learn to read or you won't be able to read Queen Vashti's story if she should tell one."

"Oh, but I've got so I can read lots, if I skip the big words," said Billy. "Why, don't you know I've went to school ever since last fall? Fur Mrs. Foster gave me and sister, Harry an' Nellie's school books they have got through with, so we could go to school an' since dad don't get drunk no more, nor spend his money for whiskey, we've more clothes to wear, so we don't have to stay out of school no more." "Well that is sure good news" said Ed, "but how did your dad happen to quit drinking?"

"Well, you see," said Billy, "it happened this way. You know just 'fore Christmas how awful sick dad was for mor'n two weeks, an' the doctor was afraid he'd die, and I guess dad was too, fur he didn't want no whiskey to drink. One day when he was better, but couldn't sit up yet, he got lonesome an' asked sister to read to him, an' she did most every day, out of the Dumb Animal papers, an' other papers, called Christian Herald, that's got lots of pictures in too, that Mrs. Foster give us. One day she read a little story in the Herald paper that said, 'A drunkard can not enter the kingdom of heaven.' I guess it scart dad, 'cause he had her read it over an' over to him, 'an another little story in the same paper, he had her read more'n once, an' when he got so he could set up, he asked mam to give him that paper so he could read that little story his self. After he'd read it he said to mam, 'I'll tell you what's a fact Mary, I've drank my last drop of whiskey, an' like the man in this story, I've quit buying saloon keeper's wives silk dresses and diamonds with my hard earned money, while my wife and children go hungry and naked.' My, but

was'nt mam tickled when he said that, an' she said to him, 'Oh, John, I'm so glad! an' thank God for it, an' I will pray to Him to give you strength to keep your vow.' An' I guess God answered her prayer, fur dad never drinks no more, an' we are all glad of it too, an' brother Jack don't drink near so much as he did, so we think he'll quit drinking too, pretty soon."

"That must be a mighty convincing story," said Jim, "to have such an effect on your dad. Can't you tell it to us?"

"Yes, I can," said Billy, "fur I know it all by heart, an' mam cut it out of the paper an' keeps it in her bible, cause she says it brung a great blessing. An' I'll never forget it, but I'm afeard I can't remember all the nice words so as to tell it just as it was in the paper. It must make the folks what write such stories, an' them that prints 'em feel orful good, when they know what lots of good they do the folks what reads 'em. The story said:

"There was a hard-working man by the name of Jack Winter, who lived in Milwaukee, Wis. He had a good, loving wife and a dear, bright little boy, about five years old. They had a nice, cosy home, and he earned good, steady wages and provided well for his family until he got in the habit of the steady drinking of intoxicants. The habit grew on him so that he kept drinking worse and worse, until, finally, he spent all of his wages for strong drink. His home got to be but one poor room, the only furniture being the cheapest kind of a table, two chairs, a bedstead and an old worn out stove. His wife and child were thinly clad in the poorest clothing, and were, most of the time, poorly fed, unless his wife earned the money by sewing, to buy extra food. The supplications of his devoted wife and the entreaties of his friends and the minister could not keep him from drinking.

"One Saturday evening, Mr. Winter came home to supper, and, when through eating, he took his wages from his pocket and laid it on the table and counted it. There was

three bills, a bright new silver dollar and a silver dime. His wife knew if he went to the saloon with his money it would go like his wages always did of late and his family would suffer for the need of it, so she said to him, 'Jack let me keep the money for you till Monday.'

"'Oh, no,' replied her husband, 'I can take care of it as well as you can. I know enough to earn it, so ought to know enough to take care of it.'

"She then said, 'then give me that bright, new dollar; for Willie must have a pair of new shoes, and there is hardly enough to eat in the house for breakfast.'

"But he refused to give her even that small pittance. He got up from the table and put on his hat; when his wife tearfully begged him not to go, but to stay at home with her and their child. But he paid no heed to her pleadings and went; and when he returned about midnight, he was beastly intoxicated. At a late hour the next morning he got up and asked his wife if breakfast was ready. She replied that it was, and that all there was to eat in the house was on the table, which was not enough to satisfy the hunger of one person, much less three. He sat down to the table and ate every mouthful of food on it, for so much strong drink had so brutalized him that he never thought that his wife and child needed breakfast too. His wife said, 'Jack, you will have to buy something to cook before I can get another meal.'

"'I can't do it,' he replied, 'for I have'nt any money.'

"'Why, Jack,' she said, 'that money you had last night would buy groceries enough to last us a long time. What did you do with it?'

"Mr. Winter was cross from the effects of his heavy drinking the night before, and his conscience accused him of the wrong he had done his family, in squandering his money instead of providing them with the necessaries of life with it, so that her question made him so angry that he struck her a

heavy blow and said, 'it's none of your business' and, with a wicked oath, left the house.

"Mr. Winter went straight to the corner saloon where, the night before, all of his hard-earned money, except the silver dime, had gone into the money-drawer of Dick Brown the drunkard maker. He had kept the dime for a sobering-off drink in the morning. He had just passed his last dime over the bar and received, in return, a glass of poisonous liquor which debases the best of men if they drink it, when he heard a side door open and the rustle of silk skirts, and turned to see a handsomely dressed woman; dressed in the height of fashion, in the finest silks, and wearing a beautiful hat, and sparkling with diamonds. She came up to her husband and said, 'Dick give me some money.' 'What do you want money for today?' he said, at the same time pulling out his money drawer, in which Jack Winter saw his bright, new silver dollar laying among the bills and dark silver pieces.

"Mrs. Brown, in reply to her husband's question, said, 'I'm going to church and want it to put on the contribution plate—Oh, Dick, give me that bright, silver dollar.'

"As Dick Brown handed his wife the dollar she asked for, he saw Jack Winter throw his glass of whiskey on the floor, and said to him, 'Why, Jack, what's the matter?'

"'The matter is this, Dick Brown,' replied Jack, 'my hard earned money has bought all the silks, satins, fine hats and diamonds for your wife its going to, and hereafter it will be spent for my own wife and child. You can keep on at your nefarious business of making drunkards of good men and then robbing their wives and children of the necessaries of life that yours may live in wealth and luxury, but you have got the last cent of mine you ever will—and, God helping me, I will keep my word.'

"He did keep it too, and before a great while his family were again living in comfort and happiness.'"

"That's a pretty good story, Billy, and you are boss story

teller," said Jim, "and you are sure cut out for a preacher."

"No I aint," said Billy, "for ma ses I have not got faith enough."

"Shaw, Billy," said Jim, "you don't know what faith is."
"Yes I do," said Billy, "I heard a man say twas believin somthin that you had every reason to think wasent so."

CHAPTER VI.

MY MOTHER'S NAME.

*"Whence have we learned this sense of pity?
Is it a shame to us or an honor? And does it show
Growth or degeneracy in the knowledge of God's will to man."*

After Mr. Philips had gone I looked at my mother, then looked at Mrs. Foster's pleasant face, and remembered hearing her say that she was born in St. Joseph county, Mich., and that Mr. Foster was born way off in Catarangus county, N. Y.; then I thought about my mother being born in the southeast corner of Wisconsin, and me born way off here in the southwest corner, and it seemed so queer how people born so far apart get together, that it made me think of a funny little story Mr. Philips told. He said: "A sweet little girl said to her papa, 'Where were you born, papa?' he replied, 'New York.' 'Where was mama born?' he said, 'in California,' 'And where was I born?' she said, 'in St. Louis,' he replied, then in her childish simplicity she said, 'Isn't it strange how we three got together and think so much of each other.'"

After the cattle were turned out, into the pasture, in the spring my mother and I spent much of our time together. She seemed to like to be with me and I liked to be with her, and felt safer when she was near me. It seemed to me that some of the cows were jealous of us, because we were noticed so much more than they were, especially by the many strangers who came to see us, and would sometimes, try to hook us. One

day my mother and I were standing under a big tree and I stood close to her, so her long tail would drive the flies off from me. Pretty soon a squirrel came running out of the brush near us, and up it went into the top of the tree. Soon a little dog came running and smelling the ground, and stopped at the foot of the tree and looking up at its top barked, when a boy soon came with a gun and looking up into the tree top saw the squirrel and shot it. It fell to the ground, but was not quite dead; and he said to the dog, "Catch it Sport!" The dog caught it and tore it to pieces. The boy picked up the poor, dead squirrel, looked at it, and threw it away, then went off whistling as merrily as if he had not taken the life of one of God's harmless creatures, that had the same right to life and happiness that he had. My mother said, "How wicked it is to kill that harmless little animal just for sport. I have seen it go into a hole in that tree nearest to this one, and I think it must have young ones there that will starve—poor things! how they will suffer. Oh, how I do wish parents would teach their boys to be kind instead of so cruel."

I then reminded my mother of her promise to tell me how she came to have such an odd name.

"All right," she said, "I will tell you about it now. Mrs. Foster knows all about it and says it is a touching little story. You already know that Sir Champion XVI was your father's father. Well, he was, also, my father, but my mother's name was Eminette, and she was one of the best butter producers in Mr. Clapp's herd. How I came by my name was in this way: Mr. Clapp had a nephew who, soon after he was married, went to Africa as a missionary, where, in about two years his wife died and left an only child, a dear, little baby girl. The nurse, who took care of the baby, was an Egyptian woman, named Yeksa. She had become so attached to the baby that when its father decided to bring his little daughter to America, to grow up in a Christian land in his uncle's home, this dusky browed woman's mother-love asserted itself and she volunteered

to accompany him on his long journey, and take care of his motherless babe. But, when the father was about to depart, on his return to his missionary work, Yeksa decided that she would not return with him, but would stay and still take care of the little girl, whom she so devotedly loved that, rather than be separated from her, she gave up home and country to live with her in a foreign land. The little girl reciprocated her faithful nurse's devotion and seemed to love her more than she did anyone else.

"A few days after I was born Mrs. Clapp came to the barn with her husband and brought the little girl with them. Mr. Clapp came to the box stall, where I was with my mother, and said, 'Wife see here, what a beautiful heifer calf Eminette has got. Now, I want you to find a good name for her, one that no Guernsey cow ever had.'

"Mr. Clapp always named the male calves himself, but let his wife and daughter name the females. While they were talking about naming me and trying to find a suitable name, the little girl, who was then old enough to know what the giving of a name meant, decided the question, by saying, 'Oh, name her Yeksa, 'tis the sweetest name ever was.'

"That is how I came to be named Yeksa. So, both you and I have odd names; names that will live and be spoken long after we are both dead."

My mother knew that cows died and that they were sometimes killed, for she said one had died and two had been killed, for beef since she had been here on this farm. One evening a month or so after this Mrs. Foster came to the barn to see the cattle; for, although she could not walk or do any work, except with her hands, which were always busy painting pictures, sewing, writing, or doing fancy work, she kept a close watch of everything and knew about all that was going on. She read a great deal, and would remember many things she read, which she thought would interest the men and do them good, and tell it to them, and would, often, read to them. There were two

half-grown boys in the barn with the hired men when Mrs. Foster came in. They were talking about so many men making such vast fortunes in a few years, and decided that the reason they were so successful was because they were lucky; when Mrs. Foster told them that there was no such thing as luck; that luck never yet won success; that success could only be won by hard, earnest work. She then told them an incident in the life of Andrew Carnegie who, from a poor, hard working boy, worked his way up to be one of the wealthiest men in the world. "A young man recently met Mr. Carnegie and asked him if he would be so kind as to tell him the secret of his success in life. In reply Mr. Carnegie said, 'Yes, I will do it gladly. It is simply this—by establishing good rules for my guidance and strictly following them; the principal one, of which is, never enter a bar-room, nor never let the contents of a bar-room enter me. A young man, who does not understand that strong drink is a foe to character-building and successful advancement, has not yet learned the A. B. C. in the alphabet of success.'"

Just then a man, they called Al Jones, came into the barn and said, "Hearing you speak of strong drink makes me think of a story I heard, the other day, about a saloonkeeper who died, after a long career in the business of making drunkards, and taking men's earnings and giving them worse than nothing in return." He then said:

"One day, not long since, two men met and one said, 'Well, Mike, I hear that Murphy is dead,' 'Yes,' replied Mike, 'begorra he is, and he'll not be afther taking any more of our hard earned money, but he was a pretty good sort of a man afther all.' 'Why, did he ever trate you?' said the first speaker, 'he ort to, fur you paid him lots of money, as you say he was a pretty good man, but he was mighty stingy.'

"'No, Pat,' said Mike, 'he never trated me, but he came near doing it once. Soon afther he opened up his saloon in Sparta, I went in early one stormy morning to get a little drink

to warm me up a bit, as it was raining and snowing both. When I went in I said, good morning to ye Mr. Murphy. Sez he, good morning Mike, what will we have, and before I could say whiskey, he said,—snow or rain?"

Mrs. Foster said, "Men would be far better off if they would not drink anything stronger than good pure rain or snow water and I feel like saying with the poet:

'Oh, that men should put an enemy in
Their mouth to steal away their brains! that they
Should, with joy, pleasure, revel and applause,
Transform themselves into beasts!'"

Mrs. Foster was sitting near my mother, and Mr. Jones came up to her and said, "Is this your great cow, Yeksa, that made six hundred pounds of butter in a year when she was two years old, and is it really a fact that she did?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Foster, "she is the cow, but her yield of butter was not quite that much. In the first six months she made over three hundred pounds and I believe with an official test the yield would have been much more than six hundred pounds. We did not test her for the purpose of advertising her, but just for our own satisfaction, to see how much better she would do, with the same feed and care, than the common cows of the same age. We were more than satisfied with the result, as it convinced us that the Guernseys were all they were claimed to be, by their breeders, and were the breed for the dairymen to tie to. Had we not been away from home so much we would have given her an official test this last year, but, if nothing happens, will give her one as soon as she freshens again. However, I am as well convinced now, as I would be then, that she is a remarkable cow, and that she and her descendants will make a record in the dairy world that will be hard to equal."

"Mr. Jones then said, "I was told that you tested your cows by putting some of their milk in little glass tubes, and

told by the cream that showed near the top how much butter the cows' milk would make. That looks a good deal like guess work to me."

"Yes," said Mrs. Foster, "we use the glass test tubes with all our cows, and they give a cow a good record, but I never was satisfied to count it as a real, genuine test, until I had also churned the cream and knew just how much butter the milk would make; for I have the old-fashioned idea that it is the number of pounds of good, marketable butter a cow's milk yields that gives the truest test of her capacity as a butter producer. For this reason I always had the milk weighed and strained into a shallow pan, and after it had set the necessary length of time I skimmed off the cream and churned it, and washed and weighed the butter myself, so I knew there was no guess work about it, as you seem to think, but real, actual butter. I tested Yeksa this same way, therefore, know it is correct, and not merely an estimate of butter fat, which ought to be equal to a certain amount of butter. Yeksa would have made a much better record had not circumstances been against her. When she had given milk about three months one of her back teats got so badly lacerated that a silver tube had to be inserted every time she was milked for several weeks, which greatly lessened the yield of milk during that time, and that quarter of her udder did not return to its normal flow until she freshened again. Then a few months later, one of the men carelessly left the cover of one of the feed bins up, and Yeksa went into the barn and helped herself to too much new corn, which made her quite ill for a few days, and again lessened her yield a great deal for quite a while. Another thing against her was that she could not be tested quite eleven months, as it took it to within a month of the birth of her second calf, but we had to continue milking her up to within a few days of her freshening, as she gave too much milk to safely dry her off. Had she been tested for twelve months the yield would certainly have been more than six hundred pounds, and, had there

been no accidents, would have been that much for the period of her test. At it was, her yield of butter, for less than eleven months, was five hundred and sixty-one pounds, which, I think, is pretty good for a two years old heifer. And you may tell those who doubt the accuracy of the test that I consider my word in regard to it just as good as the figures of an official tester; and that her performance was even more wonderful, under the circumstances, than it would have been under an official test, and that, if I am not a false prophet, she and her descendants will prove her to be a wonderful cow."

"She surely is a wonderful cow and a handsome one, too," said Mr. Jones, "I don't wonder at your all being so proud of her, and making such a pet of her. I suppose it would take as much as fifty dollars to buy her, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, indeed! and several fifties more on top of it," said Mrs. Foster, "Why, she cost more than double that when only a few weeks old, and I paid one hundred and fifty dollars for her when she was only a little more than a calf, and, as a favor, that was fifty dollars less than anyone else would have had to pay for her." "Well," said Mr. Jones, "if she makes that much butter she's worth it, for my four cows won't make that much. Tell me about her, and why it is that she is so good, and why she cost so much when she was nothing but a calf."

"Well," said Mrs. Foster, "the reason why she is so good and valuable is because she is a thoroughbred of thoroughbreds; a born aristocrat among cows, and shows her blood in every motion and pose. She feels that she is not of the common herd, and her every action expresses her feelings. She is very exclusive and never associated much with the other cows, but likes to be with her daughter here, Queen Vashti, and every day licks her all over. She is never cross to the other cows or tries to boss them, just gives them a good letting alone, except when she sees us petting some of the other cows when she will try to drive them away and take their place. She has a par-

ticular place in the barnyard, where she always stands on the knowl near the gate opening from the drive, and always stands lengthwise of the yard with her side towards the road, thus making the blue sky, across the river form a background, which makes her look, with her beautiful form, golden hair and amber horns, like a finely cut cameo on a turquoise ground."

"I declare!" said Mr Jones, "that's the finest description of a cow I ever heard, I wish I owned some like her."

Along towards fall, I was turned into a pasture with the other calves and did not see my mother for several weeks. When I did see her, she told me she had heard Mr. Foster talking about renting the farm and the cows and going out west, to see if a change of climate would not benefit Mrs. Foster's health. He said she wanted to go, but hated awfully to leave the cattle and the farm, as she was so greatly attached to them. We both felt very sad about it, for we knew that we would never find anyone else who would be so kind and attentive to us, but my mother said if they did go away we would get along the best way we could. Well, I found that what my mother said was true, for before winter set in, the farm and cows were rented and the Fosters gone away. Mrs. Foster came to see all of the cattle, the last thing before she started on her journey, and bid them good-bye. She stayed the longest by my mother and me and put her arms around our necks, smoothed and petted us with a loving touch, and said she was sorry to leave us; and her voice sounded so sad when she bade us good-bye; that I know she hated to go so far away from her nice home and cattle that she was so greatly attached to and loved so well. We felt so sorry to have her go away, and it was the last time we ever saw her.

The new man took good care of us and fed us, and was kind to us, but it did not seem as much like home as when the Fosters were there, as the tenant and his family did not talk to us and pet us as they always did. That winter passed off very slowly and I often felt lonely with only strangers to take

care of me. Then, too, the tenant was taken sick and died before spring, and another man and his family took charge of the farm, which made more new faces, but the man was one of Mr. Foster's brothers, whom I had seen several times, so the change did not seem as bad as the first one did.

The following summer was one of the most eventful periods and the saddest one of my life. After the weather became warm, I spent most of my time down near the river, in the pasture where it was shady and cool, and not so many flies as there were near the buildings. I spent much of my time alone, as my mother was in another pasture and I did not care very much for the young cattle that were in the pasture with me. I became greatly interested in a pair of birds, the men called them mourning doves. They were such pretty birds and seemed to think a great deal of each other, and when they sat on a branch of a tree would sit as close together as they could, and would sweetly coo-coo, as if they were talking love to each other. They soon began to carry sticks and grass and built a nest, on which they took turns in sitting. After a while I saw them carrying food to their baby birds, and they would sit near the nest together and talk to each other about them, and seemed to be as proud and fond of them as people are of their babies. But, one day, a sad change came to this happy bird family. I saw two boys down close to the river; then I saw one of them crawling along through the brush, to near where the birds were sitting together on a branch near their nest, when he raised his gun and shot towards the birds and they both fell to the ground. Both boys came running up to them and one of them said: "By gosh, Bill! you made a dandy shot, killed 'em both."

Bill said, "It's fun hunting when you can make a shot like that."

Bill picked up the birds and looked at them, to see where the shot struck them, and said, "I guess they have been hatching for the feathers are all off their breasts, so they aint fit to

eat," and threw them into the brush and the boys went on in search of more of God's innocent, helpless creatures to shoot just for the fun of it. I said to myself, "Oh, how wicked and cruel it is to destroy birds like those, and leave the poor little, motherless birds to starve to death, merely for fun." I thought it was no wonder that Mrs. Foster was always talking about kindness to every living creature for there is surely need of it, and I wonder why parents do not teach it to their children, and also, teach them that God made the birds to be helpful to man, by destroying the insects which destroys the farmers' grain and fruit, for I heard Mrs. Foster telling Billy Rigs, that were it not for the birds the earth would soon be uninhabited, as the insects would destroy every green thing so that the people could not live on it.

A few days after this sad event my little baby calf was born—oh, but it was a dear, pretty little thing! and I loved it as dearly as all young mothers do their first baby. I licked its soft, silky hair until it was smooth and dry; but it did not seem strong enough to follow me as far as the barn, where we, young cattle, all went every night, so, when it began to get dark, I hid it very carefully in some thick bushes, and went to the barn. In the morning, as soon as it began to get light, I hurried back to where I had left my baby, so snugly hidden away, but, oh! another tragedy had occurred! far more horrible to me than the killing of the birds. My baby was gone! and all I could find was a few bones and a little of its hair. I could not do anything but stand still and 'low piteously. The men missed me at the barn in the morning and came at once, to the pasture after me. They heard me calling my baby and came that way, and soon one of the men saw me in the bushes and came to me and called for Mr. Foster's brother, who had charge of the farm, "O, Nan! come here, here's Queen Vashti, she's had a calf and something's eat it pretty near all up."

"I knew something was wrong by the mournful sound of

her 'lowing," said Nan, "I'll bet it was some of those hungry hunting dogs from town that killed Tyler's sheep last spring. I saw two of them in the pasture yesterday. I'll load up the old musket, and make some of them suffer for this horrible work, if I once set my eyes on them."

Nan took me to the barn and gave me a peck of warm, steamed oats, the same as Mr. Foster always gave the cows for the first feed after their calves were born, as he said it was the best thing there was to put their digestive organs in good condition. He then milked me and said I gave a nice, big mess of milk which he gave me to drink, the same as I had seen the man give it to my mother, and it tasted just as good to me as it seemed to taste to her.

After this terrible accident I was in the pasture with my mother until another sad event occurred. One night, not long afterwards, my mother did not come to the barn with the rest of us, and the men went and brought her to the barn. They said she was sick and sent to town for a man, they said was a doctor. He and the men were with my mother all night and gave her medicine, but the next day she died. It seemed to me then that I was all alone in the world. My baby calf and my mother were dead, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Harry and Nellie were gone away, and my father and I were left all alone on the farm.

CHAPTER VII.

MY NEW HOME.

*“ ‘Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog’s honest bark,
 Bey deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
’Tis sweet to know there’s an eye will watch
 Our coming and look brighter when we come.”*

After my mother’s death it was a very lonely time for me, and Mr. Foster’s brother, who still had charge of the farm, looked as sad as if he had lost his last friend, and one day said to me: “Well, Queen Vashti, I must write to Mrs. Foster, but I dread to, for she will feel so very sad when she hears of your mother’s death, for she thought so much of her, and had such great faith in the great records she and you, and both of your descendants would make. She felt awful bad when she heard about your baby calf getting killed, and now to hear that your mother and her baby calf are dead too, it will almost break her heart.”

To further add to our troubles, there was a drouth the latter part of the summer, which dried the pastures up so that we were hungry when we went to the barn at night. Young Foster fed us corn, that he cut from the field every day, and I heard him say, “Now is the time I wish I had the silo full of ensilage to feed, for there is nothing equal to it to help a dairyman and his cows through a drouth, but I have got to fill it and save it to feed in the winter.”

One morning, about this time, I had gone down into some

bushes, close to the river, and was spending my time browsing and fighting the flies, which were almost eating us up. I saw a man approaching, and looking carefully at the cows. At first I thought it was one of the hunters, who went through the pasture so often, and I thought there must be lots of men in Sparta who would rather hunt than work. But he looked so closely at the cows that I concluded that he had come to buy one of them, but as soon as he saw me he came right up to me and said: "Well, Queen Vashti, this is you I am sure, though I have not seen you since you were a calf, but my goodness! how poor you are, just skin and bones. Why, it would make Mrs. Foster's heart ache to see you looking so badly."

I did not try to run away, although I was shy of strangers, whether they had guns or not, because I saw at once that it was Mr. Philips, Mr. and Mrs. Foster's friend they thought so much of, who came to the barn with them one morning, to see my mother and me when I was a calf. He had a rope in his hand and said to me: "Well, Queen Vashti, I have come to take you to a new home. Mr. Foster came to La Crosse last week, where I was showing apples at the Inter-State fair, and said to me, "Well, Philips, I have come to fulfill my promise and give you the first chance to buy our Guernseys—what there is left of them, for Queen Vashti had her calf killed, it was supposed by dogs, but, worse yet, we have lost our valuable cow, Yeksa, and her little heifer calf. She was poisoned by eating a weed called loco, in a woods pasture. As we have decided not to go back onto the farm, but try a Southern climate for Mrs. Foster's health, we have concluded to sell all of our cattle, so you can have Puck and Queen Vashti if you want them, and both Mrs. Foster and I want you to have them because we know that you will give them the best of care and will be kind to them."

"I said to Mr. Foster that I wanted the heifer and would buy her if the price suits, but do not want as old a bull," when he said 'Mr. Hemphill of Sparta wants to buy the heifer for a

family cow, but I want to sell them together, and you can afford to buy them, for I see you have a lot of blue ribbons on your apples. And as far as the age of Puck is concerned, at no time is a bull so valuable for breeding purposes as when he is from four to ten years old, if he has been properly cared for and handled as he should be. The record breaking cows come from mature sires. The great draw-back to cattle raising in Wisconsin, especially is it true of dairy cows, is farmers using yearling sires because they can buy them cheaper.'

So I said to Mr. Foster, "well, I will take them for ever since I first saw your Guernseys, and heard Governor Hoard define their excellent points as dairy cattle, I have had a strong desire to own them."

Mr. Philips then said to me, "I will take you where you will have better feed than you are getting here, for the pasture on my clay hill has not dried up like this one has."

He then came up to me and stroked my neck and tied a rope around my horns. I did not try to get away, as I had heard him say so many kind things about his cattle and colts the time I saw him before, and heard Mrs. Foster say that he was very kind, not only to his animals but, also, to his wife and their six boys and girls. I followed him to the house and found young Foster there, with whom he made a bargain to bring my father, to West Salem, in two or three weeks, after which we started on our long walk to my new home.

I followed close behind him or walked by his side, and sometimes he would put his hand on my back, or put his arm around my neck and say, "We must walk slow, as it is very warm and you don't look very strong."

When we had gone a couple of miles we met a man who knew me, and he said to Mr. Philips, "Well, by jocks, you've bought Foster's Guernsey cow. I would have bought her myself if he hadn't asked more for her than she's worth. Say, what did you give for her?"

"I am ashamed to tell," replied Mr. Philips, "She looks so

poor, and had I not known that she came from a long line of great butter producing ancestors I would not have paid one quarter what I did for her. And I will not dare tell my wife, when I get home, what she cost me."

Mr. Philips said we must take our time as we had a long walk before us, so we occasionally stopped, under the shade of a tree, and rested. At noon we stopped at a farm-house, owned by a man Mr. Philips called Sawyer. They put me in the door-yard where the grass was fine and looked so fresh and green, and tasted so good—my, how I enjoyed it! It was after dinner, but Mr. Sawyer asked Mr. Philips to go in the house and eat a lunch and said to him, "It's too long a walk for you, why didn't you send one of the boys or hired men after the cow?"

"This is a valuable animal," Mr. Philips replied, "and I was afraid they might make her walk too fast this hot day, and if I went myself I would know just how she was handled."

"Yes," said Mr. Sawyer, "these dairy cows have to be babied a lot. It is better to have a general purpose cow that can stand grief." "But I don't want a cow to stand grief," said Mr. Philips, "that is not what I am after. What I want is a profitable dairy cow, one that will pay a profit on what I feed her, and I believe I have such a one here."

After resting a while we continued our journey, and had gone only a few miles when we met a boy trying to lead a dog with a rope around its neck. He would pull at him a while, then he would swear terribly at him and kick him in the side; then he would beat him with a large stick which he carried with him, I suppose for that purpose. The poor dog would lie down and howl as if suffering terribly. Mr. Philips stopped and talked to the boy and told him how wicked it was to swear, and not to do it, and to have patience with the dog until he learned to lead; and told him how cruel it was to kick and beat any animal that was dependent on him for care, that he must not do it any more. The boy said, "this dog is a blamed fool.

If he would only lead along as nice as that cow of yours does, I'd like him and wouldn't beat him."

Mr. Philips said, "this cow was taught to lead by people who were kind and had intelligence."

"I don't know what intelligence is," said the boy, "but if I had some, I'd give it to him. But I'm bound to lead him or beat him to death."

We went on, and the last we could see of the boy he was still pulling at the dog. It was after dark when I reached my new home, where I was turned into a night pasture with a number of cows. I was too tired, after my long walk, to look over my new surroundings or eat the nice green grass, so just laid down and slept until daylight.

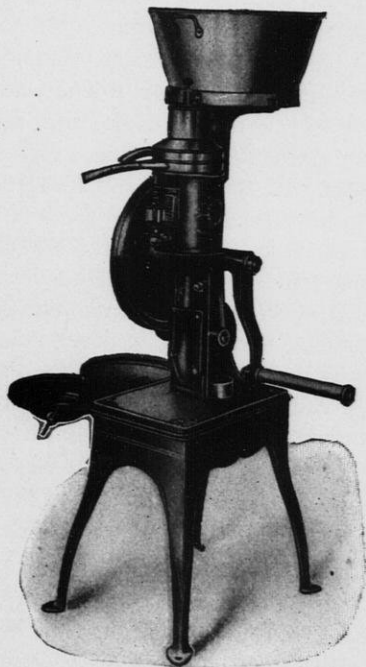
I found the feed so good at my new home that I gained in flesh rapidly. I was given a stall in the barn close to the alleyway. It was a wide, double stall, and my stall companion was a large, white cow they called Old Nellie. She said she was a grade Short Horn, and seemed to be the boss of all the cows. The ends of her horns were sawed off, so she could not hurt the other cows or the horses. I was afraid of her for a long time, and I always waited until she went into the stable and was tied up before I went in. Whenever I had more feed than I wanted I pushed it over to old Nellie, and by my being kind to her, she soon got to like me and I quit being afraid of her. The first morning I was in the barn, Mr. Philips brought in a basket full of apples which he called Number Twenties, and gave each of the cows some. I thought they were the best food I ever ate in my life.

We had to go down a long hill to the pasture, where there was a beautiful spring of pure, soft water. At first it made me very tired to go up the hill, but the other cows did not seem to mind it and I soon got used to it. Then, too, it paid me well for walking up the hill, in the good food and kind treatment I received when I got there. As I had only lived on one farm, I did not know much about the world, but Old Nellie had lived

in about a dozen places before coming to this one, so had had a great deal of experience, and could tell me a whole lot about things I had never heard of before. She told me about when she was owned by a man near West Salem. He hired her pastured in the fair grounds, where there were about a dozen other cows. She said while she was in this pasture a curious and amusing incident occurred. That a Mr. Mahlem and a section man named Ford, each had a cow there too. Both cows were expected to freshen soon, and one evening the Mahlum boys found their cow standing by the gate, with a young calf by her side, while Ford's cow stood some distance away. The boys were jubilant over their find. Soon afterwards, Ford's boys came and drove their cow home. That evening Mr. Ford went over to see the man who had charge of the pasture, who is now our owner, and asked him if it was a good plan to milk a cow before she freshened. The man told him that he did not like to do it, but said if her udder was as full as he said it was, he had better keep her up for a few days and feed her only dry food, and milk her a little. Ford did as advised and fed the milk to his pigs. Mahlum milked his cow until he supposed her milk was good, then sold the calf to a farmer, as he needed the milk for his boarders. Two days after the calf was sold, the Mahlum boys, in going after their cow, found another young calf by her side which they drove home. When, like after a bank failure, an investigation commenced which resulted in finding out that the first calf which was appropriated by Mahlum's cow, by her being boss of all the other cows, belonged to Ford's cow. Consequently, Mahlum had to go out in the country and get the calf he had sold and pay the farmer back the four dollars he had paid for the calf, and take the calf to Ford. The joke was on both of them, for Ford had been feeding his cow's milk to his pigs for two days after it was good to use and Mahlum had been regaling his boarders and family with milk for nearly a week before it was fit to eat. But the boarders failed to see where the joke came

in, and some of them found another boarding place. So much for a mistake in which no one was to blame, except the cows and they could not be tried in court.

The next morning, when the men were nearly through milking I heard a buzzing noise in the room where they carried the milk, and as soon as they commenced four or five calves—



BABY DE LAVAL SEPARATOR.

they were nice big ones too—began calling loudly, like I used to call when I was a calf and real hungry. I asked Old Nelly what it all meant. She said that is the Baby Separator, they use it here to separate the cream from the milk, and the calves know that they are going to be fed. And they show by

their appearance that warm milk, with the animal heat still in it, is the very best food for a growing dairy calf, or a beef calf either. Old Nelly said the separator had been in use ever since she had been here, and that our owner, Mr. Philips, before he bought this one, went where he could see one running. He went to Fort Atkinson, that great dairy town, where Hoard's Dairyman is published and sent all over the world to teach farmers the science of dairying. Mr. C. P. Goodrich, one of the best dairymen in Wisconsin, whom he was going to visit, lived about eight miles from town. Mr. Philips said there was not any livery rig he could hire, so he walked all the way out to the farm, in a blinding snow storm, but was well repaid he said, for his long and disagreeable walk, by seeing a herd of great producing dairy cows and seeing them milked. Before the milking was finished Mr. Goodrich opened a stanchion and his handsome, well trained Jersey bull walked out and unattended, walked into the tread-power, which started running and he did the separating without being tied in at all. When his work was done he walked back to his stall, where he found some food awaiting him. Mr. Philips liked the work of the separator, and Mr. Goodrich told him if he was going to buy another one he would get a Baby De Laval, in preference to any other he had ever seen. So Mr. Philips bought one, and it is said to be the first one brought into La Crosse county. Mr. Philips stayed all the next day with Mr. Goodrich and saw how he managed his dairy farm, as he thinks that the very best way for a man or a woman to learn about dairying and breeding dairy cattle is to visit someone who has made a success of the business and take a few lessons from them and profit by their experience.

In a day or two, when the cream hauler came, I found that here they sold cream, while, at my former home, they made butter and shipped it to Chicago, where they got a gilt edged price for it. Mr. Philips said he had been having some trouble about his cream tests. His man said the test had run from

twenty-two points down to sixteen. So Mr. Philips had the cream hauler put some of the same cream he got into a glass bottle, so he could send it to Professor Henry at Madison, and have it tested. The next week the cream hauler asked if they had heard from the cream sent to Professor Henry, and the hired man said no. In a few days, perhaps a week, Mr. Philips came from town and told his man that he had received a letter from Professor Henry, saying that the cream had leaked out on the way and only the empty bottle reached him. He told the man to save some more cream so he could send it, but the man said, "You don't need to send any more, as the test today has gone up to twenty-two points again."

Mr. Philips said he told this bit of experience once, at a meeting of the State Dairymen's Association, when Governor Hoard arose and said that was the quickest returns he ever heard of, except once, and that was when a man put an advertisement in a daily paper headed: "A boy wanted to do chores," and that night his wife gave birth to twin boys.

It was not long until I became delighted with my new home and liked it well and began to forget my troubles, although I often thought of my mother and of Mrs. Foster's pleasant, kindly face. We had good times here, as the boys and the hired men were always kind to us, and always appeared to feel well and were full of fun. There were lots of apples under the trees in the orchard, and Mr. Philips told the men to pick out all the imperfect ones, as they hurt the sale of the good ones, and feed them to the cows. We were glad to get them for we were very fond of them.

After I had been here about three weeks, I was very happily surprised one evening, on coming to the barn, to see Mr. Foster's brother leading my father into the barn. I was delighted to see him, as we had lived together on the same farm ever since I was born. He stood in the barn where I could see him, and I was glad to see that they gave him some apples too with his food.

Late that fall Mrs. Philips and the boys went to their town home to spend the winter, so the boys could attend school. It was quite lonely after they were gone, but we had a good warm barn and kept comfortable. We had however, to go to the spring to drink, which took us about a half an hour, but we warmed up the water walking back up the hill, and always found the barn all cleaned up, ready to go right into, so we never had to stand out in the yard and shiver, for, Old Nelly said, Mr. Philips did not believe it paid to let a good dairy cow get cold. There was a motto hanging up in the barn, that was painted by Mr. Morrison, the State Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes, which read: "Always speak to a cow as you would to a lady," and everybody on the farm generally did it. Mr. Philips was away a great deal that winter attending Farmers' Institutes, Dairymen's meetings and Horticultural meetings, but when he came home he always came to see us, and, usually, had a new story to tell the boys or men.

When I had been living in my new home nearly a year, my second baby was born. It was a beautiful little creature, a heifer and just my own color. I was so afraid it would get hurt or killed that I stood over it, most of the time, the first day. Mr. Philips did just the same as the man at Mr. Foster's did with my mother, when I was born, he gave me the first mess of my milk to drink, after my baby had taken all it could eat. It tasted very good to me, but I had no desire for it afterwards. I found that they treated me just the same as my mother had been. My little baby was allowed to remain with me for three days when Mr. Philips learned it to drink milk out of a pail, and put it in a pen where I could see it, and he was so kind that sometimes he allowed me to lick it. One day he said to me, "Well, Queen"—they all got to calling me by only the first part of my name as it was easier spoken—"I am going to write to Mrs. Foster to send a name for your baby for she always thought so much of you."

Not long afterwards he said he had received a letter from



LORD YEKSA.

Fourth Son of Yeksa's Queen, Bred by A. J. Philips.

Mrs. Foster in which she said, "Call her Yeksa's Queen, after her grandmother, that we all loved so well." So Mr. Philips gave her that name and said that her registered number was 6631.

They were very particular to feed her well, and she grew so fast and looked so nice that I was very proud of her. One day the assessor came. He was a clever looking man and said he liked calves, and when he saw my fine baby calf he called his son, who was holding the horses, and said: "O, Jimmy, come here and see one of the handsomest calves you ever saw in your life, and see what a fine cow its mother is too. These are the kind of cattle to raise if you want good cows to do good dairy work." But his son shook his head and said, "I don't want those tender things, the Short Horns are good enough for me. I want cattle that can rough it and run in the corn stalks all winter."

"You surely don't know much about dairy cows," said Mr. Philips to him, "if you want them to rough it and run in the corn field all winter, or even a few days. And if you were an up-to-date farmer your cornstalks would not be left standing in the fields, but would be cut up and put into a silo for succulent food to feed the cows during the winter, to keep up the yield of milk when butter brings a much higher price. Speaking of ensilage, reminds me of what I heard Mr. Andrew Elliott, a good farmer from Canada say. He said he was surprised at the farmers of the United States, for many of them, when the Lord gave them a bountiful crop of corn would throw half of it back in His face, and by thus wasting it, the same as to say they did not want it, and he said, "Why don't they show good business sense and foresight and build silos and save it all, and thereby greatly increase their profits and at the same time keep their cattle in a much better condition," and by having some ensilage for summer feeding it enables a farmer to keep up his milk flow through the droughts of the late summer and fall as Mr. Scribner of Rosendale, Wisconsin does.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME OF OLD NELLY'S STORIES

*Be kind to dumb creatures, nor grudge them your care,
God gave them their life, and your love they must share;
And He, who the sparrow's fall tenderly heeds,
Will lovingly look on compassionate deeds.'*

After the assessor had gone, Old Nelly said, "I don't think that man knows very much for he said he had assessed the cows all alike—at twenty dollars apiece; and I know, from what I have heard men say, who come and look at us and talk to Mr. Philips about us, that you would sell for four or five times as much as I would. And, when they would tell how valuable you were and how handsome, it made me jealous of you when you first came here. She said jealousy was a bad thing, for a man once owned her who was jealous of his wife and made her life miserable. She used to help him and the hired man milk the cows. He used to get mad and talk very abusive and swear awfully at her, especially when he came home from town and she told him he had been drinking. One evening he came home the worse for liquor and his wife said to him,

'Men whiskey drink and never think
That their wives at all can tell it;
They don't suppose that a woman's nose
Was ever made to smell it.'

"It made him so angry that he called her a vile name and told

her to go to the Devil and she said, 'No, I don't want to go there, and I won't, for there will be too many whiskey drinkers there, but I will go to the house, and you can do the milking yourself.'

"After she had gone to the house, he told the hired man that she was a fool and not fit to milk a cow; that she was always sticking her nose into his business, and that she always found fault whenever he went to town and took four or five drinks of beer or whiskey, which he said he had a right to do if he paid for it. But I know he told a falsehood when he said his wife was not fit to milk a cow, for both of them had milked me and she was much the better milker of the two. When she milked me, she was so kind and tender, I gave all the milk I could, but when he milked me, he was so rough and ugly, I gave as little as I could.

"The hired man then began to talk to him and said, 'I'll tell you what's the truth Davis, you are not fit to have as good a woman for a wife as you've got, you don't deserve it. I never thought she was a fool, except once, that was when I heard she had married you, for she knew you were a drinker before she married you. You are farming on shares, so you can't afford to spend your hard earned money for strong drink at saloons, for I know that the saloon keepers live better and dress better than you do and you are helping them to do it, and you know it.'

" 'I guess that's true, said Mr. Davis, but it's none of your business how much I spend at the saloons.'

" 'Yes, it is my business,' said the hired man, 'for if you keep on doing as you have for the last three or four weeks you won't be able to pay me my wages in the fall. You feed your cows so poorly and milk them so irregularly, that your cream check grows smaller each month.'

"This made Mr. Davis still angrier and he said to the man, 'I didn't hire you to give advice, but to work, and if that is the way you feel about getting your pay and your right to meddle

in my business, I have no further use for your services, so the sooner you quit the better.'

"The man said, 'All right, just suit yourself about the matter.'

"The man quit work and took Mr. Davis' note for his pay, and as the man had loaned him fifty dollars, that spring, he took a mortgage on four of us cows to secure the payment of the note and the borrowed money. In the fall we were sold to satisfy the mortgage, and I went to a place even worse than that one was.

"A horse-trader, by the name of Jim Hatch, bought me, so he could have milk for his wife and three little children. It was getting cold weather and he had a poor barn. He had two poor horses and everytime he went away from home he came back with a different horse than he went away with. Sometimes he would stay away so late at night that he would not come to the barn until morning, when I would go without milking and all three of us without anything to eat. When it got colder the stalls were never cleaned out, and the droppings behind us froze, so our fore feet were much lower than our hind ones. It was not long till I gave so little milk that he quit milking me altogether. One morning his wife came to the barn where he was harnessing his horses, to go after a load of wood, he said, as they had none to burn, and said to him, 'Jim, we haven't any flour and the children need shoes. I think you had better quit trading horses and gambling and go to work. Deacon Smith is hiring a lot of wood hauled to the railroad and he will give you a job, I know, if you only show a disposition to work.'

"In reply, he said, 'Who told you I was gambling?'

"She said, 'A neighbor told me that you and her husband went to the back room of a saloon every night and gambled.'

"'I gambled before you married me,' he said, 'and you knew it.'

“‘Yes,’ she replied, ‘I know I did, but you promised to quit it, but haven’t kept your word.’

“‘Well, he said, ‘A woman has a hard time of it to reform a man after she marries him, and she hadn’t ought to expect to do it.’

“‘Well,’ she said, ‘I will tell you just what it is, Jim Hatch, there is one of two things you can choose: You must quit gambling or I will quit you and take my children and go home to my father, for he says I can come. He did not want me to marry you, as he knew you gambled and said that gamblers always came to a bad end. I do hope that if my girls live to grow up they will not marry gamblers.’

“As soon as Mr. Hatch had gone away, the eldest girl put a little shawl over her head and walked a mile, without overshoes, through the snow, to her grandfather’s, who came with his team and took his daughter and the other two children home with him.

“When Mr. Hatch came home that night and found his wife and children gone, he was furious and when he came into the barn gave me a kick in my side. He fed us all the hay there was, and I know I could have eaten every bit of it myself and then not had enough to satisfy my hunger. The next morning, two men came into the barn, and one of them said he was a constable and told the man with him that he would sell me to him for twenty dollars; and that he had sold the horses for seventy-five dollars. He said Jim got into a row, the night before, with some gamblers and nearly killed one of them, for which he was put in jail, and he was ordered to sell his stock. The man who bought me said I was a very poor cow for twenty dollars, but he knew that Jim Hatch had paid thirty dollars for me. He said he worked on the railroad section and would pay for me the next pay-day. The constable said, ‘That’s all right, I know you will do it, because you neither drink or gamble.’

“The man untied me and led me home with him,—and oh, what a change it was to me! He took me into a nice warm

barn, as warm as a house, where I found plenty to eat and good care—a great change, wasn't it? I found out that my new owner's name was Mike Sullivan. He would water and feed me every morning before he went to his work, but, best of all, his wife milked me. She did it so carefully and was so kind to me. At noon, instead of letting me go all day without anything to eat, as Jim Hatch did, she would bring me out a nice mess of potatoes, turnip or apple parings, and always gave me a little hay and a drink of water, and would say, 'I am so sorry to see you so poor, it is too bad that Jim Hatch ever got hold of you.' She said to a neighbor, 'He was a poor stick. I have known him ever since he was a boy. His father was a drinking man and spend all his evenings at a saloon, until the town voted not to license any more saloons because a poor man's horse fell into a well, back of a saloon, and got killed and the town that granted the license had to pay the man for his horse, although he left the horse standing out in the cold, near the well, till after midnight, while he was in the saloon drinking. It made the tax-payers mad to have to pay for the horse, so they voted no license. But Jim's father had his whiskey just the same, though not so much of it, as he had to keep it in the house and his wife, being the boss, wouldn't let him have only two drinks a day. He said he once had a hard time during a strike, by his wife being boss, as she told him if he didn't go to work she would break his neck, and the union men told him if he went to work they would kill him, so to save his life he had to hide out from all of them. When Jim had to go to jail, his poor mother was nearly heartbroken and she cried and felt so bad that her brother, who is a rich farmer, bailed him out, when Jim ran away and her brother had to pay the bail. But Jim was not all to blame. His father was most to blame for not training him right. He never sent Jim to school, and would let him spend his time fishing and hunting. Jim would shoot chickens and little birds just for the fun of it; he would rob bird's nests and do all kinds of cruel things; then he began

to steal things and was sent to the reform school for two years, and, their neighbors said, was not much better when he came home from there. His father set him the example of spending his evenings in saloons, which he has followed till it has brought him to ruin and disgrace, where all men, who patronize saloons, are brought to sooner or later. The liquor traffic causes more crime and suffering in the world than all other evils combined. Abraham Lincoln gave a true description of it, he said, 'The liquor traffic is a cancer on society, eating out its vitals, and threatening destruction. There must be no attempt to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated, not a root must be left behind; for until this is done, all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink. If the liquor traffic is a cancer, are not those who keep it up, whether by their sales or by their example, cancer planters?'

"The neighbor said, 'Every word of what Lincoln said is true, so is what you said about Jim Hatch not being trained right when a child.'

"Mrs. Sullivan then said, 'I tell my boys to go to school every day and not miss one, for, as the Arabs say, 'a lost day or a lost opportunity never returns.' I tell them they must be kind to their schoolmates, and obedient and kind to their teacher and, I guess, they are for one of them goes without his apple every morning so he can take it to his teacher. And I teach them to be kind to all animals and not throw stones at dogs and cats, or rob birds' nests and kill birds.'

"I thought Mrs. Sullivan told the truth about her three boys, for every time they came to the barn they would smooth my hair and pat my neck, and the largest boy would take a curry-comb and say, 'Well Old Nelly we don't keep any horse, so I'll curry you.' I felt awful good and was something I had not been used to in the last two places where I had lived. I found out, as I have since I have been here, that all people are not bad; that there are lot of good people, who have been well brought up and educated right. Why, only the week before

you came, I heard Mr. Philips tell a man, who came to buy some apple trees, that one of his boys, last fall, made a trap and set it out by the straw stack and caught six quails and two partridges for fear some hunter or cats would kill them. He built a nice pen out of lath and covered it with brush, so it would seem to them like being out in the woods, and kept them in it and had the man who took care of the cows during the winter, feed them every day until spring, when he turned them out to hatch their young in the woods, as God intended they should. He then said, 'I have no fear of that boy's future for a boy that is as kind to animals and birds and, also, to his mother as he is will never do anything bad, and will, if he lives, make a good, kind husband and a good citizen.'

"He, also, told the man a story of two boys he knew in a western village. He said, 'One day I met a little boy, on a village street, and he was crying piteously. I said to him, 'What is the matter little boy, what are you crying about?' He said, 'I was out to Mr. Elwell's, and he gave me two tame doves for pets. When I got to town I stopped to see some boys play marbles; when one of the boys, bigger than me, asked me what I was going to do with them birds, I told him I was taking them home for pets. He took them away from me and said, 'I'll tame them for you.' Then he took some shingle nails out of his pocket and drove one through both bird's heads into a door, as high as he could reach, and left them to struggle till they were dead.'

" 'I told the little boy not to cry for a boy who would do such a wicked, cruel thing would never amount to much, and would grow up to be a cruel, wicked man.'

"Mr. Philips said he watched the outcome of those two boys. The boy who was mourning the horrible death of his doves, after he finished his studies at school, learned telegraphy and worked his way up to a high position in railroad employ, which he held until his death. The boy who so cruelly killed the doves, did not go to school, and went from one thing to an-

other, and from bad to worse until his wife and daughters left him for his cruel treatment of them, and now he is almost an outcast.

“Mr. Philips then said, ‘Parents should teach their children, especially the boys, that it pays to be good and kind. The early training and teaching of a good Christian mother influences the whole future life of a child; nothing is more effective and enduring, and if her teachings are supplemented by the precepts and example of a good, wise father the children, as a rule, grow up to be useful members of society.’ Old Nelly said she believed what Mr. Philips said was true, as she had heard the hired men tell what a good Christian woman Mrs. Philips was, and how well she trained her children. That she taught them to be kind and helpful to their parents and to each other and to everybody, and not to expect or receive pay for every little favor they did anyone; that the two girls were several years older than the four boys and were lots of help to their mother, and helped her teach the boys to be good and kind. And I think they follow their teachings well for they are always so kind to every living creature on the farm. She said, ‘The boys would often tell the men what their mother taught them and some of the little stories she would tell to illustrate the precepts so they would remember them. One day, when the hired men were talking about the good and bad saloons in town, one of the boys said, ‘Mother says there is no such thing as a good saloon, that they are all bad, and *very bad*. She says that we boys must never go into a saloon, not even once, nor stand in front of one and look in at the door or window to see what is going on in there, as it might tempt us to go in; that we must shun even the appearance of evil and if we ever feel that we would like to go into a saloon, to see what the men do there, to always repeat this little verse to ourselves, which will keep us from going into such a bad place. I will tell it to you so you can repeat it when you want to go into a saloon and maybe it will help you to stay away from them. It says:

'Vice is a monster of such hideous mein,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft', familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

The boy said, 'My mother also says we must do all the good we can in the world, even though we are not able to do only a little for though we are not saved by our works; they are counted to us for righteousness. I will tell you the nice little story she read to us to illustrate her meaning. She said: "Once there was a man, by the name of Mr. Durham driving along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream of water, or even a house where he might refresh his tired and thirsty horse with a good drink of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned a sharp bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable looking farm house, and, at the same time a boy, ten or twelve years old, came out into the road with a small pail, and stood directly in front of him.

"'What do you want, my boy?' said Mr. Durham, stopping his horse, "would your horse like a drink?' said the boy respectfully.

"'Indeed, he would,' said Mr. Durham, 'and I was wondering where I could obtain it.'

"Mr. Durham thought little of it, supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this manner, and, therefore, he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished to see him refuse it. 'I would like you to take it,' he said looking earnestly at the boy, and observing for the first time that he limped slightly.

"'Indeed, sir,' said the boy, 'I don't want it. It is little enough I can do for anyone; I am lame, and my back is bad, sir, and my mother says, no matter how small a favor may seem, if it is all we are capable of, God loves it as much as He does any favor, no matter how much larger it may be; and this is the most I can do for others. You see, sir, the distance from

Maysville is eight miles to this spot, and I happen to know there is no stream crossing the road in that distance, and the houses are all some distance from the road, and so, sir, almost everyone passing here from that place is sure to have a thirsty horse that I can give a drink of water.'

"Mr. Durham looked down into the gray eyes that were kindling and glowing with the thought of doing good to others, and a moisture gathered in his own eyes, as a moment later he drove on, pondering deeply upon the quaint little sermon that had been delivered so innocently and unexpectedly."

Old Nelly told such good, interesting stories that I was always glad to have her tell them, and enjoyed them very much.

CHAPTER IX.

A STRANGE VISITOR

*"If our hearts were but more simple,
We would take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord."*

One morning, when about ten of us cows were coming in from the night pasture which, Mr. Philips said, was the best place for us, as we gave about one-fourth more milk in the morning than we did if we stayed in the barn yard all night, we heard a strange and awful noise, which sounded a good deal like thunder, only much worse. When we came into the barn yard we saw one of the most frightful looking animals any of us had ever seen. He was tied to the fence, and when he saw us he stuck up his big ears and began to make that horrid noise again. It frightened us nearly to death, and we ran back to the pasture as fast as we could go. Old Nelly brought up the rear, as she said, when we stopped, that her udder was so full it hurt her to run, and that a cow that gave forty pounds of milk a day couldn't run much. One of the boys came after us and drove us to the gate of the barnyard, when we all stopped, because we were afraid of that awful looking thing. Mr. Philips met us at the gate, and, as he knew that I would lead just like a horse, and that the rest of the cows liked to follow me, he put a halter on me and I followed him into the barn, and the boys drove the other cows along after me. We kept our eyes on that strange animal, but Mr. Philips said to

me: "Come along, Queen, don't be afraid for he won't hurt you. It is only a jack that one of the men traded an old horse for last night. He is just like some stump speakers: he makes a great deal of noise, but don't say much and don't hurt anybody. We have no room or any use for him here and I will send him away."

Just then the man they called Mr. Gersham came along and Mr. Philips said to him, "After breakfast you take that poor miserable looking jack away, and trade him off for anything you can get for him, if it is only a jack-knife, the cows are afraid of him, and see the little calves, how they are huddled together under the shed I built to keep them out of the hot sun, they are afraid too. I don't see why you are always buying or trading for some foolish thing. You work hard and you ought to save your money for you need it; then too, you are running around so much nights with Nate that I am getting tired of it."

I was afraid that Mr. Gersham would get angry at Mr. Philip's plain talk and go away, which I did not want him to do, as he was so good and kind to Old Nelly and me. He always milked us so carefully and curried us off every evening. Well, we hurried away to the pasture as soon as we were milked, and that is the last we heard or saw of the jack. The next morning after the cows were all milked, Mr. Philips called to Mr. Gersham and said: "Come here and see this milk and test sheet for yesterday morning. Every cow fell off a few pounds, and the best ones like Queen, Old Nelly, Fill Pail and Lizzie, dropped from one to two per cent. in their tests, just because that tormented, old jack of yours scared them so badly." Mr. Gersham said: "I declare to goodness! I didn't suppose a little thing like that would make that difference. I guess I had better pay you a dollar for you must have lost as much as that, but I really can't afford to do it, for I sold the jack to a man who was moving to Minnesota, and lost ten dollars on him."

A few days after this happened, a stranger came into the barn, when the cows were being milked, and said he came to see if Mr. Philips would sell those two fine suckling colts he had out in the pasture. He said he had two boys, one fifteen and the other seventeen years old, and was going to buy each one a colt to raise and have for themselves, because he thought there was no better way to make boys like a farm and like to stay on it than to give them something of their own. Mr. Philips agreed with what the man said, but said to him: "I do not want to sell those colts, they are from good mares, and I used the best sire I could find, as I believe a few extra dollars paid for the use of a good sire is money well invested. And if you buy the boys colts, don't follow the old custom of 'the boy's colt and the father's horse;' let them raise the colts and when they get to be horses, you sell them and pocket the money."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that way with the boys," said the man, "You sure have some fine cows, and if I had such cows as yours I'd like to be a dairyman, but I never did care much for cows, and if I was writing a book, as I hear you are, cows would be the last thing I would write about, as most people prefer to read some silly love story. But all people don't think so, for I read a short article in a magazine the other day about cows that I thought pretty good, so cut it out and brought it to you, as I thought perhaps you would like to put it in your book."

Mr. Philips thanked him for the clipping and read it to the boys and men. It gave the cow great praise, but it was all true. It said:

"Of all the animal friends of man the cow is the greatest. To her we owe the most. I wish that, as you are about to sit down to your dinner, I might remove from your table what the cow has placed thereon. I would take the cup of milk waiting at baby's plate. I would take the cream, the cheese, the butter, the custard pie, the cream biscuit, the steak, the

smoking roast of beef, and leave you to make a meal of potatoes, beets, pickles and toothpicks.

"There is not a thing, from nose to tail, but what is utilized by man. We use her horns to comb our hair, her skin we wear upon our feet; her tail makes soup, her hair keeps the plaster on our walls; her hoofs make glue; she gives us our milk and cream, our cheese and butter, and her fiesh is the greatest meat of the nation; her blood is used to make our sugar white; her bones are ground to fertilize our soil, and even her stomach, which she herself has put through the first chemical process necessary for the production of the best white card board, and it has been discovered that such card board can be made into the finest quality of false teeth.

No other animal works for man both night and day. By day she gathers food, and while we are asleep at night she brings it back to re-chew and converts it into all the things of which I speak. She has gone with man from Plymouth Rock to the setting sun! It was her sons that turned the first sod in the settlers' clearing; it was her sons that drew the prairie schooners for the sturdy pioneers as, inch by inch, they fought to prove that 'westward the star of empire takes its way', with the old cow grazing behind, and when the day's march was done she came and gave the milk to fill the mother's breast to feed the nursing babe that was, perchance, to become the ruler of his country. Who says that much of what we are we do not owe to man's best friend, the cow? Treat her kindly, gently, for without her, words fail to describe the situation."

Along towards fall, two of the boys took a wagon load of apples out into the country to sell them. Mr. Philips had four boys, who all looked alike, and were all industrious and seemed to like to work, and each one, from the eldest to the youngest had a certain amount of work to do, yet had plenty of time to play. Their parents taught them that idleness was a sin; and that "Idleness is the devil's workshop;" that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." They taught them to

choose some aim in life; to always have a goal which they were striving to reach, and always lend a helping hand to everyone they could. And one of the boys would often recite to the other boys and the men, the last stanza of President Lincoln's favorite song, which I guess his sisters had taught him. I liked to hear him recite it because it reminded me of my old home, as it was the same poem Mrs. Foster taught her children to recite, because it filled everyone who heard it with the inspiration to work and do good. It said:

“Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
She will never come to you.
Go and toil within life's vineyard;
Do not fear to do or dare—
If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere.”

When the boys came home they brought a dog with them and brought him into the barn and one of them said: “Pa look at our dog, we traded apples for him at Rockland. Can we keep him?”

Mr. Philips replied, “Yes, you may keep him if he don't chase the cows. I like a dog that knows his place, but there are two things he must not do; that is, chase the cows nor follow the teams to town.” He further said “I always liked a good dog—for he is man's most faithful friend. He will follow a poor dirty Indian as readily as he does a well dressed man; he will stay with a beggar and be faithful to him as well as he will with a millionaire, if they are his master. One of the most eloquent and deserving tributes to a dog I ever heard was delivered by Senator Vest of Missouri. I will tell it to you boys so that if you should ever be tempted to be unkind to a dog, it will make you think what a devoted and faithful friend he is to man. This is what he said:

“The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their trust. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world; the one that never deserts him; the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty; in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in his encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun is in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, homeless and friendless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger and to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in his embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all others pursue their way, there, by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.’”

Mr. Philips then said, “Why, boys, twice in my life I was saved from what seemed certain death by faithful dogs.”

The boys were always delighted to have their father tell them a story, and all cried out, "Oh, tell us about it won't you pa?"

Their father said, "All right, while you are all here I will tell you about one of the times, and some other time I will tell you about the other. When I was twelve years old my father bought a large, fine Newfoundland dog, and paid five dollars for him. He broke him so I could drive him to a little wagon. He would draw me all around, and when not hitched up would go with me wherever I went. I remember about going into a tanyard one day, on the corner of my father's farm, and Bony, as we called him, was with me. The next thing I remember, I found myself wrapped up in a blanket near the fireplace, and the tanner and the hired girl were rolling me on the floor, and my mother stood near crying. When I drew a long breath and opened my eyes I remember how mother kissed me and said, 'Oh, bless God! he is alive!' Then I heard the story. The tanner said that Bony came to the door where he was working, and scratched, as he often did, to be let in, but when the tanner opened the door Bony would not come in, but would turn to walk away and whine, as if he wanted the tanner to follow him, which he did, and found me in the yard about ten feet from a tan vat, into which I had tumbled or fallen. Bony had dragged me about ten feet, in the direction of the house, then went for help. The tanner, a strong man by the name of Gilfillan, put me on his shoulder and carried me to the house, a few rods away. I was still unconscious when he laid me down on the floor near the fireplace, but by the united efforts of all of them, and the prayers of the good Christian mother, they brought me to life again."

"You surely have good cause, pa, to like dogs," said one of them, "and that is why you told us to always be good and kind to the old Newfoundland dog, Fanny, that we used to have, and when she died you told Nate West to bury her in a good place; and four of us children went to her funeral and all cried,

and Nate, who thought a great deal of old Fanny, pretty near cried too. You told us too, that when you first brought Fannie home from Medary, when Mamie and Lulu were little girls, how she used to allow the girls to put her little puppies into a basket and carry them into the house and play with them in the best room, and never offered to bite the girls, but that she always looked out for strangers.

CHAPTER X.

THE FAIR AND AN AUCTION.

*“They serve God well
Who serve His Creatures.”*

In the fall, when we had plenty of apples to eat, the boys and hired men began taking extra good care of us, and we heard them talking about taking apples, the mares and colts, and some of us cows to the fair.

But, some time previous to this Mr. Philips went to see G. G. Hitchcock and his cattle. Mr. Hitchcock said he liked his cows, but that there was no use to raise bull calves, as he could not sell them. Mr. Philips said he told him that they would sell if their ancestors were good milk and butter producers, and had a good registered pedigree. Mr. Hitchcock then said he had a good one, several months old, that he called well bred, that he would sell. Mr. Philips liked his looks and the price suited him, so he told Mr. Hitchcock that if he would have him registered he would buy him, as he had a chance to sell his old bull to a farmer. They agreed that his name should be Sir Dandee. His registered number was 3,237. He was then nearly a year old, and came in time to go to the fair with us, and took the first premium as a Guernsey bull calf.

When we went to the fair, the hired man led Sir Dandee, in order to break him to lead. Mr. Philips led my father behind a wagon, as he was used to that, and the boys drove the rest of us. Beside myself, there was my daughter, Yeksa's

Queen, who was now large and handsome, being over a year old. Then, there was a handsome grade Guernsey cow, called Lizzie, and a grade Devon, called Fill Pail. They said she gave more than nine thousand pounds of milk in a year. Old Nelly did not go and she was quite cross about it. She said she supposed the reason was because she was not high bred nor high toned enough to go in such smart company; but that she believed, and would bet, that she gave about as much milk as any of us; and I thought so too, for she always filled her pail, and it was not a small one either, but she had no good breeding and had to stay at home. We reached the fair ground all right, where we saw many other cattle, also a lot of horses and colts. We were put into stalls and tied near together, and well cleaned off and light covers put on us to keep off the flies.

A great many people, both men and women, stopped to look at us and most of them said, "Oh, see what nice Jersey cattle these are." When told that we were not Jerseys, but Guernseys, many of them said they had never seen any of that breed of cattle before. Each of us were awarded a first premium, and one of the grade cows, also, received a first premium, while the other grade cows did not receive any premium, which greatly pleased the hired man, as he said the judge missed it, because he gave the premium to the poorest of the grade cows. We thoroughbreds did not have any competition, but the judge said we were worthy and fit to be shown at any fair. I noticed that Mr. Philips' colts wore blue ribbons too, and I heard him tell the boys that he was awarded the first premium on his show of apples.

A man, I think they called him Grumbler, who had some poor looking cows near our stalls, was greatly dissatisfied with the judge's decision, and said that a fair was a poor place to get justice; for he knew that his cows were better than Mr. Philips', but they gave him the premium, just because he was secretary of the fair association once and had pedigrees for his cattle, and that anybody could buy pedigrees anywhere for five dollars

apiece. The judge told him that was all some people knew about pedigrees and pedigreed cattle. After the judge went away Mr. Grumbler came back and brought three or four young men with him, and went into a stall near where we stood; then he took a large bottle out of his pocket and asked the young men to take some whiskey with him, and said he could treat if he didn't get any premiums. He offered some to Mr. Philips' boys and the hired man, but they thanked him and said they did not want it, that they never drank such poisonous stuff. When Mr. Philips came back, the boys told him about it, and he said, "You did right boys, to refuse to drink with Grumbler and those young men. It is too bad that men who know better, and who know what a terrible curse drunkenness is will try to make young men drunkards and a disgrace to their families by treating them to whiskey or other intoxicating drinks. That man belongs to a class of men who think they can not go to a fair, a horse race, baseball game or dance, or go hunting or fishing without taking a jug or bottle full of whiskey with them. It is a poor way for a young man to start out in life. I once let a team to a man to go about nine miles to a dance. The man took his wife and two men with him. Each of the men had a bottle of whiskey, but were very careful not to let the woman see their bottles, but one of them told me that he was greatly surprised, before they arrived at the dance, to see the man's wife take a bottle of whiskey out of her pocket and pass it to the men, saying she brought it along as she was afraid that some of them might get sick and need it. Such people are not fit associates for young men, and if you boys want to grow up to be honest, respectable men and able to secure good positions you must keep away from such company."

When we went home from the fair, Mr. Philips went in a buggy and led me behind it. He said to me, "Queen, I will drive slow so it won't tire you to keep up for old Fan will go as slow as I ask her to. A cow that is as well broke to lead as you are is worth five dollars more for it, and it is very little

trouble to learn any calf to lead if it is taken in time. And one of the best paying things in taking cattle to a fair is that it learns them to lead and be handled, and they never forget it."

The hired man led Sir Dandee, and my daughter and the other two cows followed close behind them, and my father was led behind the wagon the same as he went. All seemed to be anxious to go home. When we were going up the ridge a nice looking man drove up behind us and said to Mr. Philips, "I suppose you would ask as much for that cow and heifer as I could get for my team?"

Mr. Philips said, "They are not for sale, but it would take a very good team to buy the cow, and the heifer is worth about as much as the cow."

"Well," said the man, "If I owned them I wouldn't sell them either."

Mr. Philips then stopped his horse and let the man go by, as the road was narrow and he had two horses and no load.

The next day after we got home from the fair, there was a very exciting time on the farm for a little while. I was in the pasture near the house, and the boys, who had been picking apples, were coming to dinner. They had a big mare, called Maud, that hauled in many of the apples, hitched to a stone boat. One of the boys, nicknamed Hoxie, was standing on the back end of the stone boat and driving at a trot. Just then the front of the boat struck a stone and threw him off, and his head struck a stone with such force as to render him unconscious. The eldest boy, nicknamed Cody, came up to his brother and took him up in his arms and carried him some distance and laid him down and cried "O, Hoxie do talk!" His father and mother came running, and they worked over him for about fifteen minutes, when he opened his eyes and began to look around in a dazed way. They were the happiest lot of people I ever saw when Hoxie was able to sit up and talk. Mr. Philips said, "Boys, you must always be very careful how you

drive, for you see there is danger in careless driving, even when you ride on a stone boat."

One evening, a few days after this exciting occurrence, Mr. Philips told the boys that he had to raise some money to pay a loan that would soon fall due, and that he had decided to sell some of the cows and colts that he could spare to raise it, and that by selling some of the stock he would have some hay to sell too. In a few days I saw the boys looking at some printed bills, and when one of the boys read one of them he said to his father, "Why, pa, you haven't put Queen and Sir Dandee nor Yeksa's Queen in the bill. They would sell better than any of the rest of them, for everybody that sees them likes them."

"I know that is so," said Mr. Philips, "but they are worth more than we could get for them, and they and some grade heifers we have will make an excellent foundation for raising another herd of dairy cattle. We can grow the feed and have the necessary environments for nowhere, in Wisconsin, can better and stronger constitutioned cows and horses be raised than here on these hills. The grass and water are perfect, and the going up and down and along the sides of the hills has a tendency to develop every muscle and make them strong and healthy. I once talked with a stage proprietor, of the Black Hills, at Fort Pierre, South Dakota, and he said that the horses that were raised in the hills would last one-third longer than those raised on the plains. And there is old Frank, he is a good example. He was raised here from a good imported sire. I sold him when he was four years old, to a man in La Crosse, and he has drawn a heavy delivery wagon on those paved streets for eighteen years, and his feet and legs are still sound, and he has never been off his feed. These facts are well worth considering when buying a farm."

The day before the auction, a man, by the name of Kingman, came down from Sparta, to look the cows over. He seemed to know a great deal about cows, and Mr. Philips said he was one of the best Jersey breeders in the state. When

the boys and men were milking he kept watch of the cows, to see, I guess, how they behaved and how much milk they gave. He said to Mr. Philips, "I am short of milk and can't supply all my customers, and I want you to pick out two of your cows for me, that I can milk during the winter profitably and then sell them, as I have a lot of fine heifers coming in in the spring.

"Well," said Mr. Philips, "there is Old Nelly, she freshened last week. She is thirteen years old, but, with the care you give your cows, she will make you two pounds of butter a day all winter. Then, there is Lizzie, a grade Guernsey, not as old, but nearly as good, that will do you good work and sell well in the spring. You can have Old Nelly for forty dollars and Lizzie for fifty."

Mr. Kingman said, "All right, I will take them on your recommendation. I will start them under that price and run them up to ninety dollars for the two. But you had better hold them till the last, as people may think I am bidding them in for you, and by-bidding always hurts a sale."

The morning of the sale, Mr. Philips told the boys to milk the cows clean, and not do as he knew of a man doing. He let his cows go without milking the morning of the sale, so their udders would appear to be very large, and when they were offered for sale, that afternoon, their udders were so full that the milk began to leak out, and the people were afraid to bid on them, as they did not want cows that leaked their milk, so he lost money by it. There was a pretty little two-year-old grade heifer that, they said, had a calf when she was seventeen months old. The boys said, "Pa let us keep her, for she is making over a pound of butter a day, and is such a little thing she won't bring much, and will make us a good cow when she gets older."

"Well" said their father, "I will tell you what we will do. We will put her up, and if she don't bring thirty dollars we will keep her."

But some man had been looking at her, and talked to Mr.

Kingman about her, so the first bid on her was thirty dollars, and kept going up, a dollar at a time, until Mr. Philips knocked her off at forty-two dollars. I heard them say some time afterwards that she made a splendid cow.

The assessor and his son were at the sale, and the assessor wanted Mr. Philips to put my daughter, Yeksa's Queen, and me up, but Mr. Philips said he could not afford to do it. The assessor, however, got his eyes on the sucking colts and bought two at a good price.

Before the sale began, a rough looking man came up to me and made me stand over, in my stall, and began, in a rough way, to milk me. I was not used to such rough treatment and could not stand it, so I just politely kicked him as hard as I could, to let him know that I was not used to it, when he said, "I wouldn't buy that cow, for she is a kicker." "No, I know you wouldn't, said Mr. Philips, "for she is not for sale, and is one of the best and gentlest cows I have, but if she was for sale I would not sell her to you, as I think so much of my cows that I would not sell them to anyone whom I know would not be kind to them, and Queen is not used to your way of handling."

"If I could buy her I would soon learn her my way of handling cows. I don't believe in babying them," said the man. He then said, "I'll tell you what it is, Philips, if you would send to the corners and get a couple of kegs of beer your stock would sell better."

In reply to his suggestion Mr. Philips said, "I like my cattle and horses, and I prefer to sell them to men not under the influence of liquor. I will give the crowd plenty to eat and milk and water to drink, that is the best I can do. If I brought beer here, and treated the crowd, it might be the first lesson in learning some young man to become a drunkard, and that is a crime I never will have to answer for. The La Crosse Chronicle, of last week, said there was no place now in the business world for the "boozer," as business men, in all branches of

business would not employ him. Neither does the railroads want him."

One man bid five dollars on a half-blood Guernsey bull calf, and when he went up to fifteen dollars he said, "It beats all how calves from a good bull and a good cow will sell."

Mr. Kingman told the men that it was the cheapest in the end to buy a thoroughbred sire, but if they would not do that it was far better that they buy a good grade than to use a scrub sire. He greatly surprised most of them by saying, "I am now using a thoroughbred sire that is ten years old, and am now raising the best heifers I ever raised. I sold a two-year-old heifer last week for one hundred and fifty dollars."

After the sale closed, Mr. Kingman hired a man to lead Old Nelly and Lizzie to Sparta. Mr. Philips said that all who bought stock paid cash, and took them home with them; so there were no notes and no trouble to get signers to them, and that he realized about twelve hundred dollars from the sale.

The new bull calf, Sir Dandee, was kept tied up all winter and the next spring, after my father, Puck, was sold to a farmer, he occupied his stall. Unbeknown to Mr. Philips, the hired man used to go into Sir Dandee's pen and play with him. He learned him to chase him, and then he would run out of his way. Mr. Philips had him dehorned, so the boys were not afraid of him. The next year a Mr. Herron, at Viroqua, wanted to buy him, and the price was agreed upon, but Mr. Herron was taken sick and died. But after his death the executor sent the money to pay for him. In the meantime, not knowing of the trick he had learned, Charlie, the eldest boy, went into the pen, one day, to look for eggs, when Sir Dandee came to him and knocked him down. The hired man drove him away, so Charlie escaped injury. Mr. Philips, at once, wrote the executor that the bull had become cross, and he was afraid he might hurt the Herron boys, and that he would return the money. But the executor wrote and told him to send him along, as the boys were all men, and had rather have a cross bull than a

gentle one for then they would be on the lookout for him.

So, Sir Dandee was sent away, and the Herrons used him two years. They turned him out to run in the field with the other cattle. When he was three years old he was a large, fine fellow, and was running in a pasture at one side of the highway, when one day two men came along driving some cattle. Sir Dandee was ready for a fight, and followed along the fence, until he found a weak place when he broke through. One of the men tried to drive him back, when Sir Dandee attacked him and came near getting the best of him. The men drove him along with the cattle until they came to a house, when the man who was attacked by Sir Dandee, said he did not want to be conquered by a bull, and went to the wood-pile and got an axe, and while his companion attracted the attention of Sir Dandee he slipped up behind him and cut both his ham strings, so they had to kill him for beef. That was the end of Sir Dandee, and Mr. Philips said, "Although he had lost his life he taught the world two lessons; first, that it is a bad plan to fool with a bull and learn him bad tricks when young; second, that it is a dangerous practice to let an old bull run in a pasture with other cattle, especially when it is along the public highway."

After Mr. Philips had made a bargain with Mr. Herron to sell him Sir Dandee, he bought of H. D. Griswold, of West Salem, the four-year-old Guernsey sire, Vidette, his registered number was 1,874. His dam was an imported cow, called Rose Martin. Vidette was bred by Mr. Gordon, of Koskonong, Wis. And most of the people, who saw him, said he was the handsomest Guernsey bull that had so far come to West Salem. He resembled my father, Puck, but Mr. Philips said he did not consider him as perfect a type of a dairy sire as my father was. After Sir Dandee went away Vidette occupied his pen, and was very gentle and easy to handle. Mr. Philips said Mr. Griswold had always handled him carefully.

CHAPTER XI.

MOSTLY STORIES.

*“But who shall speak for those whose mouths are dumb!
The poor brave brutes, with patient eyes, and feet that go and come
To do our bidding, toiling on without reward or fee
Wearing their very lives away, poor things, for you and me.”*

It was very lonely, after the auction, for us cows that were left, as there were more horses and colts left on the farm than cattle, and Mr. Philips was away so much that we missed his interesting stories; then, too, I missed Old Nelly and her stories so much. One evening, about a month after the auction, Mr. Philips came to the barn, just after the hired man had finished milking me, and put his arm around my neck and said, “Well, Queen, on my way home from the Farmer’s Institute, at Columbus, I stopped at Sparta and took supper with Mr. Kingman. After supper Abe, the hired man, came in, and I asked him how Old Nelly was. He replied, ‘All right, she eats good and is making two pounds of butter every day.’ I told him I was glad to hear it, for I told Mr. Kingman she could do it. He said, ‘We are going out to milk now, and as your train does not leave till eight o’clock, you can go out and see her.’ Mr. Kingman went too, as he always liked to talk about his cows. I had forgotten about the electric lights, and wondered why we did not have a lantern, as it was quite dark. The man opened the door and when we were all inside closed it again, when Mr. Kingman reached up over his head and turned on the electric light, and there, as sure as you live, stood Old Nelly! in a nice

box stall, eating as contentedly as she ever did with you. She had nice clean straw bedding and everything comfortable. It was a great contrast to the miserable fare she once had with Hatch. I was real glad to see her, as she is having the best time of her life, now in her old age. She had good ensilage, bran and oil meal twice a day, and she is paying them well for that and her good care she is getting. I wish you could have seen her and seen how contented she looked. She looked around at me and Mr. Kingman said, 'I believe she knows you.' I stepped in beside her, and she looked around and licked my hand and my coat. I tell you, Queen, it pays to be kind to you cows."

Speaking of Old Nelly's stories, I was reminded of one, she once told me, to-day when one of the neighbor's hogs broke into the orchard and followed us around for awhile picking up all the apples they could find. She said that at one place where she lived, near the village, her owner had a large pasture and took in some of the town cows to pasture by the week. She said, "Once a man, by the name of Bill Sykes, came into the yard, one evening, where I was being milked, and said to my owner, 'Say Van, do you believe that old preacher, who lives down the road, at the edge of the woods, would steal?

"My owner replied, 'He hadn't orter steal for my boys said he gave them all a big lecture, at Sunday school last Sunday, for stealing grapes. What made you ask such a question?'

"'Because, said Bill, 'I believe the old cuss is milking my cow for she gives a good mess of milk at night, and I don't get hardly a drop in the morning, and its been going for at least two weeks.'

"'Oh,' said my owner, 'I don't believe it is the elder, for he is a real nice old man, and has plenty to live on, and every day his son brings him a pail of milk. I would sooner think it was Tom Roach for he's a born thief, and once stole a widow woman's axe and was caught at it. You'd better watch for Tom some night.'

"One morning, a few days after their conversation, Bill Sykes came into the yard and said, 'Well, Van, I've caught the thief. I got up about an hour before day and started to the corner of the pasture back of your barn, where the cows lay at night. As I went past Tom's house I saw he had a light, and when I got into the lot, where I could see the elder's house I saw he had a light too. So I said to myself I'll go over by the edge of the woods and lay and watch, and I'll get one of them fellers sure. After laying there shivering for a while, just as day was breaking, there came one of your old big hogs, down along the fence, and walked in among the cows that were lying down, and coming up to my old cow he rooted around her a little, when the old fool got up and the hog sat down on his haunches and began sucking her, as her bag hung rather low so he could easily reach it. It was such a comical sight that I just sat there and looked at him and laughed till he had sucked her plumb dry and walked off as contented as a hog could.'

"My owner said, 'I am glad you found out who the real thief is, and I had rather pay you for the milk, if you'll allow me pay for the hog's time milking, than to have you send him to the reform school, for I want to sell him in a few weeks.'

"All right, said Bill, 'but you need not charge me for two week's pasturing. But I am mighty glad that I have found out who the real thief is. I don't care about Tom, but for heaven's sakes don't tell the elder for he is a good neighbor. We didn't guess as well as the city chap I read about the other day, did at the state fair. This chap stood looking at a fine steer when a couple of farmers came up and joined him. All three praised the steer, then the city chap said 'I wonder what he weighs?'

"Well,' said one of the farmers slowly, 'it should be easy enough to guess pretty nigh his weight.'

"This farmer, you see, was an expert cattle raiser. He could, without difficulty, guess a herd of cattle's weight within a few pounds, but the city chap scoffed at him. 'Guess its

weight! Ha, ha,' he sneered, 'you couldn't guess its weight any more than I could.'

"'I don't say I could guess its weight precisely,' said the farmer, 'I say I could guess near it.'

"'Well, I'm a greenhorn,' scoffed the city chap, 'but here's ten dollars that I can guess as near to that steer's weight as you can.'

"'I'll take your bet, young man,' said the farmer quietly. The other farmer held the stakes. 'You guess first,' said the city chap.

"'Well,' said the farmer calmly and slowly, 'I guess he weighs 1,975 pounds.'

"'I guess the same,' said the city chap, 'now give me the money.'

"'What?' gasped the others.

"'Why,' said the city chap, 'I bet I'd guess as near as you, and I've done it. I've guessed the same; so now, give me the money.' You see, Van, he bet on a certainty.'"

One evening last spring, when Mr. Philips and the boys had been working all day among the apple trees, a dirty looking man came into the barn where we cows were being milked. He appeared to be greatly excited, and asked if he could stay all night. He said that one of his horses had tired out coming up the hill and could go no farther. Mr. Philips asked him where he left his team and wagon, and the man said he had left them out in the road, when Mr. Philips said, "Well, go and get them and drive up to the barn, and if you can put up with our accommodations you can stay." After he had gone for his team the boys guessed he was a peddler, but, when he came back and unhitched his poor horses, it was found that he had eight calves in his wagon. They were from four to eight weeks old, and as soon as the wagon stopped they began bleating for something to eat. Mr. Philips showed him where to put his horses and said to him, "How far have you driven today."

"Well," said the man, "I drove out from La Crosse this

morning to Midway, then to Holmen, then through Long Coulee to Barclay's mill, an' from there over the hills to Burr Oak, then over the ridge to Mindoro, an' from there here. An' I drove into good many houses to buy dose calves, an' want to go to Salem, but dat hoss he play out, guess he no good."

"My goodness, man!" said Mr. Philips, "I don't wonder that the poor horse is played out. You have driven over forty miles, and have a heavy load too for live animals, like calves, draw heavily. Where did you begin to buy calves?"

In response to the question the man said, "I buy de first one near Holmen, an' I buy all de time since ven I can. Most farmers want to keep der calves."

Mr. Philips said, "We have not much milk to spare, but will put our calves on short allowance tonight and let you have the rest of it to feed those hungry calves."

"But," said the man, "I never feed dose calves, for we kill some of dem to-morrow night and some next morning, an' dey dress much better ven dey be not much full."

"My gracious!" said Mr. Philips, "What cruelty for a civilized land to allow! I don't suppose, then, that you want any supper either, do you?"

"Oh, yes," replied the man, "by golly I does, I'm hungry like de devil. I no stop to feed de horses nor eat any dinner today."

"Mr. Philips said to him, "Why, you are worse than a heathen, you are not fit to own or drive a horse. If the women folks will give you some supper its all right, but I won't tell them to, as we have had our supper, and you don't deserve any."

Of all the doleful noises, anyone ever heard, was the bleating of those poor calves, all night long, for something to eat. It made me think of the little girl I heard one of the boys telling about. She was traveling with her mother, in a sleeping car, and when it came time for her to go to bed she said, "I guess it isn't any use to say my prayers tonight, mamma."

"Why not, my darling," said her mother.

"Cause," the little girl replied, "with all this noise God couldn't hear a word I said."

The next morning, after breakfast, the man hitched up his team and started off. One poor horse could hardly walk out to the wagon. After he was gone Mr. Philips came to where I was standing and said, "Well I am glad they have gone. I know you heard those poor calves begging for their supper all night, and were sorry for them. It makes me feel bad to know that such cruelty exists, and I will not keep another outfit like that if I can help it. The cities have laws to prevent such cruelty, but there is no one to look after such things in the country. Every humane man ought to be appointed a deputy constable and arrest and fine such inhuman wretches. And it is appalling to think what our country will come to, with such men raising children and teaching them, by their example, such cruelty."

In a few days, after this occurrence, we had another odd visitor. We had come up from the pasture early, as one of the cows had a young calf in the barn and came up to see it, and the rest of us followed her, as we knew we would find some feed in our boxes. I stood near the barn, where I could see a man driving his team up from the road. I saw that one horse was lame and a stream of blood was flowing from one of his feet. He called to one of the boys and said, "Oh, come quick! my hoss he bleed to deat—oh, dear!"

One of the boys ran to the house for their mother and another one out to the field for their father who came running to the barn. When Mr. Philips got there, Mrs. Philips was tearing an old flannel shirt into strips, and one of the boys was winding them around the cut foot, and the horse was staggering from the loss of blood. Mr. Philips said to the man, "Why, Benjamin, what is the matter now?"

The man said, "Oh, dear, poor Billy, he soon die! I had a load of salt for Hanson, and my team he back down hill over your wire fence, and Billy he cut his foot—Oh, mine God! he

die now, pretty soon—Oh, my dunder, such bad luck. I'd rader some man give me fifty dollars dan have Billy cut hiself so—Oh dear!"

The man then began to cry like a baby, when Mr. Philips said to him, "There is no use making such a fuss about it and calling it luck because it is all your own fault. If you hadn't been drunk it would not have happened. If you would keep sober when you go to town you would not have such luck."

"I was not much drunk," replied the man, cause I got some left," and he took a bottle half-full of whiskey out of his pocket, and Mr. Philips said, "Well, don't drink any more, you had better give it to Billy, for he needs it more than you do."

The blood was still running as the bandages did not stop it, and Mr. Philips told one of the boys to run to the house and get a pail two-thirds full of flour. As soon as the boy came with the pail of flour they stood the horse's foot in it and packed the flour over the cut, which stopped its bleeding. The man walked around wringing his hands and said, "Oh, dear! I have such luck I believe I go dead. Only a little while ago my team he run away in La Crosse, and my boy he fall out de wagon and broke his arm, dat cost me fifteen dollars, took all my load of potatoes to pay the doctor."

"There was no luck about it," said Mr. Philips, "for you were drunk when the team ran away, and while the doctor was caring for the boy the police had you locked up in the station to sober up. Now, Ben, if you will let whiskey and other strong drink alone you will not have such luck."

In about an hour the horse was so he could walk around, and the man wanted to borrow a wagon to drive home. Mr. Philips said, "No sir, I will not loan you a wagon because that horse is not able to help draw one four miles, and a sober man would not want him to do it. But we will help you to get on the back of the other horse, and you can lead Billy, and you must go very slow or the cut will start bleeding again, you must be at least four hours going from here home."

When the man was all ready to start he was very profuse with his thanks, and said that he would pay Mr. Philips for the shirt and the flour, and the time he had lost caring for the horse, but he had lost all of his money. Mr. Philips said to him, "Never mind, it is all right, that will be counted for humanity's sake."

The horse got well, but the man lost the use of him for four weeks. Not long after the accident Mr. Philips found out how it happened. He said that Ben was drunk when he left Salem and kept getting drunker all the way to the foot of the hill. There he stopped and sang a while, then started up the hill, still singing. When near the top he stopped the horses, as he was in the habit of doing, to give them a rest, when he stopped singing and fell into a drunken sleep. Another man, driving a team, came up the hill behind Ben and stopped, and, in order to pass on up the hill, he drove Ben's team off to one side of the road, where they stood, for about an hour, while Ben was dreaming. When he awoke his vision was not very clear, but he saw that he was out of the road. He pulled the horses towards the road, then tried to back into the track, but when the wagon got started, instead of going into the road, it went down the hill and, Ben, the horses and seven barrels of salt with it, over the wire fence, where the horse's foot caught in the lower wire and was cut under the fetlock. Luckily, for the whole outfit, the wagon was stopped by coming in contact with a white oak tree, which probably saved them from going into eternity, for it was thirty rods to the foot of the hill and very steep too. So after all, luck was in Ben's favor instead of against him. That evening after we cows were milked Mr. Philips said to the boys, "I wonder where Ben and Billy are by this time. I hope Billy is not dead yet, for it will be hard on Ben to buy another horse. Perhaps Jim McKinley would help him as he once went Ben's bail when Paul Johnson had him bound over to keep the peace." Mr. Philips then said, "Here, boys, is a good parody in this paper, in favor of keeping chick-

ens. I guess you had better get an incubator and try it. I'll read it to you." Mr. Philips read:

Tell me not in broken measures
Modern farming does not pay,
For a farm produces chickens,
And the hens—do they not lay?

Eggs are high and going higher,
And the price is soaring fast,
Every time we get to market
It is higher than the last.

Not a coop but it produces
Every day an egg or two.
So the farmer gains his millions
Even though his hens be few.

Every egg is very precious,
And the hens are held in awe,
When a hen begins to cackle
Then the farmer goes "Haw, haw."

In the broad and busy farmyard
Struts a rooster now and then,
But the shrewd, bewhiskered farmer
Only notices the hen.

Trust no rooster, howe'er showy
Be the feathers in his tail,
Pay attention to the biddies,
And your wealth will never fail.

Lives of farmers all remind us
We may roll in wealth some day,
If we hustle to the market
With the eggs our pullets lay.

CHAPTER XII.

AN EASTERN TRIP.

*“Go on with your work and be strong,
Halting not in your ways;
Balking the end half won
For an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise,
Certain of sword and pen;
We are neither children nor gods,
But men in a world of men.”*

It was very lonely for quite a while after the auction, as my barn companion was gone, and only a few of the cows and horses were left, but I still had Yeksa's Queen for company. One day Mr. Philips came out in the pasture where I was and said, "Well, Queen, I have rented the farm for a year, to a man by the name of Ole Berg, and am going to leave you and your daughter here. Ole is not much of a hand to take care of cows, as he leaves that work for his wife to do. But he takes good care of his horses and spends his time caring for them, while his wife, who is a good, kind woman, is doing the chores in the cow barn. She will be kind to you and milk you carefully. I am to have the increase of the thoroughbreds, as I can register them, and Ole will take his share out of the grades, and some of them will be as good for milk and butter as you are. The reason for my renting the farm is because it will give the boys a better chance to go to school, and I have a chance

to go to Washington and work in the Agricultural Department for a year at good pay, and will have a chance to visit my old home, in Chester County, Pa., where I was born. I will leave plenty of feed for you, and will probably not see you again before spring." He then put his arms around my neck and said, "Good-bye Queen, be good to yourself while I am gone."

I was now more lonely than ever for a while, as I was among strangers, who did not notice me and talk to me as Mr. Philips and his family had, but they fed me well and treated me kindly, and I had nothing to complain of. In a short time my third baby calf was born. He was a handsome little fellow and his sire was Sir Dandee No. 3,237. I was given the same treatment I had always received at such a time, and was allowed to lick him and care for him for three days, the same as I had done with my other babies. But this one, when he was taken away, was put where I could not see him. I did not expect to keep him very long, because Old Nelly had told me that they never raised any male calves on this farm, that they only raised the heifer calves from the best cows, and sold all the others. That was the reason that they always raised such good dairy cows.

Before Mr. Philips went away he let Mr. Berg have fifty bushels of oats to feed his horses. In a few days one of them was taken very sick. Several neighbors came to see her, and among them was a horse doctor. They gave the horse medicine by holding her head up very high and pouring it down her throat, but it did not seem to do any good, and in a day or two she died. Mr. Berg appeared to feel very bad over losing his horse. They hauled the dead horse down into the orchard, and when we went to the spring for water we could see the dogs eating her, as the ground was frozen so they could not bury her. I heard one of the men say he felt very sorry for Mr. Berg, that it was hard to lose a nice young mare worth nearly two hundred dollars, and that he guessed what made her sick was because Mr. Berg had not had much grain to feed his

horses, and after he got some from Mr. Philips he fed too much grain and let the mare stand idle too much. But Mr. Berg's neighbors were kind to him and helped him to buy another horse.

Well, time passed on and we got along very well, except being quite lonely, and one day early in the spring I was delighted to hear Mr. Philips' voice and see him coming into the barn. One of the neighbors came with him, and said he came to see Mr. Philips' Guernsey cow, as he had made up his mind to get a new sire for his herd and had almost decided to get a Guernsey. Mr. Philips told him that the Guernsey's were fine dairy cattle, and if he got one to stick to them and not change around from one breed to another. He then told the man about his trip East, which was very interesting. He said:

"I never spent a more enjoyable and profitable winter in my life. I had a fine time in Washington, as I could do all the work I had to do in the forenoon, which gave me the whole afternoon to see the city. It is considered the finest and cleanest city in the United States. There are eight hundred acres of parks within the city limits. I admired the monuments of Lincoln and General Thomas more than any of the others. But what I enjoyed more than seeing all the monuments in the city was my trip down the river to Mount Vernon, Washington's old home. Of all the spots hallowed by the associations of our Revolutionary War, Mount Vernon, on the banks of the beautiful Potomac, easily takes first rank. No other historical home is revered so highly by the American people as the home of our first president. I saw the trees that Washington planted with his own hands in 1799, the year he died, and they still look thrifty. And I, also, saw the white rose bush he set out and named Mary Washington, in memory of his beloved mother. In the archives of Mount Vernon is the manual compiled by Mary Washington from 'Hale's Contemplations, Moral and Divine,' which she gave her son, and which he carried on his person throughout the war and was preserved by him until his death.

“Washington’s tomb is in a slight depression at the upper entrance to a wooded dale, near the margin of the pathway leading to the river. On the spot, which for its simplicity, he selected for his last home; amid the garden he loved, where the magnolias and roses each spring might waft their fragrance over his tomb. The tomb is of brick with an arched roof, and its iron doors open into a vestibule, also of brick, in which, viewed through a picketed gate of iron, are seen the marble caskets of George and Martha Washington. On the stone panel over the vault door are carved the words, ‘I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.’ In the arch surmounting the tomb is a white marble tablet inscribed, ‘Within this enclosure rests the remains of General George Washington.’ Here constantly, from every clime, a host of patriot pilgrims gather, and ever upon the blue waters of the Potomac echoes, from each passing steamer, the tones of a bell knelling and tolling with a sad, sweet sound in grateful remembrance of that heroic soul that was transferred from these shores into the vast space of eternity. During the Civil War, Mount Vernon was, by mutual agreement, neutral ground, and the wearers of the blue and the gray frequently met before the tomb of the great American, loved equally by both. They always came unarmed, by the request of those in charge of the grounds, and at times they would all join and sing Home, Sweet Home.

“Whenever I think of my visit to Washington’s home I am constrained to repeat to myself the following tribute to his memory:

“There dwelt the Man, the flower of human kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke his noble mind;
There dwelt the Soldier, who his sword ne’er drew
But in a righteous cause, to Freedom true;
There dwelt the Hero, who ne’er fought for fame;
There dwelt the Statesman, who devoid of art,
Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart;

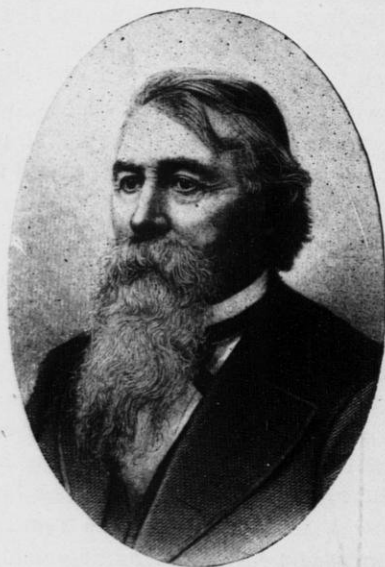
And, O, Columbia, by thy sons carressed,
There dwelt the Father of the realms he blessed,
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,
Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise;
But there retiring, breathed in pure renown,
And felt a grandeur that disdained a crown.'

"When I went into Secretary Rusk's office, one day, to get a leave of absence to go to my old home and see the Guernsey cows there, I found Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, talking with 'Uncle Jerry,' and heard him say, 'Well, Secretary, there is one thing I always liked about you; that is, we can always tell just where to find you, as you talk straight from the shoulder.' For an introduction to that noted man and many others I was indebted to Secretary Rusk, he was a good friend of mine.

"Well, I went to old Chester County, Pa., and the first place I visited was at S. C. Kent's. He, at that time, had imported more Guernseys than any other man in America. I found him, as my friend I. J. Clapp told me I would, a very pleasant man, and as ready to impart information about the Guernseys as I was to receive it. He said he was very sorry that he could not go with me the next day to visit several Guernsey breeders, but could not do so as he had to attend the funeral of a poor man about ten miles from there, but that I could take his horse and carriage, and he would give me directions so I could visit a half dozen herds while he was gone, which I did. Mrs. Kent was as pleasant and sociable as her husband, and it sounded pleasant and natural to hear them converse in their plain, quaint language, which I heard when a boy, as I was raised in a Quaker neighborhood, near Penningtonville, Pa.

"Quite an amusing little incident, at my expense, occurred the next evening. I had not seen any children at Mr. Kent's, and asked Mrs. Kent if they had no children. She said no they

had none but nephews and nieces, in Philadelphia, who spent much time with them every summer; that she had their picture and would show them to me. I, of course, admired the photographs, which were good ones. I then told her that I had a photograph of my six girls and boys taken, in one group, which my neighbors, who know them, say are good pictures. She asked to see them. I told her that they ranged from ten up to



GENERAL J. M. RUSK

Governor of Wisconsin for 7 years and first Sec'y of Agriculture.

twenty-two years old. She looked at them very attentively, then looked inquiringly at me; then took another, closer look at the photograph, and again her eyes scrutinized me; then with an honest Quaker expression on her face she said, 'Thee must have a very good looking wife.' Of course I had to agree with her.

“The next day Mr. Kent was at home and very kindly took me to two of his farms where he kept Guernseys. We then went to see Mark Hughes, another prominent breeder of Guernseys. There I saw the great cow Lily of Alexander, that they said had given 14,000 pounds of milk in a year. I also saw her bull calf, which, the man said, Mr. Hughes had been offered five hundred dollars for and refused it. He was a handsome animal, and had it not been that my good mother, who was born in Bucks County, Pa., (the home of the veteran breeder Ezra Michinor) had taught me early in life that it was wrong to covet my neighbor's property I would have wished very strongly to own that youngster. Mr. Hughes was not at home, but his man showed us his new creamery and milk house, which was the finest I had ever seen.”

Mr. Philips was standing near me while he was telling about his trip, and, at this point of his narration, he turned and patted my neck and said, “Queen, Mr. Kent paid your old mistress, Mrs. Foster, a very fine compliment, which you will like to hear, as you know she is the founder of the Yeksa family which is getting to be quite famous, it speaks well for Wisconsin women too. He said, ‘Your Mrs. Foster, of Wisconsin, is a wonderful woman. She ought to travel all over your state and preach to your people her doctrines of breeding.’ When I told him that she could not travel, and had to be carried from place to place like a baby, by her faithful husband, he was filled with surprise and wonder, and said in his true Quaker style, ‘*Thee* does not say so, and then she does so much! When thee sees her again give her my kind regards and tell her God bless her.’ I told him that her work was appreciated by a good many Wisconsin people, and that I. J. Clapp said, ‘Her great foresight and intelligent work in breeding and writing for farm journals has done more to bring the Guernsey cattle into prominence than any amount of advertising could have done, and I am grateful to her for it.’ And that Rev. C. L. McKee, of West Salem, Wis., said of her, ‘That woman belongs to a class of

breeders who go beyond the ordinary and have genius and discernment sufficient to fix a type in the mind and devise it from the selected individual. She belongs to a class of type creators, like A. J. Alexander, of Kentucky, the son of a Scottish Lord, who fixed and created types of animals to such an extent that he took the progeny of animals he brought from



MR. S. C. KENT

One of the first importers of Guernsey cattle.

England back there and sold them to breeders at advanced prices. There are not many who have the courage or originality to ignore accepted standards and go beyond them and fix a type that this woman had. This is the spirit that has pioneered our great enterprises and furnished the world with its improved inventions.' That ex-Gov. W. D. Hoard, of

Wisconsin, editor of Hoard's Dairyman, for which Mrs. Foster wrote for several years, said she had a remarkable and ready faculty of expressing her thoughts; that thought instinctively takes the place around the center of her purpose like iron filings around a magnet, and that he appreciated her efforts in behalf of Hoard's Dairyman.

"The next place we visited was the extensive rose gardens of the Dingee Conard Co., at West Grove, said to be the largest rose garden under glass in the United States. When I saw it I wished that my wife was with me, as to have seen them would have pleased her more than to see all the cattle in America. The great Mary Washington rose, grown from cuttings from the rose bush which Washington named in honor of his mother, was having a great run in Philadelphia, and a year old bushes sold for one dollar apiece. The next place we went was to Wm. B. Harvey's, who lives in a house built of brick brought from England. He is another noted breeder and has many fine Guernseys. While visiting these men I learned two valuable things without asking a question; that is, that these old farmers and breeders, who furnish the great city of Philadelphia with good milk and high-class butter believe the Guernsey cow is the machine to do it with, and believe, as I do, that the mature sire gives the best results, for in all the barns I visited the sires in use were from two to eight years old. This teaches a valuable lesson to younger breeders. We returned to Mr. Kent's for dinner, and after dinner he took me to the train that was to take me to my old home in Penningtonville, now named Atglen, where my father preached for thirty years.

"While at dinner Mrs. Kent said to me, 'Thee must stand in well with Secretary Rusk to have such a good job and such a nice chance to visit thy friends and thy old home.' I said, 'Yes, I appreciate it greatly and feel under great obligations to him for his kindness.' I told her that Secretary Rusk when in Congress had been the means of appointing me Postmaster in

the village where I lived, which office I held for four years, and that I issued the first Postoffice money order ever issued in that office. I told her that Rusk was our Governor for seven years and that he had a host of friends in Wisconsin."

We all listened with great interest to Mr. Philips' story about his trip, and were all glad to have him at home with us again if only for a short time. As soon as the man was gone Mr. Philips came to me and said, "Well, Queen, I have been looking at your new calf, he is a fine fellow, and with you and your mother's reputation I think when he is six months old, if they continue to take good care of him I can get at least seventy-five dollars for him, as I have a letter of inquiry about him. I named him Uncle Dan and his number is 3,665—But, by the way, I have some news to tell you about your sister Bonnie Jean and your brother Yeksa's Prince. I heard that after Mr. Martenson had bought them someone told him that a brother and sister were too near related to breed from, and not understanding that the laws of consanguinity of animals could be more successfully controlled than those of the human race, and that the only way to establish a type so it would be permanent and enduring was by close family inbreeding, he exchanged Yeksa's Prince with Dr. M. B. Wood, of Mankato, Minn., for a heifer calf. Mr. Wood, who is one of the best judges of dairy cattle in that state, concluded that Yeksa's Prince, being a son of Yeksa, he would be a valuable sire so he let his brother-in-law, W. D. Richardson, of Garden City, have him to use in his herd. Some time later, Professor Haecker, of the Minnesota Agricultural College, another good judge of dairy cattle, saw Yeksa's Prince and pronounced him a grand animal. So well was he pleased with him that he hired him to use in the college herd, although he had a chance to secure Squire 4th of Les Vauxbeletes, said to be, by the great importer of Guernseys, S. C. Kent, the best Guernsey bull in America. Your sister only left two daughters, Yeksa's Maid and Yeksa's Jean, now owned by Fred Rietbrock, of Milwaukee. They are excellent

cows and later on I will tell you about the records they have made. I know you will be glad to hear that the Yeksa stock, descended from your mother, is in very good demand."

One day late in the spring when the grass in the pasture was plenty enough so the cows could fill themselves up well on it, and Mr. Philips was making his last visit to the farm before



PROF. T. L. HAECKER
Minnesota Agricultural College.

returning to Washington, when the cows came up at night my daughter, Yeksa's Queen, was missing. Mr. Philips told Mr. Berg to help Mrs. Berg do the chores, and he would go to the pasture and find her. He took Shep, the dog, with him, and was gone quite a while, and it was nearly dark when he came back carrying a little calf under his arm and Yeksa's Queen was following close behind him. He went into the barn and

went into the box stall, used for such occasions, with her still following him. He put the calf down on the soft bed of straw, then came out and shut the door and came to me and said, "Well Queen, we can call you a grandmother now, but your grandson is such a little thing that I am afraid he will never amount to much. When I started to look for your daughter I met her coming up the lane, and when she saw Shep she ran back to the woods and Shep and I followed her; and there, back of a brush heap, I found the calf. It was well hid and so small I could hardly see it, and what beat me was that a twenty months old heifer would know enough to hide her calf. I have known old cows to do it, but never a heifer before. That beat me to see such intelligence."

He told Mrs. Berg to milk her, but not dry, and let her drink the milk, and to rub her udder well, as it was caked quite a good deal. He said he liked to see a heifer's udder cake as it was a sign she would make a good cow. He told her she could let that little rat suck the heifer for a week or ten days as he was so small. The next day a man, by the name of Newman, came to buy a young Guernsey bull. Mr. Philips said to him, "Here is Queen's calf you can have for seventy-five dollars, or this little, young one for forty dollars and I will keep him until he is four weeks old."

"Well," Mr. Newman said, "you say the little one is from the best sire, and he only costs about half as much as the other. I know his mother is not yet two years old, but she is large and strong, and I like the looks of your bull Vidette first-rate, he looks a little like Hill's Benjamin I saw at the State Fair last fall. So, in four weeks, I will send you a check for forty dollars and you can send the calf to Union Center, Wis."

Mr. Philips named my little grandson Guydette, and when his number came it was 3,966. When the cows went to the pasture the next morning my daughter would not go with us. She thought so much of that wee baby of hers that she stayed in the night pasture near the barn, and for several days they

watered her there while the rest of us went to the spring. I was pleased to see her so thoughtful of her calf and so kind. But, I said to myself, "Young lady, you will get over that when they have taken away a few of your calves, as they have mine." Why, I heard Mr. Philips tell his boys that he had seen that done with slave children, when he was a boy, and he said it looked cruel to see children taken away from their mothers. A few weeks later I saw my little son, Uncle Dan,



W. L. DEXTER, Dairyman. Russell, Ill.

No. 3,665, put into a wagon and taken away. Mr. Philips said he sold him to W. L. Dexter, of Russell, Ill., and that he would keep watch of him, and when he got older would tell what kind of a record he made. When my little grandson was four weeks old he, too, was sent away to Mr. Newman, and Mr. Philips said he would tell me if he ever grew up and amounted to anything.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PLEASANT VISITOR.

*"This world is not just what it seems,
Our lives are full of empty dreams,
Of worry, toil and care;
Some do not call till 'tis too late,
Some fear it all for Jesus' sake,
But God will answer prayer."*

Towards fall, Mr. Philips came home again, and the boys came up to the farm with him to gather apples to take to the fair. One rainy evening, one of the boys said to his father, "You remember pa, that you promised to tell us sometime how your life was saved another time by a dog, this is a good time to listen to stories, so won't you tell it to us now?"

Mr. Philips said, "All right, though I am not so sure about my life being saved this time, but I know I was frightened some. I think I bought the first thoroughbred bull that was brought into La Crosse County. I exhibited him at the first fair held in the county before the Civil War. He was over two years old and a handsome animal. He was a Devon, and came up the Mississippi River on a steamboat. I knew but very little then about bulls, and when the man, of whom I bought him, said he was perfectly gentle I, of course, believed him because I thought that a man, who had as nice a daughter as he had, would not lie to a young man whom he expected to be his son-in-law. Among my other purchases in La Crosse that day was

a dog, named Frank. His former owner said he was one-half mastiff, one-fourth bull dog and, he guessed, the rest was just dog. After two days acquaintance Frank and I became good friends, and our friendship continued to grow stronger for about six years, when he 'shuffled off the mortal coil' and passed to the reward of all good, faithful dogs.

"When I started to lead my bull home, accompanied by Frank, I felt as important as a young man possibly could, with no more of this world's goods than I then possessed. When I reached Mr. Ridgely's, Uncle Josh came out, as he was always on the look-out for travelers, and looked at the bull and said he was a fine one, then said, 'I wouldn't lead him with that strap in his nose, but instead of it I would have a stout staff with a good strong snap on the end of it.'

" 'Oh, he is perfectly gentle, said I.

" 'Well,' said Mr. Ridgely, 'my father taught me that it was the gentle bulls that killed people, as the ugly ones are always handled carefully.'

"I had previously found out that Mr. Ridgely was a Democrat, of the Buchanan stripe, and a kind neighbor and I found out that day that he was posted on bulls. I rested and watered the bull there, then went on nearly to the Sharpless creek when, all at once, the gentle bull gave an unearthly bellow and, before I knew what had happened, he knocked me down. It seemed to me like a stroke of lightning. He squared himself off and looked as if he was preparing to finish me, when help came from an unlooked for source, for, quick as a flash, Frank took a part in the melee and seized the bull by one hind foot and, the one-fourth bulldog predominating, he held on, although the bull kept bellowing and trying to kick him away. I still held the strap and was within a few feet of a small burr oak tree. I was on my feet as soon as Frank grabbed him and I told him to get away, and I made for the tree and tied the bull securely to it. I then walked back to Mr. Ridgely's and told him that I had been thinking the matter over and concluded

that I would follow his advice, so came back to make a staff with which to lead the bull the rest of the way. He helped me make one, and I was particular to have it good and strong, but, mind you, I did not tell him of the time the dog and I had had with the gentle bull. The bull, Frank and I were the only spectators as well as the only participants, so kept the affair a secret among ourselves.

"I have traveled over that road many times since. I have attended farmers' meetings in Campbell and an Institute at Onalaska; have slept several nights at Hartley's and at Sharpless', and in all this time, for forty-five years, I have never been able to find out why that bull acted as he did that day. He walked the rest of the way home with me without the least trouble, and he was so afraid of Frank behind him that he pushed a little all the way. I kept him two years and always handled him myself, and never, in all that time, ever saw him make a bad move. But I never took him out unless Frank was along, and the bull always kept one eye on him, his religion was to 'watch as well as pray.' After I had kept the bull for two years, one day a man came to look at him, and before I knew where he was from I had given him my price and he had paid me for him. I then found that the man came from Illinois where the bull was bred. His sire had proven to be so valuable, that back at his old home they got track of this fellow and came way out here after him. When his heifers began to freshen, especially some that Uncle Jim Gilfillan raised, we found that letting him go was a mistake. But he was a good investment, for what I received for him and what I learned from him was very valuable to me for I have never, since then, had any trouble handling a bull. I have found that the only safe way to care for them is to always be on the lookout and keep them in a safe place; have also found that a good bull should never be discarded because he is ugly, but should be put in a safe place and kept.

The next evening at just dusk a man went by the barn

driving very fast, and was so drunk that he had to sit on the bottom of the wagon. After he turned the first corner the wagon rattled so loudly that Mr. Philips, thinking the team had run away, took a lantern and followed after the man. When he came to the corner he found that the wagon had run over a stump and thrown the man and seat out. The man laid with his neck across the seat and blood was running out of his nose and mouth. Mr. Philips could not rouse him, so came back and went to the house and told a man, by the name of Hans, who was stopping there, to harness his team and go with him to get Grayman and take him home, as he was afraid his neck was broken. They hurried to where he was, and when they began to lift him into the wagon they discovered that he was not as dead as he might be. He struck right and left and started for home. Hans walked by his side to steady him and one of the boys drove the team; but after going about forty rods Grayman balked and would not go any farther, so all of them stopped. Hoxie, one of the boys, was holding the lantern when Grayman began to swear, and struck one of the horses, then started to strike Hoxie who started for the house at a two-forty gait with Grayman following, and, for a while, it was hard to tell which one was ahead, but the pace was too fast for Hoxie and he fell down and the lantern went out. Grayman then stopped, but Hoxie jumped up and never halted until he was safe in the house and the door shut. About that time Grayman's wife and her father made their appearance on the scene. When Grayman's team came home without him his wife was frightened and feared something serious had happened to him, as she felt sure he was drunk, as he very rarely ever came home from town sober, so she came in search of him. They persuaded him to go home with them. He struck at his wife then started for home. Another convincing evidence of the evils of the liquor traffic.

The next day a Mr. Harris came to visit Mr. Philips and look at his orchard. He came early in the morning before we

had gone to the pasture, as we had been fed a good lot of apples and had not been in a hurry eating them. Mr. Philips said that Mr. Harris lived at La Crescent, and was one of the oldest horticulturists in Minnesota, and was a man of excellent habits; that he neither drank strong drink, used tobacco or profane language, which was a great contrast to the man we tried to do a kindness for last night. When Mr. Harris saw us cows he said, "Say, Philips, I have got one of your cows and she is the best cow I ever owned. She is the grade cow, Lizzie, that you sold to Mr. Kingman a year ago. I gave him the same he gave you for her, but I would not sell her for twice that amount. She is so good and kind that I can't see why a man would want to sell her."

Mr. Philips said to him, "If you had been in the apple business and paid interest as long as I have you would sell anything you had, except your wife and children and thoroughbred cows to get out of debt."

"That's the reason you sold her, is it?" said Mr. Harris, "Well, I heard in La Crosse that you had to pay a debt for your old partner, in Milwaukee, that cost you over two thousand dollars."

"Yes," said Mr. Philips, "it cost me over three thousand, and just at a time when I was raising and educating my six children; but I am thankful that I have something left, and it will be a lesson to my four boys not to sign any man's note unless they get value received for it."

"Yes," said Mr. Harris, "it will not only be a lesson to your own boys, but to every boy in our broad land who reads it; it will teach them to be careful what they sign, to keep out of debt and not pay out as much money for interest as you and I have done. But, after all, Philips, you and I have much to be thankful for. To begin with we both chose a useful, healthful and, to some extent, profitable business, that of horticulture. But, of course, a visit to your place and mine show that we both experimented too much; trying and testing new fruits and

new varieties; trying to do too much to benefit others and not enough to benefit ourselves."

I listened very attentively for I liked to hear Mr. Harris talk, as he had a very pleasant voice and such a kindly face, and I knew he was a kind man the first time he put his hand on me, and when he said, "Well, bossy, they say your name



J. S. HARRIS

One of the Fathers of Minnesota Horticulture.

is Queen Vashti, and you are well named for you are surely fit to be a queen, and I am glad that Mr. Philips knows enough to keep you and not sell you as he did your companions, Old Nellie and Lizzie. Mr. Kingman, who is well posted on cows, said of them to me, 'Old Nelly made, for me, two pounds of butter a day all winter, and she knew a whole lot too, and Lizzie, here, though not quite so good, is as good an all-round

cow as I ever saw, and you will make no mistake if you buy her,' and I did not for she is a first-class cow if she is only a grade. Mr. Kingman likes to talk about cows, and always gives good advice about buying them and about caring for them after you buy them. He says that if one can't afford to get a thoroughbred to get the next best, a good grade, but to be profitable they must have good, kindly care and be well fed. He said there was one axiom he always tried to indelibly impress upon the minds of everyone who kept cows; that is 'that a scrub cow with good care and well fed is more profitable than a thoroughbred cow with poor care and poorly fed.' I believe it is true and shall preach the same gospel whenever I have a chance."

Mr. Philips interrupted Mr. Harris at this point in his talk and said, "Hold on a bit, Harris, I know it is hard to stop either you or me from talking in a Horticultural meeting, and there are some thin skinned people who dread to see us get up, but now I want you to stop and let me talk a little while. You say that we chose an honorable and useful business, but what was far better than choosing a good business, you must remember, was that we chose good women for wives; women whose greatest and noblest ambition has ever been to make their homes happy—And what greater tribute can be paid any woman? To think of what a blessing our wives have been to us inspires me to make a little parody of a few lines of a favorite poem of mine:

'Lives of poor men oft remind us
What a debt we owe our wives,
The best of women stand behind us
And make something of our lives.'"

"That is good," said Mr. Harris, and, like the little story I heard you tell, the other day, at the Campbell meeting, it is true. You told about two men who made a small bet that each could make the best rhyme. One of them said, 'I, John Sylvester, hugged your sister.' Then the other man said,

'That's good, but I can beat it, I, Ben Johnson kissed your wife.'

"'Why,' said the first man, that is no rhyme.'

"'No, I know it ain't,' said the latter man, 'but it's the truth.'"

"I tell you Harris," said Mr. Philips, "when men can do as a New England man once did, who put on his wife's tombstone, after sixty years of married life, this inscription, '*she always tried to make home happy*' it speaks volumes for their wives. He might have said of her that she was beautiful and an ornament in society; or he might have said that she was talented, charitable and a devout church member and still not have been able to say she always made home happy. What virtues this woman must have possessed; how self-denying she must have been,—especially if her husband was a horticultural experimenter—how tender and loving; how mindful of the wants of others. Her husband did not have to look for pleasure in public places, and her children when away did not dread to return for her life had taught them that the dearest spot on earth was home."

"Hold on," said Mr. Harris, "I like your talk, but I came to see your orchard, so turn your cows out and let's go to work."

"All right," said Mr. Philips, "but I have given you a good true lecture, and know that I have described my wife's home life and think I have, also, described yours. And I want to tell you that the longer I live the more firmly I believe that women are 'the power behind the throne,' and that nothing of any moment ever transpires without a woman in it. Here is a little stanza that just expresses my idea, now listen to it, then we will go to work:

'They talk of woman's sphere,

As if it had a limit!

There is no place in earth or heaven,

There is no task to mankind given,

There is not a blessing or a woe,

There is not a whispered yes or no,

There is not a life, or death, or birth
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it.' "

"Well," said Mr. Harris, "that is the best thing I ever heard,—now let's be off for the orchard."

When we cows came up from the pasture that evening I was glad to see that Mr. Harris was still there, because I felt sure that he would come to the barn again in the evening, and I could hear him talk some more. Mr. Philips said Mr. Harris was the president of the Minnesota Horticultural Society, and I said to myself, "Any society ought to prosper with such a man for president." Sure enough, after supper, both of them came to the barn and talked a long time. Mr. Harris said he would stay all night and go with Mr. Philips to West Salem in the morning. Mr. Harris said, "I want to tell you Philips that I have been highly entertained here and have learned a lot. To see your top-grafted trees so full of apples shows to me that the work is a success. You have a grand place for a young man to learn a great deal before he plants an orchard. I believe you have done more experimental work here than any single individual in your state, and your state ought to pay you a pension for what you are doing. You have a great opportunity here for a young man to start in and reap the benefit of your experience, and it is, also, a good place for a young man to learn much about breeding and caring for dairy cattle. I think your plan of giving your heifer calves milk until they are over a year old is a good one and I am going to try it, and if I live I am coming here again my first opportunity."

Early the next morning, after Mr. Harris and Mr. Philips had gone, the boys were at the barn, waiting for us cows to eat our apples so they could turn us out into the pasture, when one of them read a story to the hired man about President Lincoln and some motherless kittens—also a story about a boy that tried to drive a little kitten to a wagon—it said the boy made a cute little wagon, and a nice little harness out of some strips of

cloth and strings for lines and then he hitched the kitty in the little shafts, and tried to drive it and to make it pull the wagon, but the kitty would not pull a bit but just laid down and cried, then the boy took a switch and switched it to make it pull as he had seen men in town whip their horses to make them pull, but instead of pulling the kitty only cried harder. His sister just then came on the scene, and saw what the boy was doing, and she said, "Don't do that, I have heard my pa say that a cat was the hardest animal in the world to learn to drive and to pull anything, as a man in Georgia once offered a prize of five hundred dollars for a man who could break and drive six cats to a little wagon. Several tried it, but no one was found who could do it." The girl said, "Now stop whipping the poor kitty, it is cruel, for the kitty don't know what you want it to do, and God did not make cats to draw wagons, like horses. Now if you will take the harness off the kitty I will tell you a story I read about President Lincoln, who was said to be one of the kindest presidents we ever had. On one occasion when the President visited General Grant, at his headquarters, Gen. Porter, who was General Grant's secretary at the time said that three tiny kittens were crawling about the tent. Their mother had died, and the little wanderers were expressing their grief piteously. Lincoln picked them up, took them on his lap, stroked their soft fur and murmured: 'Poor little creatures, you'll be taken good care of,' and turning to Bowers, said, 'Colonel, I hope you will see that these little motherless waifs are given plenty of milk, and treated kindly.' Bowers replied, 'I will see Mr. President, that they are taken in charge by the cook of our mess and are well cared for.'

"Several times during his stay Lincoln was found fondling those kittens. It was a curious sight at an army headquarters, upon the eve of a great military crisis in the nation's history; to see the hand which had signed the commissions of all the heroic men who served the cause of the Union, from the general-in-chief to the lowest lieutenant, tenderly carressing three

tiny stray kittens. It well illustrates his kindness, which was mingled with the grandeur of his nature.'

The girl then told her brother that if he wanted to grow up to be a good and great man and be honored and respected like Lincoln, he must always be kind to every living creature and not abuse any helpless animal—as he had done his kitty. The hired man said to Mr. Philips' boy, 'That was a good lesson for that little chap and probably he would never have thought of whipping his cat if he had not some time seen men whipping their horses when the load was too heavy.' He said, 'I wish I could read the papers as you boys can, but my father tried to have me learn a little English, and then sent me a while to Norwegian school, but most of the time he kept me at home watching cattle and doing other work, so that between work and learning two languages, I cannot read or write either well enough to do any kind of business, in any language. I tell you boys, I think a man should be educated to do business in the country he lives in, and then he can do something. Your father is educating you boys and learning you how to care for cattle and horses, and raise, graft and care for apple trees so that when you grow to be men you can easily find a good job, while I suppose I will have to grub and work for some one else all my life and may be die on the town as old man Bemis did.'

CHAPTER XIV.

A STRANGER'S VISIT.

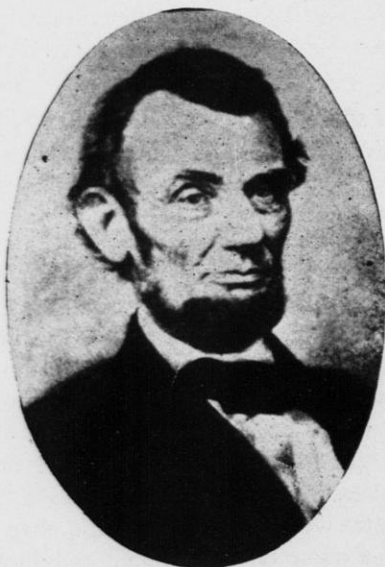
*"Be good sweet maids, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."*

Not long after Mr. Harris' visit I had another baby calf born, and when Mr. Philips came into my box stall he gave directions how to care for me, as it was at a time in the fall when feed was very good, and, although I had been kept up and had only dry food for several days, my udder was very full and I felt greatly relieved when most of it was milked out. He said, "Well, Queen, if you haven't got another son! Our dairy herd will not increase very fast at this rate, but he is a nice one, and as his sire is Vidette we will name this little chap Vido. I have been thinking up a name for some time, and in a few weeks I will get his number. Like yourself he will be easy to describe as he is a solid color."

A few days later some girls from town came into the barn while the milking was being done. They said they came after apples, but wanted to see the cows; they looked at my little calf and, girl fashion, said, "isn't it lovely." One of them said, "Why don't you milk those two cows."

Mr. Philips told them they were dry and had been for about six weeks. After he went away she said to her companions, "I think it's a shame to let those poor cows go so long without

water." They laughed at her, but when Mr. Philips was told what she said, he said she was as unsophisticated as the girl who said to her father, "I am not particular what kind of a man I get for a husband so he does not use tobacco, nor strong drink, nor profane language and does not belong to any secret society, and would spend all his evenings at home with me and the



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A kind President.

children and be wholly devoted to his home." Her father said, "My child, you are a stranger here, heaven is your home."

Mr. Philips said he once heard a lady giving her daughters some good advice on matrimony, she said, "Girls, above all things do not marry a dude, he is a weak-minded, contemptible apology for a man. God created him a man, so let him pass for one even though he has made a monkey of himself. One

good, honest, industrious, young farmer is worth more than all the floating fops in the world. Unless you can make a wise choice and better your condition you had better set your affections on cats or poodle dogs and let matrimony alone."

Mr. Philips said, "I like girls, they are the sweetest creatures in the world, especially if they are your daughters or granddaughters, I like to give them good advice and not give it all to the boys. I always tell them not to marry a man whom they know has abused his horse or any other animal, nor a mean man, as a man can not be real mean without being mean to himself, and a man who is mean to himself will be mean to his wife and children. But, above all else, do not even think of marrying a man to reform him for it will be taking upon yourself a lifetime of sorrow and hardship. It is easy to tell a mean man as he always hates dogs and dogs always dislike him. The warden of the Michigan state prison used to find out the natures of the new arrivals of prisoners by stationing his old dog at the entrance, at which they came in, and as they filed past the dog, would note the expression of their faces. The men who were wicked, black-souled criminals would either look away from him or give him a savage look, while the better class would smile at the old dog or favor him with a few pleasant words."

A few days after this, just before my little son was taken away from me and learned to drink, a fine looking, well dressed man came into the barn and asked for Mr. Philips, who was called in from outdoor, where he was feeding the young heifers some oats. The man said, "I belong to the land department of the Wisconsin Central Railroad. Our assistant freight agent, at Oshkosh, Mr. Wood, told me you were breeding registered Guernsey cattle. I have a farm in Price County and want to buy a good dairy sire."

Mr. Philips said, "I am only breeding in a small way. I only have two females, but they are good ones. I have a good mature sire, which I believe the best to breed from, and a young male calf here in the stall with his mother."

The man came and looked at my baby son and me and said, "She is a grand dairy cow, but I don't see how you make them grow so large, why she will weigh at least twelve hundred pounds."

"The way to do it," said Mr. Philips, "is to get a good sire, from a good dam, to breed from, then raise the heifers properly."

After looking at Vidette the man said, "I would like that young calf for his sire and dam suit me, but I can not wait until he grows up."

Mr. Philips then, at the man's request, gave him the names of some of the prominent Guernsey breeders of the state, Messrs. Chas. L. Hill, Rosendale; F. W. Tratt, Whitewater; Chas. Solveson, Nashota; Fred Rietbrock, Athens, and W. D. Hoard, Fort Atkinson. He, also, advised him to subscribe for Hoard's Dairyman which would tell him who all the breeders were and where they lived.

"By the way," said Mr. Philips to the man, "you have on your line of railroad, near Amherst Junction, one of the neatest and best kept dairies I ever visited in Wisconsin. It belongs to Al Cate, a son of Judge Cate, of Stevens Point.

"Oh, yes," said the man, "I know Cate, he sells a large amount of butter to the officers of our road, at good prices, too."

Mr. Philips said, "I once called on him in the morning, just after the milking and chores were done. A man was currying and brushing the fine looking Jersey cows. The barn was perfectly clean, the floors, between the rows of cows and the feeding alleys, had just been given a new coat of whitewash. I said to Mr. Cate you keep everything very clean here."

"Yes, he replied, "I have to keep it clean because I sell my butter to the officials of the Central road, and they often call on me to see where the butter they eat is made, and, as it don't cost them anything to travel, they sometimes bring their wives and daughters along; therefore, I aim to keep the barn so clean and sweet that, whether they are dressed in muslin or

silk, they can walk through it and look at the cows without getting the least taint on their clothes.'

"I said, 'That beats my barn all hollow. But does it pay?'

" 'Well,' he said, 'come into the office and we will figure up and see whether it pays or not. Now, to start with, my customers, if they can get butter to suit them, are willing to



A. G. CATE, Amherst, Wis.

A kind and neat dairyman.

pay ten cents a pound above the market. Of the thirty cows, I aim to keep twenty of them in a good flow of milk all the time, which, we'll say, will yield three hundred and fifty pounds of butter per cow a year, or an output of over seven thousand pounds at ten cents extra, which makes seven hundred dollars for keeping clean, when a man ought to keep things as clean as I do merely for the love of cleanliness and health-

fulness, and it don't take the half of one man's time extra to do it.'

"I sized Mr. Cate up pretty well before I had ever been in his house, for while we were talking in the office a tame dove came out from under a lounge and went into the corner behind the stove, and I said, what use do you make of that bird?"

"'Oh, none,' said Mr. Cate, 'I came out into the barnyard one morning, last fall, and found it walking around with one of its wings broken; I was afraid that, in its helpless condition, the cats would kill it, so I caught it and brought it in here. The boys have fed it, and it seems to be satisfied with its new quarters as it has been here about three months.'

"I said to myself, 'A man who will protect and care for a worthless bird needs no further recommendation to me, for he has kindness stamped on every lineament.' When I went to the house I said to Mrs. Cate, 'I have discovered that your husband is a very kind man.' 'Yes,' she said, 'he is as kind as they make them.'

"I once heard a prominent man, in Minnesota, say at a Farmers' Institute that they were too far north to keep the special dairy cows that W. D. Hoard recommends, as they are too tender for that climate, that they must have the Short Horns or the dual purpose cow. I thought of that talk when Mr. Cate showed me two of his fine cows, with very large udders, that got frightened, one fall, when they were yearlings, near a bridge in his pasture and ran off into the woods. The cows could not come to the barn without crossing that bridge, but those two heifers were afraid to cross it with the other cows, so they lived in the woods until spring. They found water at a spring which did not freeze, and the hired men occasionally took down hay and put it where they could get it, and they went through the winter in good shape."

Well, our visitor went away, and Mr. Philips told him if he ever came that way again to stop and see him. After the man was gone Mr. Philips said to the boys, "That man, Wood, whom

he said told him that I was a Guernsey breeder, was the boy I once met, in West Salem, whose pet doves were killed by a cruel boy driving nails through their heads."

Several weeks after my son Vido was born and his number, 3,909, had been returned, the boys were getting ready to go to town, to attend school during the winter, and were all in the barn one evening when one of them said to his father, "Please pa, tell us about that other narrow escape you had from death."

Mr. Philips said, "I will, for I never see an engine blowing off steam, but I think of it, and living near the railroad, as we do, and traveling a good deal, I think of it often. It was during the Civil War, and I was coming from Janesville to Minnesota Junction. It was in the winter, and a train was stuck fast in the snow, so the train I was on had to stay all night at Milton Junction. About eight o'clock in the evening, our train was standing on the main track and the passengers were all uneasy and anxious to go on. I went out and walked along the track, and saw a freight train standing on the side track with the engine right opposite the smoking car of our train. I noticed it was blowing off steam at a great rate, and looked in the cab, but no one was there. I went back into the car and stayed fifteen or twenty minutes and then went out again, and the steam was still blowing off the same as before, and still no one was in the cab. I stepped up on our train at the front end of the smoking car and went in and stopped there, perhaps three minutes, looking at four men playing cards. They were sitting right opposite the freight engine and a little child was watching them. The cars were so crowded that a number of ladies were riding in the smoking car. I walked back to the next car and sat down in my seat. In less than two minutes we felt a great jar and heard a loud noise and a man, in the next seat, said 'I'll bet a boiler has burst, for I was on a train once when the boiler burst and it sounded just like that.' I looked out of the window and saw men with lanterns running, so I went ahead into the next car to see what had happened, when—lo! what a

sight I beheld!! The engine that had been blowing off steam, all alone by itself, had burst its boiler and blowed in the side of the smoking car of our train and filled it with scalding steam and boiling water. It killed the four men who were playing cards and several others near them, and blew the little child through the window. If my memory serves me right, we carried in seven dead bodies and two more died before morning. The depot platform and the floor of the eating-room had more the appearance of a slaughter house than anything else. A soldier, who died from his injuries, said, 'I have been in seven battles and have seen men killed all around me, and now I have come here to be killed on this prairie,—it is tough!' They said that the little child that went through the window escaped unhurt, except a few scratches, as she fell into a snow drift. It was said that the engineer and fireman of the wrecked engine were in a restaurant eating their supper when the explosion occurred. It was a dreadful night. The air was filled with groans and shrieks from the injured and their friends. It was a close call, and whenever I see or hear an engine blowing off steam loudly the scenes of that terrible night come back to me. The only lesson I learned from that night's experience was that a man who runs an engine or a bank needs to be with it to look after it. It went to prove the saying, 'In the midst of life we are in death,' and that 'no one can tell what a day or an hour may bring forth.'"

That winter Vido ran in a pen with the other calves, but I noticed that he always had his own pail. He grew nicely and I was very proud of him. I saw that they were weighing my milk every day, so I tried to do my very best, as we had good feed and good care. About the middle of the winter Mr. Philips came and stayed all night at the farm. He had taken a traveling man to Mindoro, Melrose, North Bend, and Galesville. He told all about his trip and said, "When I reached Galesville and had fed my team and eaten my supper, and was sitting by the hotel stove getting warm, who should come in but auld Jamie

Barclay. He said, 'Hello, Philips, how are you? You are just the mon I want to see. I hearn you were here. This is our Bobby Burns festival night, and Cap. Arnold was to respond to the toast 'Our Lads and Lassies,' but he did nae come, so you must come o'er and do it for us.'

"I replied, 'Why, it's too short a notice, I can't do it.'

"'Yes you can,' said Jamie, 'Ye can nae fool me, put on your coat and come along,' and taking me by the shoulder said, 'Come along wie me.'

"Jamie's strength was too much and his Scotch shoulders too broad for me, so I went wie him. I only had about ten minutes to collect my thoughts, but I happened to think of a story a railroad manager told me several years before, at Peshtigo, Wis. Jamie was vice-president of the society, and he said he would introduce me, which he did, when after some excuses and preliminary remarks, I told them the story which was as follows: This man said that when he was managing the railroad business he gave orders to his men along the line to keep tab on all the boys they saw, especially country boys, in order to find out just what they were good for, as he wanted the best of them in his business. He told them that when they found a boy hanging around saloons and drinking to mark him off ten per cent. If he lies and can not be depended on, mark him off ten per cent more; if you find that he disobeys his parents and runs away from school, mark him off another ten per cent; if he is dishonest and steals, then mark him off another ten per cent; and if he smokes cigarettes or chews tobacco, mark him off ten per cent more. You will then have him down to fifty per cent, then we do not want him, as what we want in our business is one hundred per cent boys.'

"While I was talking to the boys I was wondering what I would say to the girls, as they do not have the bad habits the boys do, when, all at once, this thought came to me and I gave it to them. I said, 'Girls, you are of far more value than all the railroads, because we could get along without railroads, but

could not get along at all without girls. Now, girls, why would it not be a good plan for you to keep tab on the boys the same as the railroad manager did, and when you get them down to fifty per cent do not have any acquaintance with them, and above all things do not marry them. If you can not secure a one hundred per cent boy do not have any. If you will practice this rule there will be better boys, for when they find out that the girls will not go with them if addicted to bad habits they will quit the bad habits rather than miss the companionship of the girls. And I want to give you, both girls and boys, one more word of advice; that is, to have an aim in life, a goal which you will never cease striving to reach, and let that goal be a one hundred per cent character and name. And remember this little poem, as it will incite and encourage you to reach your goal:

'There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave;
 There are souls that are pure and true;
 Then give to the world the best you have
 And the best shall come back to you.

'Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
 A strength in your utmost needs;
 Have faith and a score of hearts will show
 Their faith in your work and deeds.

'For life is the mirror of king and slave,
 'Tis just what you are and do;
 Then give the world the best you have
 And the best will come back to you.'

"Then, for the benefit of the old folks, I told them a story I had heard the noted Sam Jones tell. He was preaching on the text, 'For ye may know that ye have passed from death unto life because ye love the brethren.' He said, 'People do not have the love and affection for each other they ought to have. I'll bet there are a lot of you old, gray headed sinners

on the front seats here who have not kissed your wives for years. Now go home and sit down beside her; stroke back her gray hair; smooth her furrowed cheeks and say, my dear wife, God bless you, I love you as well as I did when I married you. Most of you would have to lie to do it, but you had better do it, it will make you feel better and, your wives too. Several old Scotchmen, including old Jamie and his wife, were sitting on the front seat, and it pleased them. Jamie said, 'that's a gude one, let's try it.'"

Before Mr. Philips went away, a man by the name of Dawson came to see him. He said, "I heard that your old Guernsey cow had a bull calf and I want to buy it. I never saw a cow that I liked as well as her, and I want one of her calves to head my herd."

Mr. Philips said, "We are weighing her milk and testing her this year, and if she holds out as well as she is doing she will make very close to five hundred pounds of butter in a year."

"I hope she will," said Mr. Dawson, "for if she does and I buy her calf it will make him worth more, and he will sell better when I want to sell him."

After bartering some, they made a trade and he took Vido, my last baby son, home with him. After he had gone, Mr. Philips came into my stall and said, "I'll just tell you Queen, if I had some more cows like you and could sell their calves, like I sold that one, I would not be hard up. It beats raising apples all to pieces." Mr. Philips then went away again and did not come up to the farm for several weeks.

CHAPTER XV.

ON TEACHING KINDNESS.

*“From the prayer of want and plaint of woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below
Oh, what were man should heaven refuse to hear?”*

It would be hard for a horse or a cow to tell the history of their own lives without frequently mentioning their owners. So far, from the care I have received at the hands of the two persons who have owned me, I am inclined to think that, in many respects, they are much alike. Mrs. Foster used to say that when a child is speaking or acting kindly, whether to a playmate or an animal, it is developing and strengthening the tender and noble side of its character. And Mr. Philips says the same to his children, and to the school children, before whom he often delivers addresses.

One evening soon after Charlie, Mr. Philips' eldest son, had gone to Madison to school and the other boys had gone to West Salem to school, two of them to the high school, a nice looking man came into the barn to see Mr. Philips. He said his name was Brown, and said to Mr. Philips, “We are going to hold a Farmers' Meeting at the school house in our district next week, and I called to see if I could get you to give us a talk on all the phases of small fruit culture. We have heard that you have had many years of experience and have done a lot of talking at Farmers' Institutes. There are a lot of our people who are

anxious to learn all about this business, for we have quite a good market at the Falls, and, besides raising them to sell, they think they will be nice for home use, as our village doctor says there is nothing better for the health of our children than plenty of fruit, and I know our wives are good natured when they have plenty of fruit."

In reply Mr. Philips said, "I can not do it, because I have made a specialty of growing apples so am not well posted in small fruit culture."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Brown, "Why, I heard several men say that you were an all-round horticulturist and that you had worked two years in the Horticultural Department, in Washington, under 'Uncle Jerry' Rusk."

"That is all true," said Mr. Philips, but my special work was to look up the new seedling apples of the Northwest, and to answer all letters of inquiry about them. My commission allowed me to go anywhere in the states of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa and look up all the new seedlings to be found, and Uncle Sam paid my expenses. I was appointed to do this work because inquiries were continually coming to the Agricultural Department about new apple seedlings, of which the states I have mentioned have furnished more than any other three states in the Union. I can give you a talk on new seedlings or I can give you an essay on *The Home Training of Children*, which I have here in my pocket. I wrote it for a Milwaukee paper, but they returned it saying it was too long, that they only wanted two hundred words. No one could do justice to so great a subject in so few words, and I would not try to."

"Well, read it to me if you have time," said Mr. Brown, "then I'll decide."

Before reading the essay Mr. Philips read a couple of clippings, one, from a journal published in London, Eng., was replies to the inquiry "What is home?" which it had sent out. Out of the eight hundred replies sent in these seven were selected to be sent forth into the world:

“Home—A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

“Home—The place where the small are great and the great are small.

“Home—The father’s kingdom, the mother’s world and the child’s paradise.

“Home—The place where we grumble most and are treated the best.

“Home—The center of our affections around which our heart’s best wishes twine.

“Home—The place where the stomachs get three square meals daily and our hearts a thousand.

“Home—The only place on earth where the faults and the failings of humanity are hidden under the sweet mantle of charity.”

The other was taken from a farm journal, and was as follows: “There is one crop the farmer raises that can’t be beat by the city man or any other—not even the farmers of other countries. This is the crop of home-grown, hand-spanked, healthy, independent, and lusty boys and girls of the farm. They are in demand everywhere to do things. They are the backbone of the nation’s greatness. They don’t know as much as the city boys and girls, but what they do know they know it better; they don’t look as smart, but they stand the test of time. They have great capacity for learning, and great endurance for doing things.

“There is no discount on the pure, clean, bright American farm boy. He passes at par everywhere, and it only takes him a few years to get rated higher. This is the crop of all crops and is worth your attention.”

Mr. Philips then read his essay which was as follows:

“I have given this subject very careful study and attention, and have found that the proper training of children should begin at a very early age—and begin at home. There can be no neutral ground in the training. It will be either helpful or harmful. They soon learn to do things that are useful or

useless; they early form habits of industry or idleness; the results of which are either a benefit or detriment to everyone with whom they come in contact. If these premises are correct, my plan would be to train their *hearts* as well as their heads, and to select for a text all that is embodied in the most powerful word in the English language—*kindness*. Strive to impress upon their young and plastic minds the importance of this word; strive to impress it indelibly upon their hearts by practice as well as precept. Always be kind to them, then you can easily teach them to be kind to their parents and brothers and sisters; their teachers and schoolmates. But do not stop here; teach them to be kind to every living creature God has made.

“The easiest thing in the world is to train a child so it will be considerate of the rights of birds and beasts, and a child trained in that way is safe. When he is grown he will be considerate of the rights of men. He will learn that the essence of the law is to ‘deal honestly, hurt nobody, and no creature, and give everyone, and everything their just due.’ When he learns to fulfill that law, as it relates to the smallest and most helpless of God’s creatures, he will lose no opportunity to become as a ministering angel of human beings in need. Encourage the children to keep pets and be kind to them. I have great faith in the future of a boy or girl who every morning, before they start for school, feed their cat and dog and chickens, or pet birds, and then allows the old family dog to follow them on their way. Whenever I pass a country school house and see a dog waiting on the outside for the children to go home, I say to myself, ‘There are some children in there who will be useful citizens; no fears of them ever committing a crime.’ Why, don’t you know that a dog is a better companion for your boy and mine than a bad boy? A dog never yet learned a boy to lie and steal; to swear and smoke cigarettes, or to drink strong drinks, but bad boys have tried it. Encourage the little girls to be kind to their kittens and dolls if you desire them to fill

such places in the world and do such good in the world as Frances Willard, Helen Gould, Henrietta E. Foster, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Margaret Haley, Governor Harvey's wife, Clara Barton, and many other good and noble women. If it is your ambition to train your boys to be men like George Washington, George T. Angell, Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield,



GEO. T. ANGELL
The Editor of Dumb Animals.

Robert E. Lee, W. D. Hoard, Daniel Webster, William Penn and thousands of others like them, then teach them *kindness*, and they in turn will teach it, not only teach it, but will practice it. I desire to say to parents and to those who have the care and training of children that to teach them the proper way to care for animals is elevating, civilizing, and refining to both boys and girls. Nidermier, the murderer who boasted of killing

nine men in two years, in response to a question the writer sent to him, said that he never owned or cared for a pet of any kind, and that no one ever taught him to be kind or the meaning of the word kindness.

“The influence of kindness tends to educate young people away from bad company and bad resorts, and keeps them from disobeying the laws and committing crimes. That noble man, George T. Angell, who has been the means of organizing more than sixty-five thousand Bands of Mercy, in different parts of the United States, is doing a work among the rising generation the value of which can not be estimated. He is devoting his life and his fortune to the great work. He says, ‘Just so soon and so far as we pour into our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards the lower creatures, just so soon and so far shall we reach the roots not only of cruelty but of crime.’ Mrs. Smithies, of England, said she firmly believed that teaching children to be kind to the lower animals is preparing the way for the gospel of Christ.

“Ex-Gov. W. D. Hoard has, probably, done more to better the condition of our cows and place dairying on a paying basis than any other man who ever lived in Wisconsin in his appeals through the press and on the rostrum for kindness to the cow because she is a mother. We have had and still have many kind men who are good examples for our boys to follow. Washington freed his slaves before he died; Daniel Webster, when on his deathbed, had his cows driven by the window so he could call each one by her name and bid her good-by; William Penn treated the Indians kindly and honestly and, in consequence, for seventy years they did not cause the white people any trouble; James A. Garfield found a dog with a broken leg in the street, in Washington, and picked him up and carried him into a restaurant and paid a surgeon to set his leg, then paid the restaurant keeper to take care of the dog until his leg got well; Gen. R. E. Lee once gave his seat in a car to an old lady when instantly a half dozen young men jumped up and

offered him their seats, when he gave them a deserved rebuke by saying, 'No, gentlemen, you allowed that old lady to walk the whole length of the car and did not offer her a seat, so please do not do for me, a strong man, what you would not do for her.' Lincoln when going on an important journey one day, rode back a mile to save a pig's life; and, while he was weighed down with the cares and worries of the Civil War, he found a nest of young robins on the ground in the White House grounds and ordered the gardner to carefully replace the nest safely so cats and bad boys could not destroy them, and he made many a mother's heart happy by pardoning her son or granting his discharge from service. Governor Harvey, Wisconsin's beloved War Governor, lost his life in kindly helping our soldiers. I once saw Peter M. Gideon, the hero of Minnesota horticulture, go out of his way to avoid disturbing a toad which had a home in his garden. I have many times seen Frank Yahnke, of Winona, Minn., who is one of the noted horticulturists of his state, go on Sunday mornings to teach a Sunday school of poor children, in a building he built for that purpose, and he has done this for over twenty years, 'without money and without price.' Each year he has a Christmas tree for their pleasure and puts many of the presents on it himself. I have given you only a few instances of practical kindness, but there are many, very many more I could mention.

"Another very important thing that should be taught children is to have an aim in life, to fit themselves for some special work; some special purpose which they will continually strive to accomplish. I cannot give a better illustration of what a special purpose will accomplish than that of an excerpt taken from a query in Hoard's Dairyman several years ago, which is as follows:

" 'Why is it that your paper stands so high among dairymen and is copied so much from, and taken all over the United States; and that you are invited to attend dairy conventions everywhere? Is it because of your political influence, your

statesmanship, your pedigree or your beauty? Oh, no! It is because of your performance in the line of your duty, and as an editor of a special purpose dairy paper that makes you valuable. Once more, Why is it that the articles in your paper and in the Farm Stock and Home, written by 'A Farmers' Wife' are read with so much interest and are so highly prized by everyone who knows her, and by hundreds who do not? Is it because she is a female lawyer, an orator on the woman's suffrage question, or a President's wife? Oh, no! It is because during her long years of affliction, deprived of the use of her limbs, her constant attendants being aches, and pains, borne without murmuring or complaining—she is performing a noble work with her pen, grasped in fingers deformed by pain, she is sending out noble and valuable thoughts for the bettering and elevating of her fellows, and that the dairymen and women may learn that which will make their business more pleasant and profitable."

"Still another important thing to teach children is to never break a good promise, and to never make a bad promise; and if you wish to thoroughly instill it in their minds never break a promise you make them. Teach them, also, to be kind to themselves, and true to themselves, 'For as the day follows the night he who is true to himself can not be false to any man.' To be kind to themselves they should never do anything that their conscience tells them is wrong, or that they would consider unkind or ignoble if done by another, and never to do unto another that which they would not wish to have done unto them. By learning the habit of asking themselves the question, 'would I like to be treated so?' will keep them from committing many a wrong and unkind act. Another kindness to themselves is to avoid all foods and drink which would injure them mentally or physically.

"Why is it that business men of the cities look to the country for boys to fill positions of trust and responsibility? It is because these country boys come more in contact with nature and

animal life, and are, as a rule, raised on plainer and better food. I have delivered many lectures on kindness, in connection with education, and the rearing of good and useful boys and girls. I could say much more, but I will close, hoping I have said something that will be the means of making some boy or girl a more useful and better citizen."

Mr. Brown listened very attentively then said, "That is first-rate preaching and you chose a grand text. Come and give us that, as we have a good many parents and a lot of boys and girls that attend our meetings that it may greatly benefit, and we will have seedling apples some other time, or you can talk a little on apple growing after you are through with the other talk."

"All right," Mr. Philips said, "I will try and say something that will please your young people, I like to see children laugh. My good mother used to say people did not laugh and talk enough while eating. She said their food would digest better if they laughed. He said it made him think of two verses that read thus:

Care is like a bubble—
Melts in mist away;
Here's a world of trouble
But a laugh for every day.
Seaward we are drifting—
Time is old and gray,
But the storm is lifting—
Light laughs along the way!

CHAPTER XVI.

A GRANDDAUGHTER.

*“ ‘Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood.”*

The next time Mr. Philips came to the farm he found that I was a grandmother again, this time it was a granddaughter, and he seemed greatly pleased, and said to me, “Well, Queen, we will keep her and won’t sell her, as we did the three male calves. And we will name her for both her mother and grandmother, so will call her a queen too, for she shows the blue blood of both your father and mother. But to designate her we will name her Queen of Salem, as that will also be a home name, and I will write to Mrs. Foster about her right away for she is always delighted to hear from you cattle. The Fosters intended, when they bought Puck and Yeksa, to keep all the females and raise a herd of Guernseys that would be a credit not only to them but to the town and state in which they lived. Mrs. Foster, being quite an artist, intended to paint a picture of Puck, in one of his pleasantest moods, and one of Yeksa, in one of her beautiful poses when she appeared to be looking far above and beyond the other cattle. But when she wrote me about her disappointment she used the works of Bobby Burns and said that ‘the best laid plans o’ mice and men gang aft a’glee.’”

We did not see Mr. Philips much during the summer, as he

went to La Crosse to help start a fair called the Inter-State, taking in Northeastern Iowa, Southeastern Minnesota and Western Wisconsin. He would come up to the farm occasionally and talk to us and see how we were getting along. Whenever he came he would go out in the orchard and stay a long time, and I really believe he talked to his trees too, for I have often heard him talking when no one was near him. Mrs. Philips and the children spent most of the summer at the farm. One day I heard Mr. Philips telling the boys that a few days before, in La Crosse, a boy came to him and wanted a job posting and scattering bills or running errands, and said he had to support his mother. Mr. Philips said, "I told the boy all right, I will remember you when I want help. The next day I needed a boy and went out to look for him, but when I found him he was smoking a cigarette and treating some other small boys to them. I never said anything to him and went on about a half a block when I found another boy. I asked him if he smoked cigarettes, and he replied, 'No, sir, if I did my mother would tan me, besides I belong to a boys' club and we have pledged ourselves not to swear, smoke or drink strong drink.' I said to him, 'you are the boy for me, so come on, I have a job for you.' I sent him over to the North Side with some bills and gave him fifty cents for going.

"The other boy saw him go and came to me and said, 'I thought you was going to give me a job but I see you send another boy.'

" 'Well,' said I, 'I went to look for you and saw you smoking a cigarette and teaching other boys to smoke them. I thought that a poor way to support your mother so hired another boy who has no bad habits.' He said he did not see what harm there was in smoking a little. I told him that he would find out before a great while that there was a great deal of harm in it.'"

That fall Mr. Philips made quite a showing at the new fair. The boys drove down a span of mares and a pair of fine colts. The hired man led Vidette, and the boys took turns driving the

team and the cattle, which was my daughter, Yeksa's Queen, and myself. My granddaughter, Queen of Salem, being too young to walk so far, was hauled down in a wagon. They, also, took a nice show of apples, so that in all Mr. Philips received about fifty dollars in premiums. About this time he received Queen of Salem's registered number which was 8,857.

That summer Mr. Philips bought the Guernsey cow Guilford, of Mr. H. D. Griswold, and raised from her the bull calf Gilman, but, as neither of them had any of my father or mother's blood coursing in their veins I will not make any further mention of them.

After the fair Mr. Philips said to me, "Queen, I want to tell you something. When I look over your record sheet and see that you will make about five hundred pounds of butter this year, and the way your daughter, Yeksa's Queen, has started in that she is going to beat you; and when I look at and study the conformation and striking points of your granddaughter, Queen of Salem, I have a lurking idea that she will beat anything you have ever done in butter production,—and let me say further, right here, though I may not live to see it, that I believe that, by proper mating with sires of known good ancestry, you may yet be able to bear daughters that will excel anything ever done in milk and butter production by any of your breed. And, after you and I have gone to our reward,—for I believe your chance as good as mine for a happy home in the great hereafter—it will become known that your autobiography, of which yourself, your mother, Yeksa, and your father, Puck, are the leading characters, is one of the most interesting and instructive, and widely read book of facts ever published. The inspiring and encouraging words of Mrs. Foster, your former owner, which I am frequently receiving, tell me so. Your history, or autobiography, though much in it may be criticised by knowing ones, is growing better every day, and will, if I am able to put it on paper, continue to grow better to the closing page.

“Why, *Queen Vashti*, you were named for a noble, self-respecting woman of great force of character, and Yeksa, your mother, was named for a loving, self-sacrificing woman, by an innocent child before she knew what sin was; and I was named for one of the most self-sacrificing missionaries who ever walked up a gang plank to cross the ocean to give his life to win souls to Christ. And we are cheered on by a woman who has spent a busy life trying to better mankind while she suffered pain in every joint of her body. S. M. Owen, editor of *Farm, Stock and Home*, published in Minneapolis, Minn., for whose paper Mrs. Foster wrote for several years, over the pen-name of ‘A Farmer’s Wife’ and ‘H. E. F.’, has this to say of her: ‘Mr. Phillips, I am glad to know that you are to make a draft on the experience and ability of Mrs. Etta E. Foster for material and suggestions for incorporation in your proposed book. Her ability is so rare; her judgment so sound; her interest in the central thought of your book so keen, and her facility of expression with her pen is so happy and yet so intensely practical that I congratulate you upon your having secured her interest in your work and her sympathy in its object.’ So, Queen, why should we not write a book full of useful facts which will not only be read but will be a great benefit to the world? You, Queen and your mother are the leading characters, and neither of you, knowingly, ever committed a wrong act,—why, you are better than many people I know. Now, tell me another one of Old Nelly’s stories while I am waiting for the assessor, whom I am expecting this morning, and when he comes I will show him your beautiful granddaughter,—by the way, this assessor is one of the best I ever knew. He tries to be fair and just in his work of assessing, and always keeps the golden rule as his guide. When he finds a poor man, on a farm, raising a large family and owning but one cow, and she, perhaps, not paid for, he does not put that cow down, as she is down low enough already, but takes a chance on finding some property that is hidden away to make up the deficiency. Many people will

know who he is so I will tell you, his name is Sam McKinley, Jim's brother, and they, like you, were blessed with a good mother. Now for Old Nelly's story."

Old Nelly told me this story a few days before she went away and it was as follows: "I once lived for a year with a Mr. Valentine. He only had one son who, much of the time, did as he pleased and, like many boys, did not always mind his parents, and, sometimes, was mean to us cows. One morning I saw him kick a young heifer, that had not been milked long, because, in trying to switch away a fly that was biting her, she accidentally struck him in the eye with her tail. His father, from whom the boy inherited his temper, said, 'young man, don't do that again, she is just a young heifer and has lots to learn.'

" 'Well,' said the boy, 'I'll learn her better than to switch her tail in my face.'

" 'You may learn her not to do it, but you'll not kick her again, with the toe of your boot, in my barn,' said the father, 'for she will give less milk for it.' The boy said he didn't care, when his father said to him, 'Dry up or I will make you care.'

"I was standing next to the heifer, eating my feed and thinking he would milk me next, and that his father let him off too easy, and that I would teach him a lesson that he would not forget; one that would make both his father and mother sorry for him. Well, he came to me next, he was rubbing his eyes, and I could see, by the way he acted, that he was still mad. He said, 'Stand over, you old ——.' I did not like the bad name so will not repeat it, but I stood over and he sat down and went on milking me, and was nearly through when a big fly lit on my side—that was my opportunity so at the fly my tail went, but, of course, it missed the fly and hit the boy across his eyes, at which he jumped up and picked up the milk stool and struck me two hard blows with it and said, 'You old fool, the very devil has got into these cows.'

" 'Yes,' said his father, 'the very devil has got into you

too, and if you don't quit abusing those cows I will send you to the house.'

"The boy rubbed his eyes then began to milk me again, but pretty soon he hurt one of my teats, it seemed to me that he had not cut his finger nails for a month, so taking deliberate aim I kicked him over and spilled the milk, the latter, however, I did not intend to do. When his father lifted him up out of the gutter, where he landed face downward, he presented such a sight that I really felt sorry for him myself. The boy went to the house and his father finished the milking, but he acted mad too and used some bad language, I stood quietly as I did not want to see any more trouble that day. That same day the boy took the team and went to town to get them shod, so they could haul some cordwood to the store. He stayed all day, and when he came home the milking was nearly done. His father scolded him some and when the boy said the shop was so full of horses to be shod that it was three o'clock before they began to shoe his team. His father said, 'I guess the saloons were so full of beer that you hated to leave them.' The boy said, 'It's a lie.' But he was very careful not to say it loud enough so his father could hear it. When the father went to the house he left the boy cleaning off the horses, and the last thing before going he said to him, 'I noticed those horses felt pretty good this morning, and as they have went barefooted all summer and are now sharp shod be sure and put a good heavy pole between them and tie it fast.'

"The boy said, 'All right, I am going to a party tonight, but will put it in when I come back.'

"But he did not come back to the barn that night. In the night I heard quite a racket among the horses, and when Mr. Valentine came to the barn in the morning he found one of the horses standing on three legs, the other one was broken. When the boy came in he said, 'Look there my boy, where's your pole?' The lad began to cry and said, 'I forgot it.' His father

said, 'His leg is broken in two places so he will have to be killed. You go and get Berg to come and shoot him.'

'I suppose the boy stopped at the house on his way because Mrs. Valentine came running into the barn and said, 'Oh, it's too bad! Jim thought so much of that horse,—and he is not all paid for either, and what you was going to make hauling wood is all gone too. Oh dear, what luck!'

'Yes, it is mighty bad luck, and all the boy's fault too, said her husband.

'I know it is,' she said, 'but for pity's sake don't scold him for he feels bad enough now, and he will take hold and work lots better if you don't scold him. And do, please, be careful about accusing him of things he is not guilty of for there is nothing which hurts a boy's or girl's feelings as much as that does. The boy felt awfully hurt about your accusing him of staying in a saloon yesterday, and he said to me that he did not step a foot into a saloon.'

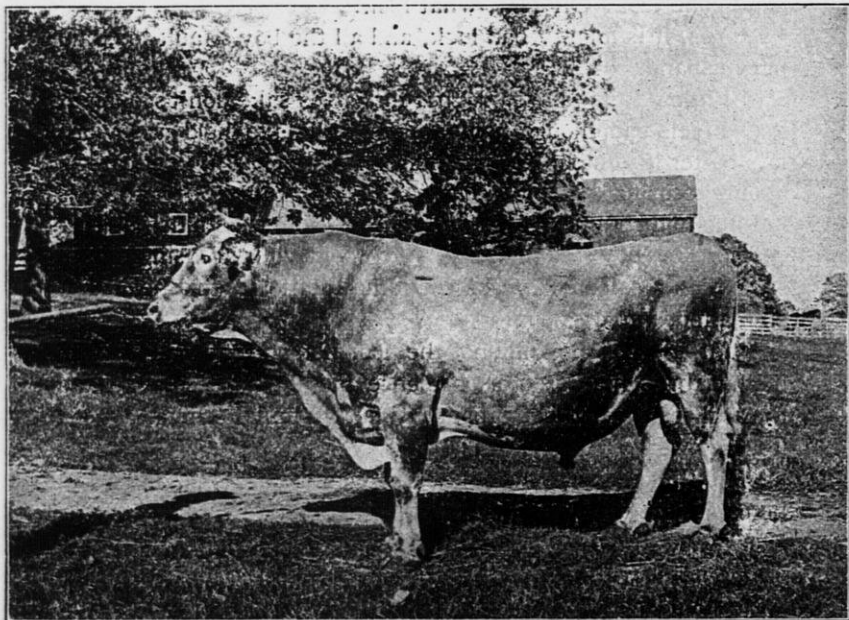
'Mr. Berg came and shot the poor horse, that had to lose his life through a boy's disobedience and thoughtlessness, and they all felt very bad about it, but it taught them a good lesson.'

Mr. Philips came up to the farm again before long, and when he came into the barn Hanson, the man left in charge of the farm, said to him, "Come and see the handsomest dairy calf you ever saw, old Queen came in last week and the calf is a beauty and a heifer too, which I know you've been praying for."

Mr. Philips came to my stall where my baby calf was tied up near me and said, "Well, Queen, you have done well. If that isn't a perfect dairy calf I never saw one, and if she lives to mature you will surely have to look well to your laurels. Remember, that she has Puck and Yeksa for grandparents and you for a mother, Coralman for a sire and he had Hill's old Benjamin for his sire, and imported Tricksey, that made nearly three pounds of butter a day, for a granddam. What better combination of rich blood could a youngster have? I must find

her a name, and as she looks like a young queen and as my wife's middle name, Deettè, is an odd one I will name her Queen Deette, and I hope my wife may live to see her namesake make a record that she will be proud of."

It was a week before I saw Mr. Philips again, when, early



HILL'S OLD BENJAMIN. Sire of Coralman.

one morning, he came into my stall and said, "I have got some good news for you Queen, I just received a letter from Mrs. Foster and she said some nice things about you and your mother, and I want to tell you that I am going to take you to town in a couple of weeks because Mr. Goodrich is coming there then to attend a Farmers' Institute, and I want him to see

you, and want you to furnish us with milk and cream to use while we have company."

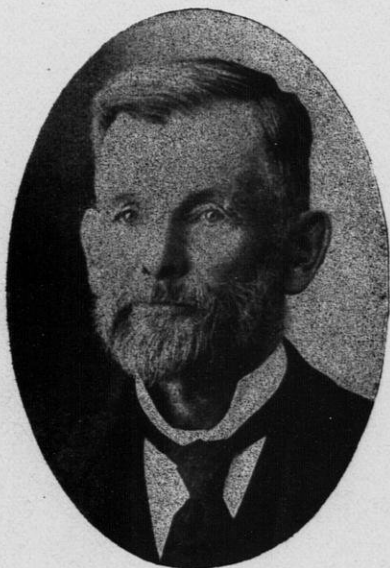
This was very good news for me and I was glad to hear it. He then said, "I awoke early this morning, between two and three o'clock. I usually awake at that hour whenever I have any special writing to do, my best thoughts come to me then so I get right up and write them down. This morning I was in a reminiscent mood and my thoughts ran to both friends and enemies, everybody has both and can't help it. In Mrs. Foster's last letter she says two o'clock in the morning is the witching hour for inspiration; that one can almost feel the vibrations of the thought currents with which the air is filled; that her best thoughts come to her then, but that she can not get up and jot them down as I do, and can never again arrange them quite so harmoniously. I number her in my list of friends. Then there is another I count in my list of friends, a man I never saw, Hiram Woodruff. In reading his book, Trotting Horses of America, more of the value of kindness was instilled into my mind than I ever thought of before. I advise every young man to read it and then give it to his best girl to read, as for good, practical benefit it beats any novel or love story ever written by any author. Governor Hoard is another man I am glad to claim as a friend. His talks on kindness and the excellent advice he has given on improving our dairy herds have been an inspiration to me. He first called my attention to the great work of George T. Angell and his splendid little paper, *Our Dumb Animals*. I have taken this paper ever since and prize it highly. I candidly believe that Mr. Angell is doing a greater work for the benefit of the rising generation than any other man in America. I call him a friend because whoever is a friend to humane education I count my friend. I could multiply the number, but this will suffice to show the class of people whom I count my friends. But will say that there are others who have not been so friendly, but, I suppose, Queen, according to the teaching of your autobiography I ought to be

kind to them too. A maiden lady, of my acquaintance, once disagreed with me on the raising and training of children. She claimed that a man had no right to be the means of bringing children into the world unless he was amply able to educate and care for them and she said she had no more love and respect for little children than she had for pigs, or puppies, and for that reason she disliked to teach school. I told her if that was the way she felt, if she did teach, which she was qualified to, the children that came under her care would have my sympathy. I tell you, Queen, such a person is entitled to pity and charity, for it takes all kinds of people to make a world and we cannot all agree, and perhaps it is best we should not, so we will let by-gones be by-gones and go on with your history.

The time passed slowly to me for I was anxious to see all of the family again, and I was glad when Mr. Philips came to take me to town a week sooner than he promised to. When we got there he put me in a nice well bedded stall and gave me plenty to eat. I expected they would give me some apples if they had any, and, sure enough, the next morning Mrs. Philips brought me a pan of small apples, as she had done many times before. She said, "Queen, I am glad you have come, because when you are here we have so much better milk and cream than any we can buy, and if Mr. Philips was not away from home so much we would keep you here all the time." She always had something kind to say to me and always talked kindly to the horses. I never heard her speak a cross word to one of her family, and she always looked pleasant. The older I grow the better I like kind people.

I had been there a week when I heard one of the boys say that the Institute would begin the next day. I was glad to hear it because I thought I would soon have a chance to see Mr. Goodrich, or Uncle Perry, as Mr. Philips called him. I wondered what kind of a man he was. I knew he must be a good kind man because I had heard Mr. Philips say so much about him to the boys. He told them how kind he was to his wife and to his

old mother and his boys; also how kind both he and his wife were to a poor negro boy who came to Fort Atkinson all the way from Alabama; and how, when the hotels did not want to keep him, they took him to their own home and gave him a good bed to sleep in; and the next day Mr. Goodrich took him, in his carriage, out into the country and found him a good place

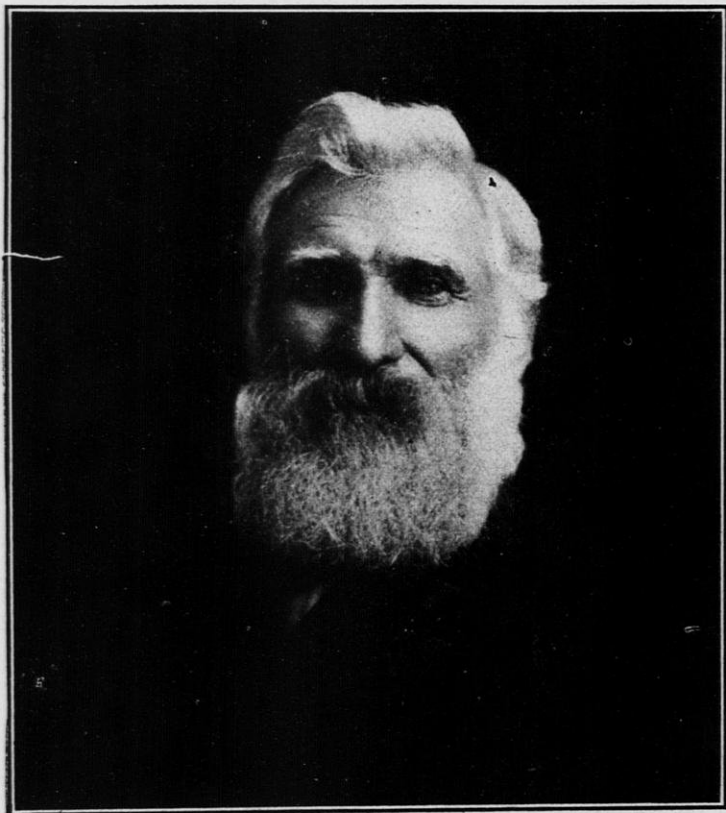


C. P. GOODRICH

A leading Wisconsin Dairyman.

to work. Then, in the fall, when the negro boy went to the dairy school, in Madison, Mrs. Goodrich fixed up several suits of her own boy's school clothes for him to wear when working at dairy work; and how Mr. Goodrich gave him twenty-five dollars to help pay his school expenses. Mr. Philips, also, told the boys that, during the Civil War, Mr. Goodrich was standing

by the side of his brother Willie when a guerilla, who was hidden in a tree, shot him through the lungs, and after he fell he asked Mr. Goodrich to cover him with some brush so the



FRANK YAHNKE, Winona, Minn. Originator of the Yahnke Apple.

rebels could not find him and take him prisoner, or finish killing him. Mr. Goodrich did as requested, and, after the rebels

were driven off, came back and got him, and Mr. Goodrich helped make the stretcher on which they carried him with them, all the day before he died, by swinging poles, like shafts, between two horses. When Mr. Philips had finished telling this incident, one of the boys said, "Is that the Uncle Willie whose picture hangs in the parlor?" Mr. Philips said it was, and that Mr. Goodrich told him more about his brother's army life and his death than he could learn from any other source, and that he always had a warm spot in his heart for Uncle Perry. Now, after hearing all this, no one could blame me, even though only a cow, for wanting to see Mr. Goodrich or for wanting his picture in my history. Neither could any one blame Mr. Philips for wanting to see him again, although he has seen him many, very many times before. I expected to see a kind face when I saw him, and the next day, after dinner, my fondest hopes were realized when Mr. Goodrich came, with Mr. Philips, to the barn, to see me. When he had looked at me he said, "She is a handsome cow and possesses all the points of a good one; she has a born right to be called a queen, and you have reason to be proud of her. I was pleased when he put his hands on me and felt of my milk veins and my udder and said, "Philips, I don't blame you for thinking so much of this cow and telling so much about her. I would do the same if she was mine. She is entitled to a prize anywhere, and her progeny, if you take proper pains in breeding her, will make their mark among Guernsey cattle." I am sure it is needless to tell you how greatly pleased I was with Mr. Goodrich's visit, or how much I wished that Mrs. Foster could have been here and seen him and heard him talk. I shall never forget it while my memory lasts—and we cows remember a long time, whether it be abuse or kind treatment—young men do not forget this for one moment. If you ever expect to own or care for cattle or handle animal life of any kind.

CHAPTER XVII.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

*"Man is unjust, but God is just;
And finally justice triumphs."*

Well, after the Institute was over and Mr. Goodrich had gone away I was taken back to the farm, as Mr. Philips was going away to attend a Horticultural Meeting in Minnesota. He said it was the largest society in the West and one of the best, that it was founded and kept up by some of the very best men in that state. Such men as J. H. Stevens, P. A. Jewell, John S. Harris, Wyman Elliot, H. M. Lyman, Peter M. Gideon, E. H. S. Dart, A. W. Latham, S. H. Kinney, Frank Yahnke, Clarence Wedge, T. E. Cashman, Prof. S. B. Green, and a lot of others he could mention, who were wheel horses in the society.

In less than a week after my return to the farm, Mr. Philips came up and brought a stranger with him, who said his name was Mr. Lawrence, of Black River Falls. He said, "Well, Philips, I was in Sparta and Abe Abrahamson, Kingman's man, told me that you had two cows that would make close to eleven hundred pounds of butter this year. I did not believe it, yet, after all, I came way down here to see them,"

"Well, here they are," said Mr. Philips, "Queen Vashti and her daughter standing behind her, Yeksa's Queen. Their year's test is not quite up, but I don't think Abe was far out of the way, for they are both doing well."

After looking at us he said, "They are queens for a fact, I must say! Have you any young bulls from them for sale?"

"No," replied Mr. Philips, "but I can show you a heifer that, I think, when she comes in will crowd these two cows for second place."

They then went and looked at my granddaughter, Queen of Salem, and he said, "I declare, if she isn't a beauty, I never saw one! She must have sucked the cow till she was a yearling."

"I see that you have the Short Horn idea of raising calves," said Mr. Philips, "but she only sucked the cow three days, then for ten days was fed with mixed milk, part skim, but mostly new milk, and after ten days she was fed all skim milk with a little oil meal in it until she was a year old."

"Why, does that pay?" said Mr. Lawrence.

"I certainly would not do it if I did not believe it paid," replied Mr. Philips, "and God never made better food to grow a dairy cow on than skim milk properly fed."

"What would you take for that heifer?" said Mr. Lawrence.

In reply Mr. Philips said, "She is not for sale, but if she was it would take one hundred and fifty dollars to buy her."

"Oh, my!" said Mr. Lawrence, "this is not a good place for a poor man to come to buy cows."

"But these are the kind of cows for a poor man to have, as he needs the very best so he won't have to stay poor," said Mr. Philips.

Mr. Lawrence then said, "By the way, Philips, didn't you attend the first Farmers' Institute that was held at Neillsville several years ago?"

Mr. Philips told him that he did, when Mr. Lawrence said, "I thought you did, for my brother attended it and he said that you told the best story he ever heard in his life, and I want you to tell it to me, for when he told me about it I made up my mind if I ever met you to ask you to tell it."

Mr. Philips said, "It is too long a story to tell at an

tute, it was at the banquet there that I told it, and there is no inspiration in telling a story to a single person."

"Well, don't you attend Institutes any more?"

"Yes, occasionally," Mr. Philips replied.

"How did you come to start out in the Institute work?" Mr. Lawrence asked.

"I will tell you," said Mr. Philips. "When Mr. Morrison first started out as Superintendent of Farmers' Institute work, he wanted a horticulturist of some experience and who knew how to tell it. Someone recommended me to him, so he wrote me and said if I would do that work to come on a certain day to Marshfield. So I went. When I got on the train I found W. D. Hoard, Uncle Joe Smith, Supt. Morrison, and T. B. Terry, of Ohio. They were all strangers to me, as I had never met any of them before. We were going to Neillsville, but had to stay at Marshfield all night. Mr. Hoard had ordered a room with a fire in it, as he was not feeling well. I went to bed first, and the clerk, by mistake, gave me Mr. Hoard's room, but afterwards gave me another room, which led to the story your brother told you about. We had a good meeting and the ladies gave us a fine banquet. It was the third Farmers' Institute held in Wisconsin, but was the first one I had attended. Thirty-two were held in the state that winter, closing at Green Bay, and I attended all but two of them. I had a chest of chemicals to attend to that were very heavy to carry up and down stairs. I had to be at the meetings early, and stay late to get the chemicals ready to ship to the next place where a meeting was to be held."

"Why didn't you keep on in the work, what made you quit it?" asked Mr. Lawrence.

"I quit it because I could not give my time to it and hire a man to do my work at home," said Mr. Philips. "After I had been in the work and up late nights for three weeks, I became anxious to know what remuneration I was to receive. Mr. Morrison said he needed me and would see that I was well paid,

But, to 'make a long story short,' I did not use policy enough; I needed training along that line; I said things I should not have said, although they were true. I will give you an instance. Mr. Morrison, one Friday night, sent me to stay over Sunday with Uncle Hiram Smith who was then the leading dairyman of the state. I received many valuable lessons from Mr. Smith



HIRAM SMITH

Once a leading Wisconsin Dairyman.

and revere his memory, and I was glad when our dairy building at Madison was named Hiram Smith Hall. Mr. Morrison said, Uncle Hiram can't be with us at every meeting, and I want you to look over his great dairy and creamery so you can answer questions when he is not with us."

"I felt that he had conferred quite an honor upon me, and I will admit, it puffed me up a little. I looked Uncle Hiram's

dairy and creamery all over, according to instructions, and had a good visit with him and his wife over Sunday. One incident occurred which I occasionally tell about. Sunday we had a fine roast goose for dinner, at two o'clock. I ate a hearty dinner and did not expect any supper, as Mrs. Smith was doing her own work, but about five o'clock, when Uncle Hiram and I were up in, what he called, his den, he smoking and I writing, Mrs. Smith called us down to supper. On the table, in the basement, were three bowls, a pitcher of milk and a large pan of corn meal pudding, or mush. When we were seated at the table Uncle Hiram said, in tones no one could fail to understand, 'Mr. Philips, for more than twenty years my wife and I have had mush and milk for supper Sunday evenings; Now, it is mush and milk or nothing, which will you have?'

"I thanked him and said I preferred mush and milk for I was very fond of it, and had eaten it many an evening for supper in my father's house. There was another incident during that visit I have never forgotten because I have found it very true. When going from Uncle Hiram's home, to take the train, we passed a beautiful house with fine barns and attractive surroundings. I remarked, that, judging from appearances, the owner must be well fixed and take comfort. 'There is where appearances are deceitful,' said Uncle Hiram, 'for he does not take comfort.'

"I asked why he did not, if he was in debt or what was the matter? He said, 'The reason is this, his children are all married and he and his wife live there alone; they are able to have any luxury they desire, but he never comes down town, unless it is for his mail. The trouble is the man has no chums. Why, don't you know, Philips, that a man must have one or more chums if he wants to take comfort in this world?'

"I said I had never thought of that, but, when I come to think of it, I believed he was right. I often think of that remark of Uncle Hiram's when I sit down to talk with a confidential friend, like my friend Kellogg, of Wisconsin, Frank

Yahnke, of Minnesota, or the chummy visits I used to have with my old friend C. C. Palmer, of Wisconsin.

"Well, as I said, my visit was pleasant and profitable. I found that Uncle Hiram was using a very inferior looking grade sire in his dairy herd, while at the same time we Institute workers had been preaching, to the farmers, the gospel of the sire being half the herd, and that he should be a thoroughbred to get the best results. Now it was all right for Uncle Hiram to keep a grade sire, as, I afterward learned, he had good reasons for so doing. But, where I was not politic and made a mistake was in telling it to the other Institute men. Uncle Hiram admitted that what I said was true and said he kept him because he did not care to raise any calves that season, and scolded me a little for telling of it before. I knew all the facts. I was sorry what I said had caused any unpleasantness, but it was too late, the die was cast, I only told it to my fellow workers as I thought we ought to practice what we preached.

"There was another class I did not please, that was some nurserymen. First those who were selling trees grown in the South, and in the far East, also those who were selling very cheap trees, as the first were not so well acclimated and the second were not liable to be as good as a class of trees that were sold at living prices so that they could be replaced. I advocated trees grown as far north as possible. Either in Wisconsin or Minnesota, and on good fruit soil, and as near the place they were to be set out as possible, as with those I had had the best success. I also advised planters not to set very large quantities in one year, but to be good and set some good trees every year, to pay good prices for them, and then to plant them good and give them good care. Then if they had fairly good soil and had dealt with good men, they would have good results. I advised them to be good to the good tree agent who came to see them every year, for to him every country owes much of its success in apple and forest tree growing, his coming to the same neighborhood every year is evidence that he is

selling good trees." "Well," said Mr. Lawrence to Mr. Philips, "the advice you gave was certainly good, if it did interfere with some men's business." "Well," continued Mr. Philips, "I worked until the close of the Institutes that season at Green Bay and Mr. Morrison turned the settlement with me over to the Farm Committee of the Board of Regents at their June meeting, and when they met, as funds were not so plenty as now, they decided that what Messrs. Fargo paid me, for distributing advertising matter, and the commission Mr. Hoard paid me, for getting one hundred and eighty subscribers to his paper, was all my services were worth, but I thought differently, as that would not pay the man who worked for me through the winter, and I honestly thought I ought to be paid enough to pay him as I worked hard and faithfully. The result was that Mr. Morrison did not employ me any more. After Mr. Morrison's death, Professor Henry managed the Institutes and invited me to take part in the closing one, at Menominee, which I did. Mr. McKerrow has asked me to attend a number of institutes since he has been superintendent, and paid me for my services. But a new rule was adopted that a man must have succeeded financially in some particular line to be employed on the staff of workers, and as I had spent the best part of my life experimenting in orcharding, largely for other's benefit, that rule shut me out. And since I have taken up the breeding of dairy cattle, at which I am determined to succeed, I find that my cattle need me at home to get the best results. Then, too, I find that I am growing older so I only go occasionally to an institute; however, I consider that they have been and still are of great practical benefit to the farmers. They have helped the breeders of good live stock very much, and have learned farmers where good live stock can be obtained. It is pleasant and exhilarating to attend them and shake hands with the old wheel-horses like Goodrich, McKerrow, Arnold, Briggs, Convey and others. But we must be going back to town, and, perhaps, I will tell you the story on the way, but I prefer to tell it to a

crowd or at a meeting or banquet, but the roads are bad and it will help pass the time. So here goes:

“When I was a boy of twelve I read this story in the Dollar newspaper, printed in Philadelphia. An Irish lady was the proprietor of a hotel in a city in Pennsylvania. One very cold night her house was crowded with guests and as it was before the days of furnaces or steam heat they used the old fashioned warming pan, or frier, to warm the beds for travelers. Among her guests was a priest, sometimes called a Friar. Now this woman had hired a young man that day, who knew the priest, but was unacquainted with the use of the warming pan. So when eight thirty came around she called the boy, and told him to warm up the frier, and put it in the bed in room No. 8. So the boy told the reverend gentleman to get good and warm and he would show him to bed. The man said it was too early, but when the boy said it was the landlady’s orders, he went with the boy who showed him to bed. After he had become warm and nearly asleep, the landlady called the boy and told him to take the frier out of No. 8 and put it in No. 11. So the boy called on the good man and told him he must get up and go to another room, he reluctantly obeyed and had to get into another cold bed, and in twenty minutes, as guests wished to retire, the Friar was moved to No. 13, and in twenty minutes or half an hour to No. 9, and from there to No, 12, when he objected so vigorous that the boy said, ‘I told the mistress I had rather lose my job than to move you any more. But she said I must do as I was bid and please go once more. I don’t see how she makes so many mistakes.’ So the good man consented to go and warm another bed. Pretty soon, it was between 11 and 12 o’clock, she ordered the young man to move the frier to No. 15, which she said was her own room. At that the boy was surprised and said, ‘Mam, where will ye sleep yourself? besides the poor man is nearly frozen already, he has nary any drawers on and his legs shivers like a man with the ague. I’ll not move him any more; I’ll lave your employ before I’ll do it.

The tears came in my eyes the last time I asked him to move.' 'Hold on,' she said, 'what in the world have ye been doing?' An investigation at once followed, the boy was sent to bed and the priest was not disturbed any more that night. I told the audience that I was reminded of that story when they put me in Hoard's bed to warm it, but when the clerk moved me I told him it must stop right there, as they could not use me for a frier. So I locked my door and went to bed. Many of the audience never saw or heard of a warming pan and it pleased them immensely."

The man said, "I thank you. It pleased my brother so much I wanted to hear it."

The man then said, "We are not half way to town yet, have you not some other stories you can tell?"

"Yes," Mr. Philips said, "I have a couple of experiences I can tell you, the first happening some twenty-two years ago. About twenty years prior to that, on a properly made complaint to me as a Justice of the Peace, I ordered a man arrested for being drunk and disorderly. After he was adjudged guilty, I took a little time to affix the sentence and before it was done a friend of his came to me and asked me if in lieu of fining him I would marry him to a widow lady, who would agree to take him home and take care of him. I said yes, if I was satisfied she could do it. So I went to the house where the Constable had him in charge, and found both willing to have the ceremony performed. He was thirty and she was sixty years of age. As I thought she was competent to handle him, I pronounced them husband and wife, and remitted his fine, and they went home rejoicing. Twenty years afterward the same man came to my office and said, 'A long time ago you gave me a good wife. He dead last year and I want you now to come to my house and give me another. You done me good job other time so I come to you again.' I went to his house and found another woman willing to take him for better or worse. I tied the knot and was treated to some cookies and coffee. I could have had some-

thing stronger had I desired it. I then started for home. On the way I met a crowd, headed by one Martin Johnson, on their way to give the couple a reception—and from the noise they made they had something stronger than I was treated to. At midnight or after, they started for home, when they reached a forks in the road some distance away, Martin halted the crowd and addressed them, saying 'up this valley there is a couple living unlawfully together and I move we go there and make them get married too. All agreed to go but one man. So they went and began to make demonstrations at the house at two o'clock a. m. The couple came down stairs and received their unbidden guests. Martin informed them he had authority from the Governor of Wisconsin to look after such cases. So he ordered his companions to care for them while he examined the house. He did so, from cellar to garret, and do the best he could, he could only find one bed that had been occupied. So calling them by names he said this way of living is a disgrace and must cease, he then drew up an agreement which they both signed, saying they would be married the next day, which was Sunday. Martin promising, as his part of the contract, that he would be there about noon with a Justice and witnesses, then the crowd departed. The next morning, before breakfast, I heard a rap and when I opened the door there stood Martin. He made known his errand and showed me the contract. I consented to go, and Martin was soon there with a livery team. We took another young man along for a witness and started on a different errand than I had ever started out on before. When we arrived in sight of the house the couple were at a spring back of the house watering their cattle. Seeing us, they started, she for the house to arrange her bridal outfit, and he to drive the cattle to the yard, where he seemed desirous of remaining. I waited a while, then told Martin to go and bring the groom, assuring him if he failed, he himself would have to act as groom, for we must have a wedding anyway. Martin soon persuaded him to come to the house, and soon the bride

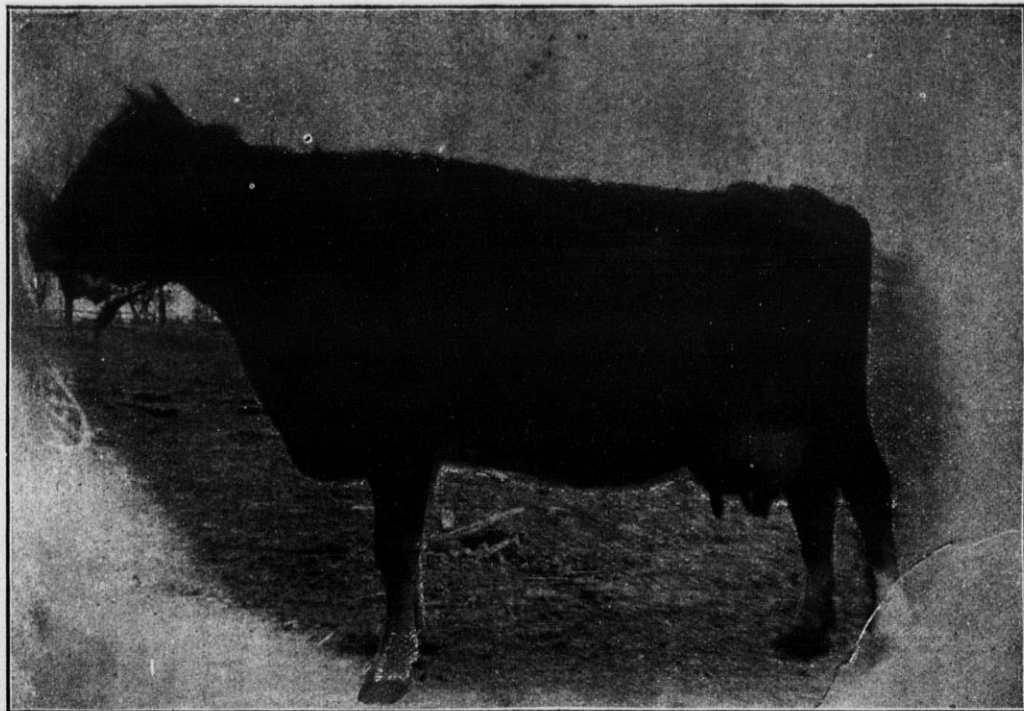
came down stairs, arrayed in her best. He hesitated some. He said he had for several years intended to marry her, but had not been able to find time, and was still willing, but did not want to be forced to do it. I told him I was not there to force him, but was there to do the work if he wished it done. Finally he said, 'Well, seeing you are here, we will have it done now.' So I performed the ceremony, and fried cakes and coffee were then served, and the groom handed me a five dollar gold piece, which paid the bills, including livery, and we left for home, and the couple are still living on the same farm, and Martin has gone to his long home some years ago."

"Well," said the man, "that was a singular performance."

"Yes," said Mr. Philips, "it was a curious wedding, and to pass the time, I will tell you of a curious funeral I attended some eleven years ago. An old gentleman, a neighbor, had been ailing for some time and finally died. I told my wife I was going to the funeral, as he had always been an accommodating and kind neighbor. She said, 'You have no clothes here at the farm that are suitable to wear, and besides, the preaching will be in a foreign language that you can't understand, and if I were you I would not go.' But as I do not always give up I went. The smallness of the house and the number of the guests made it necessary to place the remains in the granary. Well, we were well fed, the table set and the dishes washed seven times, to feed one hundred, after which it was discovered that no preacher had been engaged for the occasion. At that time a man came to me and said, 'we are in a fix, all ready to start the funeral and no minister. Can't you help us out and say something for the old man.' I replied I had talked in various meetings, but had never preached a funeral sermon, but knowing his wife and he could sing, I replied I am always willing to help where I can, and if you and your wife will sing four verses I will think of something to say, and help you out, but you must bring the old gentleman out onto the lawn, which they did, as it was a beautiful June day, and, my

dear friend, you must believe me when I say they sung those four verses very quick. I started at once and intended to make my discourse short as my audience were standing. After reviewing my friend's life as a citizen and a neighbor, luckily my knowledge of horticulture helped me out. The women and children of the neighborhood had covered the coffin profusely with wild flowers—one geranium being on the head of it. I gave a short account of the value of flowers in expressing sympathy, and tried to impress on their minds how they would think of their father every spring when they went into the woods and saw the wild flowers. I did not tell them that they would have a lonesome time without a father, for I knew that the man that expected to be a companion to the widow and a step-father to the children was quite close to me, and to show you I was right in my conclusions, I will say he came after me in less than three months to tie another knot. But though years have rolled by, I never pass that house but I think my sermon not on the mount but in the coulee, did some good, for every summer since then you can see a nice flower garden growing. They all shook hands with me and thanked me, and have acted as though they felt grateful and thankful to me for my neighborly kindness ever since, and when I talk to young men I always tell them to speak in school whenever they have a chance, for they cannot tell what they will be called on to do some time in life. 'Well,' the man said, 'that is good advice, and these incidents from your memory have been very interesting to me, and as we are now in sight of the depot, I again desire to thank you and will say if you ever come to Franklin Grove in my state again, be sure and come ten miles further, to Dixon, and see me.'"

Early the following spring Yeksa's Queen gave birth to her third calf, and when it was a week old a German, by the name of Wolfe, came into the barn and said he wanted to buy a bull calf, but did not want one of mine, as one of his neighbors, Mr. Dawson, owned the bull Vido, one of my sons, and he wanted



YEKSAS'S QUEEN 6611. Bred by A. J. Philips.

Daughter of Queen Vashti, Dam of Guydette, Queen of Salem, Lord Yeksa, King Yeksa and Cambell's King.

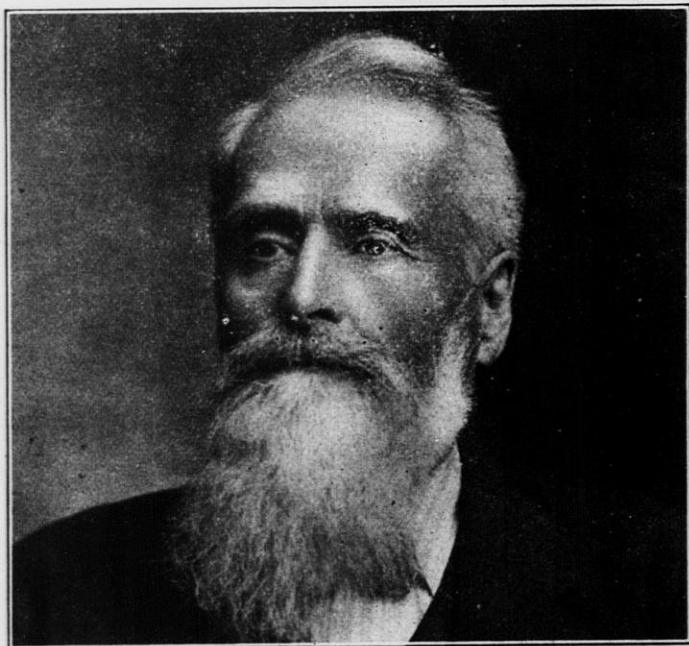
one from a different mother so that after a while they could exchange. Mr. Philips showed him my daughter's calf and put a low price on him, as he said he needed the milk, but at that price he must take him away in a week. As soon as Mr. Wolfe saw what a great udder the mother of the calf had he said he would come after him in a week. Mr. Philips then said to him, "As you live in the town of Campbell and as both his dam and granddam are queens, and Queen of Salem is his full sister, we will name him Campbell's King and I will send you his transfer as soon as I receive his register number."

Before fall my first great-granddaughter put in an appearance, as Queen of Salem, who was now two years old, was the mother of a nice baby heifer. Then they all called me old Queen in earnest because I was a great-grandmother, and it began to make me feel old too, though I was only eight years old. Mr. Philips said a man, at one of the Institutes, told Mr. Goodrich that if he fed his cows as heavy as he and Philips did that they would be used up at ten years old. "Well, I don't believe it," Mr. Goodrich said to him, "for one of my best cows is fourteen years old, and if they did play out at ten years old and had paid me a profit all that time it would be better than to keep them until they were twelve or fourteen. if I had been keeping them at a loss."

I thought if that man was right and I played out at ten years old that my race was nearly run. Mr. Philips, when he saw my great-granddaughter, said, "Well, another heifer and now for another name, and as my wife's first name, Avis, is another odd name and I have started to raise a family of queens I will name this one Queen Avis, so you have a daughter and a great-granddaughter named after my wife."

He then said, "I have some good news for you Queen. You will remember what a good visit we had with Mr. Harris, well, he wrote me that he is coming up to the farm again, and is going to bring some great horticulturists with him to see the orchard and the cattle."

The next day Mr. Philips went to town with the team after the expected visitors. When they came up the hill they saw us cows and came over in the pasture to where we were. Queen of Salem, my granddaughter, having recently come in, was the center of attraction, so much so that Yeksa's Queen,



WYMAN ELLIOTT. Minnesota's Seedling Specialist.

her mother, and I, her grandmother, were almost jealous of her; still we were proud of her too. Mr. Elliott, of Minneapolis, Minn., said, "If I owned her I would keep her in the front yard for an ornament." Mr. Latham and Professor Green agreed with Mr. Harris and Elliott on the value of us cows, and all agreed that Mr. Philips had a fine location for a commercial

orchard, if there is any in the country. They said that the soil and elevation were right and the trees looked well.

Mr. Harris did not spend as much time at the barn as he did on his previous visit. He said he still had Lizzie and liked her as well as ever; that one could not help but like her, as she was so gentle and docile. "Maybe its a case of like master like cow, said Mr. Philips, for C. P. Goodrich says he never saw a profitable cow that was not docile and gentle, and that in order to be such she had to have a docile and gentle owner or care taker."

After the visitors had looked at the orchard, Professor Green spent a little while shooting at a mark, with a bow and arrow, with the boys and Mr. Elliott watched them, and Mr. Harris came with Mr. Philips to take another look at us cows. After they had talked about us a little Mr. Philips said to Mr. Harris, "I am not going to give you a long talk like I did when you were here before, but I have got a little thing here, in my note book, that I want to read to you, as it expresses so correctly both your and my views on rearing children and on home life.

"A lady received the following reply from another, in answer to the question why she allowed her husband and children to 'litter' up every room in the house, and the sentiment will find lodgment in the heart of every home-loving person in the land. 'The marks of little muddy feet upon the clean floor can be easier removed than the stain made when those little feet go down into the mud of the highway of evil. The prints of the little fingers on the window pane cannot shut out the sunshine half so much as the shadows that darken the mother's heart over that one who is but a name through the coming years. And if my John finds his home a refuge from care and trouble and his greatest happiness within its four walls, he can put his boots in the rocking chair and hang his coat on the floor every day in the week. And if I can stand it and he enjoys it, I can not see that it is anybody else's business.' "

"That is pretty good logic and expresses my sentiments

exactly," said Mr. Harris, "though I think one can have just as jolly and happy a home and have it neat and in order, and the children taught to be neat and orderly as to have it the

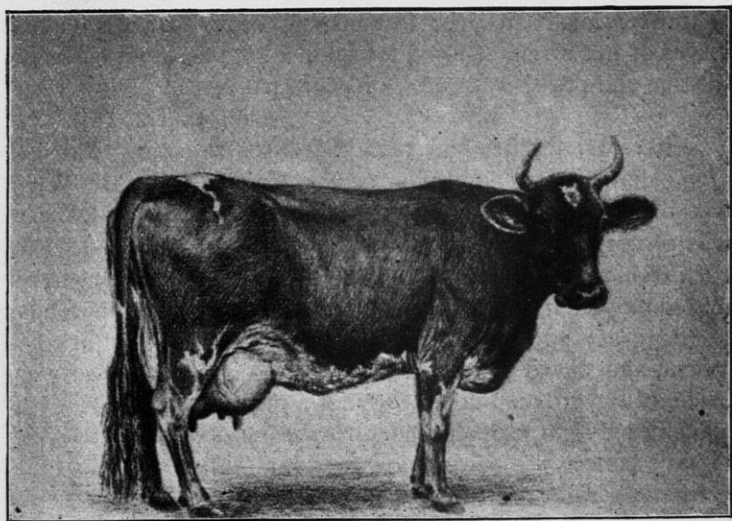


PROF. S. B. GREEN
Horticulturist Minnesota Agricultural College.

opposite, but if either has to be sacrificed let it be the neatness and order."

Mr. Philips took the visitors back to town that evening so they could take the night train for their homes. As they passed by the pasture where we cows were still eating grass, they all took off their hats and waved them at us which pleased us greatly, as we cows always enjoy being noticed and treated kindly.

The next evening, when Mr. Philips came to the barn at milking time, he came to me and said, "Well, Queen, I have



IMPORTED TRICKSEY. Dam of Benjamin.

got some more good news for you, and for me too. You, of course, remember that I sold your first son, Uncle Dan, No. 3,237, to W. L. Dexter, of Russell, Ill. Well, today I received a letter from him which I will read to you as it tells about your eldest son, and some of it is bad news.

" 'In answer to your letter in regard to what Uncle Dan did for me, will say that from him I raised forty head of grade cows,

as good as were ever raised in Kenosha County. I had to dispose of him at the stock yards because he got so vicious I dared not keep him any longer. I never saw a finer animal in my life than he was. The herd I raised from him were large and all first-class milkers. I ship my milk to Chicago and receive fifteen cents a hundred above the market price for it, which is good evidence of the quality. I never had any picture taken of him, I now wish I had because he had the strong points of a dairy sire stamped in his very make-up, but I will send my picture to insert in your forthcoming book. Have you any calves of this strain of blood for sale, if so, please let me know the age and price?

Yours truly,

W. L. DEXTER.' "

After Mr. Philips had read the letter he said, "This is a grand showing for one of your calves, isn't it, Queen? When we take into consideration the fact that his sire, Sir Dandee, was a very ordinary bull with no great producing ancestors back of him, and that his only title to Yeksa's blood was transmitted by you, it goes to prove Mrs. Foster's wonderful prophesy of the great powers of transmission possessed by Puck and Yeksa, and shows that her grounds for pronouncing you a wonderful cow were well taken. What a pity that Uncle Dan was slaughtered right in his prime. How easy it would have been to have built a safe pen to have kept him in, where he could not have harmed anybody, as Mr. Kingman, of Sparta, did for his wicked bull, Old Copperas. If Mr. Dexter had done the same it would have increased the value of his herd thousands of dollars, and without much trouble or expense. It is a great pity that such valuable bulls are slaughtered in the midst of their greatest usefulness, and shows a great lack of foresight."

In about a week after the visit of these distinguished visitors my daughter, Yeksa's Queen, gave birth to another son. He was named Yeksa's Son. His number was 7,290, and he was sold to W. S. Hill, in northern Wisconsin, and I never saw or heard of him again.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOING TO THE FAIRS.

*“Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.”*

Mr. Philips went to town again in a few days, and when he returned brought the register numbers of the following newcomers: Queen Deette, 9,794; Queen Avis, 11,096. The next thing was orders to the boys and men to keep the cattle in the barn, and make it as dark as possible, and only turn them out at night so as to fit them for the Inter-State Fair at La Crosse. After a week of such treatment we had become quite well used to dry feed. When we started for the fair we had new company, as some months previous Mr. Philips had bought a very fine looking sire for his herd of F. W. Tratt, of Whitewater, Wis. He was more of a red color than we Yeksas. His name was Sammy's Sampson, No. 4,483, his sire was a well bred bull, by the name of Sammy of Pausdale. The hired man led him and the boys drove the rest of the cattle, except my great-granddaughter, Queen Avis, she was taken in a wagon which, besides her, was loaded with corn stalks, hay, ground feed, and enough apples to make a good show. Mr. Philips drove the team and led two fine three-year-old colts behind the wagon, and had two sucking colts tied by the side of their mothers, as he said that was the best way to break a colt of any breed, to

get them used to being tied fast and learned them to travel by the side of their mothers, as this way of breaking they never forgot. We had a good rest at noon, and Mr. Philips bought some pumpkins of a farmer for us cattle, which we ate while the horses ate their oats and the men and boys ate their lunch.

When we arrived at the fair grounds we found good, comfortable stalls awaiting us, one of which was fitted up for the men and boys to sleep in. The next morning Mr. Philips told the boys to feed and clean off the cattle and horses while he went and put the apples on the exhibiting table. There were so many of us to be fed that near the close of the second day the hay gave out. Mr. Philips made a bargain with the forage man for some at ten dollars a ton, but the man refused to weigh it, and wanted one dollar for a sixty pound bale, Mr. Philips took the team and went down to the market and got a load of hay, so we had plenty for the rest of the week. Wednesday we were judged. When the judge tied the ribbons on us cows he told Mr. Philips that he never saw dairy cattle with better developed udders; with such great lung power and, apparently, such good constitutions. Mr. Philips said it was on account of having good care while growing, and pasturing on hilly lands where every muscle is brought into use sometime during the day. The judge said he believed there was something in it.

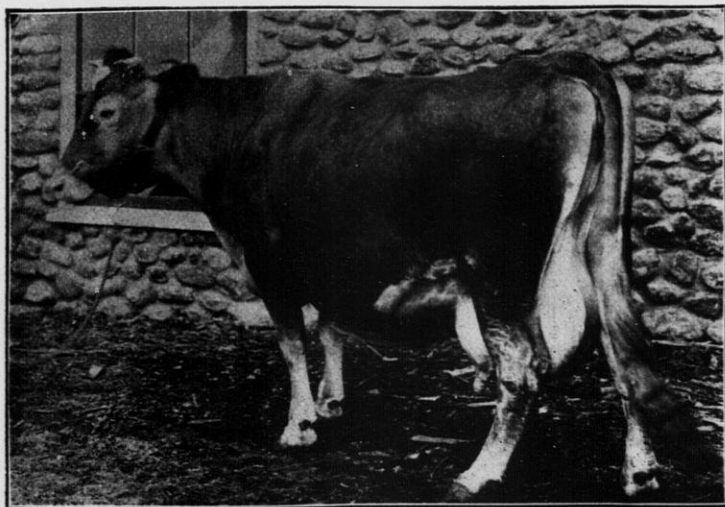
That afternoon an accident occurred which cast a damper on the fair for a time. One of the boys said to Mr. Philips: "Pa, are you going over to see the balloon ascension?"

In answer to his question Mr. Philips said, "No, I am not, because I do not like to see a man risk his life for my entertainment, but you boys can go if you want to and I will stay and take care of the stock."

Before long, while Mr. Philips was standing near me explaining to a man the difference between a Guernsey and a Jersey, one of the boys came back and said, "O pa, just before the balloon started to ascend one of the poles, which held it up

fell down and killed a boy by the name of Hodge, who was passing by. They took him home. What an awful sad blow it will be to his mother, for him to be brought home dead!"

That evening, after we had been milked and fed, Mr. Philips was shaking up my bed when quite a large boy came up to him and said, "How do you do, Mr. Philips?"



QUEEN OF SALEM

Bred by A. J. Philips.

Daughter of Yeksa's Queen and Dam of Miss Simplicity.

"I am well, thank you," replied Mr. Philips, "but you have the best of me as I do not seem to know you."

"Why," said the boy, "That's queer, for I am the boy you wouldn't hire the first year the fair started here because you saw me smoking a cigarette. I just resolved that day to quit such bad habits, and I have never touched tobacco or liquor since. I am supporting my mother well now, and she often says she is awful glad that you gave me the good lesson and

caution you did about such habits, and I came to thank you for it."

"I am very glad to hear such a good report," said Mr. Philips, "and hope you will stick to your good resolution and keep on doing right for if you do you will make a good and worthy man and citizen, and will always be glad that I refused to give you that job."

For the next two days we had a great many visitors, but Queen of Salem was the main attraction in our stalls. So many, who saw her would say, "Oh! isn't she handsome?" and a man, by the name of Livingston, said, "I never saw such an udder on a two-year-old heifer," and Tom knew what a good cow was.

Mr. Philips said to a man standing near me, to whom he was talking, "I have just heard something that pleases me." The man asked what it was, to which he replied, "I was standing in the hall, by my apples, when a young lady came to me and said, 'You don't know me do you, Mr. Philips?' I said I did not, when she said, 'Well, I guess you don't, but I remember you. I was at the Burns' festival, at Galesville, the night you told the story about the one hundred per cent boy. I came to that festival with a young man whom I knew swore at his horses, smoked cigarettes and chewed tobacco, and on the way home I could plainly smell liquor on his breath, without trying very hard either. So, when we got home I named over those bad habits and told him he must quit them or, quit coming to see me. He said he would quit swearing and drinking liquor, but would not quit using tobacco for anybody, as he had tried to quit it to please his mother and couldn't do it. So I quit him, and now have a fellow who hasn't one of those bad habits. He is a one hundred per cent boy.'

"I told her I was glad to hear it and would like to see him, and she said, 'Maybe you will sometime.'"

Saturday we went all the way home and were very glad to get there, and we had a good time eating Number Twentys, as

apples were plenty that fall so we could have all we wanted to eat, and enjoyed them very much. In December I had another son born. His sire was Sammy's Sampson, Mr. Philips said, of course it had to be a male, but he said his head resembled mine more than any other of my sons. He also said as we had a Queen of Salem there ought to be a king, so he should



C. P. HILL

A leading Wisconsin Guernsey Breeder.

be called Salem's King, and he was registered as No. 5,362. About this time Yeksa's Queen gave birth to a son, and, as we were a family of kings and queens and to perpetuate the name of his mother and great-grandmother, he was named King Yeksa, his number was 5,684. His sire was Sammy's Sampson. He was soon exchanged with C. L. Hill for the heifer Woodfern, No. 10,816. The next season was an important one in my

history, as towards fall Mr. Philips decided to fit us cattle up and show us at two state fairs at least. He first talked of going to Iowa where they were planning for a grand state fair, but as they had no class for Guernseys he concluded not to go there. He said the large breeders usually selected their best cattle and fitted them for showing, which placed him at a disadvantage, as in order to make much of a showing he would have to take about all of his thoroughbreds whether good or bad. He consulted some of his friends about it, among them Chas. L. Hill who had been very successful in the show ring. He advised Mr. Philips to exhibit his herd of Guernseys because it was necessary for a breeder to get his animals out where the public could see them, as they would then know the quality of them. Another breeder, James McEldowny, whom he consulted, told him to exhibit them by all means, and said, "You have something more to gain by it than the benefit to be gained by showing your cattle; that is, the benefit it will be to your sons. You have four fine, healthy, industrious boys that any man ought to be prouder of than of the best herd of cattle that ever lived. By all means go and take your cattle, and take all the boys along to care for them. You will probably get enough money out of it to pay expenses, but money is far from being all there is in it. It will be a great benefit to the boys; it will learn them to do business, and they will see something of what is going on in the world; it will broaden them and give them a better conception of things. A boy gets tired of the routine of farm work. Do not treat those boys as if they were merely servants. Make them think you want to make useful men of them. They have a good home and a good mother, but they need something more. Yes, go and take them along and they will come home with advanced ideas and better equipped for life. So, go and if you haven't money enough to make the trip I will lend you some."

Well, the result was that we Guernseys were fitted up in good shape and taken to town to be shipped to the Minnesota

State Fair, at Minneapolis. There were eight of us as follows: Yeksa's Queen, Queen of Salem, Queen Deette, Queen Avis, Guilsee, Woodfern, Salem's King, my son Vido and myself. Mr. Philips, having sold Sammy's Sampson to a man in Minnesota, he hired my son Vido, No. 3,909, that he had sold to W. J. Dawson, of La Crosse, to show as an aged bull. He also bought the two-year-old bull Primitive, No. 4,909, of W. S. Hill, of Wonevoc. These last two animals met us at West Salem and we were all loaded into a car on the M. & St. P. R. R., together with two tons of second crop baled hay and one and one-half tons of ground feed, besides bedding and provisions for the four boys who went along to take care of us. Mr. Philips had already sent on sixteen dollars for eight stalls, seven for us cattle and one for the feed and to sleep in. We left West Salem that evening, and Mrs. Philips, who had always been so kind to me and for whom Queen Deette and Queen Avis were named, came to the car and bid her boys good-by and see us off.

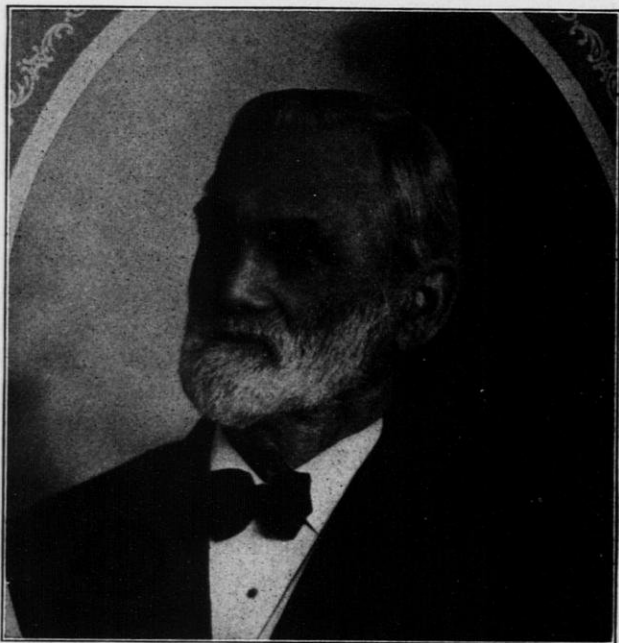
We arrived at St. Anthony Park the next morning, and were unloaded and taken to our well bedded stalls in barn C. We were all as happy as we could be when Mr. Philips came. He looked us all over and said he was glad we got there safe. He gave each one a kind word, and when he came to me he said, "Well, Queen, it looks good to see you and your four-year-old son, Vido, standing in a stall together, and you act as if you knew each other."

In looking around, Mr. Philips saw a pail of stock food with about two quarts used out of it and said to his eldest son, who was in the stall, "Say, Cody, where did this stock food come from?"

"An agent brought it here and wanted to trade it to us for milk," said Cody, "as he is camping out here on the grounds. I just fed a little, this morning, to the cows that are giving milk, he said to only give them a half a cup full apiece and they would give one-fourth more milk."

Mr. Philips said, "if that is true it is a more powerful stimu-

lant than whiskey. I do not want a man to work for me who has to be stimulated with whiskey in order to do extra work, neither do I want my cows to be stimulated with this stuff to make them give more milk than the very best feed makes them give, for we don't know what is in it. We have plenty of good mill feed that we brought with us. You can sell the man milk



G. J. KELLOGG, Lake Mills, Wis.

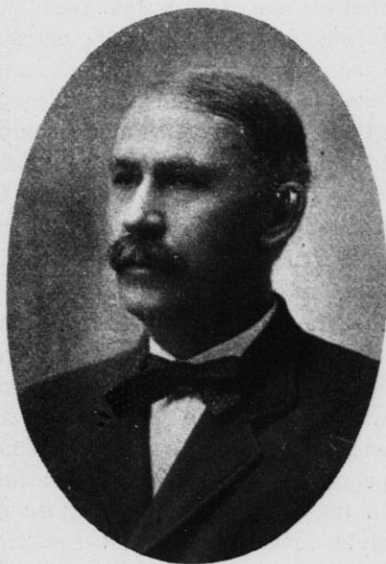
A charter member of Wisconsin Horticultural Society.

if you want to, but don't feed any more of that stuff, and you can tell the agent to take it away."

Cody told the agent to take his stock food away, but it stood there until we got ready to go home, when one of the boys threw it away and took the pail along to carry water in.

The second day of the fair, towards night, a man came to the door and said to another man, who had a few cattle in the back end of the barn we were in, "Say, I want to find the homeliest man on the fair grounds."

"Well, there he is, asleep on that pile of sacks," said the man spoken to, as they came to where Mr. Philips was sleep-



DR. B. M. WOOD, Mankato, Minn.

A Judge of Dairy Cattle.

ing. When he awoke he said to the man who was in search of the homeliest man, "Why, George Kellogg, is that you?"

The other man eyed both of them for a moment then said, "I can't see much difference in the looks of you two."

The next day we were judged by Dr. M. B. Wood, of Mankato, Minn., who, Mr. Philips said, placed us just right. We

had a snap here as we had no competition, without which, according to the rules, no herd premiums could be awarded, but the fair officials said that Mr. Philips' herd was such a good one that they awarded him the seventy-five dollar herd premium. Another nice thing the society did was, when they found that their receipts were sufficient, they sent a man around to each exhibitor and paid him back the two dollars he had paid for a bunk stall. That made exhibitors feel good.

The parade was fine, in which six of us took part. Mr. Philips led me and each of the boys led one, and a strange boy volunteered to lead one. Our stalls were thronged with visitors all the time and we received very many compliments. Prof. Shaw, after looking us over carefully, said he never saw Guernsey cattle so strong through the lungs. Mr. Philips said he never was treated better by fair officers than he was there, and said he would come again.

The exhibits were taken from this fair to Milwaukee, Wis., for which purpose the Milwaukee road furnished a special train which was run on passenger train time. We reached the fair grounds in the night. Our stalls were not as nice as those we had at the Minnesota fair. We found strong competition here, from both Wisconsin and Ohio, but we carried off all the prizes on cows. Queen of Salem was awarded the first premium, Yeksa's Queen the second and I, being the eldest, the third. Professor Carlyle reversed the first two from Dr. Wood's decision. A decision on bulls so displeased the Ohio man that he would not show his cattle any further, but the fair went on just the same. He said he would like to mash the heads of the superintendent and judge together. After he told Mr. Philips that he once injected Guernsey cream into the udders of his Holstein cows, to bring their milk up to the required standard, he was closely watched.

The parade was good, but not as large as the one in Minnesota. Mr. Philips led Yeksa's Queen and myself. While on the way T. L. Newton, of Beaver Dam, Wis., an old fair man-

ager, stopped us and, after looking us over said, "I did not suppose, Philips, that you ever owned two such good cows." And Mr. Solvenson, a breeder from Nashotah, hung around Queen Deette trying to get Mr. Philips to set a price on her, but failed to do so. He appeared to be anxious to get some good Yeksa blood, which caused Mr. Philips to say that he believed Mr. Solvenson was a good judge of a good heifer.

From Milwaukee we took a night ride to Elkhorn, where we were exhibited at the great Walworth County Fair. Here we encountered a good deal of competition and some curious judging was done, but Mr. Philips did not protest and took his medicine with good grace. A prominent breeder, at the Milwaukee fair, told the judge that it was not fair to give Mr. Philips all the premiums and let others go out of the ring without any, but Mr. Carlyle said he could not help but decide as he did, as Mr. Philips' cows had the quality—and their records since have proved the truth of his assertions and that Carlyle was right. We had the same judge as at Milwaukee. The other exhibitor went home and got an old dry cow which he exhibited here, and she was awarded first premium over Yeksa's Queen and Queen of Salem and I walked proudly out of the ring without a ribbon. Mr. Philips bit his lips and said, "Never mind, Queen, you are worth four times as much as that old cow." My performance since then has proved his words true, yes more than true.

From Elkhorn, the Milwaukee road carried us home free. We had traveled over nine hundred miles. We received over four hundred dollars in premiums and the expenses were nearly two hundred dollars. We all had a very pleasant time. The boys saw the largest state fair in the west, the Minnesota fair, and, at Elkhorn, saw the largest county fair in the United States. But, I can assure you, we are all glad to get home, and we cows were delighted to have our fill of apples again.

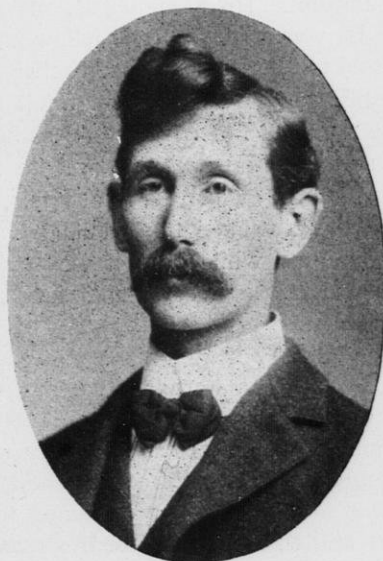
CHAPTER XIX.

MORE DESCENDANTS AND SALES.

*“Open thy mouth, judge righteously,
And plead the cause of the poor and the needy.”*

My son, Salem's King, who was now a year old, was sold to Almon Parks, of Picketts, Wis., for one hundred dollars, and I hope later on to hear a good report from him. Soon after he was sent away I had another son born, whose sire was Sammy's Sampson. So another king had to be registered, this time it was King Samm. When he was old enough to ship he was sold to Geo. C. Hicks & Son, of Battle Creek, Mich., but I never heard whether he was fed any Postum Coffee and Grape-Nuts or not, but, suppose, he went over the road to Wellville. Shortly after this Mr. Philips informed me that I was a grandmother again as Queen Deette had given birth to a beautiful little heifer calf, her sire was Sammy's Sampson. The next thing was a name for her. There was a girl, by the name of McClintock, who had lived with the Philips family so much, and was so near entering that venerable class of females termed old maids, that the children all called her Aunt Deb, and were very much attached to her, and she was to them. It was an odd name too, and my great-granddaughter being entitled to be called queen, Mr. Philips gave her the name of Queen Deb, and when the register certificate came it was No. 11,430. A few days after she was born Mr. Philips said to me, "You know, Queen, that when your daughter, Queen Deette was

born, I told you that you would have to look out or you would be left in the shade, and now, from what John Hanson, the boy who is milking her, says she has surely started in to beat you for thirty-five to forty pounds of milk a day is pretty good for a two-year-old, but she does not come up to you on the test yet, as she is a little uneasy and nervous, but I have learned John how to handle her, so he gets along with her all right.



WILL NICHOLS

A Guernsey Breeder of Trempealeau, Wis.

Former owner of Lord Yeksa.

Her temperament is such that she could be easily spoiled, but John has lots of patience with her. John is a pretty good fellow anyway. My wife likes him, too, because he never shirks and is always ready and willing to bring water and wood or do anything else whenever she wants him to, and she says it is a pleasure to her to wait on him, as he appreciates it so much.

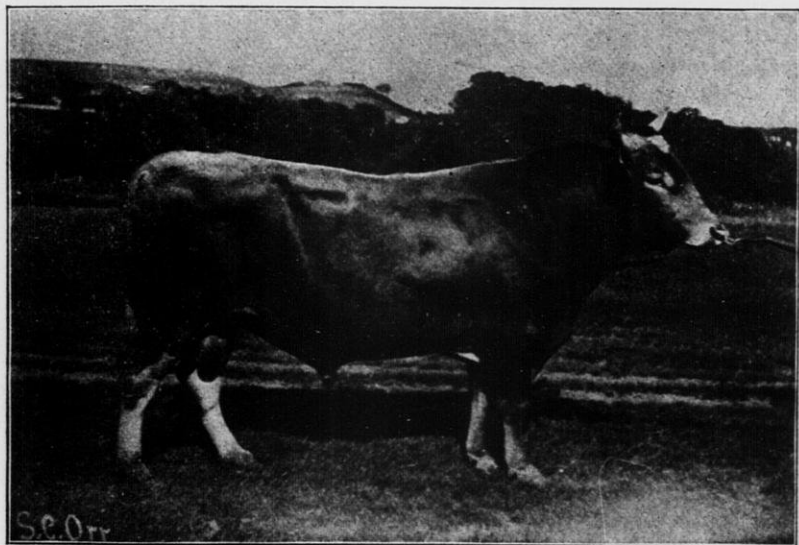
John was confirmed so, I suppose, he would really be a member of the church, but he says that the preacher, with whom he boarded, made a poor job of it as he kept him so busy taking care of his horse and cow and hoeing in the garden that he did not get time to study as he ought to have done."

Early the following spring I was grandmother again, as Yeksa's Queen gave birth to her sixth calf, a male, whose sire was Sammy's Sampson. His name was Lord Yeksa, his number was 6,451. He was a good, strong fellow and when nearly a year old was sold to a breeder, a Mr. Nichols, at Trempealeau, Wis., for one hundred dollars. That fall we all went to the county fair with about the same results as heretofore, only there were more of us. Mr. Philips said he made the best showing of apples he had ever made at any fair, and that the same exhibit at the Milwaukee fair would have brought him fifty dollars in premiums, while here it was only about eight dollars, but he said it was every man's duty to patronize his own county fair.

Some weeks after the fair, and after the weather had become quite cold, I was again a grandmother, as Queen Deette had another baby calf, this time it was a son. His number was 6,477. The fame of the descendants of my mother, Yeksa, and myself had spread until it had reached the Pacific coast, so this youngster was sold, before he was named, to a man by the name of Yeaton, at Ilwaco, Wash., for this reason Mr. Philips gave him the name of Ilwaco's King, and I expect some time to hear from him.

At the time my grandson, Campbell's King, 4,951, was born I told about Mr. Wolfe buying him; well, he grew to be a fine animal, as his picture shows. When he was a year old Mr. Philips bought him back, by paying Mr. Wolf double what he paid for him, and then sold him to the Kansas Agricultural College, at Manhattan, as a sire for a herd of common cows to see what results could be obtained. They report raising some very excellent heifers from him.

About this time a man came to see Mr. Philips about apple trees, he also wanted to buy a grade bull. His name was Muehlenkamp, he said to Mr. Philips, "I want to ask you some questions about the horticultural exhibit at Omaha. I heard that you had a fine display of seedling apples there. By the way, I have a pretty good seedling and I want to know if it



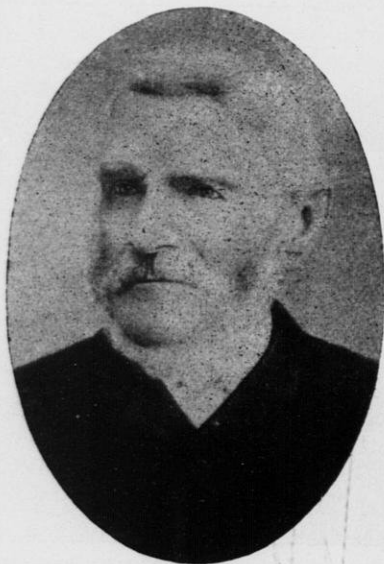
CAMPBELL'S KING

Bred by A. J. Philips. Resembles his Sire Coralman.

pays to plant all seedlings?" "No," it does not, replied Mr. Philips, "but first let me tell you about our Wisconsin exhibit. Our society, of which L. G. Kellogg, of Ripon, was president, and I was secretary decided to make an exhibit. Our members responded nobly in sending us a lot of their best fruit, especially those who were growing our new seedling apples. Mr. A. L.

QUEEN VASHTI

Hatch, of Sturgeon Bay, placed the exhibit in its place and afterwards members took turns in looking after it. In the first place we had a small space and our apples were piled high and close, so visitors could take them in at a glance, and they all admired them. I had the largest plate of N. W. Greenings I ever saw. This apple is a seedling and originated in Waupacca County, Wis. I also had a plate of Wolf River that



E. W. DANIELS

Introducer of the Northwestern Seedling Apple.

weighed over seven pounds, which I considered pretty good for five apples, and that variety, too, originated in Waupacca County. Next was a plate of fine Newell"—“By the way, where did that originate?” asked the man. “In Sauk County, Wis.,” was Mr. Philips’ reply, “on the farm of Orange Newell. The seed was brought from New York and planted in the fall of

1848, and was the only tree out of the whole lot which did not winter-kill, and was still standing there, perfectly sound, in 1897. It bears better on light or clay soil than on very rich land. That eminent horticulturist, Professor Goff, said it was the best all-round seedling that Wisconsin had as yet produced for a winter apple. The seed which produced the Wolf River was brought from Michigan, by William Springer, and planted at Freemont, Waupacca Co., Wis., near the river after which it is named. I have visited Mr. Springer many times. He was one of the most unselfish men I ever knew. This apple received a great boom at the New Orleans Exhibition, where Mr. Springer exhibited it. It captured more prizes, twenty-five dollars in all, than any other apple there. Through Mr. Springer's generosity it was scattered all over the western states, as every apple grower who saw it wanted cions, which he sent free of cost to them, they only paying the postage on them. The seed which produced the N. W. Greening was planted by J. J. Hatch, of Vialo, Waupacca Co., Wis. It was grafted and spread broadcast by E. W. Daniels, of Auroraville, Wis. It gained friends rapidly, very largely on account of its handsome appearance and good keeping qualities. President Wedge, of the Minnesota Horticultural Society, and myself decided, several years ago, that this apple and the Wealthy were the best pair yet originated. Nurserymen like it because it is a good grower. I have visited and examined all these original trees so know whereof I speak."

Mr. Philips, although he had none for sale, advised Mr. Muehlenkamp to buy a thoroughbred sire by all means, instead of a grade, but he went home without any.

A few days later we had another visitor, a man from Trempealeau County. He came into the barn to see us cattle, and said he had a grade Guernsey calf in his wagon he had bought of one of Mr. Philips' neighbors. Mr. Philips told the man that he must not expect any very great things of his grade as his sire was only a quarter blood. After talking a while about

cattle he asked Mr. Philips if he ever knew Elder Parshall. Mr. Philips replied that he did, when he asked him if he believed all the stories that had been told about the Elder. Mr. Philips said, "No, I do not, when people begin to circulate stories about a man it is hardly safe, or just, or kind to believe them unless you have positive proof that they are true."

"Well, what kind of a man is he anyway?" asked the man.

In answer to this question Mr. Philips said, "He was a smart man and a good speaker; he could entertain an audience in a masterly way, and best of all he is a good, kind neighbor. For instance, a man, by the name of Edwards, had a very sick mare, an animal worth, at that time, two hundred dollars. It was at the birth of her colt, and the neighbors and the help he had had given her up to die, when someone said, 'Send for Elder Parshall, he knows a lot about a sick horse.' 'It would be of no use,' the owner of the mare said, 'for only a few weeks ago I signed a paper, saying I would not believe Elder Parshall under oath.' 'That won't make any difference,' said the man who suggested sending for him, 'I'll go after him,' which he did, and met the Elder with his Sunday clothes on. He stated his errand, and Mr. Parshall, without stopping to change his clothes, hurried to Edwards' home as fast as his favorite horse, Little Jack, would carry him. After working with the sick mare for nearly an hour he saved her life, but lost the colt. Mr. Edwards was very grateful for it, and, after thanking him, said, 'Well, Elder, you have saved a valuable mare for me, how much do I owe you?'

"'Nothing at all,' replied Elder Parshall, 'It is always a pleasure to me to help a neighbor and to alleviate the sufferings of a dumb animal. Mr. Edwards said he would rather have paid Elder Parshall well for his services than to have been so humiliated by his kindness. But this act of kindness was characteristic of the man; he possessed a large amount of Christian charity and kindness. I call such work true, genuine

Christianity, and this would be a much better world if there was only more of it."

"My wife came home from town the other day and said she saw Aunt Lizzie and Nanny McEldowney who are always busy doing good; they were out together visiting people in poor circumstances, to see if the children have suitable clothes and shoes to wear to school and Sunday school, if they had not they see to it that they are provided with some. For several summers those two ladies have come up here and brought their dinner, so as to eat it in the orchard under the shade of an old apple tree. And, no matter how busy I was, it was always a pleasure to quit my work and take care of their horse, and receive their pleasant greeting when they came and their genuine thanks when they started for home. Such women as those I have mentioned are angels of mercy and practice true Christian charity and kindness, and really do more good in the world than a hundred persons who are not so kind and charitable."

"I believe you are right, Philips," said the man, and I have enjoyed my visit, and have been given a good illustration of what I consider practical Christian charity and kindness, and it, also, was a pleasure to look at these fine Guernseys."

Hearing Mr. Philips tell about the two ladies coming up here to eat their dinner in the orchard, reminded me of one time, when they were up here, that they came to look at us cows, and one of the ladies said to Mr. Philips, "I never saw song birds so numerous as they are in your orchard; they are so tame, too, are not a bit afraid of us. I don't believe your boys kill any of them or molest them or their nests for if they did they would be more afraid of people. Nannie and I were talking about it while we were eating our lunch, and when we would throw scraps of food out into the grass the birds would come and pick them up and carry them to their young birds in their nests. We concluded that you must have taught your boys to obey one of Moses' laws, which says; 'If a bird's nest

chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, *whether they be* young ones, or eggs, or the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the eggs; *But* thou shalt in anywise let the dam go, that it may be well with thee, and *that* thou mayest prolong *thy* days."

"You are right about the boys never killing or molesting the birds. Both their mother and I have taught them from their infancy to always be kind to every living creature, and they have always practiced our teachings. It would be a great aid to the cause of humanity if boys who go hunting to kill something for fun, would learn the lesson of kindness as easily as Turgeneff, the Russian novelist did. One day he went out hunting golden pheasants with his father. One was seen, at which he fired and wounded, he then followed it into a thicket, where, with the instinct of a mother, she was trying to reach the nest where her young brood were anxiously waiting her coming. She reached them and spread herself upon them, her head toppled over and she died, and her young birds were left to starve to death. Turgeneff, then and there, vowed he would never again destroy any living creature, and he kept his vow."

"I think as you do," said the lady," and it is a good deal the fault of the mothers of our land that so many birds are killed. The most of them are killed for the purpose of decorating ladies' hats and bonnets. I often wonder what their conscience is doing that it lets them gratify their vanity at such a great sacrifice of innocent, harmless life, and think they need to follow Washington's injunction: 'Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire—conscience.'"

After the ladies had gone, one of the boys said, "Aunt Lizzie and Miss Nanny don't wear any birds or their feathers on their hats do they? She practices what she preaches, and is not like the lady, in Philadelphia, I read about, in a paper, the other day. It said that a fashionable woman, who saw some street Arabs playing with some young birds yet unable to

fly, exclaimed, 'O, you cruel boys! How can you be so cruel as to give anguish to the heart of the mother bird?'

" 'Dat's oil right, mum,' said one of the boys, 'de mudder o' dese boids ain't worryin' she's dead, stuffed and setting on your hat.' "

A few weeks later our little herd was increased by several



NELLIE FOSTER

Only Daughter of Mr. A. T. and Mrs. H. E. Foster.

arrivals of new members of the family, and I began to feel like the mother of a large family, and that I was growing old very fast, because I was now a great-great-grandmother and my great-granddaughter, Queen Avis, was a mother. She had a beautiful baby heifer. Mr. Philips said, "Let us call her Queen Nellie after Nellie Foster. She was Mrs. Foster's only daughter

who died in just four months after their arrival in Oklahoma, and but a few months after her graduation in the State Normal School at Mankato, Minn. She was just coming into the first bloom of beautiful young womanhood; she was considered very beautiful and a true Christian with a character as beautiful as her person; she was kindness personified, was especially kind to old people whom she always treated with reverence, and her cheery sunny presence was always joyfully welcomed by them. Her death was a crushing blow to her parents, especially to her mother, for never did a mother need such an affectionate, devoted and helpful daughter more than Mrs. Foster did. Her death robbed their happy home of its sunshine and left it desolate." It made me feel very sad, when Mr. Philips told the boys and me about her death, for I was always glad to have her come to the barn when I lived at the Fosters', as she was always so kind, happy and merry. Queen Nellie's number was 13,970.

In a few days another great-grandson came, his mother was my granddaughter, Queen Deb, who was nearly two years old, though time had flown by so fast that it did not seem possible that she was old enough to become a mother for a long time yet. Mr. Philips said he was a handsome youngster and named him King Armand and his register number was 7,292; he was sold to W. S. Hunter of Picketts, Wis.

The next new-comer was a daughter of a Viscount heifer, named Woodfern. Mr. Philips named her Ferndale. Her sire was Lord Yeksa No. 6,451, that I have heretofore stated was sold to Mr. Nichols, of Trempealeau. Lord Yeksa was my grandson, thus making Ferndale my great-granddaughter, and the only one on the male side that I have ever seen.

CHAPTER XX.

UNWELCOME NEWS.

*"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,—
That is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."*

One day, about two weeks after the visit of the man from Trempealeau County, Mr. Philips came into the barn and, after saying a few kind words to the horses, as he passed by them, and telling the boys what he wanted them to do that day, he came over where I was. John had just milked me and was milking Queen Deette, and Mr. Philips said to him, "Well, John, you are getting a good mess of milk." "Yes," said John, "It will weigh sixteen or seventeen pounds."

Mr. Philips then said to me, "I have some sad news for you Queen. I have just heard that our friend Harris, who came here several times to see us, and who always had some kind words for you, is dead. The Pioneer-Press, of St. Paul, Minn., truly says of him: 'A great benefactor has gone; his name deserves a place on some conspicuous and enduring memorial.' He did much for his state in looking up new seedlings and pointing the way whereby coming millions can grow fine apples. By his successful efforts he disproved the statement that fruit could not be grown in Minnesota. It was always a great pleasure to me to visit Mr. Harris in his own home, and his kindly face will be sadly missed at the meetings of the Minne-

sota Horticultural Society. His life and habits were such that young men would do well to imitate them. His teaching was to encourage our boys and girls to begin early in the work of horticulture; that it also teaches a spiritual lesson which is given expression in the following lines from a beautiful poem:

‘There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb, o’er which you tread,
Are written words, which rightly read,
Will lead you from earth’s fragrant sod
To hope and holiness in God.

Mr. Philips then said to me, “I have some more news for you which may make you feel sad too. I have just received a letter from Mr. N. Sagendorph, of Spencer, Mass., asking for the price of a few of my best cows. I wrote to him and gave the price on the whole herd, as I will not sell the best and only keep the poorest, but you need not be scared Queen, for I have put the price so high that I don’t believe he will take you.”

A few days later an expert from the Agricultural College at Madison, came to test Queen Deette for seven days preparatory to her entering the advanced Guernsey registry. Mr. Philips had written to several breeders how well she was doing, one of them being Chas. L. Hill, of Rosendale, Wis., who urged him to have the test made and said, “If you hurry up you may have the first cow in Wisconsin to go into the advanced registry,” which proved to be a fact. She gave, during the seven days, four hundred and thirteen pounds of milk, which yielded eighteen and ninety-two one-hundredths pounds of butter. Mr. Philips hired John Hanson during that week to milk Queen Deette, because she liked him better than anyone else. Mr. Philips said he would have the record published in my history, that the readers might see how a cow’s milk varied in richness each day, which is shown by the record kept by the expert:



QUEEN DEETE. Daughter of Queen Vashti.

Gave 14,501 lbs. milk, made 669 lbs. butter fat in 12 months, official test.

QUEEN VASHTI

	Lbs. Milk	Test	Butter Fat
June 2.....	61.2	4.45	2.72
“ 3.....	58.6	4.11	2.40
“ 4.....	58.9	4.02	2.42
“ 5.....	57.	3.67	2.10
“ 6.....	59.5	3.60	2.14
“ 7.....	58.3	3.49	2.04
“ 8.....	58.6	4.10	2.40
Total,	413.1	3.92	16.22

The amount of butter fat given in this record is equivalent to the number of pounds of butter already stated. This record was certified to as follows:

“I hereby certify that the above record was made by the Guernsey cow, Queen Deette, in accord with the requirements of the advanced register for Guernsey cattle, and was supervised by the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment station.

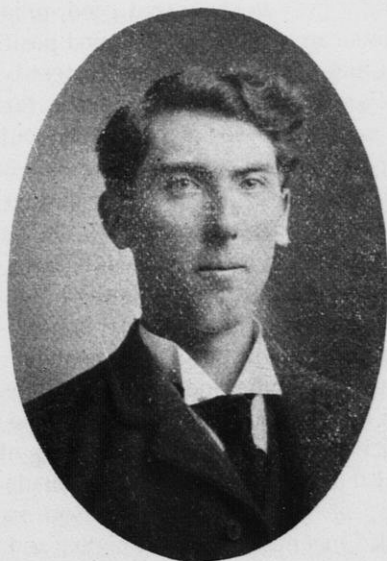
W. H. Caldwell, Secretary American Guernsey Cattle Club.
May 18th, 1903.

Peterbro, N. H.

Queen Deette was now in the advanced register, and I felt very proud of my daughter raised up here in the hills. She had to make sixteen pounds of butter in seven days to be entitled to a place in this register. She made nearly three pounds more than the required amount, and Mr. Philips said that three pounds was as much as some cows produce in seven days. You will notice by the record, that one day her milk only yielded about two pounds of butter fat. This falling off was caused by her being out in a hail storm for twenty minutes, and the temperature fell to forty-two degrees. Her test that evening fell off in like proportion.

At the time Queen Deette's calf was born, Mr. Philips was very anxious about her. I heard him say to one of the boys that, although he had kept her on dry feed for a week, her udder was so full he was afraid of milk fever. I know that he watched her very closely and spent most of two days

and nights with her. She had a beautiful heifer calf which Mr. Philips learned to drink, but she was not named until she was sold to Mr. Sagendorph, when he named her Deette's San Toy and her number was 13,869. Mr. Philips said this little calf did something he never knew of a calf doing before. After milking her mother, for the first time, he set the pail to



ROY T. HARRIS
Official Tester, Madison, Wis.

one side and when he turned around he saw the calf with her head in the pail, drinking greedily, and that is the only way she was fed afterwards. The Wisconsin Experiment station always send out their best students, Mr. Philips said, to conduct the tests of cows. Roy Harris, of Warrens, Wis. conducted Queen Deette's test, in which he was greatly interested, as it was his first experience with Guernseys. I thought I

would like to be tested, too, if they would send as nice and pleasant a young man as he was. There was no smoking, no swearing and no misusing of cows in his business. Cows notice such things more than people give them credit for. Experiment stations are fortunate in securing such a good young man, and I predict that he will have a job as long as he wants it, as I hear that more testing of cows is being done every year. And it goes to show that good, reliable young men with no bad habits can always have a good position.'

Soon after Queen Deette's recorded test became known, two men, from Farmington, came up to the farm to see her. They said they wanted to see a cow that could make three pounds of butter in one day. Mr. Philips showed her to them, then, pointing to me, said, "There is her mother, she is a good cow too, but, by careful breeding and care, she has beaten her." Mr. Philips went out, leaving them looking at Queen Deette, when one of them said to his companion, "I don't believe she ever made that much butter. Philips stands in with them college fellows and they will put it in just about as he says."

John Hanson was standing near enough to hear the remark, and it made him angry, and he came up to the men and said, "That is no such thing. I know something about that test myself because I milked the cow while she made it. The man who had charge of it came from Madison on Sunday, and watched me milk Queen Deette that night; and after I had got through milking her he came and felt of her bag to see if I had milked her clean, that made me mad. I left a good place once because I saw the man try the cows, after I had milked, to see if I had milked them clean. Monday morning the expert washed out the milk pail and weighed it, then handed it to me and stood by me while I milked her. I then handed him the pail of milk, which he weighed and poured it into an empty pail, then back and forth, from one pail to the other, until it was thoroughly mixed when he took out two samples, one to send to Madison to be tested and one to test himself, and put them in a small

chest which he locked. I milked her three times each day and the milk, each time, was handled the same way by the expert, and that is the way she was milked every time for the seven days. After the expert reported three pounds one day, the Professor, from Madison, came and stayed all night to see if everything was done right. At the end of the week the expert said that the samples he sent to Madison the Professor got four ounces more butter out of than he got from the ones he tested here."

"Well, that looks straight," said one of the men, "and if it is so, she is the best cow I ever saw. But why can't we have more of them?"

Mr. Philips came in just in time to hear the question, which he answered, saying, "You can have them if you will get good sires and breed intelligently."

Before we cows were turned out Mr. Philips told the visitors a couple of his amusing stories. He said, "When I was a boy, about fourteen years old, I was on my way to school one cold morning when my feet got very cold, and I stopped at the house of a man, named Wayne Thompson, to get them warm. His wife was getting breakfast before a big fireplace, as they had no stove. As I came near the fire she told me to be careful and not upset a dish, that sat on the coals, with something boiling in it that looked like milk. She said, 'Our cow is out in the woods, about a mile away and is bewitched. Wayne went out to her this morning and milked what is in that dish, then he went down to Skelton's blacksmith shop and picked up a handful of horse-shoe nail stubs and I am boiling them in the milk to drive the witches out of the cow.' At noon two of the school boys went with me out in the woods, where the cow was, to see how a cow looked when she was bewitched, and, maybe see some of the witches. The cow was lying down and so poor she could not get up, and the little calf was about starved too. The next day Mr. Thompson said that the cow and calf were both dead, that the witches were too much for

them, and he really believed that was what killed the cow, because he was born and raised in a New England state where they used to hang and burn people who were thought to be witches, so he was not much to blame.”

Mr. Philips then said, “The story I have just told you is as true as gospel, but this one I won’t vouch for because it was told to me, but I believe it is all true, as it is not as unreasonable as the other one. There was a man living over on the Kickapoo who, like many other men, did not like to work, and was always looking for a chance to make money in some easier way. His name was Bill Sikes. The man, who told me the story, said he was out hunting rabbits one day, late in the fall, and, when passing Sikes’ premises, saw him leading a horse into the stable and at the door stood a pretty fair looking sulky. He followed him into the stable and asked Sikes where his other horse was. In reply to his question Sikes said, ‘Oh, I kinder got tired of teaming, and a teller come along, one day and bartered me to trade my team for his mare. He said she was a great traveler; that she had not been trained much, but had a mark of 2:37.’ Sikes then said, ‘When I was married I could not read as I had had no chance to go to school, but I married a girl that had taught school, and she learned me to read, and now I read a good bit. Last summer I was reading the premium list of a fair, to be held not far from where I live, and they offered a purse of three hundred dollars for a three minute race. I told my wife I was going to try for a slice of it, but she said she didn’t think it was any use, that I would only spend what I had and the little she had saved selling butter and eggs. But, I said to her, ‘Say, Liza, you know that at a Farm Institute we went to last winter, an agent got me to subscribe for a paper. He said it was the best paper for a farmer that is published, so I took it, and have been reading it, you bet! I read in it that Dan Patch, that wonderful horse, broke six records and lowered his record of 2:05 to 1:55 $\frac{1}{4}$, and done all this since he began eating stock food three times a day, and

it only costs one cent for the three feeds, so, I said, if that's true I'll buy some and feed it to this mare and the first money, one hundred and fifty dollars, is mine sure sox. Well, I borrowed five dollars of my wife and went to town and spent one dollar for sugar, coffee and tobacco and spent the balance for stock food, and began feeding the mare three feeds a day of it without much else. Then I began feeding oats and hay with it when she did better. I fed it every day, accordin' to directions, for three months, the same as they did Patchen. Well, I went to the fair, and borrowed money of my wife to enter the mare. I noticed she handed it to me kinder grudgingly, but I told her not to look so downhearted, that she'd soon have it back when my mare goes as Patchen does in his picture. Well, the race started, I gave a feller five dollaas to drive for me, and the other drivers shut him out in 3:30.'

“ ‘I was out about twenty-five dollars, and all I had to show for my time and money was the pails the stock food came in and the experience I had paid so dearly for, but my wife said that Benjamin Franklin said that ‘Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,’ and that I had sure proved the truth of the saying. I sum it up in this way; that by his breeding and having inherited great speed and endurance Dan Patch lowered his record, and is truly a great horse. My mare did not lower her record because I don't believe she ever had one to lower. And I do not believe stock food helped either of them, and I believe it is advertised largely to catch suckers, like me, and get their money. No man, or horse, or cow was ever benefited permanently by being fed stimulants; in fact, it is an injury to them. Now I want to sell the mare, harness and sulky and buy me another team, then I'll let horse racing and stock food alone. Of course, by reading, I know that there is a lot of stock food being made, and if I was making it I would try and get papers to advertise it and would sell it to the farmers if I could. So good-bye and help me sell my fool's outfit if you can and I'll count it a great favor and do as much for you

whenever I have a chance.' "That is the story as it was told me," continued Mr. Philips, "and whether it is true or not it is a fair illustration of how the farmers are being misled by many advertisements."

As soon as Mr. Philips finished his story the men went away and we cows were turned out. I kept thinking, as cows often do think, if that eastern man should accept Mr. Philips' terms where we would go to and how we would be cared for. Old Nelly had told me so many stories about the bad homes she had had that it made me quite suspicious, still I did not think Mr. Philips would sell us to anybody whom he thought would not take good care of us or treat us unkindly.

Early one morning, a week or more after this, Mr. Philips came into the barn and said to the boys, "Well, Mr. Sagen-dorph has made me an offer. He says he does not want Queen Vashti, as she is too old." He then turned to me and said, "Well, Queen, what do you think of that?" I thought I was glad that I would not have to leave my good home and dear friends, but as I could not express my thoughts just then, I kept still and listened, as cows and women usually do. "He, also, says he does not want Primitive, the four-year-old bull, nor the young ones, as he says I can sell them better in the West than he can sell them. But he says he will take the six cows and three heifer calves and give me three thousand dollars for the lot. That is about the price I had set on them, which was as follows: Queen Deette and calf one thousand dollars, Yeksa's Queen six hundred, Queen of Salem five hundred, Queen Avis two hundred and fifty, Queen Deb two hundred, Woodfern one hundred, Rose Spring one hundred, Ferndale and calf one hundred and fifty, and Queen Nellie's calf, two hundred, in all three thousand one hundred dollars."

"Don't you think that is a pretty good price," said one of the boys, "That will leave us old Queen and Primitive to start another herd, and we can sell the young bulls here easy enough.

It is within one hundred dollars of the price you had set on them, but what about getting them to him?"

"Oh, that will be easy enough," said Mr. Phillips, "for he writes me to send one man with them, he will come free, and he will pay the freight on the cattle and buy a return ticket for the man."

"One of the boys said, "That is all right pa, and two of us can go as far as Buffalo, when one can stop and see the Exposition and the other can go on with the cattle and stop at Buffalo on his way back."

"That will work all right," replied Mr. Philips, "for I want you boys to see that great show."

So Mr. Philips wrote to Mr. Sagendorph and accepted his offer. He said that he wrote him that, as they were strangers to each other, he wanted him to send the three thousand dollars to the La Crosse County Bank, with instructions that when he presented to them the bill of lading, stating that the ten head of cattle were loaded on the cars ready for shipment, they were to pay him the money. That same day Mr. Hope, manager of Mr. McThomlely's large herd of cattle, near New York City, came to the farm and said that he had heard of Queen Deette's record and had come to buy her if he could. Mr. Philips told him that he would not sell the best one alone, that the herd must all go together. Mr. Philips said Mr. Hope was a good judge of cows. He went out and looked Queen Deette over several times, then went down into the pasture to look at the other cows, and when he came back to the barn said it was a terrible place to turn such valuable cows into as the hills and rocks were dangerous. Mr. Philips said to him, "How about the cows, how do they look?"

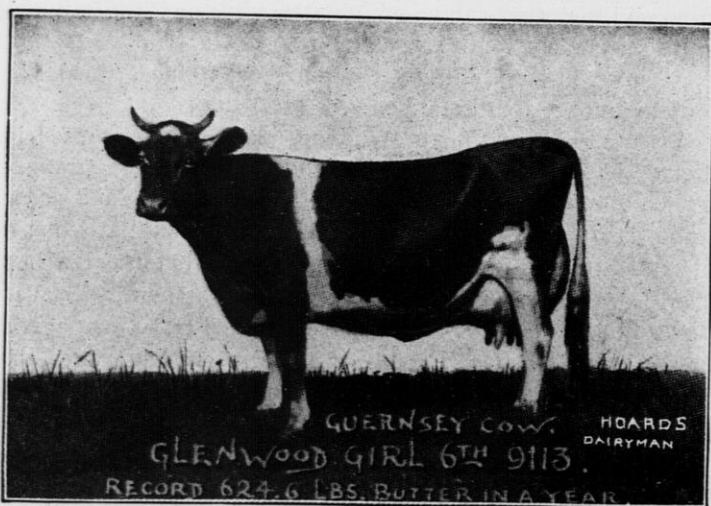
In answer to the question Mr. Hope said, "They look fine; they are large and strong, and that cow, Queen Deette, you will have to look a long time on the Island of Guernsey to find one that will beat her, and I want to buy her."

Mr. Philips said, "The fact of these cattle feeding on this

rough land and climbing the hills is just what makes them well and strong, look at the rugged cattle of the highlands of Scotland."

"Well," said Mr. Hope, "Will you price me that cow?"

Mr. Philips replied, "I can not do it because she is sold, unless Mr. Sagendorph declines my terms. If he does I will write to you."



GLENWOOD GIRL 6TH. NO. 9113.

Advanced Register No. 1. Owned by E. T. Gill, Hadonfield, N. J. She gave in 12 months 12,187 lbs. of milk, which made 572.30 lbs. of butter fat equal to 668 lbs. of butter.

Mr. Hope said if Mr. Sagendorph declined his terms, he would return and see the cattle again. But the next week the money came to the bank from Mr. Sagendorph, and the cattle were taken to West Salem and shipped.

Mr. Philips' two sons, George and Will, accompanied the cattle. Quite a number of citizens went to the stock yards to

see them off, as it was the best and most valuable shipment of thoroughbred stock, of one man's raising, ever made from West Salem. They went through to Spencer, Mass., safely, and Mr. Sagendorph was pleased with the cattle, and entertained the boy, Wm. J., royally while he was there. The boys spent a week at the Exposition and learned something of the world and had a good time.

This was another sad period of my life and the second time I was left alone, more alone this time than I was before for then my father was with me, and I was so young then that it was easier to form new attachments, but this time I was bereft in my old age, as a cow is counted very old when twelve years of age as I was then. My daughters and granddaughters and great-granddaughters that had been my companions for years, were taken away from me; so far away that I never expected to see them again. So how could I, even though but a cow, help feeling sad and lonely? And I was lonely for weeks; more lonely than anything but a mother's heart, who has been bereft as I had been, can tell. There were a few grade cows left, but, with the exception of one called Nelly that I liked, I had no companions. Apples were plenty that fall, but they did not taste as good to me and I did not enjoy eating them as much as I used to. Neither did I enjoy feeding in the pasture as I had done.

The hired man said I had begun falling off in my yield of milk and that I did not eat my feed well, which proved the truth of the axiom, "if a cow is not fed well she can not produce much milk." After this had continued for a few weeks Mr. Philips felt sorry for me and decided to take me down to West Salem to live with him and Mrs. Philips for a family cow. I was delighted with this arrangement.

CHAPTER XXI.

SEEDLING APPLES.

*“Our duty down here is to do, not to know;
To live as though life were earnest,
And life will be so.”*

One day, about a month after my family was sent East, I was in a lot near the barn eating a pail of apples, Mr. Philips had brought out to me, when a strange man came out where we were. He said he was from Illinois, and said to Mr. Philips, “I have heard that you have a lot of seedling apples that you have been testing, and I came to see them if you have time to show them to me.”

“I generally take time to do such things whether I have it to spare or not,” said Mr. Philips, “I am some like Mr. Springer, of Waupacca County, I do a great amount of work for others.”

“I guess that is true,” the man said, “I saw Mr. Springer and Mr. Plumb, both Wisconsin men, at New Orleans, and they both appeared to take great pleasure in instructing others.”

“Well,” said Mr. Philips, pointing to a tree near the corner of the barn, “That tree there is a sweet apple. I call it Eureka; it is good in quality and a good seller. It is a seedling of the Tallman Sweet. My father planted the seed, which produced it, in 1866. The trees I have of it have been bearing about twenty years.”

“The very large tree next to it is a McMahan, and I have too many of them. It is a large white apple and you can see,

as late as it is, some on the tree yet. It originated in Richland County, Wis. Mrs. McMahan planted the seed back in the seventies. The fruit is fair in quality and keeps nearly as long as the Wealthy. Its color is against it, for shipping, it being quite light. It was grafted and disseminated by Freeborn & Hatch, of Ithica, Wis.



WM. SPRINGER, Fremont, Wis.
Originator of Wolf River Apple.

“This one we are passing is the Ocheda Plum. I found the old tree of this variety at Lake Ocheda, Minn. It is hardy, productive, and very good in quality. It is now being grown in several western nurseries.

“The next large tree there, near the shop, is a Peerless, it originated about nine miles from Owatonna, Minn. I have been to see the old tree twice, was sent there by the Depart-

ment of Agriculture. The seed, which produced it, was planted by a Mr. Miller. O. F. Brand, of Faribault, Minn., bought the cions and propagated it and sold it for a very high price, ten dollars for six trees and, it was said, he made some money out of it, and he ought to, too, to pay him for all the roasting he received about it. It is a very good nursery tree, slow coming into bearing and the fruit is not as good as the Wealthy. It has not given satisfaction, except to a few planters. Its friends have tried hard to get it into the first list in Minnesota, but, so far, the better judgment of the Horticultural Society has kept it in the second list.

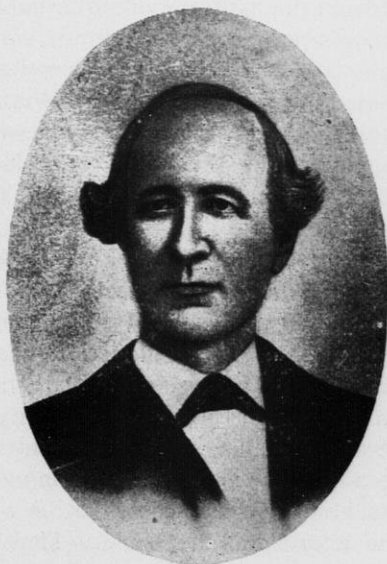
"The next two trees are the Dominion Winter, a seedling that first came into notice in Canada, in 1886. It is very hardy and does not blight, is a prolific bearer, and bears young, is very good in quality and keeps till March. I first saw it bearing in Wisconsin sixteen years ago, on the farm of W. H. Chappel, of Oregon. T. E. Cashman, of Owatonna, saw it bearing here, in my orchard, and liked it, and ordered some cions of it and is propagating it. I have propagated it some and have had it bear at six years old in the nursery row. Its color is against it, it being a dull yellow.

"That next large tree there is a Wealthy, but, of course, you know all about it."

"No, I do not," said the man, "I know that it originated in Minnesota and that is about all I do know."

"Is that really so, why, I supposed that everyone who knew anything at all about apples knew all about the Wealthy," said Mr. Philips, "Well, I'll tell you about it. The seed was planted by Minnesota's veteran horticulturist, Peter M. Gideon, near Lake Minnetonka. And I am proud to know that I there saw the original tree. It has been planted across the continent more extensively than any other seedling ever known, and it has been the parent of more good seedlings than any other variety. Mr. Gideon deprived himself of needed clothing, one winter, in order to send for the seed from which the great Wealthy grew.

And Minnesota and other northern states owe him a debt of gratitude that can not be estimated. I could talk to you all day about the Wealthy and Peter Gideon, but I have not the time. The Wealthy has made many people happy. It was named in honor of Mrs. Gideon."



PETER M. GIDEON
Originator of the Wealthy Apple.

The man then pointed to a large tree and said, "What is that big, tall tree there?"

"That is the Whitney Crab," replied Mr. Philips, "It originated in your own state, near Franklin Grove. I went to see the old tree three times before I bought any, as Mr. Whitney was afraid it would not be hardy so far north, but it is hardy here and an abundant bearer, and the fruit is of good quality.

It is the best tree to grow for fence-posts I know of. I have more than a mile of wire fence on them, and, when they bear plentifully, I feed lots of them to my cows. I planted the first large lot of them that Mr. Whitney sold in Wisconsin."

"That next tree is the Peter, a seedling of the Wealthy and though it is a good apple, it is so near like its parent that some wanted it struck from the list for Minnesota, but out of respect for Mr. Gideon it was retained, which I think was all right.

"The next tree is a Doylstown, an apple of excellent quality, and it originated in Columbia County, Wis., where I first went to see the original tree. I have a few top-worked trees of it. It is a fall apple and the girls and boys all like it to eat. I have plenty of cions of it and consider it worth propagating in small quantities for home use."

"That is the most seedling history I ever heard," said the man, "Are you near through?"

"No, indeed, not half through," Mr. Philips replied.

"Well," said the man, "I would like to hear the balance, but am in quite a hurry as I am going to Blair, but will be back in a week or ten days when I will stop and see you again and learn some more about seedlings, if it is not putting you to too much trouble because it is very interesting to me."

Mr. Philips told him to come again, that he would be glad to give him all the information he could. That same day Mr. Philips went back to town and I did not see him for more than a week. I began to think he had forgotten his promise to take me down town to live, and I could not keep from getting lonely, and, as the days went by, I missed my daughters and granddaughters more and more. But when Mr. Philips came he cheered me up quite a bit, as I found he had not forgotten his promise. He came into my stall and said, "How goes it Queen? I declare, it makes me homesick to come here and see only you left out of my nice little herd of cattle! I know I received a big price for them, but there is something more and better than money in this world. I was so proud of my cattle and did so

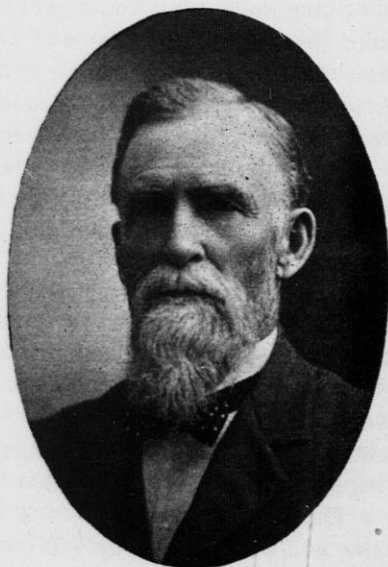
enjoy their companionship, and when the train, which carried them to Massachusetts, pulled away from the station, at Salem, I felt more like crying than anything else. And, Queen, from what I hear you are homesick too. The man says you don't eat good and only give two-thirds as much milk as you did before your companions went away," then putting his arm around my neck he continued, "but you must brace up old lady and we will make the best of it. My wife and I have been talking the matter over, and we are going to take you down town this winter so we can have plenty of good milk and butter and so we can take good care of you," just then he looked out of the door and said, "well, as sure as you live, if here don't come our seedling apple man back again, so I will have to go out with him and after he is gone I will tell you what I told him."

When the man came in Mr. Philips said to him, "Good morning." The man returned Mr. Philips' greeting and said, "You see I took you at your word and am back again, and want to look over your trees and get some more seedling apple history before you forget it."

So they went out into the orchard and were gone quite a while. Mr. Philips said to him, "You see that large tree there that looks like a Duchess? Well, that is a seedling which originated in Maine and is called Dudley's Winter. Mr. Dudley wrote me that it was as hardy as the Duchess, and as productive and good in quality as the Wealthy and keeps six weeks longer, but so far with me it does not quite fill the bill, as it is a hard bill to fill. It blights some, but the apples are large and handsome, but with me it is only a late fall apple. It is sold by some nurserymen as the North Star. I do not propagate it any more, as I have better ones.

"That next tree is a Virginia crab, top-grafted to the Milwaukee. It is a fine grower and, in some places, bears fine fruit, which it does with Mr. Leatch, a good apple grower, near Lake Minnetonka. It was originated near Milwaukee, by

George Jeffrys, with whom I am well acquainted. It is not as profitable as the Wealthy. I have a half dozen of the trees, some on their own roots and some top-grafted. Cotta & Son, of Freeport, in your state, make quite a specialty of it. It is good for some localities."



C. G. PATTEN, Charles City, Ia.
Originator of Pattens Greening Apple.

"In that same row farther up are some large trees of Patten's Greening. It is one of the hardiest and most productive of the new seedlings. The fruit is good for cooking and excellent to dry. It was originated at Charles City, Iowa, by that veteran in horticulture, C. G. Patten, from Wisconsin seed. He is very proud of it because whoever plants that tree and takes care of it

is sure to have fruit to eat and sell, but, of course, it does not sell like a red apple, which the market demands."

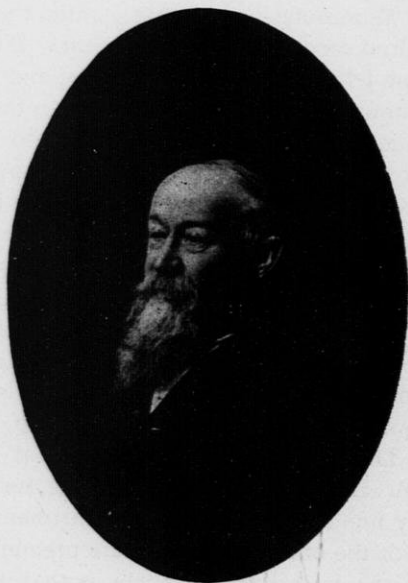
"Those large trees, over the fence, in the pasture, are the Avista. The seed was brought from Vermont by John Clark, who is still living. As Mr. Clark had no place to plant them he gave them to a farmer, by the name of Chauncy Elwell, Mrs. Tillson's father, who too is still alive, she is well known to many of my Minnesota readers. He planted them and raised about five hundred seedlings. That was nearly fifty years ago, and the only one left of the lot is this Avista, and when I found that it bore annually and kept well through the winter, and was good to bake and eat with cream I began to propagate it. It is a tree that likes to be let alone after the top is shaped in the nursery, as if pruned much it blights a little in some localities. In our trial orchard at Wausau I never saw a blighted twig on it, and the old tree bore thirty-one consecutive crops for me, and then, to save its life, I had it grubbed out.

"That row of trees along the fence are the Malinda. It is a seedling, Mr. Hoskins claimed, that came from Vermont. It is very hardy, and, towards spring, is quite good in quality. It is slow coming into bearing, so, to hurry it up, I usually top-graft it. The Department of Agriculture sent me to Iowa to look it up, as Mr. Edson Gaylord, of that state, had, that spring, sent some very fine specimens to the Department. One of the requirements for the one thousand dollars premium, offered by Minnesota for the best seedling apple, is that it shall keep as long as the Malinda. This apple produced the seeds from which were grown the one hundred and fifty varieties, by Mr. Perkins, of Red Wing, Minn., which were shown, a few years ago, in Boston, by Wyman Elliott, of Minneapolis, at which show the Wilder gold medal was awarded to them.

"A little farther down, there are ten large trees of the Okabena. I have visited the old tree, on the bank of the beautiful lake of that name, in western Minnesota. They are hardy and productive, and at our trial orchard, in Marathon County,

QUEEN VASHTI

Wis., this variety and Patten's Greening seem to be standing it better and bearing more fruit than the N. W. Greening or Wealthy. On that cut-over soil, where hemlock, maple and pine grow, it seems to be at home, and if I had similar soil I would plant largely of those two varieties and hold them in cold storage for winter. These Okabena trees were given to me



MR. E. W. PERKINS

Originator of Many Seedling Apples.

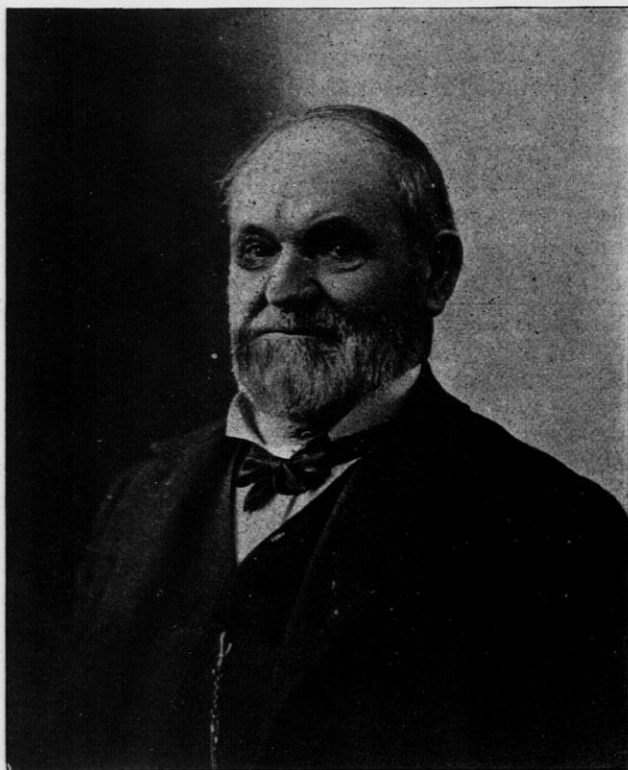
for trial, by the Jewell Nursery Co., of Lake City, Minn. They bought the old tree and are propagating it. J. M. Underwood is the president of the company.

“That modest looking little tree has never borne any fruit because it has only been planted one year. It is called the Yahnke because a German, by that name, near Winona, Minn., origin-

ated it, or, more properly speaking, the good Lord, with whom Mr. Yahnke is on quite friendly terms, did it for him, for when the sprout came up Mr. Yahnke cut it down, for three successive seasons, because, German-like, he wanted the ground to grow cabbages for sauerkraut, but the Lord persisted in keeping the tree alive, so Yahnke gave up and let the tree grow, and, at this time, I think it is about as near capturing the one thousand dollar premium as any I know, because such good judges as Wyman Elliott and Professor Green scored it one hundred in quality. I consider it more vigorous and hardier than the Duchess on Mr. Yahnke's ground. I have visited the old tree about a dozen times. One time I was there Mr. Yahnke showed me four rows of trees which were planted at three years of age, and all the same day. Across the south end of the rows was a Minnesota crab, next a Yahnke, then a Fameuse and last a Duchess. I noticed that the Yahnke looked the most vigorous, so the next time I was there I went out to the trees, with Mr. Yahnke's son, and with a tape-line measured the circumference of them one foot above the ground. The Minnesota measured twenty-six inches, Fameuse twenty-five and one-half, Duchess twenty-eight and one-half and the Yahnke forty-two inches. Mr. Yahnke says it has produced more bushels of apples than the Duchess near it, and, with me, it keeps full as long as the Malinda. So there you have my reasons for saying what I have about it, and you can take them for what they are worth. I think on Mr. Yahnke's location it is valuable.

“Over there by the fence, you see that beautiful, top-worked tree. It is a seedling of Scott's Winter. The seed was planted at a time when we Wisconsin fellows thought Scott's Winter was a western seedling, which was found growing near La Crosse, by Mr. Wilcox. I like the quality full better than the parent; it keeps full as well, is handsome, and with me does not blight as bad as Scott's Winter, but it has not been propagated any. I have six or eight top grafted trees just beginning to bear and I wish I had two hundred. I have shown

it for two winters at the Minnesota Horticultural meeting, in December, and President Wedge, as the darkies say, took quite a shine to it. I have named it Philips' Winter.



E. H. S. DART. First Supt. of Minn. Tree Station.

“Come over this way and I will show you a handsome tree that has not borne any fruit yet. Some years ago I was visiting my genial old friend, E. H. S. Dart, and we were looking through the trial station, which he had managed, ten years, for

the State of Minnesota. I asked him if, in all the work he had done for the state, he had produced anything better than the Wealthy. He studied a moment then said, 'No Sir.' I then asked him to show me the best winter seedling he had produced in all that time. He took me along a row of trees and showed me a very handsome, hardy looking tree and said, 'There it is, I call it Phoenix, Number Fifty, as that is the number Phoenix sent it under.' Well, I took a half dozen cions and top-grafted this handsome tree. I visited Mr. Phoenix the next fall to find out about its parentage, but he could not tell me anything, except that it was among some cions somebody had given him. I do not think it an early bearer as it is among his early plantings, but it is worth watching.

"Here are two trees, that, for seedlings, have a strange history. I found the original tree in the fall of 1897, it was apparently, a sprout from a tree which had died, or, in fact, two sprouts from the same root. The shape of the apple resembles the Plumb Cider. On one sprout they were the richest kind of a deep red, on the other they resembled, in size and color, the Plum Cider. About the first of October, I took a peck of them to the Omaha Exposition. It was the only apple among our lot of seedlings on our tables that the Southern growers asked for cions of. The apples were just as handsome as could be, and the ladies would stop and look at them and say, 'Arn't they lovely?' I did not offer anyone a cion, although I had acquired control of the tree. I thought, like we experimenters are wont to think, that my fortune was made and that I would soon be building homes and hospitals for worn-out horticulturists and abused animals. I hardly dared tell the secret of my good fortune to my wife for fear she might, accidentally, give it away. I hardly dared tell anybody in what county, in Wisconsin, it originated for fear they would find out where it was. I cut cions enough to graft one hundred trees which I set out next spring, but did not raise one decent tree. I, also, top-worked some trees and gave them extra care. So

far I have raised one little, scrubby apple, and the old tree has never, since then, borne an apple that was fit to show at a fair, although it bears some on alternate years.

"'Now, have you heard enough about seedlings?' I asked him, he said, 'No, but I know you are in a hurry to go to town because you talked so fast. Several times I wanted to ask you a question, but I could not get a word in edgewise; however, it has been very interesting to me, but I can't for the life of me see how you can remember so much, and if I come through here again in the spring, which I now think I will, I will stop and have you tell me about some more seedlings.'

"I told him all right to come again, that I knew a lot more about seedlings which I would be pleased to tell him."

After Mr. Philips had told me all he had told the man about seedling apples he said to me, "I hate it awfully, Queen, to go away and leave you when you are feeling so sad and lonely, and I am sorry I can't take you down town with me now, but I have to go away on a short trip, but cheer up and keep up your spirits for as soon as I return home I will come and get you, it will not be more than two weeks at the outside, so good-bye."

I did not expect to see Mr. Philips for two long weeks, but he happily surprised me by coming back the very next day, but I was disappointed to find that he had not come for me. He said to me, "Well, Queen, you didn't expect to see me quite so soon, did you? After I went to town yesterday I sold the two young bulls, so had to come and get them. One of them I will have to take to La Crosse in a wagon. so will have to bring the team back when I will tell you about the sale."

The next evening he returned and said that he sold my great-grandson, King Armand, 7,292, to Mr. Hunter, at Picketts, near where my son, Salem's King, was sent. Mr. Philips fed him before he started, then put in a jug of milk for the express man to feed him on the way. I thought that was surely being kind to a calf.

The other calf, King Herron, 7,291, which had no Yeksa blood, he sold to C. L. Hood, of La Crosse. He took him to him in a wagon, and said that while on the way he saw some boys catching frogs in a pond near the city. They would tie strings to the frog's legs and hang them up on a fence wire and shoot at them with air guns. He said he stopped and told them that they must stop such cruel sport; that it was cruel and wicked and a good start for them to become murderers when they grew to be men. One of the boys said that they were having fun with the frogs the same as men did with pigeons at a "pigeon shoot." It made me wonder why men were not more careful about the examples they set for boys to follow.

"I must tell you good-bye again Queen, said Mr. Philips, "but I will not disappoint you again, for the next time I come it will be for you, so keep up your courage and be good for I will come and get you in two weeks at the farthestest."

CHAPTER XXII.

GOING TO TOWN AND WORDS OF WARNING.

*“Teach me to feel another’s woe,
To hide the faults I see;
That mercy I to others show,
Such mercy show to me.”*

I was so anxious to go to town to live that the days seemed to pass slower than ever, but in less than two weeks the anxiously looked for day came and my fondest hopes were realized, as Mr. Philips, true to his promise, came after me. He came into my stall early one morning and said, “well, Queen, you see I have kept my word and have come to take you down town to my wife and I can take care of you.”

I walked behind his buggy and was quite tired when I reached town, as the horse walked faster than I was used to walking. I soon felt quite happy and contented because both Mr. and Mrs. Philips did as the motto that hung in the barn up on the farm said to do, they spoke to me as if I was a lady. Mrs. Philips brought me something dainty to eat, such as apples, or potatoes several times a day. There was only one thing that marred my happiness, that was being so near the railroad, for nearly every day a stock train would stop near where I was, and sometimes, stay for twenty minutes, and it made me feel so sad to hear, from every car, the cries of the hungry and thirsty cattle, but saddest of all was to hear the cries of the poor little calves. It would make even the heart of a cow ache

to hear them. It seems to me that there ought to be a law passed compelling men who ship animals to rest, feed and water them oftener. It seems so strange that men will be so cruel to us helpless, dumb beasts that cannot voice our woes or demand our rights. Even if it did not make their profit a little less it would be better to do it for humanity's sake, and it would make their conscience feel easier. I was always glad when the stock train started on its way, so that I could no longer hear their plaintive cries, at least for awhile. I had been down town about three days when, early one morning, a man who said his name was Powers, came into the barn and asked Mr. Philips what the cow census meant. That he had been reading about it and thought that if they took a census of all the cows he might get a job. "Oh, no, that is not it," said Mr. Philips, "they are only sending out good, responsible men, who are experts in handling cows, to test the cows of different herds to see which are kept at a profit and which at a loss, and report the same to Hoard's Dairyman." "Well, that lets me out for I never tested a cow in my life," said Mr. Powers, "but, by the way, I saw in a La Crosse paper, that you had recently sold some very fine cows to a man way off in Massachusetts, is that so?"

"Yes, it is," Mr. Philips replied, "and this cow standing here is of that same breed and is the mother, grandmother, great-grandmother and great-great-grandmother of those I sold, and she is all I have left to start another herd."

"Well, I declare, that surprises me!" said Mr. Powers, "She is a cow worth having and is surely a fine one and much larger than I thought the Guernseys and Jerseys ever grew."

Mr. Philips said, "The size of both these breeds depend largely on the intelligence of the man who raises them. If the heifers are properly bred, fed and cared for they will be large enough for all practical purposes."

"What are they proving, anyway, with this cow census?" asked Mr. Powers.

"Well," Mr. Philips replied, "the main thing they are find-

ing out is that very many of the farmers are keeping their cows at a loss, the poor cows are eating up the profits made by the good ones. And it almost invariably shows that the poorest paying herds are kept by men who read farm papers! the least, and I think, by men who have no fixed purpose; they try all breeds, and they try everything they read or their neighbors read about, many times, in responsible, general purpose journals. And when I stop and consider what a conglomeration of humbuggery is placed before the farmers to read, by very many papers of the present day, I do not wonder that they do many unprofitable and foolish things. I suppose, a majority of farmers do about the same as I usually do; that is, when I receive a sample copy of a paper I look over the advertisements which are printed for the farmer and his family to read. For instance: yesterday I received a sample copy of a paper, a new one to me, which is said to have a circulation of five hundred thousand; part of its name is Rural Home, and it is the rural fellows they are after because there are so many of them. It claimed for contributors an array of wonderful talent and, when I read their names, I found it had. The price, too, was cheap, so cheap that the wayfaring man, though a poor farmer, need not go without a paper, as the price is but twenty cents a year and only fifty cents for five years, and it contains thirty-two pages. Surely, I thought, at that price, no farmer can have any valid excuse for not having anything to read, for thousands of them spend enough for tobacco and strong drink, in a single day, to take that wonderful paper, with such able contributors, for five whole years.'

"Well, I began to scan its pages to see what class of advertisements it carried. The first, which attracted my attention, was, to me, a new one, that of Bullock & Ward, who have a full page of three hundred useful articles which are actually given away free(?) with only small orders—what wonderful liberality to the people! Next was a full page of Sears, Roebuck & Co., who give away more chairs with a small order than I

had in my house when I began housekeeping, and they are so liberal that for a small sum they give the farmers the great(?) opportunity to share the profits with them, and by doing this they must soon use up the country stores.

"Then, there is Peterson & Co., they say they will sell flavoring extracts so cheap and so good that when the buyer once uses them, he or she will never use any other, thus, practically, driving all other dealers out of business, including the many the Dairy and Food Commissioner, of Wisconsin, has knocked out for selling impure and adulterated foods.

"On page twenty-two I saw a picture of some men, who looked like farmers, whose breath was so bad that it looked like lightning, and appeared to be striking some other men who were holding their noses, as I used to do when I went out at night to shoot the highly scented chap that was killing my father's chickens. It stated that one single Cascaret would knock this disease silly, and a ten cent box carried in your vest pocket will do wonderful things, and if, as it says, more than ten million boxes are sold every year just think of the good(?) they have done and are doing the human family.

"It tells about Swansons' Cure, five drops of which will cure seventeen of the worst diseases flesh is heir to, and so cheap too, three hundred doses for one dollar. Why the village doctor will charge you that for one visit and then not cure you. Next, on page twenty-five, is Liquizone, it is well known, as many papers advertise it, and all editors need it because they are among all people. Nine nations are said to use it, and you only have to risk your stomach, you don't have to risk any money, which is a good thing, as money is the scarcest thing most farmers have; and then, too, it beats Cascarets for it is said to cure thirty-eight different diseases. When I read of its wonderful curative properties I wonder, yes, I actually wonder, how I have ever lived for seventy-two years without taking a dose of it. I asked our village doctor, who graduated at the Rush Medical College and has practiced here for over twenty-

five years with good success, about it, and he said it was first-class humbug. 'But,' said I, 'they say its virtues are derived mostly from gases.' 'Yes,' he said 'it is mostly all gas and very poor gas at that.'

"Now, I have only glanced at just a few things in this paper. It contains some good articles on the home; on dairying, stock raising and other things that are all right. I have only spoken of a few things, merely to show that the tendency is to fool and cheat the farmers and ignorant people. The next thing I noticed was a horse going very fast, rather too fast to be safe. I thought reckless riding or driving is not safe. I read in a paper today that an automobile became unmanageable while going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and capsized, and a lady occupant was caught under it and roasted before she could be extricated. It is no use for writers to try to make people or farmers believe that the great performance of horses, or of cows is on account of a particular kind of a food they eat, for intelligent farmers know better than that, and since Uncle Sam has given them rural free delivery, farmers and their families are reading more. Ex-Governor Hoard has given them excellent thoughts along these lines when he says for performance you must have breeding for generations back. For the trotting or pacing horse eats oats and goes fast. The draft horse eats oats from the same bin and it enables him to draw immense loads. It being nearly a balanced ration, if fed to a good cow it enables her to make a great record of butter or cheese, while, if fed to the sheep they are enabled to give you a good fleece of wool. Mr. Hoard knew that the little thoroughbred mare that so loyally carried him to a place of safety when rebel horsemen were chasing him to make him a prisoner, could not have done it on any particular feed, but she did it because she had a long line of thoroughbred blood back of her. Dan Patch, Lou Dillon, Jay Eye See or The Broncho never would have astonished the world with their great speed if they had not inherited it from a long line of pure-bred ancestors. Farm-

ers are learning this by attending Farmers' Institutes, their own experiences and by reading reliable farm papers. They well know that you cannot give something for nothing and keep it up any great length of time. Mr. Philips told Mr. Powers that he was much interested in reading how a two-year-old Indiana filly called the Princess of Manlove, trotted a quarter of a mile at a one fifty clip and that her feed had always been, since she was weaned, good oats, timothy hay, once in a while a bran mash, grass in its season, an occasional apple, and plenty of kind treatment coupled with a long line of trotting ancestors. This takes us back to Mrs. Foster's original proposition that good blood and kind treatment will make the records, and that is what I desire to impress on the minds of young farmers, no matter what the papers say. Mr. Philips said many things he read made him think of the Quaker's advice to his son. The boy had found a single stock of buckwheat growing back of the barn. He very carefully cultivated and cared for it, and after being harvested he counted every kernel it produced. The number was very large, and when he told of it in the village store, one evening, some of the listeners intimated it was a big story. But the boy had told the truth and it plagued him to think that they did not believe him, and he told his father so on the way home. The father said, 'John, let me give thee a little advice. Thee will always find it better to tell a probable lie than an improbable truth.' Mr. Philips said, speaking of a Quaker made him think of an incident that happened one morning in Fort Atkinson, Wis. He had stopped there to see ex-Governor Hoard and Uncle Perry Goodrich. He came in on a late train and was eating a late breakfast the next morning at a hotel with an elderly traveling man for a companion. Mr. Philips asked the man if he was a Quaker. The man said, 'not exactly, but I am of Quaker descent.' Mr. Philips said, 'I thought so, as when a boy I lived in Pennsylvania among the Quakers, and you resemble them, and I always thought that if I lived among them again I would join their church providing

they would take me, as they always seemed so kind to everybody. 'Well,' the man said, 'they are good people and I can tell you my father's religion in just four lines.' Mr. Philips said, 'Let me hear it,' so the man said, 'Here it is:

'We come into this world with nothing to wear,
We go through this world with sorrow and care,
We go out of this world we don't know where,
But if we are all right here, we will be all right there.'

" 'That is pretty good and it about fills the whole bill,' Mr. Philips replied. Mr. Powers said, 'that is pretty good religion, please repeat it slowly, so I can write it down.' Mr. Philips said, 'I have written it for several, including my Friend Rietbrock, of Milwaukee, who endorsed it, and Dr. Jewell, of Lake City, who was a Quaker himself.' Just at this moment Mr. Philips saw some little boys shooting at birds in his evergreen hedge. He left Mr. Powers and went to stop them. He told them it was cruel as they had nests in the vines. 'Oh!' one boy says, 'they are only sparrows.' 'Yes,' Mr. Philips replied, 'and you are only boys, would you like to be shot at?' The boy said no, then Mr. Philips said, 'You stop shooting these birds, for my wife feeds them every day.' He said, 'Don't you know we could not live long without birds. You had better sell your little guns and take the money to subscribe for Mr. Angell's paper or read the book I am writing.' Mr. Philips said, 'All that I have told you about I saw in that wonderful new paper, but my daily papers publish some curious things, too, for city people and farmers to read. I saw in one of them a short time ago the picture of a long procession of drunkards marching along a road at one end of which is a precipice, over which, as fast as they come to it, the drunkards fall into a bottomless pit, all owing to their bad habit of drinking strong drink. On another page in the same paper is a picture of three hale, hearty, old men, at the advanced age of eighty, eighty-five and ninety years, whose lives, it is said, have been preserved all

those long years by drinking Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, and on another page an editorial says: 'There is no place for the boozier, a man must let strong drink entirely alone if he wishes to secure a good position.' On the other side of the page, in the same paper, is a picture of a great pulpit orator, the Rev. James Stoddard, of the Church of the Holy Apostles, whose high position is expected to verify the assertion, which is made, that when hope of life was gone a very dear friend brought him some of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey and he said, 'It saved my life and today I am a strong, robust and healthy man; this and more I owe to that choice brand of whiskey.'

"On still another page it tells of Hiram Cronk, of New York, the last survivor of the war of 1812. He is now over one hundred years old and, it is said, gives the credit to Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey for his long life, as it is the only medicine he has taken for fifty years. His pension has been doubled and the council of New York City have promised to give him a public funeral whenever he will accommodate them by dying, which, judging the future by the past, will not occur while Duffy's whiskey hold out. I call these statements quite an array of contradictions to be contained in one issue of two daily papers. I was reminded of them yesterday while going to La Crosse on the train. While talking to a friend in the smoking car we noticed three rather poorly dressed young men that seemed to be traveling together—and in front of us two boys, sleepy looking fellows, occupied one seat. Soon one of the three took out of his pocket a two-quart bottle of whiskey and treated his two companions. From the faces they made I did not think it the same brand the old preacher drank, for he looked pleasant. Then one of the two boys not to be outdone, took a quart bottle from his pocket and treated his companion, his was evidently whiskey, but perhaps not Duffy's. They acted as though they read the papers. My friend said, 'that seems to me a poor start in the world for a young man to make. What business man would employ those five young men.' 'Well,'

Mr. Powers said, 'you have told me quite a story and it interested me and I wish more of our young men and farmers could have heard it.' Mr. Philips said, 'When I see and read of these things I have mentioned it leads me to ask myself the question, whither are we drifting, for it does seem to me that the editors of our papers are not as particular as they ought to be about what they publish for their patrons to read. Only last Sunday I was reading a copy of a paper that was published in Philadelphia in 1832, and I am satisfied editors then were more particular what they published than they are now—perhaps competition and the great desire to make money causes them to do it. But, like the railroad conductor I read about, I may be mistaken. If so, I beg the editor's pardon. The conductor said:

" 'I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am,' speaking to a quiet looking little woman seated beside a boy on a Pennsylvania train.

" 'I guess not,' she replied, with decision.

" 'He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the car's crowded. There are people standing.'

" 'I've never paid for him yet,' the woman retorted.

" 'You've got to begin some time,' persisted the conductor.

" 'Not this trip, anyway.'

" 'You'll have to pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll stop the train and put him off.'

" 'All right, put him off, if you think that's the way to get anything out of me.'

" 'You ought to know what the rules of this road are, ma'am. How old is that boy?'

" 'I don't know, I never saw him before.' "

Mr. Powers then went away and Mr. Philips brought in a fresh pail of water for me to drink. He said, "Queen, you are looking fine this morning. I never saw you look better. I wish Mrs. Foster could see you. If you stay here this winter I will fit up a nice box stall for you, so you will not have to be tied up at all, as you and I have worked hard and now while on the

decline of life we must take all the comfort we can, as Old Nelly did the last year of her life."

He further said, "Queen, I have something more to tell you. I thought I would say nothing about it at present and await the outcome, but as you and I are here alone I will tell you. You will remember that when I showed you and my other cattle in Milwaukee, that a nice looking old gentleman came often to your stall and wanted me to set a price on you. His name was Fred Rietbrock, he owns a very large farm at Athens, in Marathon County. He wants to help the settlers there on the new lands and has concluded to take some good Guernsey cattle up there, and as he already bought some of your mothers descendants, he was anxious to buy you, but I would not put a price on you while I kept any Guernseys. But now he has heard that I sold all your descendants and he was here a day or two ago to again buy you. I was glad to see him, he came with Mr. Griswold, but I told him I was afraid he had come too late, as I had made another man an offer. He said, 'what a fool I was that I did not come here, instead of going to Buffalo, and Queen Vashti would have been mine.'"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

*“Kind words can never die,
Cberished and blest;
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast.”*

Some five or six weeks after my daughters and granddaughters went way off to Massachusetts, Mr. Philips came out to the barn one noon, to give me some water and feed, and said, “Well, old lady, I have got another surprise for you. Since Mr. Sagendorph bought my cattle and transferred them to his son, he is so well pleased with them that he is anxious to have you too, so he has asked me for a price on you and Primitive. As you are past twelve years old I have priced you at three hundred dollars and Primitive at two. I hardly think he will pay that much, but if he does, I am satisfied you will have a good home. You have been a faithful servant for eleven years and I do believe I ought to keep you the rest of your life. You have given for me over eighty thousand pounds of milk, which made over five thousand pounds of butter worth about eighteen hundred dollars by adding the skim milk. You have dropped seven valuable calves which brought me eighteen hundred dollars. I already have your picture enlarged and framed, and hanging in my best room, near Governor Rusk’s and Governor Hoard’s pictures. I owe much of the little success I have attained to a good father; a kind and loving mother; to a faith-

ful wife, the mother of my six children, to you and to the two men I have just mentioned. And you know, Queen, that no amount of money could buy you if I had the least idea you would be treated unkindly or not be well cared for, but I feel certain that if Mr. Sagendorph buys you that he will be kind to you and give you the best of care."

Still, after hearing this kind talk, I felt that the chances of getting better care and treatment than Mr. Philips and his boys had given me when they cared for me were uncertain. But I tried to cheer myself up with the thought that if I went to Mr. Sagendorph's I could see all my off-spring and be with them again, and that I would not be as lonely as I was here all alone. Then, too, I thought maybe that I would be so far from the railroad there that I could not hear the cries of the poor hungry cattle in the stock cars. Thinking of them made me wonder if I would be let to get as hungry and thirsty as those poor cattle were, if I should go on such a long journey as I might have to. But, after all my trying to make myself believe that it would be best for me to go to Massachusetts, I still hated to leave my old home where I had always been treated so kindly, and where I was thought so much of. Mr. and Mrs. Philips and the children always petted me and talked to me as if I was a person instead of a cow. I had been talked to all my life and liked to hear people talk, and I knew I would be very lonely if I should go where I was not talked to or not treated as if I was one of the family. Then, again I thought that my home here would soon be not what it used to be; my children had grown up and gone from me; Mrs. Philips' two daughters had married and gone to homes of their own, and it would only be a short time until her sons, too, would leave the home nest and go out into the world to make homes for themselves, when Mr. and Mrs. Philips and I would be left alone in our old age, when it would be too much work for them to care for me—Oh, dear! I thought, why should mothers be separated from their children? Then, I thought, I had less to complain of than most mothers, for I had

kept my daughters with me until they had daughters and granddaughters and great-granddaughters of their own and I had got to be a great-great-grandmother. So, I made up my mind that my life, so far, had been a very happy one; that I had a great deal to be thankful for; much more than very many people have; and that I would try not to worry any more about my future, but bear patiently and cheerfully whatever Fate had in store for me.

In less than a week after this, Mr. Philips came into my stall and said, "Well, Queen, you will have to go and leave us. I was passing the bank, this morning, and the cashier called me in and said, 'There is a draft of five hundred dollars here, for you, from Mr. A. H. Sagendorph. I guess he likes the cattle so well that he has concluded that he bought them too cheap and has sent you five hundred dollars more.'

"I told him that men did not often do that way; that for the five hundred dollars I had to ship him two more cattle.

"Well, he said, 'I never supposed you could raise such cattle as those on that hill.'

"But, I told him that good feed and water; good shelter and care, and last, but by no means least, good breeding will raise good cattle anywhere, even on a hill. Now, the next thing, Queen, will be to get someone to go with you as the boys are all attending school. I would like to go myself and see your new home. Well, I declare! if there don't come that seedling apple man again. I guess he thought he wouldn't wait till Spring, but I haven't much time to talk to him now."

The man came into the barn where Mr. Philips was standing and said to him, "When I got to Milwaukee I found that I had to return to Sparta; so, after I got through there, I thought I would run down here and see you and get you to tell me some more about seedlings."

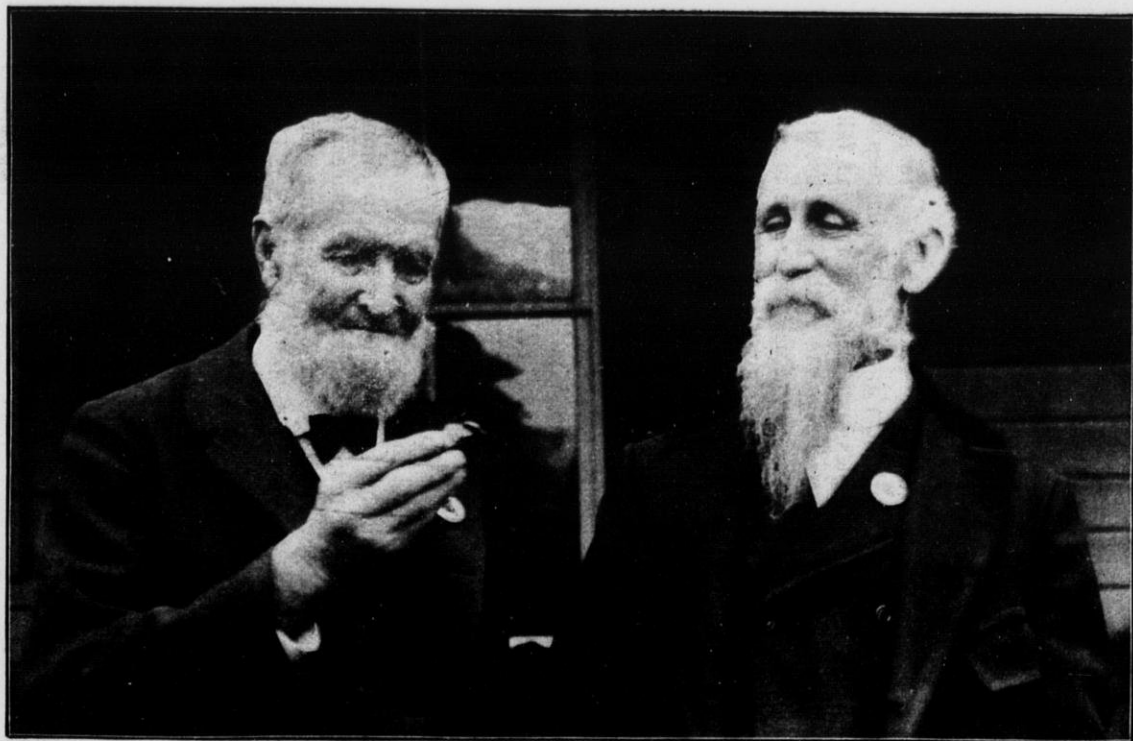
Mr. Philips said to him, "I am pretty busy, as I have sold two head of cattle and must ship them tomorrow, but I will spend a little time with you, and the seedling subject is not yet

near exhausted. Since I last saw you I have found an old letter from Mr. Harris, in which he said he had great hopes of getting something valuable from the Zettel seedlings, for one of them, which I had called the Mier, had made a great record, and said further, 'you remember that you gave one of the Mier apples to my friend Elliott?'

Well, he made a cut of it and gave seven of the seeds to Tom Redpath, who planted them and produced six trees which, in six years, bore good apples, and two of them, one fall and one winter, have been awarded prizes at the Minnesota state fair for best seedlings. A very unusual occurrence to get fruit from a seedling tree at so early an age."

Mr. Philips then said to the man, "I can show you some seedlings here of both apples and plums that I did not show you at the farm. That tree standing near the barn is the Lords L, a tree grown from seed of the Wealthy by Mr. O. M. Lord, of Minnesota City, Minn."

"Beg pardon," the man said, "but I thought Lord was the plum man of Minnesota." "So he is," Mr. Philips said, "and right there stands one of his favorite productions, the Rollingstone, and a little farther down the row is a Brittlewood and a Free Silver plum tree that Mr. Lord gave me to remember him by, both I prize highly. I can tell you Mr. Lord is an authority on plums wherever he goes, whether it is in Minnesota, where he is loved by so many—or in many other places. Come into the house and I will show you the nicest picture you ever saw. It is Mr. O. M. Lord and Mr. J. W. Kerr, of Denton, Md., two of the best authorities on native plums in the United States. The artist caught them when they were examining a choice specimen of the native plum. From the expression on their faces I judge they have found a nice Surprise plum—which was originated by Martin Penning, of Sleepy Eye, Minn." The man said, "My, how I would like a copy of that picture. It would be a treasure for a keep-sake." "Well," Mr. Philips said, "it will be in my book and for a plum man it will be

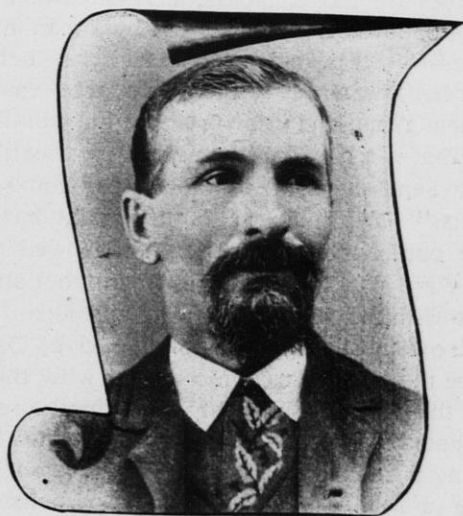


O. M. LORD, Minnesota City, Minn.

J. W. KERR, Denton, Md.

Two National Plum Experts.

worth the price of the book." "Tell me more about the Lords L apple and Surprise plum," the man said. "Well," said Mr. Philips, "this tree has not borne yet, but Mr. Lord says it looks like its parent but it seems hardier, keeps longer and with me does not blight as bad as the Wealthy. I have so much faith in Mr. Lord's judgment that I am going to try it." The man said, "I'd like to try it too." Mr. Philips said, "I will



MARTIN PENNING, New Ulm, Minn.
Originator of Surprise Plum.

give you some cions. Now, as to the Surprise plum, Mr. Penning is a German. He tried to raise apples but failed, the winter would kill them, so he hired his boys to gather plum pits. These he planted in about a dozen rows, when they were about four or five years old many of them blossomed and in the fall Mr. Penning went up and down the rows to see what fruit

he could find. He found nothing that attracted his attention until he was nearly at the end of the last row when he found five nice plums on one tree. He picked them and tasted one and told me he was surprised. He took them to the house and gave one to his wife to try, and she was surprised. Then he took the rest to the village for his chums to test and they were surprised. So he said 'I called it the Surprise.' That tree near the corner is a Surprise and a handsome one too. The next three trees are the Compass, a cross between the Minor plum and the Sand cherry brought out by a man named Hanson in Minnesota. It bears early, the fruit has a cherry flavor and is about half the size of a plum but large enough so the robins let them alone, and it is very fine for canning." The man said, "that is a new fruit to me and I will write to you in the spring to send me some of those trees and some of the Lords L cions." Mr. Philips said, "that next handsome tree is a Yahnke but is larger than the one I showed you on the farm. They are slow growers while young, but after they get a good start with me they grow very vigorous. That next tree is a Wisconsin seedling that originated in Dane county. I went to see the original tree in company with the late J. C. Plumb who thought it of sufficient value that he secured cions and disseminated it quite extensively. It is called the Windsor and has many friends in Wisconsin. Mr. Plumb spent much time looking up new seedlings in different portions of the state. He was an earnest conscientious horticulturist and Mr. Yahnke of Winona gives him much credit for his good example and good advice to him when he was a boy in the country of his adoption. Much of Mr. Plumb's work was a labor of love for other people which never paid him much, but he enjoyed it. Two other seedling men that to me it was a pleasure to visit I desire to speak of before I close this seedling interview. The first, Mr. Joseph Zettel of Sturgeon Bay was a sturdy Swiss pioneer who began planting seeds away back in war times and raised a large orchard. The first time I visited him he said he

was glad I came as he did not expect to live the year out, but he had some things he desired to show me. I saw him after eating an apple digging up the ground with his boot and planting apple seeds. Why, said I, you don't expect to live a year and what are you planting seeds for? 'Well,' he said, 'when I was born in the old country, I soon found apples growing on my father's grounds and I want somebody's children to find apples growing when I am gone.' Surely I thought the world will be better for this man's living in it. The other man I spoke of Mr. S. I. Freeborn of Richland county. He too, was much interested in growing seedlings. After his death Prof. Goff and myself visited his large plantation of seedling trees, the largest lot I ever saw, where the seeds were saved from special hardy varieties and planted by the man himself, and grown to bearing size in nursery row. Aside from his family, leaving his seedling trees was his great regret when the time of his departure came. He expected to do the state good by propagating the best of them. I have always regretted and Prof. Goff shared it with me, that the best of those seedlings could not have been tested over the northern portion of Wisconsin and in Minnesota. Mr. Freeborn, was a quiet, unassuming man who oft times felt that the work he was doing for the public was not appreciated." The man thanked Mr. Philips very much and said, "you know more about seedling apples than any man I ever saw." Mr. Philips said, "I am not through yet, I want to show you a picture of the largest seedling tree I ever saw in Wisconsin. It stands in the town of Lind, Waupacca county, where so many seedlings originated. The seeds were planted in 1853 by Mr. Hollis Gibson, who still owns it and lives there. It is six feet and six inches in circumference one foot above the ground. The spread of the tree is forty feet. It bears a winter apple of fair quality, but is too shy a bearer to be profitable, but it is a grand old land mark, an honor to Mr. Gibson."

"I have," Mr. Philips said, "had a letter from a noted horti-

culturist of your state, Mr. Hartwell, saying, 'Go on with your good work in seedlings. I believe that Wisconsin and Minnesota have produced more good seedlings than any other ten states in the Union.'



Said to be the Largest Apple Tree in Wisconsin.
On Farm of Hollis Gibson, Waupaca Co.

“That next tree is a new seedling that originated at Eureka, Wis., called the Sweet Fameuse. Parsons and Loupe are propagating it. It is a nice, red, sweet apple, and I have seen the old tree which appears quite hardy, but is growing too near the



LYMANS' PROLIFIC CRAB TREE.

Said to be the Largest Tree of Its Kind in Minnesota. On Farm of A. B. Lyman, Excelsior, Minn.

village school to ever ripen a large crop of apples. It keeps quite well until February.

“When planting the state trial orchard, at Wausau, Wis., I drove nine miles out in the country, to see a seedling tree, on Mr. Windorf’s farm, said to be a seedling of the Northern Spy. It is a fine tree and bears an abundance of light colored apples, which keep until Easter Sunday. I got some cions and have it bearing in the Wausau orchard and in my own. We have named it the Windorf, and it is a good tree for that locality, having stood forty below zero, and is still bearing.

“Another, which I have not told you about, is a seedling crab, called Lyman’s Prolific. I have visited the old tree several times, on the farm of A. B. Lyman, near Excelsior, Minn. It has borne as high as thirty bushel of apples in a single year. It is a good market crab, as it is late and productive. Mr. Lyman has one hundred trees of it bearing, and I have fifty trees of it. It is a useful ornament in any large door yard or orchard both for fruit and shade, and it is hardy enough to grow anywhere an apple tree will. Mr. Lyman also planted the Wealthy seeds that grew another good winter apple, a contestant for the \$1,000 prize. It has scored with such judges as Green and Elliott ninety-four in quality. It is getting quite a name abroad as the following from the Gardner’s Monthly, of London, England, shows: ‘The Evelyn, a new American apple is being well spoken of. It is the outcome of an offer of \$1,000 to anyone who would produce an apple of the quality and appearance of the Wealthy and keeping ability of a mid-winter variety. The Evelyn promises to approximate the standard. The fruit is of fair size, regular form, and attractive in appearance. It was one of the promising varieties mentioned by Mr. Brackett at the meeting of the American Pomological Society.’ ‘Pretty good, said the seedling man, I’ll have to try that too.’ Mr. Lyman also grows 100 acres of alfalfa.

“The Bret No. One here is another seedling I could have shown you. It originated near Dover, Minn.

"Another candidate for public favor standing there is the Gilbert. I saw the old tree at Rochester, Minn. It is a handsome tree, entirely free from blight, and some of the apples are as handsome as the Wealthy, and the season is the same. With me it bears better as it grows older. Minnesota has put it in their list for trial and it is quite promising.

"There is another new seedling, which is attracting some attention, and has been entered for the thousand dollar premium offered by Minnesota. It originated at Dodgeville, Wis., and was propagated by Mr. Townsend, of Baraboo, Wis. I have seen the young trees that are now twenty years old. It is a handsome red apple called the Gem City Winter. It is now being propagated and has been entered for the \$1,000 Minnesota seedling premium by A. D. Brown, a nurseryman and seedling enthusiast of Baraboo, Wis. Mr. Elliott, one of the Minnesota judges, says it keeps well and is good in quality, but all the contestants for this prize must be grown and prove satisfactory on the Minnesota College Grounds before the money is paid.

"I will tell you about one more seedling then I will have to quit for this time. In the coldest place on my farm is a tree that the seed was planted before the Civil War, and has been in bearing more than forty years. It is a small apple and so hard in the fall that we shake it off the tree, so we named it the Shook. When ripe it makes an excellent pie, in May and June. Professor Goff, of our State University, after using a half bushel of them one spring, urged me to propagate it by top-working, that would increase the size, which I did, and this year specimens that grew on Virginia and Whitney No. Twenty stocks were nearly one-third larger than on the parent tree. Its main value is its keeping quality, and top-worked it seems to be all right. Seth Kenney, of Minnesota, has it growing."

Well, the seedling apple man went away and Mr. Philips went with him, but Mr. Philips soon came back, with a new halter for me, and said that he was going out to the farm and

bring Primitive to town so as to ship us the next day. He said, "Queen, you will soon have a new home—and home is where your treasures dwell; and you know that Mr. Sagendorph has all your dearest treasures—your daughters, granddaughters, great-granddaughters and great-great-granddaughters, that will all be glad to see you again. I shall never forget the pleasant hours we have spent together; and I shall miss the good talks we have had, though I monopolized the talking, but you were a good, interested listener and it takes greater talent to be a good listener than it does to be a good talker. This may be our last talk together on earth, we will, however, hope to renew them when we both have crossed the mystic river into the great beyond where 'milk and honey flow,' which indicates that there are cows there, good cows, too, Queen, such as you are."

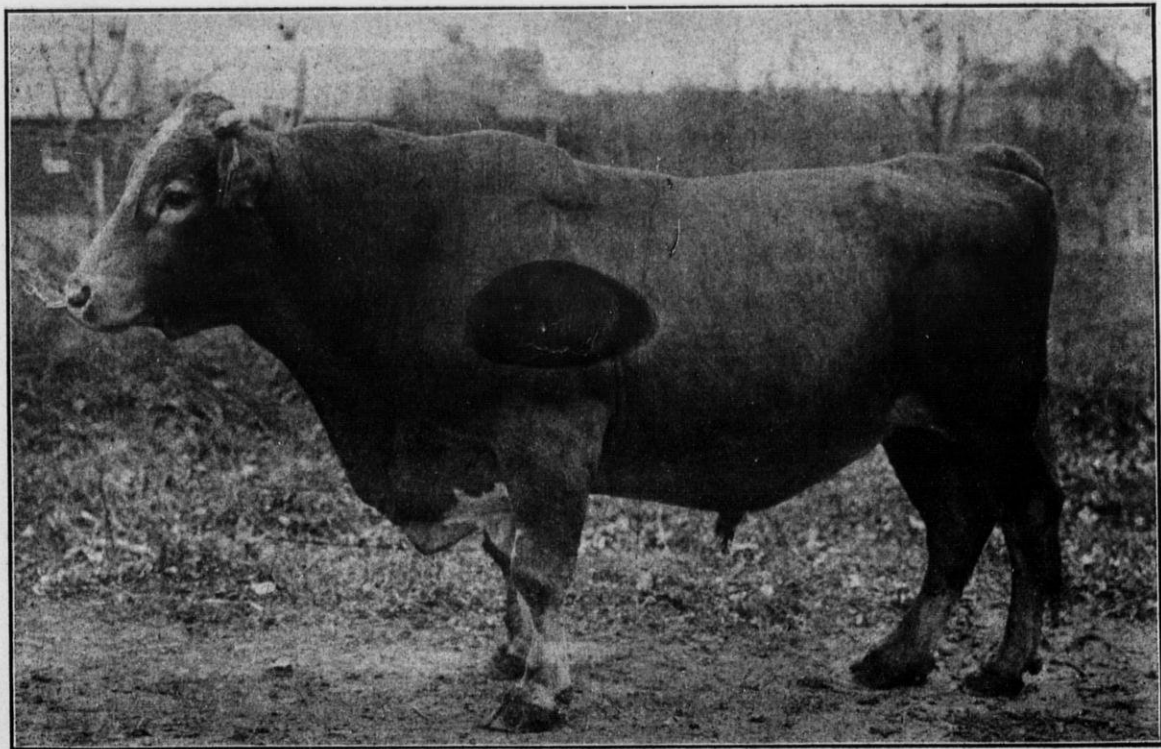
CHAPTER XXIV.

INDIVIDUAL GREATNESS.

*“Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
We build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And mount to its summit round by round.”*

Before Mr. Philips went to the farm he came into the barn to get a piece of rope and said to me, “There is something more I want to tell you, Queen. Last night I awoke in the wee sma’ hours, when thought holds her strongest sway, and thought about your going away and wondered how we would get along without you. I thought of how good and faithful you had been all these years, and of the good you had brought us, by your individual merits and your wonderful power of transmitting them to your descendants. It made me realize as I never did before what great things the individual greatness of a person or an animal can accomplish, for Webster rightly says it applies to animals as well as people. I kept on thinking of individual greatness as we see and hear of it until my mind was so full of it that I got up, as I usually do at such times, and lit the lamp and jotted my thoughts down, and will tell you what they were.

“First, I thought of why you were such a wonderful cow. Do you know, Queen, why you are a greater and more profitable cow than Black Bess, the cow that stood in the next stall to you on the farm? It is not size, because she is larger than you are. It is simply your individuality that makes you great, and which you largely inherited from your parents, Puck and

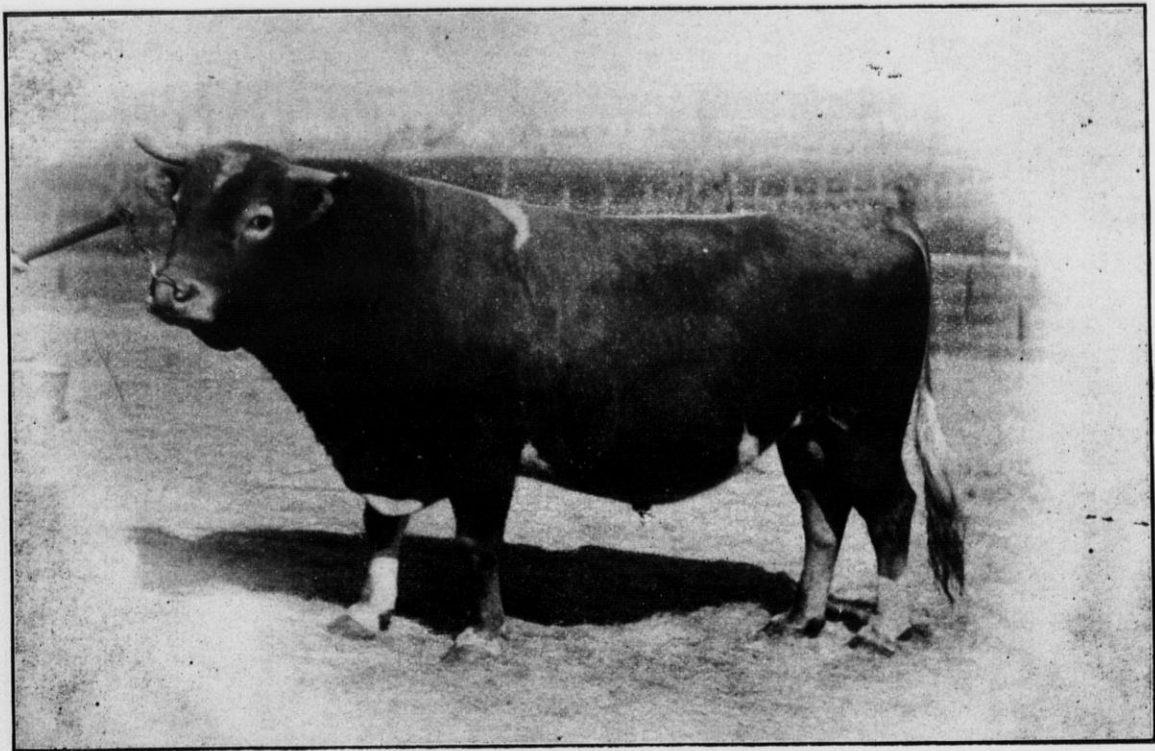


GUYDETTE. Bred by A. J. Philips.

Largest Guernsey Bull in Wisconsin. Grandson of Queen Vashti, Sire of Yeksarose, Rigolette and Rinaldo.
Owned by Estate of Fred Rietbrock, Athens, Wis.

Yeksa, and they, in turn, inherited from their parents through a long line of ancestry noted for their individual greatness. This is why you possess such wonderful powers of transmission and stamp your individual greatness on your progeny. See what a grand bull your grandson, Guydette, is and also your son, Salem's King, look at the great dairy form of your daughters, Yeksa's Queen and Queen Deette, also your granddaughter Queen of Salem, that everybody, at the fairs, stopped to admire, even Captain Arnold, who is wrapped up in beef six inches thick, said she was a great dairy heifer and he wished he owned her. Now, you are so hale and hearty that I expect great things of you yet. Of course, when thinking so much of you and your parents it led me to think of your breeder, Mrs. Foster, and her individual greatness. She knew that Yeksa was a great cow and that Puck was a grand sire, so she directed that you be bred back to your own sire to perpetuate that individuality, which shows so strongly in your progeny. She said that the people way back, in bible times, practiced inbreeding among the human race to perpetuate the individuality of great families. She, herself, is a descendant of a long line of Holland and Revolutionary ancestors who were noted for their great individuality. And I heard Mr. Philips say that both his grandfathers served in the Revolutionary War.

"Individuality goes beyond what is usual in men, women or animals. The father answered his son wisely when he said that it was not the stature of Alexander that made him great, but the greatness of his name, and his name was not great from inheritance, but from his own great individual achievements, achieved by the power of his individuality which, doubtless, was inherited from some near or remote ancestor. Look at the great individuality of Lincoln who said that it made his heart bleed to see a family separated and sold into slavery. There has never been a more perfect religion than Lincoln's. This grand precept of his should be remembered and practiced by every American: 'With malice towards none and charity



SALEM'S KING. Bred by A. J. Philips.
Son of Queen Vashti. Owned by Estate of Fred Rietbrock, Athens. Wis.

towards all, let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it. Let reverence for the law be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe upon her lap; let it be taught in schools and colleges; let it be printed in primers, spelling books and almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, in short let it become the religion of the nation.'

Lincoln's greatness was genuine, individual greatness which towers far above selfishness and hope of gain. The happiest man in the world today is he who has the most of this spirit; who is joyfully giving himself, body, mind and soul to the cause of humanity, to mother, father, wife and children, in fact, to everybody; who thinks of self, if at all, last, and who finds his greatest happiness in the happiness he is able to make for those around him. Such was the spirit of the great Lincoln.

"Then, look at George T. Angell who is, I believe, the greatest example of individual greatness living in the world today. He was born way back in 1823, and today is actively engaged in spending his life and his fortune for the betterment of mankind and for bettering the condition of the dumb animals that cannot speak for themselves. His face shows he is the embodiment of great individuality and kindness which he inherited. On his father's tombstone was inscribed these words: 'He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost, and added much people to the Lord.' His mother was distinguished for charitable deeds and religious devotion. What a grand birthright! Mr. Angell says that no man living or dead ever had a better mother. He always loved animals and birds. In 1864 he made his will, bequeathing a large portion of his property for the purpose of preventing cruelty to animals and children. It is a great blessing that God has spared his life so long to be the administrator of his own estate, and thousands of good people are praying that God will keep him well and strong till long after he has passed the century mark.

"After making his will he was so aggravated, on seeing in

a Boston paper of Feb. 24, 1868, that two horses had been driven to death, in Massachusetts, in a forty mile race, that his great individuality asserted itself and he took hold of the work himself and has worked at it ever since. He is editor of a splendid little journal, *Our Dumb Animals*, published in Boston, Mass., which every child should read, and which he sends to every newspaper in the United States.

"Another worthy example of wonderful individual greatness, of which I thought, was that of Hiram Woodruff, in whose life work I have been greatly interested since 1875, and who, to my mind, was one of the rare men of the last century. I bought three volumes of his life. I gave one of them to a young man whom I thought needed it more than he did a love story; one I loaned and it was never returned, and one I still have. One does not have to own a trotting horse to appreciate this book, it is good reading for a person in any walk of life. He was a model of strength, grace and activity; he possessed sinews of steel and nerves which could not be shaken.

"This country has the credit, more than any other, for improving the horse in daily service, and for this it is indebted to Hiram Woodruff, says his historian, more than to any other ten men. He predicted that Budd Doble would be a great driver and that Dexter would beat the world which, in his day, he did. He lowered the trotting record more, in his day, than any other living man; he lowered it twenty-two seconds, from 2:40 to 2:18. Like Rarey, his doctrine was kindness, and when he went into the barn the horses would whinny, as he went from stall to stall. He was greatly interested in his work of improving and bettering horses. No man in America, at that time, except, perhaps, General Grant, was esteemed by a greater number of people than Hiram Woodruff. He possessed a happy disposition and his face, though thoughtful, usually showed a sweet smile which would long be remembered. He possessed incorruptible integrity. He was a phenomenon. Born, as he was, amid the dregs of the stable and brought up

among the vicious and depraved, yet he never committed a dishonorable act. He was a true and genuine specimen of individual greatness.

“Why, Queen, I could tell of a hundred or more of my friends, in Wisconsin and Minnesota, who are possessors of individual greatness, but I have not the space to do it. I will, however, speak of one more, that is my friend, S. M. Owen,



HIRAM WOODRUFF

America's Great King Horseman.

editor and publisher of *The Farm, Stock and Home*, of Minneapolis, Minn., who has for more than a score of years published a farm paper truly and honestly, I believe, in the interests of the farmers. Few papers come to my desk that do not contain advertisements of fraudulent medicines and foods which the advertisers want to sell to the farmers at exorbitant prices. Mr.

Owen does not do this, and, I believe, his large number of farmer subscribers are appreciating it, and they should all stand by him. He could make thousands of dollars by publishing such advertisements, but, I believe, he values his good reputation among the farmers more than he would the money he could get from the venders of these nostrums and foods.

"I can tell you truthfully, Queen, that it is good for you



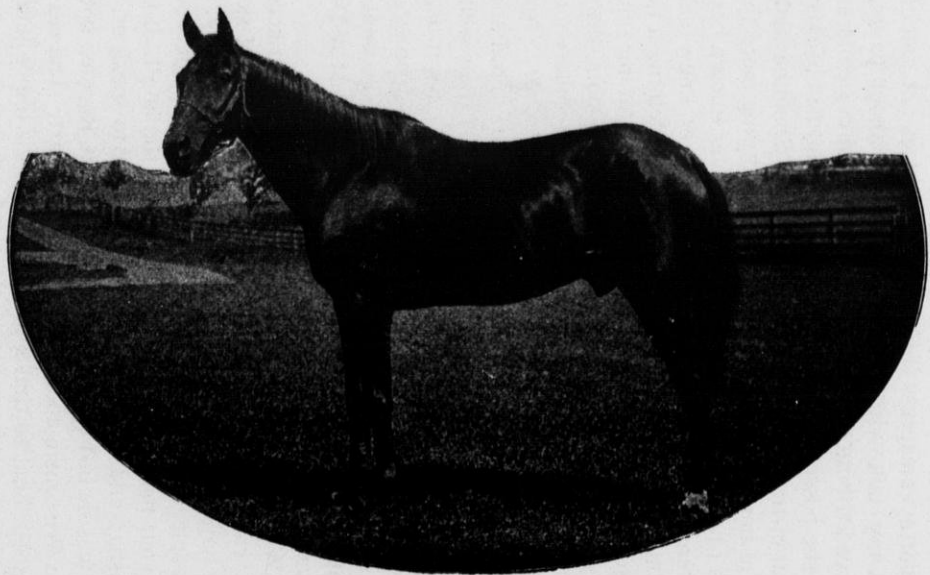
MRS. A. J. PHILIPS

Formerly Avis Deette Buttles.

and me that such men have lived. You know, Queen, how kind my wife and boys have always been to you and how thoughtful of your comfort? No one knew better than I how kind and good Mrs. Philips always was to all the animals on the farm, and he could not express words in praise of her so great

but what I could endorse every word." Mr. Philips paused as if for a reply, then continued. "I know you know that it is so for your eyes express it if your tongue does not, and I can not finish my talk with you at this time without paying a well deserved tribute to my wife, the mother of my children. Like you, she possesses great individuality, and has been very successful in transmitting it to her children. She inherited a strong type of honesty from her parents, and, during more than forty years I have spent with her, I have never known her to do or countenance a dishonorable act, and I never knew one of her six children to do anything dishonorable or tell me a lie. Does not such example or teaching as hers count for much in a family? I consider that she is the one to whom the greatest credit is due. She is good and kind to her children and they, without an exception, are good and kind to her. Not only is she good and kind to her own children-but is good and kind to other people's children and is thoughtful of their welfare, and is, also, kind to every dumb animal we have about us, and she is ever ready to bestow her loving sympathy upon every living creature that is afflicted or abused. This I count another example of individual greatness in a plain, modest and unassuming way.

"Well, Queen, I began this long talk with an account of a great cow and I am going to finish it with a short sketch of a great horse because both of you possess individuality, the same as people do. One peculiar circumstance about you two is that your mother, Yeksa, was bred by the late I. J. Clapp, at Kenosha, and the horse that I am going to speak of, Jay Eye See, was owned by the late J. I. Case, at Racine, both places are in Wisconsin and only a few miles apart. The reason I tell you about him, so that a brief sketch of his life will appear in your autobiography, is because he is one of the most wonderful horses that ever trod the turf, and you know that next to cattle I like horses best. After Jay Eye See made his great record, at Providence, of 2:10, I was in Milwaukee and, having some



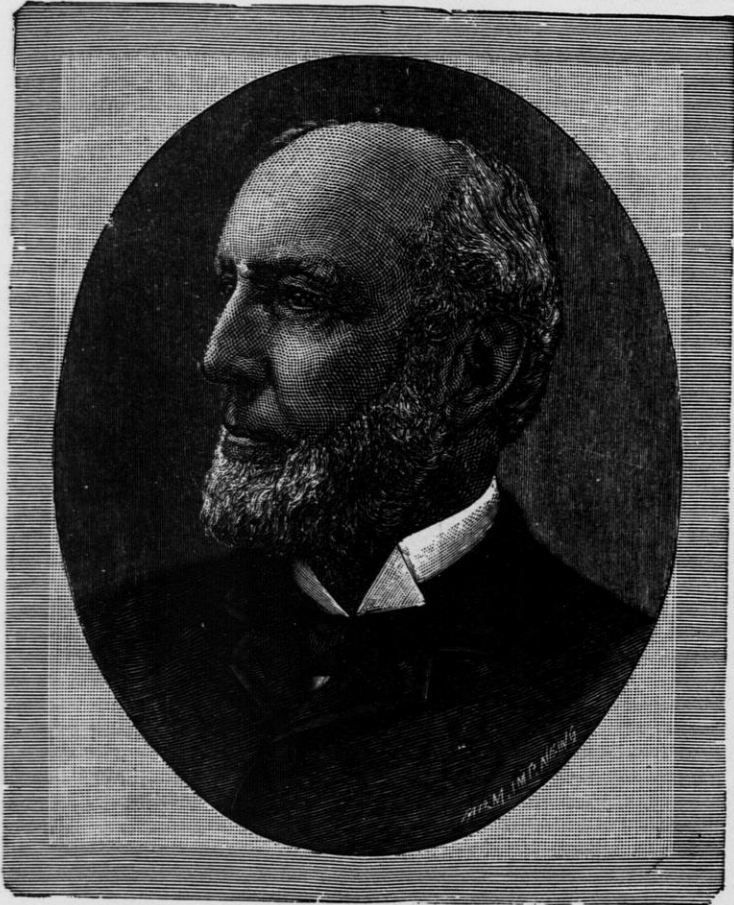
JAY EYE SEE. Greatest Combined Trotter and Pacer up to 1905.

acquaintances in Racine, I went there, and one of my friends went with me to the barn where he was kept, we were shown in and went into his box stall and looked at him. The fastest I had ever seen a horse go up to that time was 2:37, and to look at and put my hands on a horse, in my own state, that had trotted a mile in 2:10 seemed to me quite wonderful. I said, 'Hiram Woodruff closed the gap from 2:40 to 2:18 and now Bithers, with Jay Eye See, has lowered it about half-way from 2:18 to the two minute mark.'

He is the only horse living or dead that ever trotted in 2:10 and then went out and paced a mile in 2:6 $\frac{1}{4}$. He was a born pacer and Ed Bithers, his driver, had hard work to make him trot, and, curious enough, when Mr. Case's son, Jackson, put hoppers on him to make him pace, he did not go a quarter of a mile before they were ordered taken off, as they seemed to worry him so much. Then came a surprise, when Mr. Case got back on his sulky Jay Eye See began to pace and has been a pacer ever since. He surely possesses individual greatness as champion pacer and trotter of the world and I can not learn that he ever ate an ounce of stock food in his life. Jay Eye See was born ten years after the great trainer Woodruff died. He is now twenty-eight years old and hale and hearty. He is never harnessed, is really in a horse's paradise. This is owing to the good care and kind treatment he is receiving at the hands of the proprietors of the J. I. Case Plow Works at Racine, of which the late J. I. Case was the founder. This kind treatment of this great horse would suit Mrs. Foster, Geo. T. Angell and Hiram Woodruff, if he was living. Mr. Case's horses were worth more to him than money. He loved them and was kind to them for their own sakes. "For most of the facts in this sketch of Jay Eye See I am indebted to the courtesy of H. M. Wallis, of Racine."

"I have found, during my many years' experience, Queen, that every person and every living creature have more or less individuality of their own; and that there are more people than

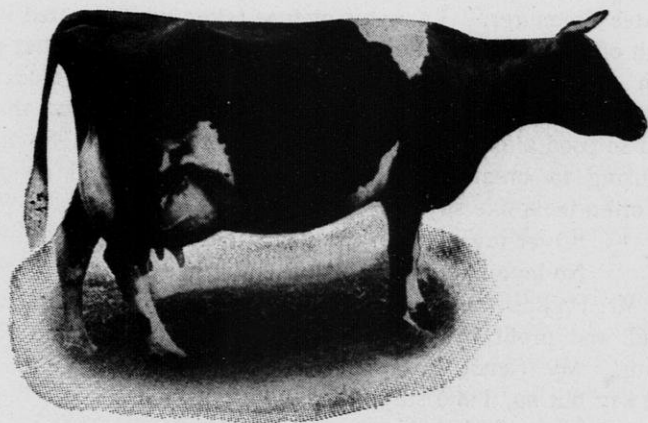
we have any idea of who have an inborn germ of individual greatness lying dormant within them, waiting for a crisis or some great necessity in their lives to start it into growth,



J. I. CASE. First Wisconsin Owner of Jay Eye See.

which, when started, is kept growing and cultivated, by their innate courage and persistency, and an ambition to overcome

difficulties and surmount obstacles that misfortune or infirmity has placed in their way, until success crown their efforts. I know many such people, but there is one particular one I want to tell you about as it is such a good lesson to boys, then too, it proves the truth of the words of Andrew Carnegie, addressed to the boys in a graduating class of a high school, in New York City, when he said, "Do your duty and a little more, and the future will take care of itself." No one can cheat a young man



IMPORTED GUERNSEY COW HAYES ROSIE

Owned by T. L. Ames, Boston, Mass. Advanced Registry No. 116. Gave 14,633.18 lbs. of milk which made 714 lbs. of butter fat in 12 months.

out of success in life. Less than twenty years ago a young man was attending the Iowa Agricultural college where by an accident he was injured so that he went to a hospital. When he recovered, his money was spent, so he started out to find employment. He applied at a printing office for work so he could buy some breakfast. The kind hearted proprietor offered him money to buy his breakfast, but said he had no work for him. The young man promptly refused the money unless he

could work and pay for it. The man then consented to allow him to work. Before noon he was so well pleased that he invited him to dinner with him. On the way he offered to treat the boy who refused to enter a saloon to drink or smoke because he had on leaving home promised his mother that he would not do such things. This pleased the man and he hired him to stay. With his ability and good habits his advancement was rapid. He soon found his way to Chicago, then to New York, and from there to Washington as Assistant United States Treasurer. I saw his picture taken while seated in his high office and it pleased me. Now he has an office that pays him \$10,000 a year. This is another instance of true individual greatness, and this young man should be proud that he laid so good a foundation for future success, which he did by refusing to break his promise to his mother, and no doubt he often feels like saying:

'Over my heart in the years that have flown,
No love like mother's love, ever has shown.'"

Mr. Philips then said, "I wish every boy in the land could read and profit by the foregoing story, but it is time I was going. My friend, O. M. Lord once said to me, 'Time flies, we say but *no*, Time stays, and we *go*,' how true.

CHAPTER XXV.

MY NEW HOME IN THE EAST.

*“Such is the patriots’ boast where’er we roam,
His first best country, ever is at HOME.”*

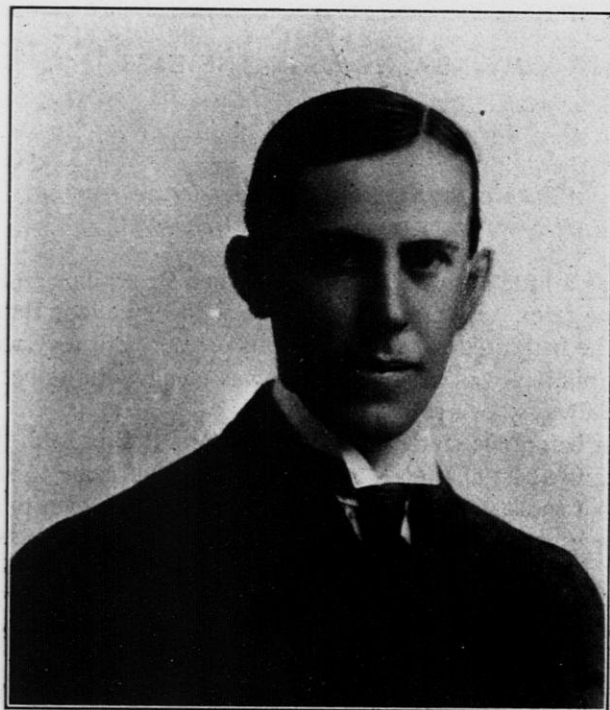
It was a little after dark that night when Mr. Philips returned from the farm. He brought Primitive with him. John Hanson, whom he had hired to take care of us on our journey, accompanied him. I was very glad John was going with us because he had always been so kind to me.

Just before we started for the train, Mrs. Philips said, “well Queen, the best of friends must part, so I have come to say to you, that saddest of words—good-bye, as you are soon to start for a new home many miles from here, way off in Massachusetts. I hope the people at your new home will like you and will be as good to you and treat you as kindly as we have always done. It is like parting with an old friend Queen, to part with you.”

I know Mrs. Philips really hated to part with me. I know that it made me feel sad to part from her, and though my eyes may not have had tears in them, my heart was sad enough for tears. When Mr. Philips was leading me to the train which was to carry me so far away, he said, “this may be our last walk and talk together, and may be, the last time I shall have the pleasure of leading you, for you are going far away now to your new home. You have always been a good, faithful servant to me and my family and we have always treated you

QUEEN VASHTI

as kindly as a mother cow should be treated; and, from what I hear of the Sagendorphs, they will be kind to you and give you a good home as long as you live, which you richly deserve, for there are but few cows that ever produced as much for their



MR. A. H. SAGENDORPH, Spencer, Mass.
Owner of Queen Vashti, Queen Deette, Primitive and breeder
of Sufficiency.

owners as you have for me, and I hope you will be profitable to your new owner, Mr. A. H. Sagendorph.

Mr. Philips led me into the car where there was a good bed of straw in each end and plenty of feed provided; then he went

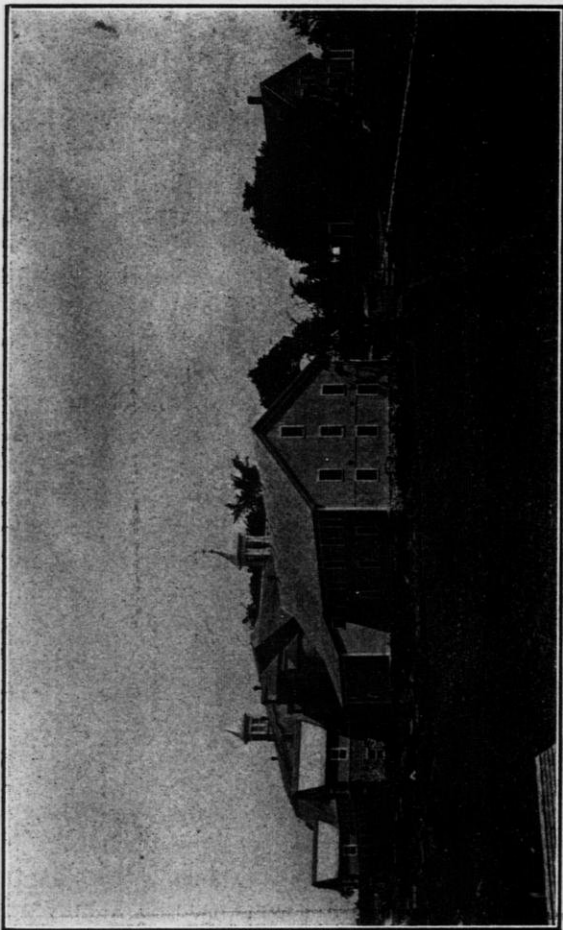
out and led Primitive in. It made me think of the time we went in a car to the fairs. John appeared to be a little shy of Primitive, as they were not the best of friends, but Mr. Philips assured him that Primitive was safely tied and showed him that he had made a large staple, like a clevis, out of half-inch iron and had put it through the double boards of the car and held it in place by nuts on the outside, because, he said, no one should ever take chances with a bull.

Soon after we started on our long journey a strange thing happened. When we were almost to Sparta and just opposite my old home and only a mile from where I first saw the light, I gave birth to a beautiful little daughter which, as soon as we reached our new home, Mr. Sagendorph named Phrosia, No. 14532. John seemed to be greatly surprised, but he fed me some oats, as Mr. Philips had taught him to do at such times, and when the train stopped at Sparta, he gave me a pail of warm water with some bran in it to drink. He then let the calf eat and milked me nearly clean and gave me the milk to drink, as I had always been used to, then tied my baby calf near me so I could see it and lick it whenever I wanted to. John was very kind to us all the way there. He fed my baby calf oftener than he did me, and before we reached our new home had taught it to drink nicely. He often let it loose and although the train was going quite fast, it would play and run back and forth in the car. John fed us well and gave us plenty of water to drink, also kept our beds good so we could lie down and rest all we wanted to.

One morning, after three days and three nights of continuous riding, John opened the door and said, "Well, Queen, here we are, at last, at Spencer, Mass., your new home."

It was a pleasant looking place, among the hills, but the hills did not scare me because I was used to a hilly pasture. John led Primitive out to the farm, for since their long ride together they seemed to be quite good friends, and another man led us cows, and my baby calf was taken in a wagon. I noticed

that the men were very kind to it and handled it carefully. When we arrived at the farm I found my daughters, grand-



A. H. Sagendorph's Farm Buildings.

daughters, great-granddaughters and great-great-granddaughters and, to my delight, they all, except the latter, knew me, and to

Mr. Sagendorph's surprise they knew John too, for they came and licked his clothes. This pleased Mr. Sagendorph and he tried to hire John to stay and take care of us, because, he said, he knew he was good to cattle, as they were not afraid of him and remembered him so well. But John did not stay long. The men said he acted as if he was homesick, and said they guessed he had left his girl in Wisconsin, as he soon started back. Alta Crest Farm is a beautiful place; a beautiful home for both people and animals, with its large, handsome residence, surrounded by lovely, spacious grounds, and the fine, commodious barn which, though immense in size, was filled with fine, thoroughbred horses and cattle, for there were a great number of fine Guernseys in the herd beside us Yeksas. All of the floors, alleys and gutters in the barn were cement, and the whole barn was kept as clean and sweet as a parlor, and contained everything that good judgment and a kind heart could suggest for the comfort of the cattle and to make them profitable. The hired men were all very kind to us. We had fine, shady pastures to run in during the summer with plenty of good water, but neither the grass nor the water tasted any better than it did in my old Wisconsin home. I often thought of a verse I used to hear Mr. Philips say:

“How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow and the deep tangled wildwood,
And all the loved scenes which my early days knew.”

When I got used to my new home and freshened again, my yield of milk was so good that, after I had been milked for five months, Mr. Sagendorph decided to try me on a twelve month's test for the advanced Guernsey register, which was finished seventeen months after freshening and when I was well along in my fourteenth year. According to the official test I gave eight thousand two hundred and twenty-one pounds of milk which yielded four hundred and thirty-five pounds of fat,

equivalent to five hundred and eight pounds of butter. A cow has to produce three hundred and sixty pounds of butter fat in twelve months to be entitled to enter the advanced register at my age. As I had fulfilled the requirements and had seventy-five pounds to spare I entered the charmed circle as No. 174 which, considering my age, was said to be very good indeed.

The next time I freshened it was a handsome son, he was such a fine little fellow that I felt very proud of him, and Mr. Sagendorph seemed proud of him too, and named him Sufficiency, and his number was 9,771. In form he reminded me more of my father, Puck, than any Guernsey I had ever seen. He grew very fast, and I noticed that he had the best of care and was given a large box stall close to my own.

Four years and over, with their mingled joys and sorrows, and the same routine of breeding cattle and dairying I had known in both my old homes, had been numbered with the past when one cold day, in February 1906, I was given another great surprise which will be a pleasant memory to me all the rest of my life. We had just been fed our dinner, when I saw Mr. Sagendorph coming towards my stall and a man was with him who wore a fur overcoat, just like the one Mr. Philips used to wear in the winter. The man came right into my stall and said, "Well, Queen, how are you? I am glad to see you once more.

As soon as I heard his voice I knew it was Mr. Philips, and when he stroked my head and neck, as he used to do, I looked up into his face and tried my best to tell him that I remembered him. He then went into the stall with my daughter Queen Deette, who was making a very creditable record in the twelve month's test for the advanced register, and she too acted as if she knew him. He spent quite a while looking at all the cattle, more especially those he once owned way back in Wisconsin. When he went away he acted as if he hated to leave the barn. The next day he came to see us again, and when he came into my stall and sat down by my side to milk me I put my foot back,

then turned my head and smelled of him, just the same as I used to do, so he would be sure to know that I remembered him. I tell you, if ever a cow was happy I was then.

Mr. Philips remained four or five days and came to see us often and I will tell of some of the pleasant visits we had together. He said that so many things had happened since I left my old home and there was so much to tell me about my old friends that he hardly knew where to begin, but thought he had better begin with the founder of the Yeksa family, Mrs. Henrietta E. Foster. He said: "Now, Queen, the very first thing I am going to tell you is about your first friend and owner, Mrs. Foster, because I know you will be glad to hear from her. I received a letter from her just before I left home, in which she said, 'Give Queen Vashti my best wishes and tell her that I still continue to 'fret the earth' and, like her, am trying to do all the good I can and to grow old gracefully and cheerfully, the same as she is doing.' You will, also, be glad, Queen, to hear that Mrs. Foster, in spite of her infirmity, which still holds her a prisoner to her wheel chair and still keeps her a 'shut-in,' keeps her hands and brain as busy as ever working for the betterment of mankind. Her last and greatest work, which she considers the best and more far-reaching in its benefits of anything she has ever done, is Oklahoma's moral and humane education law, for the enactment of which she worked persistently for four years when, through the able and untiring efforts of Leslie G. Niblack, member of the council from Guthrie, the law was enacted by the legislature last winter. And every earnest reformer would rejoice if a similar law was enacted by every state in the Union, and, to the end that some earnest soul may take up the work, we will publish the law in our book, won't we? The law is as follows:

An Act to Provide for Moral and Humane Education
in the Territory of Oklahoma.

Be it Enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of
Oklahoma:

Section 1. That in each and every public school, within the Territory of Oklahoma, it shall be the duty of each and every teacher to teach morality in the broadest meaning of the word, for the purpose of elevating and refining the character of school children up to the highest plane of life, that they may know how to conduct themselves as social beings in relation to each other, as respects right and wrong and rectitude of life, and thereby, lessen wrong doing and crime.



LESLIE G. NIBLACK

Framer of Law for Teaching Kindness to Animals in Oklahoma.

Section 2. That each and every public school, within the Territory of Oklahoma, in addition to the other branches of study now prescribed, not less than one-half hour each week during the whole of each term of school, shall be devoted to teaching the school children attending said schools kindness to and humane treatment and protection of dumb animals and

birds; their lives, habits and usefulness, and the important part they are intended to fulfill in the economy of nature, and such studies on the subject as the Board of Public Education may adopt.

Section 3. That no experiments upon any living creature shall be permitted in any public school within the Territory of Oklahoma.

Section 4. That it shall be the duty of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for the Territory of Oklahoma, the Superintendent of Public Instruction of each county, the Superintendent of Public Schools of each city, and the Principal of each and every public school in said Territory, to see that the provisions of Sections 1, 2 and 3 of this Act are strictly complied with in the public schools under his supervision.

Section 5. That no teacher in the public schools of the Territory of Oklahoma shall be entitled to receive any portion of the public school moneys as compensation for services, unless such teacher shall have complied with the provisions of this Act.

Section 6. All Acts or parts of Acts in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

Section 7. This Act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage and approval.

Approved, March 4th, 1905.

"This law has created a favorable impression among the leading educators and philanthropists throughout the country, and I could fill pages with their words of commendation of this vigorous young commonwealth for its advanced educational ideas. To show that the law is well thought of in Oklahoma I will quote an extract from the School Herald, official paper of Territorial Board of Education, which says:

"It is necessary at all times to give moral instruction in our public schools, but at the present time conditions are such in the United States that school authorities are warranted in making instruction in morals a rigid requirement in every

school. In a republic like ours, where liberty is unrestrained, men must necessarily be placed on their honor, their conscience and their sense of a proper conception of right and wrong as a guide of conduct. Men of honor, fidelity and purity of motives are the first need of a Republic, and unless the moral faculties are developed in proportion to the liberties granted, that men may know the better how to govern themselves by free will and sense of duty and not by force and through fear, the society of such a government is on a dangerously unsteady foundation.

“The prevalence of vice and common breaches of trusts, in all vocations of life, furnish strong evidence that there is a serious defect in the moral education of the youths in the homes and schools of this country. Our daily press teems with narrations of thefts, forgery, embezzlement, bribery, perjury, graft, etc., committed by men highly educated intellectually, who are leaders in the councils of state, finance, commerce, education and social circles. Why this epidemic of moral terpidude? There can be only one answer. Our schools are neglecting to develop the moral consciousness of the children.

“We are proud that Oklahoma is taking the lead in this reform. The law passed by the last legislature, relative to moral and humane education, is a good one. Mrs. Henrietta E. Foster, of Tecumseh, who contributed so largely to the passage of Oklahoma's new law on teaching morals and kindness to animals, has done a grand work for the future state in laying a foundation for the purer and nobler citizenship. Her efforts for moral and humane education have attracted the attention of educators in all parts of the United States.

“This grand law is being enforced in Oklahoma, and its teaching and benefits will be a living, and enduring memorial to Mrs. Foster. She says an instance was brought to her notice which confirms her belief. It was when a young teacher was teaching her scholars how cruel and wicked it was to destroy bird's nests and kill harmless birds, and how wrong it was for women and girls to wear birds, their wings or plumage on their

hats when the lives of the birds had to be destroyed to obtain them. She had recently bought a new hat, on which were two beautiful bird wings. The following Sunday when she took the new hat from its box, to wear it for the first time, the beautiful wings touched her conscience and she said to herself, 'If my scholars see me wearing this hat with these wings on it the lesson I taught them the other day will be all in vain, as my example will be contrary to my teachings.' She did not wear the hat, but exchanged it for one that no life had to be sacrificed for its ornamentation, thus denying herself a great pleasure rather than be unfaithful to her duty to her scholars.

"Then, too, Queen, in connection with this law Mrs. Foster has written and circulated a most wonderful circular on the teaching of morals and kindness, of which George T. Angell says: 'Her work is of sufficient importance to school superintendents, educators and philanthropists that I publish a part of an important circular sent out widely by her in Oklahoma, and I wish I had space for more of it. In her circular she says in part.

" 'The children are the future world, and they are an important factor to be reckoned with when we search for a solution of the momentous problem of reform and true civilization. The public school is the factory of good citizenship. We cannot mould over and rebuild the characters of grown men and women. 'It is impossible to learn old dogs new tricks.' Years have been spent in the fruitless effort to reform the world by reforming the men and women. Nothing has been done for the past; our only hope is in the future, and the full fruition of that hope is only to be obtained by keeping our faces toward the future and bringing the greatly needed reform about by the right character building and education of the children. Educating the heart refines and elevates the soul. Educating the head alone will not lessen crime, the most harmful criminals are those whose heads have been highly educated.

" 'This world belongs to every new generation; the old go

down and out and the young assume control and make the world go their pace.

“The hope of the world’s redemption was ushered in by the coming of a child, and the child has been in the midst ever since. Childhood is the key that is to unlock the problems ahead of us. The school children of today are the men and women of the future, and today the criminals of the future are in our public schools and we are educating them. We can mould them as we wish; their future is in our hands. As the potter moulds the clay, as the gardner trains the tree, so it is for us to forecast their future moral destiny. Strong as may be the inherited tendencies they are not so strong as the redemptive thoughts and habits, which it is the privilege and duty of the public schools to impress upon those we hold within our keeping. As they are now taught so will be their future lives. We need more morality; more kindness and goodness in the world; more good men and women who will help the helpless and needy, protect the weak, and in all things follow the precepts of the Golden Rule.’

“I would like to have every word of the circular published in your autobiography as it shows Mrs. Foster’s individual greatness from start to finish, and you will remember, Queen, that in my last talk with you in Wisconsin I counted her among those who possessed individual greatness. I have often wondered how she accomplishes so much. She possesses a wonderful power of rising to a mental height, from which she can look with something akin to indifference upon the painful environments of the purely physical, and in the affairs of the world. She is apparently so helpless, but in reality more helpful than most of us with strong bodies. I think she is a fine object lesson of the fact that one may become so spiritual that the body ceases to be anything but an instrument of work.

“Well, Queen, I have spent so much time telling you about your first owner and friend that I will have to wait until I come again to tell you the rest of the news.’”

I was so glad to hear such good news from Mrs. Foster and that she was still able to work for the betterment of mankind. I am proud of the fact that she founded the now famous Yeksa family, and it is a great satisfaction to me to know that I have helped to bring about the fulfillment of her remarkable prediction as to the great fame they would win.

CHAPTER XXVI.

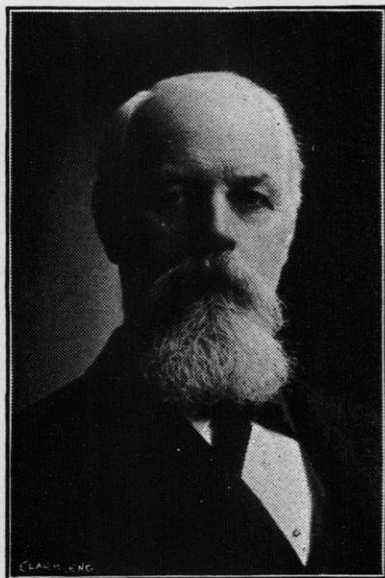
MY SISTER AND BROTHER.

*"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers."*

"'Tis sweet to be remembered and 'tis sweet and pleasant to remember your old friends and relatives." I used to often hear Mr. Philips repeat these words, but never realized how true they were until he came to see me and told me about my old friends and relatives, and the more I think about his taking such a long, tiresome journey at his age, to see me and my family and talk with me once more, the more I think it is sweet to be remembered, and the more I think that the saddest thought that can come to anyone is the thought that they are forgotten.

The next time Mr. Philips came to see me he said, "Well, Queen, the next news I am going to tell you is about your sister and brother and their descendants which comprises the Western Yeksa family, and are owned by Fred Rietbrock of Milwaukee, every individual of which is trying their best, the same as you and your descendants are doing, to perpetuate the great achievements of your mother, Yeksa." I never saw my sister Bonnie Jean, No. 3,646, nor my brother, Yeksa's Prince, No. 1,943, but my mother told me so much about them and Mrs. Foster talked to me about them so often that it seemed to me that I

knew them well; still they were so far from me that, after my mother's untimely death, I felt as if I had none of my own family left until I had sons and daughters of my own. I have heard both of my former owners say that some people believe animals will have a future life. I do not know as to that, but I do know that cattle, judging by the way they behave towards



FRED RIETBROCK, late of Milwaukee, Wis.
Founder of Helendale Stock Farm at Athens, Wis.

each other, are attached to their relatives and love them in about the same proportion people do theirs. My mother told me about Mrs. Foster selling my sister and brother to Nels Martenson, of Hutchinson, Minn., and a few years later Mr. Philips told me a little more about them which I have mentioned in a previous chapter, and I assure you that when he told me that

Dr. M. B. Wood, the great lover and good judge of Guernseys, had bought my brother I was as glad as only a cow can be glad. This time Mr. Philips told me more about them than I ever knew before.

He told me that my only sister, Bonnie Jean, left two daughters, Yeksa Maid and Yeksa Jean. She, also, left three won-

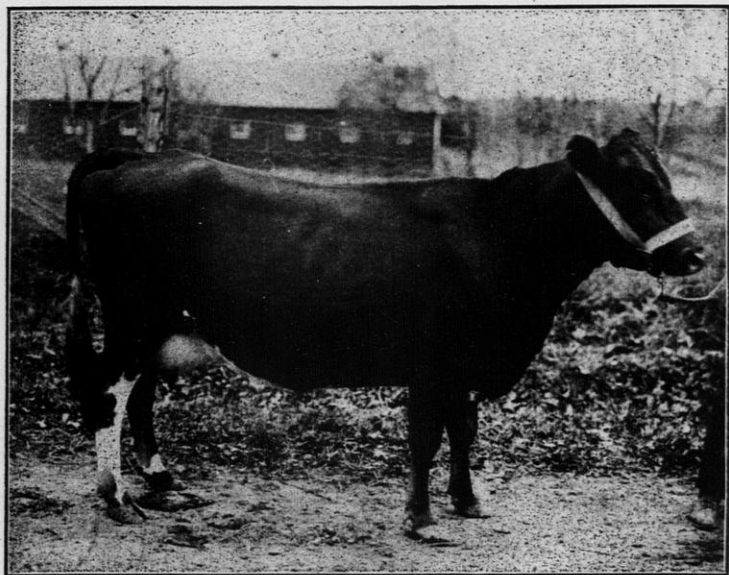


YEKSA LIND, No. 14275.

In advanced register. Daughter of Yeksa Maid. Gave in 12 months 11939 lbs. of milk, which made 651 lbs. butter fat, equivalent to 759 lbs. of butter.

derfully good granddaughters, of which I ought to be very proud. They were Yeksa Lind, No. 14,275, daughter of Yeksa Maid. Another daughter of the same dam was Buckthorn's Maid, No. 15,084. The third was a very fine cow named Yeksa Bell, No. 14,351, daughter of Yeksa Jean. I was glad to hear such a good report of them and that they were in such

breeders and the Guernsey breed, in bringing together the members of the Yeksa family and judiciously uniting its blood lines, and that he has ample means, is generous, public spirited and an enthusiastic breeder, and he believes will make an enviable record as a breeder of large and economical performers. Yeksa Sunbeam was bred and reared at Garden City, Minn.,



VERNA OF HAZLEWOOD

In advance register. She gave in 12 months 11580 lbs. of milk which made 542 lbs. of butter fat, equivalent to 632 lbs. of butter.

by the late W. D. Richardson, who sold her when a heifer to a milkman near Minneapolis, who, after keeping her several years, sold her to Dr. M. B. Wood, of Mankato, for Mr. Fred Rietbrock of Milwaukee. Princes' next daughter was Verna of Hazelwood, No. 11,761, dropped Feb. 4, 1896. She is the dam

QUEEN VASHTI

of the valuable heifer Cresto Verna, No. 18,658, now owned by Dr. M. B. Wood, of Mankato, Minn. Next comes Yeksa Mine, No. 15,585. Her dam was Lady of Lakeside, her sire was Treynore, a very fine animal, twelve years old, once owned by Mr. F. W. Tratt, of Whitewater, Wis., but now owned and prized by Fred Rietbrock, that admirer of mature bulls. Treynore



YEKSA MINE, No. 15585.

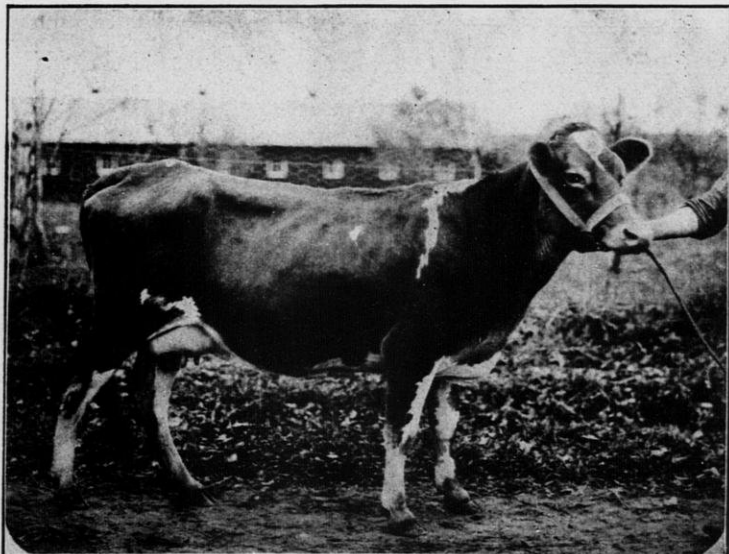
Daughter of Lady of Lakeside. Made at 2 years and 2 months of age 430 lbs. of butter fat, equivalent to 501 lbs. of butter.

nore is now loaned to the Minnesota Experimental Station to improve their herd of Guernseys.

The next to go into the advanced register was Fannie O.K., a very promising heifer.

A daughter of Lulu O. K., named Yeksalulu Lady, sired by

Buckthorn, No. 4,781, was the next to enter the advanced register. Her test for twelve months, from March 14th, 1905, was ten thousand five hundred and two pounds of milk which yielded five hundred and twenty-nine and sixty-nine one hundredths pounds of butter fat, equaling six hundred and eighteen pounds of butter.



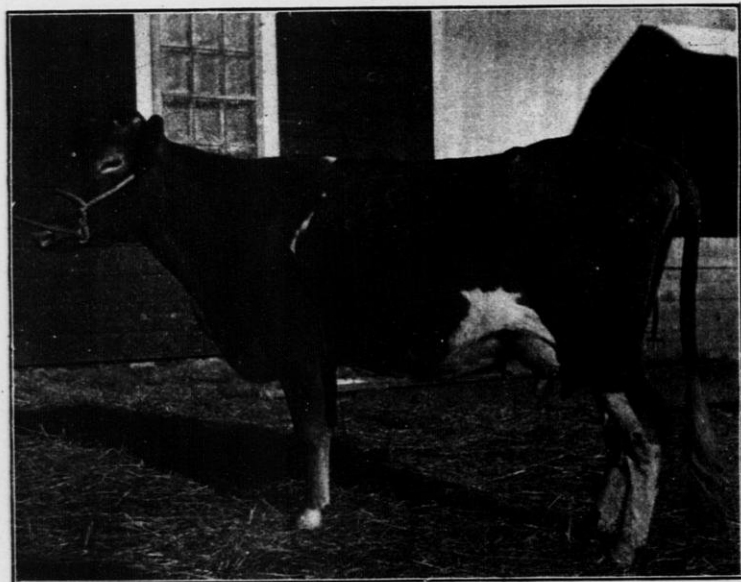
YEKSALULU LADY

Daughter of Lulu O. K. Entered advanced register. She gave in 12 months 10502 lbs. of milk, which made 529.69 lbs. of butter fat, equivalent to 618 lbs. of butter.

Rose Yeksa, No. 14,269, advanced register No. 342, was the next to enter the test. Her dam was Rose Bishop, No. 12,529, and her sire was King Yeksa, No. 5,684, son of Yeksa's Queen, a daughter of mine that was bred by Mr. A. J. Philips and sold to A. H. Sagendorph, my present owner. She qualified with four hundred twelve and fifty-five one-hundredths

pounds of butter fat, equal to four hundred and eighty pounds of butter.

Next comes the two year and seven months old heifer Yeksarose. She entered the test Dec. 1st, 1905, and on Aug. 1st, 1906, in eight months she gave 8941 pounds of milk, which made 422.73 pounds of butter fat or 150 pounds more than is

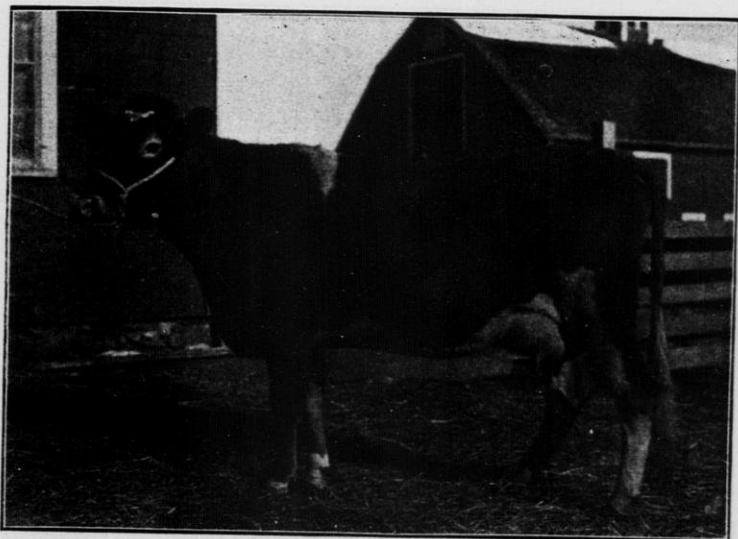


YEKSAROSE

Daughter of Guydette and Pearl O. K. Bred by Fred Rietbrock,
Athens, Wis.

required to be made in twelve months at her age. She bids fair to make a new record for heifers two and a half to three years old and is a heifer any breeder should be proud to own. Next is her stable mate Rigolette, two years and six months old. She entered the test January 1st, 1906, and on August 1st, in

seven months, she gave 7,949 pounds of milk which made 359.04 butter fat, or 87 pounds more than is required for twelve months to enter the advanced register. The first has four and the latter five months yet to work. I tell you, Queen, you ought to be proud of two such descendants, and it knocks the theory that phenomenal cows do not reproduce themselves,

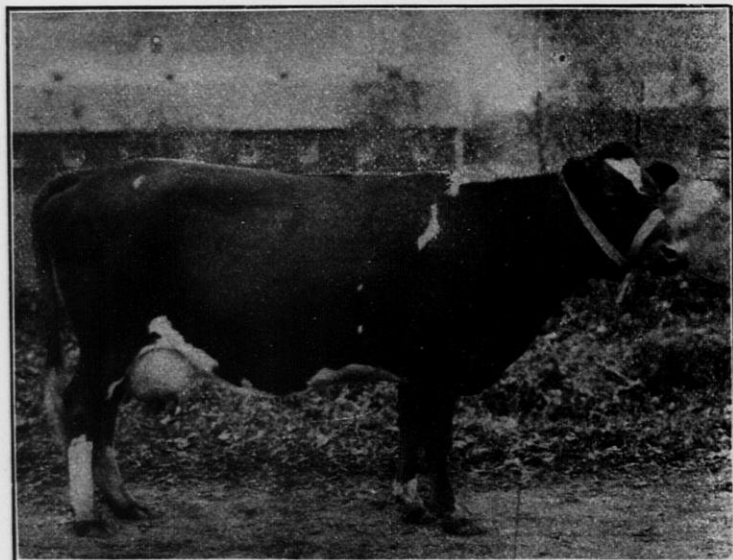


RIGOLETTE

Daughter of Guydette and Madam Patti. Bred by Fred Rietbrock, Athens, Wis.

silly, and Mr. Rietbrock had reason to be very proud of being the owner and breeder of two such heifers. And the owner of the other eight I have described. Mr. Philips said, "I too, feel proud, Queen, that I bred such a grand big bull as Guydette and that I saved him from going to the slaughter house at four years old. In addition to these ten head of the Yeksa family, which will be entered in the advanced register at the close of

the year, Mr. Rietbrock had many other members of the same family in his Hellendale herd at Athens, Wis., and vicinity, which, with all the members of the Yeksa family described in the foregoing chapter, are now in said herd, owned and managed by his estate, the home office of which is 107 Wisconsin Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

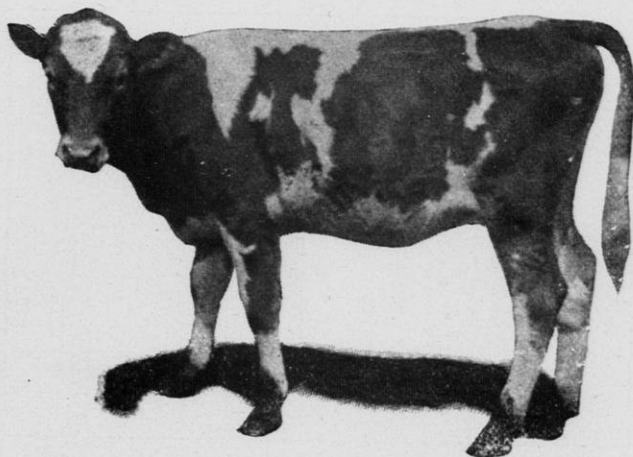


FANNIE O. K.

Daughter of O. K. 4446. A son of Yeksa's Prince. She gave in 12 months 10343 lbs. of milk, which made 569 lbs. of butter fat, equivalent to 664 lbs. of butter. Is in advanced register.

In addition to the foregoing Mr. Rietbrock has the handsome three-year-old bull Rinaldo, a son of Guydette. He conquered Lord Roberts and is master of the eight old bulls when they are turned out in the pasture together. I was glad to know that Mr. Rietbrock has so many descendants of my mother, Yeksa,

through my sister and brother, Bonnie Jean and Yeksa's Prince, and I am proud of the grand records they are making, and am still gladder and prouder to know that my grandson, Guydette, now ten years old, son of Yeksa's Queen, and my son, King of Salem, eight years old, head this western family of Yeksas which forms a good portion of the fine Helendale herd of Guernseys. Mr. Philips, also, told me about another beautiful mature daughter of my brother, named Dolsey, and owned by F. W.



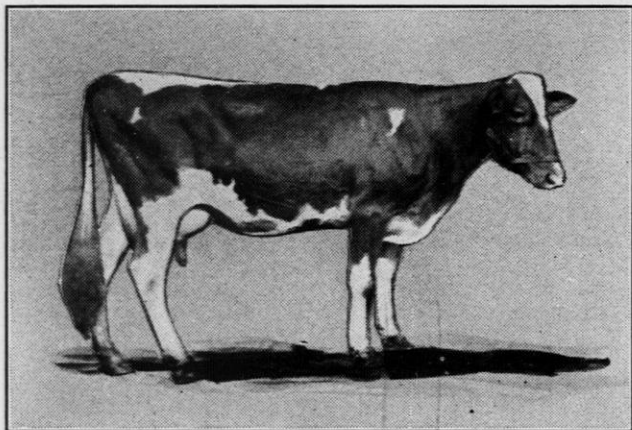
YEKSA UNIS

Six months old. Daughter of Rinaldo. She represents the eighth generation in blood lines from the great Guernsey bull, Champion 38, that the veteran breeder Ezra Michenor, spoke of so highly.

Kimball, of Austin, Minn. One of my brother's sons, O. K., No. 4,446, and my grandson Guydette, and son, Salem's King, have contributed much to place in history the valuable work now being done by the Helendale herd; owing to the intelligent and unselfish work of Mr. Rietbrock, their owner, who, soon after he commenced breeding Guernseys, discovered the real and great value of these cattle.

Mr. Philips, also, told me that Mr. Rietbrock's success in

making fine records and the breeding of such excellent cows is largely due to never keeping any but capable and kind help, and to his buying and using so many well matured and aged bulls that have proved themselves to be useful, prepotent sires, and in giving his breeding stock the best of care. And that he now owns ten bulls that are from five to twelve years old, two of which, Treynore and my son, Salem's King, are being used in the herds of the Minnesota and Wisconsin Agricultural Colleges.



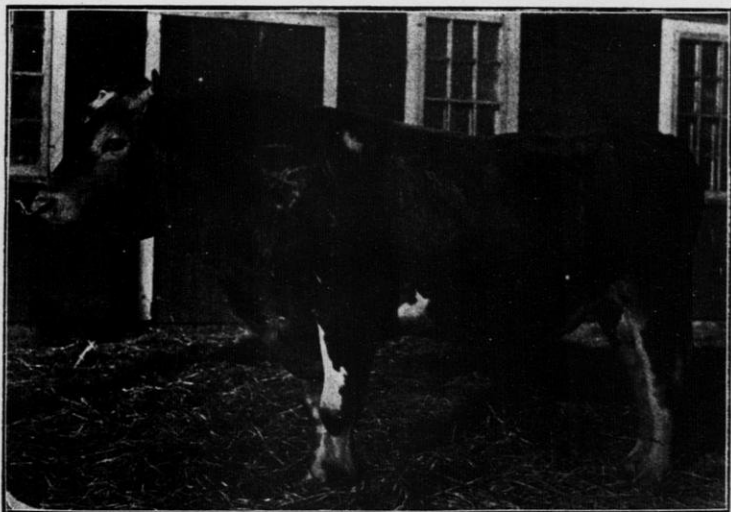
YEKSA BELLE

Daughter of Yeksa Jean. In advanced register. She gave in 12 months 10232 lbs. of milk, which made 598 lbs. of butter fat, equivalent to 697 lbs. of butter.

Mr. Philips likes to tell of this because well matured, prepotent sires has always been his own guiding star in breeding Guernseys.

He said that when he was looking for information along this and other lines of breeding, Governor Hoard told him to consult the veteran dairyman, Uncle Sam Huston, of Kenosha, which he did, and spent nearly two days at his home. The first question he asked was, "Can you show me your best cow?"

Mr. Huston answered the question by driving an old cow out from fifty others and said, "Here is a cow that has made for me twenty-three pounds of actual weighed butter in seven days." Mr. Philips said he at once asked the age of the bull at the time he sired her. Mr. Huston said, "Victor Hugo, when he was eleven years old. And when he was brought from Canada he



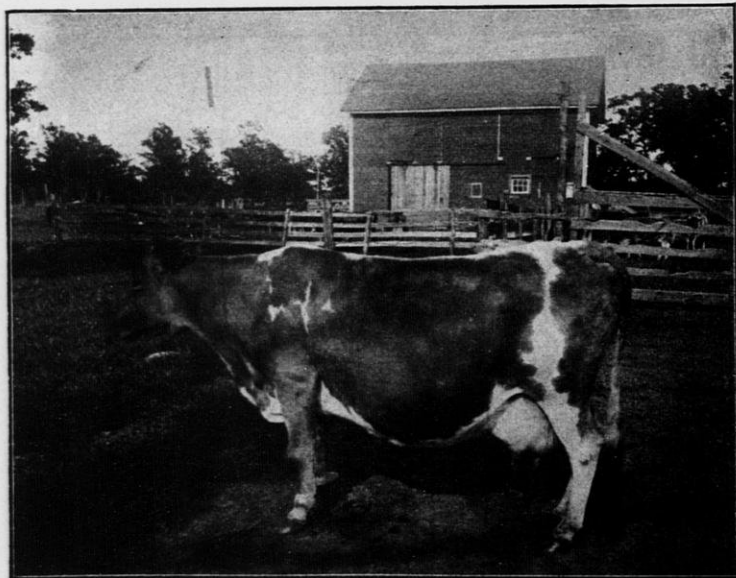
RINALDO

Son of Guydette. Bred by Fred Rietbrock, sire of Yeksa Unis and reformer of Lord Roberts, of Wheaton.

was so ugly that he had to be brought in chains, but by kind, firm treatment he became as gentle as a dog." Mr. Philips then asked which was the best breed for the dairyman. Mr. Huston said, "If you have Jerseys or Jersey grades stick to them and use an old Jersey sire, but if you have common or Short Horn cows then buy the best mature Guernsey bull you

can and grade up your herd. Feed your heifers skim milk until they are a year old and always keep your best ones and you will surely succeed."

Mr. Philips then said, "Now Queen, I am going to tell you a little story to show you the transformation of a bull from a fiend to a gentle animal. It is about Lord Roberts of Wheaton,



DOLSEY

Daughter of Yeksa's Prince. Owned by F. W. Kimball, Austin, Minn.

now owned by Mr. Rietbrock. He is a son of Morn and grandson of the great Materna, champion Guernsey cow of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, and brother of Standard's Morning Glory. Mr. Rietbrock hearing that Lord Roberts was for sale, also that he was very ugly, made up his mind to add him to his already long list of valuable sires, because he knew that he

had valuable blood coursing in his veins. So he bought him and ordered him to be sent to Athens, at the same time informing his men of his bad reputation.

“When he arrived at Helendale Farm he was minus a good ring in his nose. The men at once turned him into a good sized yard and started to drive him into the barn to put the needed ring into his nose. He did not approve of being driven into a small place so proceeded to drive the men out of the yard. Charley Drissen was the last of the men to beat a retreat, which left Lord Roberts master of the situation and monarch of all he surveyed; but this did not last long as Charley had only gone for reinforcements and soon returned, bringing with him Rinaldo, a husky, three-year-old bull, a son of Guydette before mentioned, that the men knew never took second place or a back seat in their bull yard. They opened the door and turned him into the yard. The bulls stood and surveyed each other for a few seconds, when time was called and the combat was on. It was terrific for awhile, Rinaldo drawing first blood when he knocked some old scabs from Lord Roberts’ sides. It was three-year-old energy against five-year-old courage and strength. Finally, Rinaldo succeeded in getting an under hold and hurled Lord Roberts broadside on to the ground and, instead of trying to finish his adversary while he lay there panting, stood over him looking at him very earnestly. The men thinking that the combat had lasted long enough led Rinaldo back into his stall, while Lord Roberts, completely vanquished, laid there and let the men put a good ring in his nose, when they told him to get up and go into his stall, which he did quietly and without any protest.

“When the men examined the scabs, which Rinaldo had knocked off from Lord Roberts, they found them filled with fine shot, where sometime before, somebody had shot him. When Mr. Rietbrock and I went to Helendale, after the dairy show at Chicago, he asked the men if they could lead Lord Roberts out, and they said, “Oh, yes,” and young Mr. Aderhold took the

staff and went into his stall and led him out into the yard. On examination, we found his back was still full of shot, so we spent the next twenty minutes picking shot out of his skin, and he stood as quiet as a dog. We would go to his stall every morning, and Mr. Rietbrock would take hold of Lord Roberts' ring and say to him, "Well, they used you blamed mean, but now you are with friends," and he acted as if he understood it, as he never made a bad motion while we were there. I honestly think that over a quarter of a pound of shot had been fired into him, enough to have killed several bulls had they struck in a vital place."

"A lesson can be learned from this incident; first, that a bull that is used daily on a tread-power seldom gets cross, and that there are many ways to subdue one that are far better than to shoot him and make him so afraid that he thinks he must always fight for his life and always be on the defensive ready to defend himself. Most animals will fight for their lives, and will fight for their liberty too, if not kindly treated; even a rat will attack a man or boy when its life is in danger. I have said again and again, with both voice and pen, that it is poor policy and a losing business to discard a well bred bull because his environments have been such that it has made him cross. It is far better to build a suitable place for him and keep him to improve your herd; then use precaution and be careful and never employ any but a man of experience, with a firm, kind disposition to take care of him.

"You will remember Queen, that after I sold your grandson Guydette, I promised to tell you more about him some time. What I want to tell you is that, three years after Guydette left us, his owner wrote me that he could not use him any more, was going to sell him to the butcher and wanted another calf not related to him. I went and saw him and there was a providence in my going, for I got there barely in time to save him from being killed for beef. I wish, Queen, you could have seen what a great, big, majestic grandson you had. He was

so gentle that he had not yet, at almost four years of age, had a ring in his nose. I said to his owner, 'why man! what are you thinking of to sell a valuable sire like him to the butcher? Why, his dam has made six hundred pounds of butter in a year' and said emphatically, 'an animal like him cannot be butchered.' I at once informed Chas. L. Hill and he found a buyer.

"He was bought by Mr. Hunter, of Picketts, and added many valuable grades to his dairy herd. When Mr. Rietbrock became interested in the breeding of fine Guernseys, he heard of Guydette and bought him to head his Yeksa family. I never go to Athens without going to his stall and looking at him and saying a few words to him. He is a grand fellow, has weighed as high as twenty-one hundred and forty pounds. Mr. Rietbrock often turns several of his big bulls into a yard together for exercise, but will not allow Guydette and his eldest son Rinaldo, to be turned out together, for since Rinaldo subdued Lord Roberts of Wheaton, he has got a notion that he can clean out any of them, and Mr. Rietbrock said it would not look well for Rinaldo to whip his father, so keeps them apart."

CHAPTER XXVII.

MY OWN FAMILY.

*“He that is faithful in that which is least,
Is faithful also in much.”*

The next time Mr. Philips came to see me he said, “Now Queen, I am not going to tell you any more news until after you tell me all about yourself and your family. But first I want to tell you how greatly pleased I am to see you in such good condition and looking so happy and contented and so well cared for. Another thing I want to tell you is that I came here with the firm intention of trying to buy you and take you back home with me, that I might have the pleasure of caring for you the rest of your life. But since I have seen how well you are cared for and how kindly you are treated, and how attached you are to your family here of which you are the head and are so happy in their companionship, I think it would be selfish in me to take you away from them and such a good home. I often think what great pleasure I would have taken in caring for you and your daughter Phrosia had I not sold you, and in starting with you and her another herd of Guernseys, which, with the added experience of raising a good herd and what I have since had, would have excelled my old herd. I made a great mistake in selling it, but I have learned Queen, after many years of experience, some of it quite expensive too, that when you make a mistake don't spend much time looking back at it; reason the matter over in your mind, then look forward to the future in hope of better things. If anything happens don't mourn over

it long, but get some lesson out of it and be thankful it is no worse. Mistakes are usually lessons of wisdom, the past cannot be changed. It is a great satisfaction to me to know that Mr. Sagendorph thinks a great deal of you, and will give you the best of care as long as you live. Mr. Philips also told me that Mr. Sagendorph intends to keep me well as long as I am able to eat and enjoy my nice box stall, and when I can no longer do that he will give me a painless death, and not allow a butcher to kill and skin me, as I once saw done with an old cow in my young days, but will give me a nice burial in a pleasant place, as a reward for the good I have done in the world. I was glad to hear this, knowing that I have always tried to do good and do right, and it made me feel that my work had been appreciated.

I told Mr. Philips the best I could of our lives since we had been here. The first great event I had to tell about was sad news and, at the time it occurred, made us at Alta Crest, feel bad. The first Spring we were here, when the blossoms had fallen from the fruit trees and the pastures were luxuriant and a beautiful green, and we cows were doing our best to produce all the milk we could to pay our owner for the care and feed he had bestowed on us and for the kind treatment he and his men had given us the past winter, one of the men came in one beautiful morning and reported that my eldest daughter, Yeksa's Queen was dead in the pasture. This news was a great shock to all of us and quite a loss to Mr. Sagendorph as she was a valuable cow. Mr. Sagendorph said he was glad it was no worse, and he seemed to be thankful that the rest of us were doing so well.

My little Phrosia, born in the car was growing nicely and was a very pretty heifer. Queen of Salem, my granddaughter, had given birth to a fine heifer calf named Miss Simplicity, No. 14,531. A little later on we discovered another new-comer in Queen Deette's stall, so I was again a grandmother and great-grandmother. The little stranger was a handsome grandson.

Mr. Sagendorph said he was fit to head any herd. His name is King Dodo, No. 8,257. His sire was a noted animal, called Par Excellence, that had for a dam the noted western cow, Fantine 2d, owned by Charles Solvenson, of Nashota, Wis. Par Excellence was also the sire of Queen of Salem's next calf which being a heifer, was named Phemie, No. 15,437, and we, that are related to her thought she was a very promising young miss. But our joy and happiness was of short duration for another sad event occurred which cast a deeper gloom over Alta Crest than the death of Yeksa's Queen had done. It was the death by that awful disease so dreaded by owners of good cows, milk fever, of my eldest and favorite granddaughter, the pet and favorite of the farm, Queen of Salem. It was a sorrowful time because everyone, cattle and people loved her and were proud of her. She was so beautiful, gent'e and lovable. Expert veterinarians did all they could for her, but from the very start she seemed doomed. But Mr. Sagendorph, who always seems disposed to make the best of everything, said, "Well, I am glad I have her two handsome and well bred daughters, Miss Simplicity and Phemie left. Both of them now or soon will grace the pages of the advanced Guernsey register."

All of us cattle here, both old and young, are kindly treated and made just as comfortable as a kind, generous heart, good judgment and wealth can possibly make us. We are so comfortable that it makes me often think of how much truth there is in these lines, which I heard one of the men repeating: "Cow comfort constantly contributes to a continuous current of cash and contentment." And, I think, there is no animal that receives more benefit in her daily work from contentment than the truly contented cow. Like the man who plants an orchard, she is doing something for posterity, her work is far-reaching. Great records which astonish the world are merely the results of the continuous good work done by the well bred, well fed, contented cow and her intelligent owner.



QUEEN DEETE, No. 9794, A. G. C. C.

Daughter of Coralman and Queen Vashti. Granddaughter of Yeksa and cousin of Yeksa's Sunbeam. Gave in 12 months 14501 lbs. of milk, which made 668 lbs. of butter fat, equivalent to 781 lbs. of butter. Champion cow in advanced register on a 7 days test of 444. Bred by A. J. Philips, West Salem, Wis. Owned by A. H. Sagen-dorph, Spencer, Mass.

Now, for some of our achievements since coming to Alta Crest. Beside my record, which I have already told you about, there are several others which I am very proud of. First, of course, is the record of my second daughter, Queen Deette.

Queen Deette, No. 9,794, was the first Guernsey cow in Wisconsin to enter the advanced register on a seven days test, she being No. 11. She stands second in both milk and butter production in advanced register to date for cows of the Yeksa family. She also stands third in milk production and sixth in butter production in the advanced register to date in a twelve months test.

There is, I think, something singular, even marvelous in the similarity of the records of these two cousins. Queen Deette is two years younger than Yeksa Sunbeam, there is only five pounds difference in their weights, Queen Deette being the heavier, she weighing eleven hundred and eighty-five pounds. What is the reason for this similarity? It is not from similarity of locality, environment, breeding, feed and water, because Yeksa Sunbeam was bred by a Minnesota man on the high banks of the Minnesota river and fed on the grass natural to that soil, with hard water to drink, and Queen Deette was bred by a Wisconsin man on the high wooded hills of La Crosse county and pastured on blue grass and clover and watered from a living spring of soft water, even the atmosphere was dissimilar. It was not a freak of nature for freaks are not sure transmitters; therefore there can be but the one true cause, that of blood; the blood of the Sir Champions which courses through their veins and which was transmitted to them by my brother and me, of which we received a double portion from our father and mother, Puck and Yeksa, who were the son and daughter of Sir Champion XVI.

The more I see the results of such breeding and the more I think about it the more I am convinced that Mrs. Foster was right when she said that an animal cannot have too much of

one kind of blood, providing it is good blood. I think too it is a good lesson to the doubting, timid breeders and will teach them that "nothing ventured, nothing won," and that a faint heart never won the greatest success. But, there is one thing I know; that is, if my breeder had not been fearless and had the courage of her convictions which she followed, instead of following the advice of old breeders who were following the old beaten track, there would have been no noted Yeksa family founded, with a trio of us, that have done our best to perpetuate it and to fulfill the prophécy of its founder.

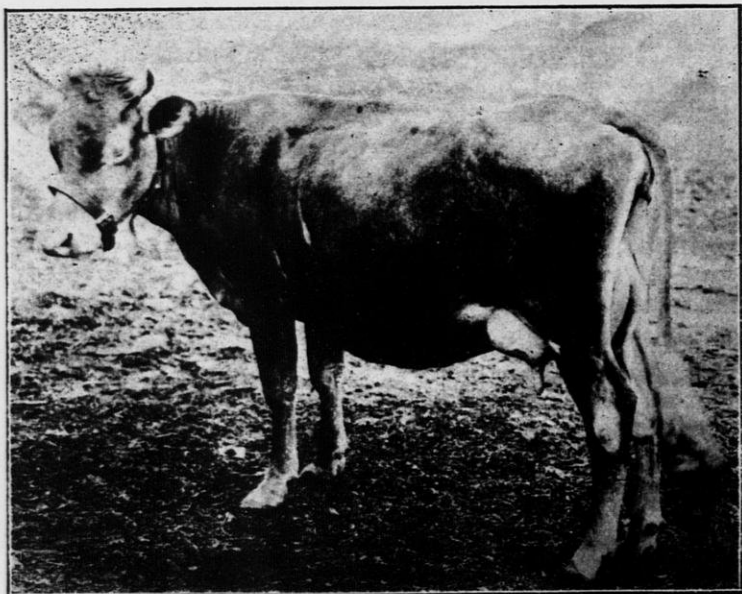
Queen Deb was a daughter of Sammy's Sampson and said to be one of my handsomest granddaughters, which she could not help but be, as her mother is Queen Deette, who is noted for her great beauty; her great individuality and remarkable power of transmitting her excellent characteristics. Queen Deb in an official test, when twenty months old, made eleven pounds of butter in seven days.

I then showed him, in another near-by stall, my daughter Phrosia, No. 14,532, advanced register No. 190, that was born in the car on my way to Massachusetts, who is now a cow. In a twelve month's test, when two years old, she gave seven thousand seven hundred and eighty-six and fifty one-hundredths pounds of milk, yielding four hundred and three and eighty-nine one-hundredths pounds of butter fat, equal to four hundred and seventy-one pounds of butter. Mr. Philips said she was a fine cow that Mr. Sagendorph ought to be proud of.

Then there is Ferndale, No. 13,868, a daughter of Woodfern and Lord Yeksa, that at two years and three months old was given No. 185 in the advanced register, having given during her test six thousand three hundred and six pounds of milk which yielded three hundred and fifty-nine and thirty one-hundredths pounds of butter fat, equal to four hundred and eighteen and fifty one-hundredths pounds of butter.

Next is Miss Simplicity, No. 14,531, a daughter of Queen of Salem. She won first prize as a two-year-old heifer at the

New England fair in 1904. She is No. 215 in the advanced register. Next is Phemie, No. 15,437. She is now being tested for the advanced register and will grace its pages when her year is up. Her dam, Queen of Salem, was bred by A. J. Philips. She was a granddaughter of Hill's Benjamin. (See



MISS SIMPLICITY No. 14531, A. G. C. C.

Daughter of Queen of Salem. At 2 years and 2 months gave 8659 lbs. of milk which made 380.30 lbs. of butter fat, equivalent to 444 lbs. of butter. Bred and owned by A. H. Sagendorph.

her cut page 186 and his cut page 160.) She was tested for the advanced register by her owner, A. H. Sagendorph, and entered it with 8,696 pounds of milk, which made 393.67 pounds of fat, equal to 495 pounds of butter.

Then, there is my granddaughter, Alta Crest Yeksa, No.

19,206, Queen Deette's daughter, a beautiful heifer that has Primitive for a sire. We are all proud of her and all visitors who come to the barn admire her. She is one of the herd that Mr. Sagendorph will not put a price on.

Mr. Philips then told me that in writing my history he was going to show pictures of three other great cows not of Yeksa



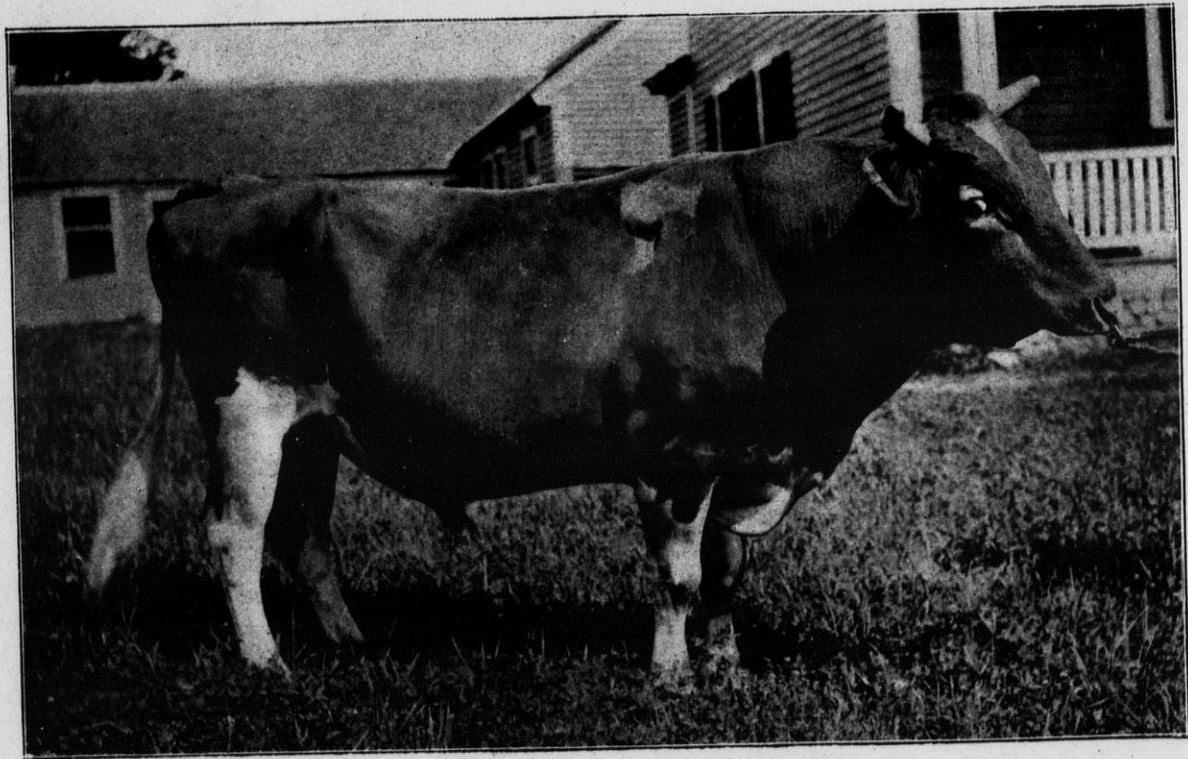
QUEEN NELLIE, No. 13970.

Daughter of Queen Avis. At 2 years and 8 months she gave 7064 lbs. of milk, which made 388 lbs. of butter fat, equivalent to over 450 lbs. of butter. In advanced register. Bred and owned by A. H. Sagendorph.

blood. First, the imported cow Tricksey, the dam of Hill's great bull Benjamin. Next Mr. Gill's cow Glenwood Girl 6th, (See page 218) that has produced some excellent young animals, and third, the imported cow Hayes Rosie, that holds second place in milk production in advanced register and fourth in butter production to date in a twelve months test. He said, also, he would have pictures of two great horses and two great apple trees that showed their individuality.



SUFFICIENCY. Son of Queen Vashti and Primitive. Dropped when Vashti was 15 years old.



PRIMITIVE. Sire of Sufficiency.

I then told him about my handsome son Sufficiency, No. 9,771, that was in a stall close to mine, and that I heard Mr. Sagendorph say he expected him to make a grand record as a sire. He was nineteen months old at this time, and when Mr. Philips looked at him he said he was as great a young bull as he had ever seen and showed Puck's and my individuality from the ground up, and said he wished Mrs. Foster could feast her eyes on him, and that he never saw an animal as vigorous and full of life. While he was looking at him, when tied in his stall, Sufficiency felt so good and jolly that he jumped up off of all four feet at once.

Mr. Philips was, also, greatly pleased with Queen Deette's eight-months-old calf, Alta Crest Yeksa, and her daughter Queen Deb, and said they were hard to duplicate in any herd, and that Queen Deette was as handsome as any Guernsey cow he had ever seen. He was glad, too, to see Fill Pail again, my old companion in Wisconsin and on my journey to Alta Crest, and when I told him she was still giving eight thousand pounds of milk each year, which sold at six cents a quart, he said it was a good lesson to farmers and ought to encourage them to raise good grade cows, as she was a three-fourths Guernsey and sold for one hundred dollars, and has paid for herself several times over.

Mr. Philips appeared to be very much pleased with the way he found everything here, at Alta Crest, with the fine new barns, kept clean and sweet that we had to live in, and the way we were fed and cared for, and said, "You are surely in a cow paradise on earth. Mrs. Foster will be delighted to hear how well you are cared for and how happy and contented you are, and how grandly all of Yeksa's descendants have fulfilled her prophesy as to the great name they would make in the world. I tell you what it is, Queen, any man who invests his money in the breeding of good cattle, as Mr. Sagendorph and Mr. Rietbrock have done, is doing more for the good of the public than he, usually, ever gets credit for. He is not only

helping himself, but is helping every man in the community, as such men not only scatter good breeding animals and breed better cows, but bring better milk and cream to the creameries which insures a better output, the result of which is much better prices. Such work sets men to thinking, and it is the thinkers that have always been and always will be the reformers." I never claimed any relationship to that class of animals now so much despised, called dual purpose cattle.

Our great grandsire, Sir Champion No. 38, was considered by those breeders and importers of Guernseys, S. C. Kent and Mark Hughes, the most valuable bull that ever crossed the Atlantic up to 1883. And that noted veteran breeder Ezra Michenor of Pennsylvania, said that he was to the Guernsey cattle of the United States what Hamiltonian No. 10 was to the trotting horses of America. Our grandsire Sir Champion XVI, was also a grand animal, noted for his prepotent powers, whose blood coursed in the veins of both our parents, Puck and Yeksa, both of whom possessed the same wonderful powers of transmitting their excellent characteristics and great individuality which we, their descendants, have perpetuated by successfully transmitting them to our descendants, as is shown by the records of their wonderful achievements. And Yeksa's Prince, my mother's only son, achieved greater success as a sire than any of his ancestors. When he was used to head the valuable herd of Guernseys at the Minnesota Agricultural College, Prof. T. L. Haecker, who is considered a good judge and a good handler of dairy cattle, pronounced him an excellent specimen of his breed and fit to head any herd, and the wonderful achievement of his famous daughter, Yeksa's Sunbeam, has proved that Professor Haecker's estimate of him was correct. And had it not been for an accident my daughter Queen Deette might have been second to his daughter's achievement in milk production.

When I think of what I once heard told about a Minnesota subscriber to Hoard's Dairyman saying that he lost the best

ten years of his life chasing after and breeding dual purpose cows which never improved as milkers, and that the men who recommended it are now ashamed of it, I feel glad that we belong to a different class of cattle, to the special purpose, dairy class of the Guernsey breed, and believe, more than I ever did before, that Mrs. Foster was right when she used to say, "blood will tell "

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

“Those who scatter seeds of kindness shall reap in this world, or the other, or in both.”

At our next interview Mr. Philips said he had a number of things he wanted to tell me, mostly object lessons which he took note of on his trip east and said, “But first, Queen, I will tell you about the folks at your old home. My wife, like Mrs. Foster and yourself is growing old gracefully and as good and kind as ever, and still doing all the good she can and is the same home-lover as of yore. The children are all well, healthy and happy, and our baby, Mark J., is now nearly a six-footer, in Uncle Sam’s mail service, running from Chicago to Minneapolis, so is at home part of the time. Mamie and Lulu taught school seven years, after they graduated, then married well-to-do farmers and are prosperous and happy. Mamie has a fine son and daughter, Lulu has a nice little daughter, too, and it is needless to say that their grandma and I are very proud of our grandchildren and in our pleasure with them renew our youth.

“After Charlie finished his course at the Agricultural College he was assistant teacher of butter making one winter and since then has been running creameries, and is now running in our own county the Mindora creamery. He is happily married and doing well. George is manager and paymaster, at a good salary, for a firm of railroad contractors in Indiana. Will is



Ruth Storandt

GRANDCHILDREN
Mary Shane

Tracy Shane

doing well as a practising dentist in La Crosse. All of the boys have the reputation of being industrious, capable, honest and temperate; kind hearted, generous and manly men. My wife and I think we are justified in being proud of our children, and feel well repaid for all our care and worry and self-sacrifice in their bringing up and for the love we have bestowed upon them.

"We tried to educate them well in the things they ought to know when they became men and women. We tried to educate them to be self-reliant, industrious, charitable and kind, and tried to teach them to value truth and honesty far more than riches. I never struck one of them a blow and never knew one of them to try to deceive their mother or me, or to tell either of us a falsehood. We tried to teach them that nothing pays so well as to cultivate character. We taught the boys to plant trees and the girls to cultivate flowers; and that a fruit, vegetable and milk diet is the best to grow healthy bodies, and that good health is the greatest blessing on earth. We have taught them the same truth that was enunciated by the late Governor Hogg, of Texas, that 'Home is the center of civilization, the ark of safety to happiness, virtue and christianity; the haven of rest in old age and where the higher elements of manhood and womanhood can be taught rising generations by the splendid examples of settled citizenship, and that every man should have a home.

"We always desired to help make the world better by the sojourn of our family in it. It is as much a pleasure to us now to have our children all at home to sleep in their old beds as it was in their childhood, and we enjoy their mirth as much as then. My sainted mother taught them to be cheerful and laugh at the table because, she said, it aided digestion; that cheerfulness should be cultivated as it was conducive to good health; that a smiling face is an index to a happy soul.

"Our home is not what it used to be before our children left it and went out into the world; still it is the dearest spot on earth to us, and our happiest moments now, when near the



Charles S.

MR. AND MRS. A. J. PHILIP'S FOUR SONS

George C.

William J.

Mark J.

close of a long and busy life, is when our children and grandchildren come home to visit us or when we go to visit them. We realize more than ever before that plenty of fruit, an abundance of sunshine and fresh air and spending much of their time, while growing, on the high lands where air and water is pure and the milk of the cows healthful has had much to do with the good health of our children and grandchildren."

Mr. Philips then told me about visiting several schools during his present trip. He was always a great friend of schools and often visited them, and was always invited to give a short talk to the scholars, which he took great pleasure in doing. He said that at the last school he visited he was asked to judge the merits of some compositions in the fifth grade, the subject of which was Roses. The best one, he said, was written by a sweet faced little girl, nine years old, and was as follows:

"I love all kinds of roses very much because they are so sweet and pure. I would like so much to have a whole yard full of them. Oh, how many things I would do with them! I would trim up my play-house and the house I live in with them. I would carry bouquets to the sick and poor and do all the good I could with them."

I thought they were beautiful thoughts for so small a child to express. Mr. Philips said the next best composition was by a little boy, a few years older than the little girl, in which he said:

"I have no doubt roses are the sweetest and most beautiful flowers that ever grew. Perhaps others think different, but I do not. Some children do not care much for flowers. I do not think I care as much for them as some girls do, but my estimate of roses is very high. I like the rose on account of its color and fragrance. I like to look at the little red faces, and also like to smell of them. I think if I was to have my choice of flowers I would always choose the rose."

Mr. Philips said he told them that the rose was the queen of flowers and worthy of all the love and praise they could give it;

that he was glad to see children love flowers, and that while loving flowers so well he hoped they would always remember these lines and practice their precepts:

“’Tis better to send this very day,
To a living friend a cheap bouquet,
Than a bushel of roses, white or red,
To place on his casket when he is dead.”

He then said, “Why, Queen, you can’t imagine how much I enjoy talking to children, especially when they are as interested in what I say to them as those little ones appeared to be. I told them that to write down such thoughts as they had expressed was a pleasant and profitable way for children to spend their leisure moments, because if they learn to think of flowers and love them it will learn them to think kindly of other things. It will be easier for them to learn to be kind to their playmates and to their pets and all dumb animals and birds and care for them. It will, also, implant within them a love for life on the farm, instead of a desire to hurry to the city. I told them to always be good and do good and they would be happy; to be true to themselves, and never try to lie to or deceive their conscience. I told them that the children of the pleasant rural homes are, or ought to be, the happiest children on earth, with no police to guard them, like the city children of millionaires, to keep them from being kidnapped. That the world’s business men are looking to the country for their supply of clean young men with strong healthy bodies, good habits and honest hearts to handle the business of the cities. I said further, that if the schools of the country are made as good as they can be and the teachers were paid better wages, and if kindness to every living creature God has created was taught and practiced that there would be enough of the right kind of young people to do the business of the cities, as well as enough to live on and manage the farms, the schools, and care for the dumb animals too. I then told them to be kind and considerate to their parents and

to their elders; 'that true politeness is to do and say the kindest things in the kindest way.' And not to think that the world was made long ago and that all the places are filled, for there are plenty left for the right persons, those who know how to fill them. I then recited to them the following verse:

“ ‘Be kind to dumb creatures, be gentle, be true,
For food and protection they look up to you;
For affection and help to your bounty they turn,
Oh, do not their trusting hearts wantonly spurn.’

“I also told them to have an aim in life, and let that aim be to strive to make the world better, you will then be happier in this life and in the life to come. If the world is ever made better it will have to be done by the children; therefore your goal must be to get a good education and to do good, and as one of the means to this end you must guard well your speech. Be careful of what you say, and

“ ‘If your lips would keep from slips
Of five things have a care.
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.’

—Home Maker.

“I have found, during my life of more than three score and ten years, that the most loveable, the most interesting, the most useful, and the most precious product of all the ages and the one to be prized most, is not the product of the soil, nor the mines; nor those of science and art, but it is just the children; the joy of our homes and the hope of the nation—God bless them!”

I have lived long enough with Mr. Philips to know that he loves the boys and girls and is a good friend to them and talks to them whenever he has a chance and always gives them good advice. When he finished telling me about his visit to the school he said:

“Now, Queen, I am going to tell you a few things I saw

during my journey, which I thought taught valuable lessons. At one place I visited, the man sent a boy to drive up the cows, who, unbeknown to the man, took a dog along that chased the cows and bit their heels, making them run very fast; so that when he tested their milk that night it averaged two and three-tenths per cent, the next morning it tested four and one-tenth,



BELLE R.

Another Valuable Guernsey Cow.

and in a week afterwards, when no dog had been used to drive them their milk tested five and four-tenths per cent. This teaches the folly of using a dog to drive cows.

“In that same neighborhood, I saw a cow that, up to the time of her second freshening, was owned by a man who fed her very little and kept her in a very cold, poorly ventilated

stable, then sold her to a man who kept her in a good, well ventilated barn and fed her much better, but the first season the last man owned her, he said she could only produce nine pounds of milk a day, but, with continued good feed and care, the next season she gave twenty-five pounds a day, and the next season gave forty pounds of milk a day, or nine thousand pounds in the year. Thus teaching the lesson not to discard a cow until she has had a chance to show what she could do.

“The next place I visited was a relative who was living on a good farm his father had given him. He said he was going to quit the dairy business because it was so confining and paid so little that his two boys had left him and gone to town to work, and it did not pay to hire help. When I went out to see his cows, I told him the first thing he had better do was to kill or give away a small yearling sire he had at the head of his herd of small, poor cows, as he never could get much returns or keep the boys on the farm by keeping such a sire. ‘Oh, but it costs so much to buy a thoroughbred sire’ he said. I told him he had better do it if he had to sell half the cows to pay for him, and then get one of his brothers, who lived about three miles from him and was trying to run a dairy the same as he was doing, to buy a good sire too; then when they had raised some good heifers and the sires were four or five years old, instead of selling them to the butcher, they should exchange with each other and keep them until they were eight or nine years old, that in this way they could raise some cows that would pay them to keep and, possibly, could get the boys to return to the farm again. This I counted another good lesson.

“One of my friends, whom I visited, lived in a city and published a newspaper. When I was in his office, one morning, an old farmer came in and my friend said to him, ‘How are you, Uncle John?’ He replied, ‘I am pretty well, but I came near losing my old mare last night, so I had to hurry mit her to town dis morning to see de horse doctor. My boy he have one nice colt dat he much proud of, an’ he see some man in town

an' he tell my boy if he buy some stock feed dat it would make dat colt grow fast an' go so awful fast, dat he could trot in most two minutes. So dat boy of mine he buy one pail full for pretty near two dollars. Dat man say it be so strong dat he no give de colt more dan one teaspoonful tree time one day. My boy he keep dat feed in granary an' feed colt four or five days. Den one night he forget to shut de door, dat was last night, an' de old mare tie herself loose an' go mit de granary in an' eat up all dat pail full stock feed. I vas scart most to det an' tink my old mare she sure die. But when de horse doctor he look at her, he say she be all right, dat de stuff she eat be most all bran, dat no damage vas done only my boy he pay eight or nine times too much for that feed.' I thought this a pretty good lesson to farmers not to waste their hard earned money on stock foods.

He also said that one treat he had on his trip was attending the banquet of the Eastern Cuernsey breeders at Philadelphia, and the privilege of going home with Mr. E. T. Gill, of Haddonfield, N. J., the home of Glenwood Girl and her descendants, among which he saw the great cow Glenwood Girl sixth. (See page 218.) He said Mr. Gill lives on the farm on which he is the seventh generation that has lived there, since the original John Gill came to the new world on the same ship with Wm. Penn, of whom he bought the land. Mr. Philips said he saw there two elm trees that Mr. Gill carried home and planted as sprouts from the old elm tree under which Wm. Penn made his memorable treaty with the Indians, the only treaty that never was broken. Mr. Gill is very choice of these trees as he secured them at the time they were destroying the old tree to make room for city improvements.

Mr. Philips said that he heard that one morning a man was arrested for selling watered milk. When he appeared before the Judge, the latter said to him, 'It is a serious charge, have you any reason to give why you should not suffer the penalty prescribed for such an offense?' 'Well, your honor,' said the

milkman, you see, there was a very heavy rain the night before and the cows were out in it and must have got wet clear through.' That milkman certainly learned a lesson from the occurrence whether anyone else does or not.

✓ 'At another place, I visited a farmer friend who kept a herd of thoroughbred Guernsey cows and sold their milk at the depot for two dollars and seventy-five cents a hundred pounds, to ship to the city. At the same time one of his neighbors kept a scrub, or dual purpose herd of cows and had to sell their milk for one dollar a hundred pounds. The latter said he did not think it would pay him to buy a thoroughbred dairy bull. Whoever sees a lesson in this will profit by his neighbor's experience.

"A city girl was visiting in this country neighborhood at an old farmer's, the previous summer so I was told, who, when she went out walking one day went through the pasture. The farmer's son was with her and she told him she was afraid of one of the cows for she said she looked so savage. The young man told her it was her red parasol the cow was noticing. 'Dear me!' said the girl, 'I knew it was a little out of fashion, but did not think a country cow would notice it so quick.

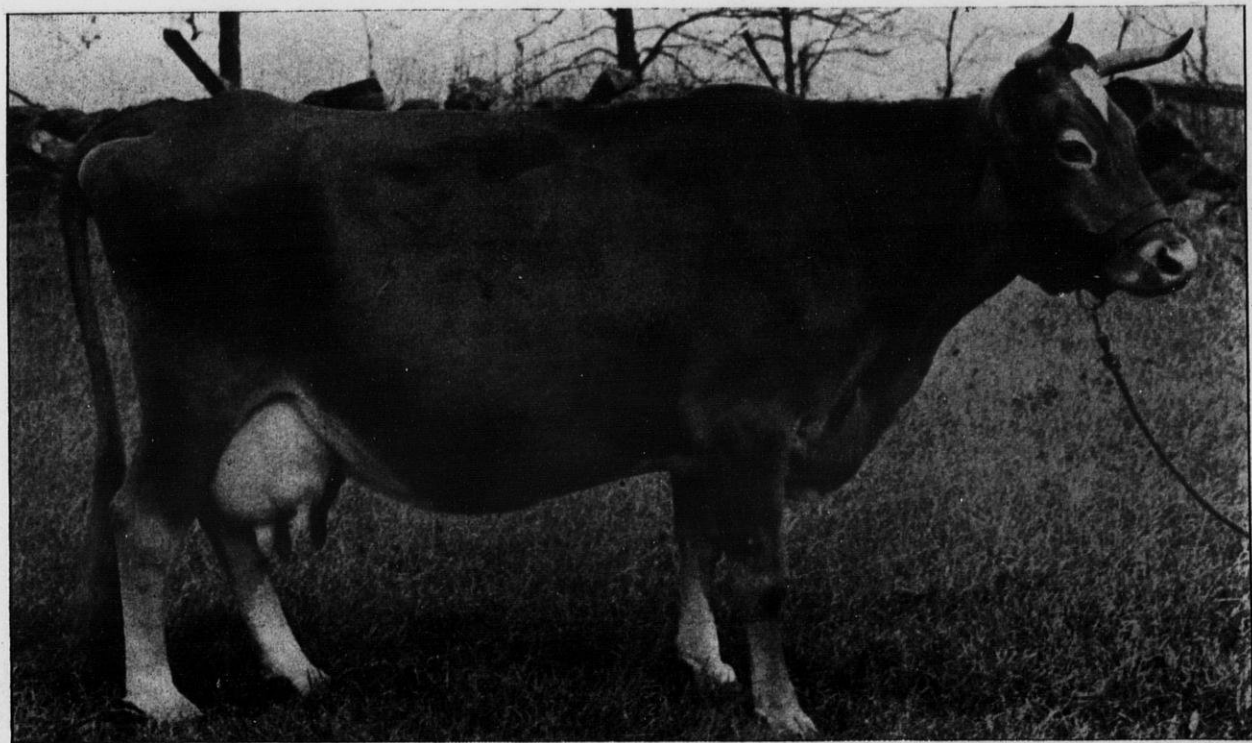
Mr. Philips also said, "during my trip I visited an old orchard where I picked apples when I was a boy. The man who planted the tree has been dead many years, but the work of his hands still lives and it continues to bear an abundance of fruit, a beneficent monument to his memory. Planting an orchard, Queen, is like writing your autobiography and going around the country telling the people how to breed good dairy cows. It is working for posterity who will reap the benefit long after we are dead. The Minnesota Horticultural Society has offered a premium of five hundred dollars, one hundred of it each year, to the person or persons who will grow the best keeping seedling apples. This is another grand work for posterity.

"While on this trip I have heard of a man, by the name of Chamberlain who is furnishing three grades of milk to the

Boston market; four per cent milk for babies; five per cent milk for children, six per cent milk for invalids. He gives scientific and intelligent reasons for the work he is doing. He has also, introduced a new theory, which he gives good reasons for believing is correct. He says he buys the cows that furnish the milk for babies from the highlands in Vermont and New Hampshire, where the walking up and down the mountains, breathing pure air and drinking pure water makes the cows strong, healthy and vigorous, and that they impart those qualities to the babies through their milk which the babies drink."

Mr. Philips further said that when I was with him and pastured on the high hills of La Crosse county and breathed the pure air, and walked down the long hill for pure spring water, and up again at night to be milked, he then gave us the reason for the good health of his children, the orchard which provided them with all the apples they could eat the year round, and in the fall were so plenty that we cows were often often fed all we wanted twice a day—oh, how good they tasted I shall never forget. But now, he says, since hearing of Dr. Chamberlain's theory, he is inclined to divide the honors with the good health, vigor and constitution of his cows that furnished the milk which the children drank. So that what he once considered a drawback and disadvantage in a hilly farm was really a blessing in disguise. He also said if this new theory is correct it will add millions of dollars to the value of the hilly and mountainous lands of the United States.

I think this must account, to some extent, for my good health and vigor now, at seventeen years old, for I spent ten years of my life on those high hills, the highest in La Crosse County, where I raised most of my progeny, one of which, the fine, large cow, Yeksa's Queen, weighed almost as much as I did, her weight being fourteen hundred and fifty pounds, while mine was at one time fourteen hundred and eighty. She was the mother of Guydette, said to be the largest Guernsey bull



QUEEN VASHTI—As she looks, hale and hearty, at 17 years of age.

ever raised in the United States. I think, too, that the great strength, vigor and great lung-power which I gained and cultivated while on those Wisconsin limestone and blue grass hills and brought with me to the high rolling lands of Massachusetts, where I now am, accounts, in a great measure, for the great beauty, strength and vigor of my last offspring, the son of my old age, 'Sufficiency, who will soon be placed at the head of Mr. Sagendorph's fine eastern herd of the Yeksa Guernseys.

Mr. Philips, also, told me that while on one of his visits to Athens, Wis., he looked through the large and magnificent church edifice which was built by the Catholics of Athens, and is second to none in the state, in beauty of construction, when the size of the town is considered. That the building of it was planned, managed and carried out by the Rev. Father Muehlenkamp, who was one of a strong and vigorous family of boys raised on the high hills of Monroe County, Wis., where the Northwestern Railroad runs through a tunnel under the farm where the cows were kept that helped raise those substantial and useful men. He said that at a farmers' meeting, recently held at Athens, he spoke of the foregoing as another proof of the truth of Doctor Chamberlain's theory, and that in over thirty years' acquaintance with the hills of La Crosse and Monroe counties he had never known of a case of typhoid fever on them, which he considered a great lesson worth studying.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF APPLE GROWING.

*“Give fools their gold, and knaves their power,
Let fortune’s bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.”*

The next time Mr. Philips came to see me he took several apples out of his pockets and cut them up with his knife and put them in my feed box and said, “You see, Queen, I have not forgotten about your appetite for apples and how fond you were of them. Now, while you are eating them I will tell you about our seedling apple man’s visit to me the next spring after you came away and again last spring. You remember I gave him quite a talk about seedling apples the day before you started east, and you have, no doubt, been wondering what has happened to me that, in all the visits I have made you, I have not said anything about seedling apples, and if I should go back home without you hearing me talk about them you might think I had become a backslider from my horticultural faith.

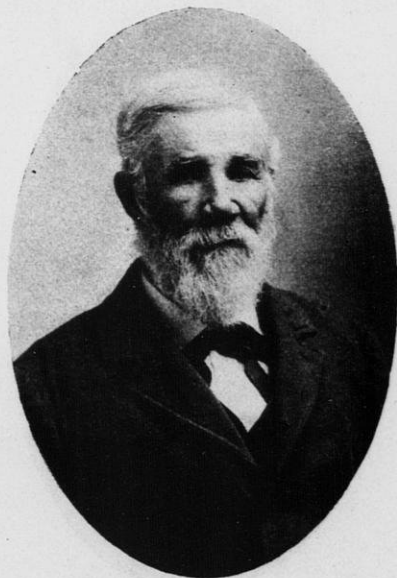
“Well, the last time our seedling apple man came to see me I filled him so full of seedling apple talk that I don’t believe he has got it all digested yet. The first question he asked me was if I knew anything about the Pewaukee apple. I told him it was originated and disseminated by the veteran horticulturist Uncle Peter Pepper, of Pewaukee, who was once buried in a

well with several tons of stone over him for several hours, but miraculously was taken out alive. We at one time had great hopes of it being a good winter apple for Wisconsin. It did well in a few favored places, and also in some localities in Canada, but on the whole was not hardy enough and has been dropped from our Wisconsin list, by our state society. He said one of his neighbors had a few trees of it that were doing quite well. The next thing I told him was about Iowa's great exhibition of apples at the St. Louis World's Fair, where they exhibited more than eighty plates of the Wolf River and three hundred plates of the N. W. Greening, which were as fine apples of those varieties as could be grown.

"I then told him about a seedling apple grown by a dear old friend of mine, Joseph Moran, who was an honest New York merchant and never accused of grafting, except in apple trees. He came west to give his sons a better chance in the world. He came to La Crosse county in the sixties and bought a farm. He brought with him a love for the apples of his native state. As soon as he had bought a farm he began inquiring where he could buy apple trees to plant on it. Some of his knowing neighbors told him the old story, 'You can't grow apples in Wisconsin,' to which he replied, 'Then I will not stay here.' But soon afterward he heard of a nursery in Vernon County, owned by Mr. Waters of Springville, thirty-two miles away. Not owning any team, but oxen, he went there on foot. He reached there in the evening and selected and bought one hundred apple trees, eighty of which were one year old, the balance being older. Early the next morning he started for home, with the trees on his back, and that evening landed them on his farm. Having walked sixty-four miles in the two days and well loaded half the way; a feat no man in La Crosse County, or even in the state of Wisconsin, ever, to my knowledge, performed, and no one, except an honest, apple-loving, strong and determined son of the Emerald Isle would have ever tried to do.

"I am glad to say that those trees have produced and abun-

ance of apples for him and his family, and some of them are still living. And, in proof of the saying that 'God helps those that help themselves,' about sixteen years ago Mr. Moran found, about sixty rods from his orchard or any other apple trees, a small, thrifty seedling apple tree, growing alone by itself. True to his kind nature, he built a fence around it, to protect it, and

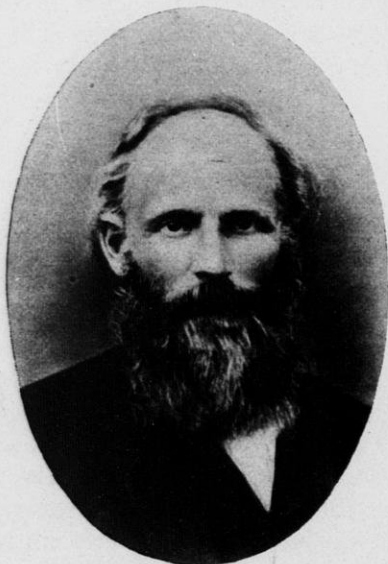


JOSEPH MORAN, West Salem. Wis.
A Pioneer Apple Grower.

now, for eight years, it has given him a crop of apples each year that keep all winter and furnish him and his three little grandchildren, whom he loves so dearly, with plenty of fruit to eat. It does look, Queen, as if, in this instance, at least, Providence remembered the diligent worker. I have exhibited some of the apples from this seedling tree for the last four

years, at the annual meeting of the Minnesota Horticultural Society, as new seedling apples is a subject I am greatly interested in. Mr. Moran is past eighty years old, and I make it a rule to visit him at least once every year. He takes great pleasure in showing visitors an old bible his old, Irish grandmother gave him when he was a boy. As I grow older I enjoy more than ever these visits with good, old people.

“Well, he kept on asking me questions about apples and I



DR. P. A. JEWELL
Founder of the Jewell Nursery Co.

told him if he wanted to learn any more about apple trees and orcharding to visit three places in Minnesota on his way home. First to go to Lake City, a beautiful place on the Father of Waters, and see the orchard and nursery of the Jewell Company, founded by a veteran horticulturist, Dr. P. A. Jewell, over forty years ago, where an immense amount of nursery

trees and apples are grown. Dr. Jewell was a man of perseverance and integrity and laid there the foundation for the immense business now being done by the Jewell Company, which is ably managed by the President, Mr. J. M. Underwood, assisted by his wife and son. They have a large printing outfit connected with the establishment so that they issue a large amount of literature for the public. Their large orchards of

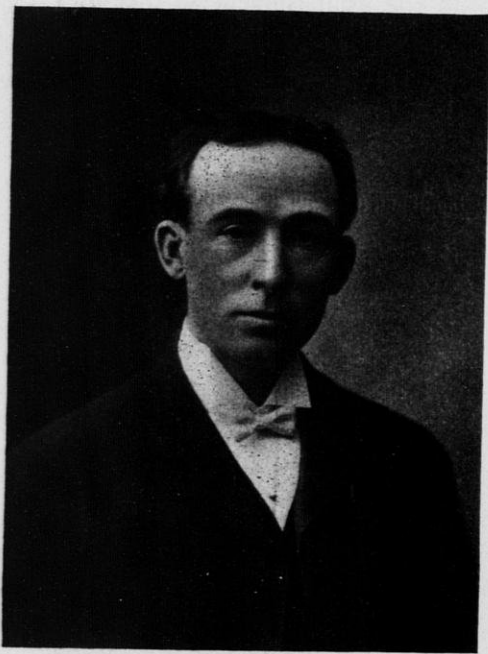


J. M. UNDERWOOD
President Lake City Nursery Co.

apples and native plums are worth going a long distance to see. They also grow a lot of flowers, both indoors and out, for the market. They have been the means of beautifying the depot grounds of the M. & St. P. Railway in that city. Queen, I often think of Dr. Jewell when I visit my orchard for it was his earnest talk, while spending a night with me, on apple growing that induced me to buy land and embark in the orchard busi-

ness. Out of respect to his memory I have twice visited his grave in the beautiful cemetery at Lake City.

"The next place I told him to go was to the city of Owatonna, where the Clinton Falls Nursery Company had built up an immense business along the same lines. The President and



T. E. CASHMAN, Owatonna, Minn.
President Clinton Falls Nursery and Superintendent
Minnesota Tree Station.

founder of this company, Mr. Thomas E. Cashman, who for several years has been Mayor of that city, is a young man with an abundance of push and energy, who not many years ago belonged to a class of men called by some tree peddlers, who, though they have sometimes been abused, have been the

means of furnishing many people with plenty of fruit to eat. It was here at Owatonna that the state of Minnesota located a tree station for testing and originating new hardy fruits. This was managed ably and faithfully for over ten years by that pioneer of apple growing, the late E. H. S. Dart, who before his death expressed a wish that the further management of this public enterprise be given to Mr. Cashman. So the Board of Regents appointed him, and he has this in addition to his other interests to look after. This company have a lot of very large up to date green houses and furnish many flowers for the Twin City markets. They also grow forest trees and golden willows by the millions for which they have a good market in the two Dakotas. Mr. Cashman makes it a rule to employ the best men obtainable to sell his goods and is assisted by his brother and sisters. Then, as I had spent a lot of time with him, I told him if he had not learned enough about apple trees at these two places to buy a ticket to Albert Lea and call on Mr. Clarence Wedge, who is president of the Minnesota society, and who would be glad to show him his large stock of northern grown trees. Then if not satisfied he could stop off at Charles City, Iowa, and see the large nurseries of C. G. Patten & Son, and the Sherman Nursery Company. Then Queen, I told him that a good old Scotchman said to his son, 'Let me gie you a new commandment Jock, whene'er ye have a chance be planting a tree, it will be growing awhile ye are sleeping,' and that I thought it such a good commandment that I decided to follow his example and give ten commandments for the edification of those who are interested in apple growing and that he who plants an orchard is one of the greatest benefactors of mankind; that there is nothing in nature more beautiful than beautiful trees; that 'the groves were God's first temples.'

"He asked me to tell him the commandments as, he said, they might contain something that would be a help to him in his work of growing apples. So I did and they are as follows:

"1. Thou and thy friends canst have no other fruit more

easily grown, more handsome in appearance, more beautiful when in bloom, more attractive in fruitage or that contains more elements that tend to produce and maintain good health and prolong life than the apple, which men of all nations, kindred and tongues have called the king of fruits. It being the first fruit spoken of in the bible makes it worthy of your consideration. True, it caused some little disturbance then and has been the cause of man going to law with his brother ever since that time, and it has caused the commandment of Moses, 'Thou shalt not steal,' to be broken; still the apple is loved and appreciated by every nation under the canopy of heaven. To grow it successively you must plant some trees every spring, as Frank Yahnke, of Minnesota and Geo. Kellogg of Wisconsin do, or plant apple seed, as John Chapman, of Ohio, and Peter Gideon, of Minnesota, did.

2. Thou must not select the low and frosty grounds for thy orchard; neither shalt thou plant it on poor sandy soil or barren places; neither on land that has been made too rich by alluvial deposits these many years, for this will cause thy trees to grow too fast and make the branches thereof to be too tender. But if thou doest the things which I have commanded thee not to do, then, as Moses' father-in-law said to him, so will all the practical apple growers say to thee, 'thy way is not good,' and though thou shouldst plant trees and seed, as the men I spoke of did, thy success nor thy profits will not be great in the cold north, in the land thy fathers gave thee for an inheritance.

3. "Thou shalt select high, well drained land with a clay soil, and if it contains stones, even limestone therein it will do no harm, but I say verily, it will be a benefit, for moisture will result and dampness, caused by the waters of heaven falling on the land, will be retained around and about thy trees, thus causing the tiny rootlets to grow and multiply and the trees to bear fruit in their appointed time, even though a drouth should prevail in the land. As Moses built an altar on the hill, so if thou wouldst avoid frosts in the springtime thou hadst better

plant thine orchard on a hill. And if thou shalt heed this commandment and plant a few trees each year, as Dart, of Minnesota, or Barnes, of Wisconsin, did, or plant a few seed each year as Mrs. Thompson, of Iowa, and Mrs. Perkins, of Minnesota, did, then thou and thy household, thy children and thy children's children, and the stranger within thy gates shalt have plenty of apples to eat and to give to thy neighbor who canst not grow them.

4. "Thou shalt select varieties that the chief men and the elders have found, by years of experience and a trial of a score of years or more, to be of sufficient hardiness to withstand any cold that may come upon them. Thou shalt also, select those which have not cumbered the ground and been ordered cut down by the owner thereof because of unfruitfulness. But consult thou with those of thy fellow men who are well versed in the various kinds of apples. And above all take heed of what I say unto thee and listen not unto the smooth talk of the stranger who comes within thy gates and tries to sell thee worthless trees, grown in far away lands, in far distant parts of the earth, which are not well suited to thy climate, and which wouldst prove an experience to thee that wouldst be grievous to bear, and perchance, cause thee to break the third commandment given by Moses to his people. But by doing as I have commanded thee, thou mayest be filled with horticultural knowledge and wisdom and be found willing to impart the same to thy fellow men; then thou will be called wise and great and good hearted in thy day and generation. And by planting a few trees each year as Wedge, of Minnesota, and Tuttle, of Wisconsin, did, or planting seed, as Patten, of Iowa and Springer, of Wisconsin, did, thou wilt not only have apples for thy own use, but have them to give to the unbelievers in apple growing who dwell in the land of thy adoption.

5. "Thou shalt select and plant the apple as the favorite fruit for thyself and thy wife, thy children and thy children's children and for thy man servant and thy maid servant and the stranger who is sojourning within thy gates. Thou shalt select

the best site and the best varieties, and thou shalt not suffer thy orchard to be neglected and grow up to weeds and briars, or become the abode of thy or thy neighbors' horses or cattle, nor allow thy sheep to gnaw the bark from the trunks of the trees, nor allow thy swine to break the roots asunder for verily, I say this will cause damage and disappointment to thee and they of thy household. And thou shalt enter into the congregations of the horticulturists and ask questions, one of another, and learn the best and most approved way to cultivate and protect thy trees, in order to have them grow and bear fruit even thirty, fifty and an hundred fold. Thou shalt be willing to learn of thy fellow men and shalt not be an ignorant stiff necked people, thinking thou dwellest in a land flowing with milk and honey saying by thy actions, 'we do not need apples for food.' But without them thy health will be impaired and thy years will not reach three score and ten, as did the years of Plumb, of Wisconsin, and Harris of Minnesota, when they planted a few apple trees each year, or Zettle, of Wisconsin, or Hoskins, of Vermont, who planted a few apple seed each year. But, by following the example of these wise men, thou mayest live long and have an abundance of apples for thyself and those of thy household.

6. "Thou shalt cultivate and prune thy trees well in the early part of the season; rising up with the birds in the morning, so thy work will be done before the heat of the day oppresses thee. And thou shalt remember the commandment given to the children of Israel to do the work in thy orchard in six days and rest on the seventh, and thou wilt find thy orchard a much better place to rest on the Sabbath day where thou canst hold sweet communion with nature and look from nature up to nature's God, the God of thy fathers, than to rest on the bank of some stream trying to murder by inches the innocent fish, or wandering in the fields or forests shooting for sport, God's helpless, harmless birds, or in looking at a game of ball. While resting among thy trees on the Sabbath day,

looking at the growing trees or eating the ripe fruit thereof, thy thoughts will wander back to pleasant hours spent with those whose wise counsels and efforts furnished thee with many of the trees in thy orchard, which, if thou hast been a student of horticulture, will be sweet recollections to thee which only come through the planting of trees every year like unto Hirschinger of Wisconsin, and Summerville, of Minnesota, or planting seed every year like unto Freeborn of Wisconsin or Elliott, of Minnesota.

7. Thou shouldst honor those who hold meetings and sit in council for thy benefit. And thou shalt remember that to have an abundance of apples for thee and those of thy household thou must follow the rules already laid down. And thou shalt not plant all thy trees in one season and thereby get more on thy hands than thou canst properly care for, and, perchance, a cold winter mayst follow much to thy disappointment and loss. As thou plantest thy other crops so shalt thou plant thy apple trees and apple seed, some each year as I have repeatedly commanded thee, and success wilt surely crown thy efforts and thou wilt be blessed with an abundance of apples during all the years thou sojournest in the land of thy fathers, as was Hatch, of Wisconsin, and Underwood, of Minnesota, who planted trees, likewise Lord, of Minnesota, or Hanson, of Dakota, who planted seed for the benefit of others.

8. "Thou shalt not kill thy newly planted trees with kindness, by putting large quantities of water about their roots each day, as it death to them to be continually in water. But thou shalt plant in moist earth, made so by waters and snows of heaven, or by water carried from wells or springs. And, after planting thy trees, thou shalt immediately place some straw or litter about the trees to keep the moisture in the earth, so the roots thereof will not dry up. And thou shalt educate thyself, thy sons and thy men servants, or be educated by others, that thou mayst increase the hardiness and prolong the life of thy trees in a cold climate by budding or grafting them on hardier

and more vigorous stocks. And thou shalt bear in mind that the stock must be free from that dread disease called blight and that it is a strong grower, so that it will keep pace with the top. Thou wilt find this work beneficial and useful to thee and thy sons and thy son's sons and mayst cause others to become interested in apple growing. And thou shalt plant some hardy trees each year for stocks on which to bud and graft. that thou wilt be able to improve thy trees each succeeding year. And thou shalt spend a few hours each week pruning and training thy trees that they mayst soon have shapely, well balanced tops and produce more apples and live longer than the same varieties growing on their own roots.

9. "Thou shalt not depend on getting apples for thyself and thy household by buying or stealing them from thy neighbors, providing thou hast a suitable location for an orchard. But if thou hast not in thy possession, a good place to plant an orchard it will be far better and more honorable to thee and much more satisfactory to thy neighbor to buy his apples for a price, yea, even if it be paid in silver, than to steal them, and thy family will have a better supply thereby. After thou hast planted an orchard, according as I have commanded and cared for it as I have directed thee, thou shalt take heed and when the young trees begin to bear thou shalt not let them overbear. Thou hadst better by far pick off some of the fruit and cast it away than allow the trees to destroy their vitality by an overburden of fruit. And thou shalt, when thy trees begin to bear, be sure to fertilize them that their roots mayst have an abundance of nourishment.

10. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's orchard, but thou shalt plant one of thy own on the best site obtainable, and plant varieties as I have heretofore commanded thee. And thou shalt choose those varieties that have borne profitably, in thy own neighborhood, for many years before and after the coldest winters. Thou shalt take time, in the eleventh month, and cut out the last season's growth, cions for grafting thy trees the

next season. Thou shalt then procure some roots that were grown from seed, and in winter, when the freezing winds of the north make it unpleasant to remain long out doors, thou shalt sit by the fire and hold pleasant converse with thy wife and children and do thy grafting, and when done grafting thou shalt take heed and clean up the litter thou hast made and not leave it for thy wife to do. Thou shalt in the coming spring, set some of these grafts in the ground right where thou intendest them to grow. These trees thus set, never having been transplanted will make better and longer lived trees than their transplanted neighbors, and it will only delay their bearing one or two years at most. Now take heed of all these commandments I have given unto thee. And bear in mind that the most important commandment of all these and on which depends the continuous fruitfulness of thy orchard, is to plant trees every year, as did the wise men and benefactors I have told thee of. And thou shalt then have plenty of apples, thou and thy household for many coming generations. And they shalt praise thee and call thee blessed for the work which thou hast done in the land which the Lord thy God gavest thee for a heritage."

After Mr. Philips told me about the seedling apple man's visit and a part of what he said to him, he told me about some of my descendants he had not yet told me of. He said that my grandson, Ilwaco's King, Queen Deette's first son, that was sold when a few months old to Mr. Yeaton, of Ilwaco, Wash., was now owned by Mr. Keyser, of Jewell, Ore., who had recently bought him to place at the head of his herd of dairy cows. Mr. Keyser wrote Mr. Philips that he read "The Story of a Cow" in Hoard's Dairyman, telling about my work, and wished he had some of my offspring. It was quite by accident that he heard Ilwaco's King was for sale and, knowing that he belonged to the great Yeksa family he had read about and seen advertised in the Dairyman, went, as fast as railway and steamboat could take him, to buy him, and barely got there in time to secure him before others, who were after him arrived. Mr.

Philips said Ilwaco's King is now nearly seven years old and is a fine fellow. Mr. Keyser sent a picture of him, and some who have seen Puck, my father, say he resembles him. He has some good heifers from him, one of which gives 47 pounds of milk a day, testing five and forty-six one-hundredths. He said that Lord Yeksa, another of my grandsons and one of Queen's sons, that was sold to Will Nichols, of Trempealeau, is a fine animal and has made a good record. His owner has refused five hundred dollars for him to go to New Jersey, but he values him at one thousand dollars. It makes my heart glad to know that no matter what section of the country my descendants are in they make good records that I am proud of.

He told me that my son, King Samm, that was sold to Mr. Hicks, of Michigan, left some good stock, but he was disposed of too soon.

Mr. Philips then told me about another of my sons and said, "Well, Queen, I know more about your son, Salem's King, than I do of the others, of which I have told you. You remember I sold him to Almon Parks, of Picketts, Wis. Well, he sold him when three years old to a lumber company in Michigan. Last fall Mr. Rietbrock found out where he was and, being desirous to get all of your blood he could into his excellent herd of Guernseys, bought him. He was then eight years old, and Mr. Rietbrock manifested his usual pride in fine cattle, when he took me to his stall at the Wausau fair, where he exhibited him, to let me see him after an absence from me of seven years. He is a fine, handsome fellow and weighs sixteen hundred and fifty pounds. You know, Queen, I told you at the time of his birth, that his head and eyes resembled yours more than any other calves, he still bears the same resemblance to you and looks like your father. The Wisconsin Agricultural College sent me a fine picture of him, and Queen, he is considered such a good animal that the officials of this college borrowed him for their winter's class-work and to use as a sire in their herd of choice Guernsey cows. This is a grand bouquet for you,

Queen, as well as for his owner. It is also, another bouquet for Mr. Rietbrock to have the Minnesota Agricultural College, second to none in the United States, borrow his great, old bull Treynore for the same purpose.

"These two sons of yours, Queen, and your son Uncle Dan were, like your grandson Guydette, used in their younger days in grade herds for this reason; Guydette is now the only one of them in the advanced register, he having done creditable work, at the head of a thoroughbred Guernsey herd, long enough to earn an entrance to this Mecca of noted Guernsey sires. I think your son Sufficiency will be admitted to the advanced register at an earlier age than any bull has yet gone in. I throw this bouquet to you now, Queen, because I think as a seventeen-year-old mother, who has done a wonderful work and has done her duty as you have, richly deserves it, and Mr. Sagendorph, although a young breeder, deserves it too.'

All the foregoing set me to thinking and figuring, for a cow can figure things from cause to effect pretty well, though she figures by common sense principles instead of according to scientific theory, and it set me to asking myself some questions:

First. If it is true that an animal can have too much of one kind of blood in their veins why did my father and mother, Puck and Yeksa, brother and sister by Sir Champion blood, produce three such strong constituted prepotent offsprings as Bonnie Jean, Yeksa's Prince and myself?

Second. If Bonnie Jean possessed too much of this blood why did she leave descendants that can make such records as Yeksa Belle, Yeksa Lind and many others of her family have done and are still doing?

Third. If Yeksa's Prince had too much of this same blood how is it that his descendants are so strong and vigorous and vigorous and sure transmitters, and if too much of one kind of blood enabled him to produce a Yeksa Sunbeam what could she not have done had she possessed more of the same blood?

Fourth. Why is it, if too much of this blood coursed through

my veins. I was able to give so many offsprings to the world capable of transmitting and perpetuating the great potency and wonderful power of achievement of their ancestors, among them Yeksa's Queen, Salem's King and Queen Deette? If I have too much of one kind of blood why was I able, at fourteen years old, when ordinary cows are either dead or worn out, to more than meet the requirements necessary to enter the advanced register, and still later, at fifteen years old, give birth to a son of such wonderful promise as Sufficiency, and now, at seventeen years of age am still able to produce a good yield of rich milk?

Fifth. If we three are too much inbred with the same kind of blood what of my daughter, Yeksa's Queen, that was sired by my father and her grandfather, thus giving her a double portion of the "too much of the same blood?" Why was she, at three years old, able to produce six hundred pounds of butter in a year's official test, and why was she so large and heavy, weighing fourteen hundred and fifty pounds, and why so strong and vigorous and with such sure prepotent powers as to give birth to such remarkable animals, among them Queen of Salem, Campbell's King, King Yeksa, Lord Yeksa and Guydette?

Sixth. If it was not the possession of so much of one kind of blood that enabled more cows of the Yeksa family to make large official records than any other family of Guernsey cows in the world. What was it? If it was not this same blood that made two cows, and they cousins, of the Yeksa family to be two out of six cows in the advanced Guernsey register to produce over fourteen thousand pounds of milk in a year, and two out of nine to produce over seven hundred pounds of butter in a year, and one of these two cows to be the only cow in the advanced Guernsey register to produce over eight hundred pounds of butter fat and not only that, but the only cow in the world to produce the enormous amount of one thousand pounds of butter in a year, thus making her the champion butter cow of the world, what was it?

As a result of all my thinking and figuring I have come to

the conclusion that if any of the Yeksa family should fail to keep up the grand record of their ancestors and "make good" its perpetuity it will not be because they have too much of the Yeksa blood in their veins, but because they have too much of some other blood that they ought not to have. It, also, made me prouder than ever that I am one of the original Yeksa family and a part of its fountain head. And it makes me believe more than ever that my first owner was right when she said that anyone could not have too much of one kind of blood, providing it was good blood, and that "blood will tell" and the better the blood the more it tells, and that we Yeksas have proved the truth of her assertions and fulfilled her prophesy.

When Mr. Philips bid me good-bye and started for town he said, "Well, Queen, when I come tomorrow I will tell you an interesting story of things I learned since you left Wisconsin, entitled 'Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way.'"

CHAPTER XXX.

WESTERN ENERGY.

*“Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The first four acts already past;
The fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”*

George Berkeley, of England.

Soon after the men came out from breakfast the next morning I saw a horse and buggy come into the barn and Mr. Philips alighted and came to my stall. The first thing he said was “Good morning, Queen. I have come early and while Mr. Sagendorph is getting his men started in to cutting and putting up ice, I will tell you the story I promised to last evening. Your owner’s foreman is attending his mother’s funeral and he has to attend to the men himself and we will have a good chance to visit.” He said “I am going to tell you of large meetings, a great scheme and a wonderful city.” So I listened as well as a cow could while finishing my breakfast. He said, “Since you left Wisconsin I have been invited by President Worst and Prof. Waldron of the North Dakota Agricultural College to attend three annual meetings of the Tri-State Grain Growers’ Association embracing the northern part of the state of Minnesota and the two Dakotas, different days were devoted to raising and marketing grain, drainage, the breeding of live stock, both beef and dairy, sheep husbandry, swine raising and fruit growing. The whole enlivened every day by the cackling

and crowing of a poultry show in an adjoining building. Well, Queen, I have during the past thirty-five years attended farmers' meetings in eleven different states, but I never saw such audiences as turned out at the city of Fargo to attend those meetings—from eight to fifteen hundred farmers at every session—and all of four-fifths of those present had on fur or sheepskin overcoats—let me tell you, Queen, the more fur coats you have in an audience, the more energy, push and attention you will see. Well, of course you know my main attractions and where I took part was in breeding and handling dairy stock, and fruit growing, and those sessions were lively and interesting. Of course I could not talk long on the first of these two subjects before I was switched off on the Guernseys, and being a new breed to many of them the audience was much interested and asked many questions. One noted man, who has been considered high authority on breeding, said, in all breeding both of human beings and animals, the father or sire exerts the greatest influence on the offspring in shaping their lives and usefulness. I dissented from his opinion and we had a lively discussion. I had proof near at hand. I cited him to my own mother, from whom I inherited a long life, good health, a great memory and a large amount of kindness for all living harmless creatures. I also cited him to my wife, whom I knew had done more in rearing and shaping the lives of the six children in our family than I ever had or could. I asked where did Washington, Lincoln, Garfield and hosts of others give the credit for what they possessed that they and their friends admired. They all said to a good mother and then, Queen, I told them of your mother, the great cow, Yeksa, a name that every Guernsey breeder that has any of her descendants is too glad to attach to his young animals when he sends them to Wm. H. Caldwell to have them registered, and I have heard breeders claim that more cows of that strain had entered the advanced register than of any other family of those cattle. I know that Yeksa blood is much sought after among breeders. At that meeting I

sold a grandson of the Great Guydette, whose great grand dam was your mother, to Dr Patterson, of Barnesville, Minn., because he was a descendant of Yeksa. Then Queen I referred to you and your descendants, whose records you had an influence in shaping. I spoke of your daughter, Queen Deette, that when she went into the advanced register gave in one year 6,275 pounds more milk, which made 234 more pounds of butter fat than you gave and made when you went in; and your other daughter, Yeksa Queen, the dam of Guydette, made in twelve months about one hundred more pounds of butter than you ever did; and see what she accomplished in transmitting her valuable traits to her other sons, Campbells King, Lord Yeksa and King Yeksa. Oh! Queen, I think the mother's influence is greater on her offspring than the father's. When in came to fruit growing I gave them lessons in budding and top-grafting the apple tree to increase its hardiness, productiveness and longevity. I also talked to them on seedling apples and their originators. I exhibited fruit of many varieties of seedlings and have since sent apple seeds to them for distribution, as I had more calls for them there than at any meeting I ever attended. I spoke to them of the great work that Professor N. E. Hansen of the South Dakota College was doing in bringing out new seedling fruits. I also spoke of the good work the Wisconsin and Minnesota Agricultural Colleges and the North Dakota College were doing in instructing their young people along the lines of useful citizenship. One of the great drawing cards that brings the farmers to these meetings is the discussions of the elevator system and the marketing of their wheat. Many able addresses were delivered, as this subject is of vital interest to those grain growing farmers. Another very important feature brought up for discussion is the changing of those people from grain growing to stock raising to preserve the fertility of the soil. The time was once there that the ambition of the early settler was to break up large areas and raise great quantities of wheat, get rich, then go back to their native

states to live at ease, but I'll tell you, now Queen, it is changing. Those early settlers have raised families and as the years roll by the sons and daughters leave the home nest and settle on smaller farms, so that it seems more like home to the older ones. Then starts the desire to erect good buildings and plant trees to beautify their homes, and raise their own fruit instead

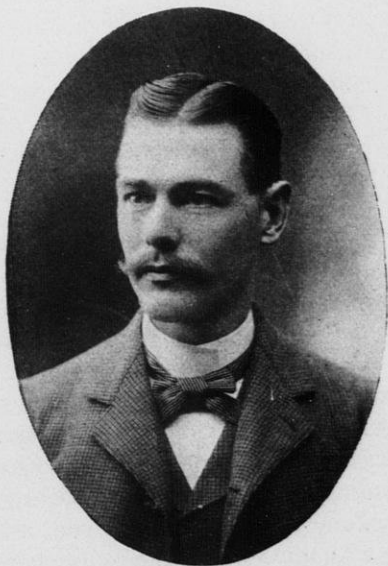


PROF. N. E. HANSEN
South Dakota Agricultural College.

of sending east after it. All these things combined has a tendency to bring these sturdy pioneers and their sons together to discuss these things; hence these very large meetings, where the interest manifests itself up to the very last session. A question was asked me, Queen, at one of the breeders' sessions, the answer of which led up to the second part of the text

I mentioned to you, to wit: A Great Scheme. The question was, why is it that the Guernsey cattle are selling higher than other dairy breeds and are taking such a prominent stand among the great producing cows? My answer was that the very good cows and bulls of all dairy and beef breeds are selling high. The next question was, I understand that you raised some very good Guernseys and sold them for high prices—tell us how you did it? My answer was, I studied the breed, then I bought a good, well-bred sire and dam for foundation stock. I used well-bred, matured sires all I could. I gave my heifer calves my personal attention and raised them the best I knew how. I raised them in a favorable place; good water, pure air, luxuriant pasture and hilly land, where all their muscles were brought into use, which had a tendency to grow them strong, large and vigorous. There is no secret about it: anyone can do it with the same surroundings. And the quality always governs and makes the price; it is not the good looks of the breeder. But, Queen, I said to those people I have not told you all yet. There has always been a desire among many breeders for better stock, and when the Pioneer Breeders of Guernseys assembled in one of their annual meetings in the East and decided that while all pure-bred Guernsey cattle could be registered that they would make an advanced register into which animals could only be entered that a specified performance in milk and butter production entitled them to they struck a great scheme. And I told them that the conditions of this advanced register—honestly and carefully managed and carried out by the efficient secretary of the Guernsey Cattle Club, Mr. Wm. H. Caldwell, of Peterboro, New Hampshire—had done more, in my opinion, to raise and keep up the quality and price and give the Guernseys a boom than any other scheme that had been adopted for their advancement. The next question was, can you explain the terms of the advanced register? My answer was not exactly from memory, but it is something like this: It differs with different ages; a

two-year-old to a two-and-a-half-year-old heifer must make about 250 or 260 pounds of butter fat in twelve months, and a two-and-a-half to three-year-old 272 pounds, and so on up to five-year-old or mature cows, which must give from 8,000 to 10,000 pounds of milk, which must make 360 pounds or upwards of butter fat. I told them these were the approximate figures, and that a bull could not be entered unless he had



PROF. WM. H. CALDWELL
Secretary American Guernsey Cattle Club, Peterboro, N. H.

sired two or three females that had qualified for the advanced register. But I told them to write Mr. Caldwell, whose address I had given them, for full particulars and he would be glad to send them at once.

The next question asked, when answered led up to the third part of my talk to this morning, Queen, that is a wonder-

ful city. One man said: "I am here to get information; I want to keep some cows for milk and butter but they tell me that these Guernsey cows are too tender for this climate; they will not be profitable because they can't rustle in winter. How is it?" My answer was: "If you want cattle to rustle out doors in winter do not take the nervous dairy cow; take the beef cattle and depend on buying your butter of some good dairyman that keeps his cows inside and keeps them comfortable. But my candid opinion is that you can erect buildings that will keep cattle warm and make them profitable in any country where you can erect buildings warm enough to raise babies and children in, and I see you do that here in Fargo, the city we used to hear was in the center of the cyclone and blizzard belt, but in coming here in January, this the third time, and always finding nice weather leads me to say that I like your city. It is a business place, your hotels and street car service are good, and I further saw some things about your city I like exceedingly well. I have visited many cities in the West and some in the East, but yours is the first one I have ever walked a mile on a business street without seeing a saloon sign. I say this is wonderful. Many times we hear it said you must have saloons to bring business. Not so here. You people have shown to the world that you can maintain a prosperous and growing business city without granting license to take the laboring man's money away from his wife and children. I tell you, if I were a young man and raising a family I would like to live here. I went out to your splendid Agricultural College last evening to attend the dedication of a library building donated by that great advocate of temperance, Andrew Carnegie, and while there I became acquainted with a man who was born in Norway. Among other things he said: 'I came to this country when I was a young man. I had but little money so I took up a homestead and a tree claim; I selected good land; I built a sod house on it, then got married and have raised a family of three boys and two girls. I always was a temperate man. I promised my

mother when I came across the ocean that I never would drink strong drink or liquor, and I have kept my promise. I have prospered well. I have one daughter and two sons here attending this school, and my wife and I are so glad we can send our children away to school—to a city like Fargo where there are no saloons. It is so different from many cities I know of where schools are located; where parents worry all the time for fear their boys will be led astray.' I tell you, Queen, it was a pleasure to me to have a chance to talk, not only to that man but to others, about the prosperity and advantages of their North Dakota city. Mr. Philips then said: 'Well, Queen, I see they are coming with their loads of ice, and I suppose Mr. Sagendorph will be ready to start home, but I will come out early tomorrow morning and make you a good long visit. The next day I am going to start for Chicago, where I expect to meet Mr. Rietbrock and go with him again to Athens and see more Yeksa Guernseys.' They soon started and I watched Mr. Sagendorph and Mr. Philips until they were out of sight."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A FAREWELL VISIT.

*"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial; we should count time by
heart throbs;
He most lives who feels the noblest acts the best."*

When Mr. Philips came to see us cows the last time before going away and make us a farewell visit, he had more to say and stayed longer than at any previous visit. He spent some time with Mr. Sagendorph in the part of the barn where Primitive and King Dodo had their stalls; then they came to the stall where Sufficiency is kept and Mr. Philips told Mr. Sagendorph how to arrange his tread-power for Sufficiency to work on, "For," he said, "that youngster needs exercise to work off his surplus energy and to keep him docile and to increase his usefulness." They then came to Queen Deette's stall and looked her over again, and Mr. Philips suggested some change in her feed to obtain the best results. While looking at Queen Deette, Mr. Sangendorph told Mr. Philips what Mr. Hope told him about the splendid, though rough, pasture she was in when he saw her in our old home in Wisconsin. After looking at all the rest of the cattle they came to my stall, and Mr. Philips came in and sat down beside me Mr. Sagendorph went out where the men were at work on the farm to give them some instructions.

Mr. Philips then said, "Well, Queen, I have come to see

you again before I start back to Wisconsin and to bid you good-bye, perhaps for the last time. When I put you on board the cars to come way off here to Massachusetts I never expected to have the pleasure of seeing you or the pains of saying good-bye to you again, but such is life, Queen; we never know what the future has in store for us, and it is best for us that we do not. I have been here five days and I only expected to stay one or two, but I have been so delightfully entertained, and treated with such cordial hospitality, and have enjoyed seeing you cows so much that I have not realized the flight of time and my visit has seemed short to me."

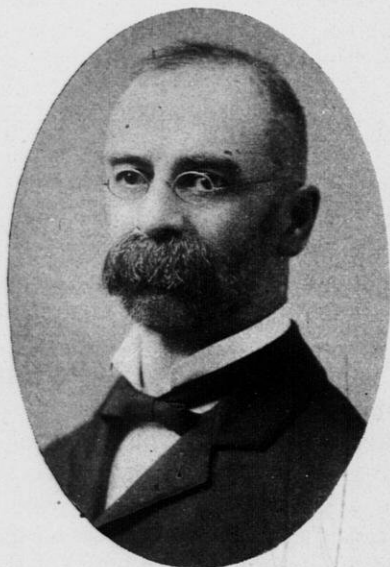
He rubbed my head and neck and took an apple out of his pocket and gave it to me to eat, as he and his kind wife so often used to do in my dear old home. He told me that Mr. Rietbrock said he would bet that when he bid me good-bye in Massachusetts he would shed some scattering tears. I do not know whether he did or not, but he acted as if he was sorry to go and leave me when Mr. Sagendorph came in and said he was ready to go to town.

He then said he had been thinking a good deal of late of the grand lesson contained in the four lines of a little poem he asked the school children to remember and practice its teachings, which are to give bouquets, not only of flowers, but of kind, encouraging words and words of praise to their friends while living, instead of waiting to lay the flowers on their casket and speak the words after they are dead, and that he had often quoted these lines at meetings where he had spoken.

He told me that while addressing a large audience a short time before at Athens, the home of Yeksa Sunbeam, my son, Salem's King, and my grandson, Guydette, and my great-grandson, Rinaldo, he said that the work Governor Hoard, Mr. Rietbrock, Mr. Sagendorph, Dr. S. M. Babcock, Uncle Perry Goodrich, D. O. Thompson, Prof. Haecker, Dr. Chamberlain, and many other men were doing to improve the dairy cows and trying to teach the people how to breed and care for them and

their products, could not be estimated in dollars and cents. He said he also alluded to the great work George T. Angell was doing in Boston, where he, Mr. Philips, saw over a hundred different horses drinking at the Ellen Gifford fountain erected under the supervision of Mr. Angell.

He told about addressing a large audience at another place, where he spoke of the great work Wyman Elliott, J. M. Under-



DR. BABCOCK

Inventor of Babcock Milk Test.

wood, C. G. Patten, Frank Yahnke, George J. Kellogg, and others were doing in bringing out and originating new and valuable fruits. He said he further told them that these men he had spoken of were all living and still working in the communities where they reside, and that now was the time to throw them some bouquets, not only of flowers, but kind words of

commendation and other marks of appreciation for the beneficent work they are doing.

He then said he had a number of times suggested that the dairymen of Wisconsin should erect suitable memorial tablets on the State University Grounds at Madison for Ex-Governor Hoard for his countless appeals for better treatment of the dairy cow, and to Dr. S. M. Babcock for his wonderful work alone in his laboratory solving the problem from which emanated his great milk test which he so generously gave, not only to his own state, but to the world, almost without money and without price. These honors should be conferred now, he said, and not wait, as we did in naming our Dairy Hall for our veteran dairyman, Hiram Smith, after he had gone to his reward. Such men's everyday lives diffuse an influence for good wherever they are, then why not throw them a few bouquets while they are alive to take pleasure in knowing that the people appreciate their efforts and are grateful for the good they are doing.

Mr. Philips then said: "You remember, Queen, when I first came to see you I told you about the circular on humane education Mrs. Foster had sent out, and about the humane education law passed by Oklahoma; well, since then I have received a letter from Hon. Leslie G. Niblack, of Guthrie, Okla., the young legislator who so successfully championed the bill and got it enacted into a law, in which he says: 'The law I had enacted, calling for moral and humane education in the schools of Oklahoma, is showing splendid results; the good already accomplished is great, and I am assured by scores of public school teachers that the humane half hour in the schools is looked forward to with pleasure by the pupils. This is very gratifying to me as I had a hard fight to get it enacted in the Eighth Legislative Assembly.' And, Queen, Mr. Niblack says he feels sure your autobiography will prove a success and was interested in the preface, and said, 'I would like to add my endorsement thereto, but in doing so would not dwell so much on Mrs. Foster's intellectual attainments and splendid work with her

pen as on her kindly traits of heart and mind, her loyalty to friends and her manifold womanly attributes. I consider Mrs. Foster one of my best friends and whenever I am in a position to accord her a favor I want to do it.' It was a nice bouquet he threw at Mrs. Foster, wasn't it, Queen? She will prize it more than if it had been a diamond ring instead of kind words. I think the people of not only Oklahoma but of the whole United States would do well to throw some bouquets to those who were instrumental in getting that grand law enacted, while they are alive to enjoy the expression of appreciation and commendation of their work by the people. I tell you, Queen, I have no fears for the future of Oklahoma so long as she has a Legislature composed of such young men as Mr. Niblack's picture and his acts show him to be.

"I think, Queen, that any good we can do can not be done too soon. The best workers and writers we have are those who are trying to work for the future. Much of our work and advice in tree-planting and cattle-breeding are intended to benefit the farmers in every section of our country.

"When in Washington while on this trip I was glad to see and hear that many people there and in many other places are already throwing bouquets at Senator La Follette for the stand he has taken to preserve the coal and oil lands for the benefit of the people. The Chicago School Journal throws him a well-merited bouquet. It says: 'Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, has the credit of having prevented the immensely valuable coal deposits in the Indian Territory from going into the possession of the railroad companies. It has been decided by Congress that all these coal and asphalt lands, whether leased or unleased, shall be reserved from sale until the existing leases shall have expired or until such time as may otherwise be provided by law. The coal lands nominally belong to the Indians. Leases are held by railroad companies and others. But for Senator La Follette's vigilance the ownership of these tracts would have passed to the railroads, and the anthracite situation in Pennsyl-

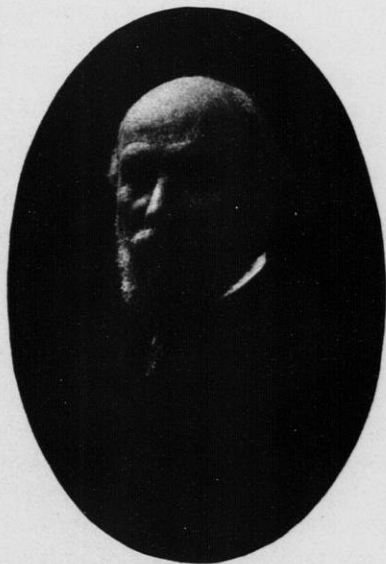


HON. R. M. LAFOLLETTE
Ex-Governor and Junior Senator from Wisconsin.

vania would have been repeated in a region about to be developed into a populous state. It is probable now that the Indian Territory coal deposit will be made the basis of a school fund for the new state to be created by the union of Oklahoma and Indian Territory. They will be a magnificent public asset. If given over to state ownership the property, in its annual income, will dispense with all necessity for school taxes and there will be a school on every hill in the new Oklahoma.' Another bouquet I heard for Senator La Follette was from a wealthy man in Massachusetts, who said: 'So you live in Wisconsin, do you?' I said, 'Yes.' He said: 'I am a great admirer of your man La Follette (with a strong accent on the last syllable). I like his stand on equal taxation. The wealthy people of the East are just as bad as the wealthy people of the West about covering up their personal property and letting the land owner and the small home owners pay the school and other taxes for us. It is not kind, not right nor just and I hope he will live to see the day that all, rich and poor alike, shall bear their proper burden of taxes. It made me think of my own case, when I once paid on nine hundred dollars of personal property when I was not worth over two thousand dollars. The same day my rich neighbor paid on one hundred and forty dollars, and he was worth over one hundred thousand dollars—mine was in sight, his was covered up in his son's safe. It hurts a man worth five thousand dollars, or less, to give in and have to pay on fifteen hundred dollars personal property, then turn round and see his two neighbors, one worth thirty and another worth fifty thousand dollars, give in and pay on one thousand dollars each. Do you know,' the man said, 'that these dishonest practices are the cause of nine-tenths of the trouble between capital and the laboring classes.' I said, 'Yes.'

"Another man I want to tell you about, Queen, who is a great friend of the people, especially the farmers, is J. J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railroad. The best address I ever listened to was one he delivered about a year ago at the

annual meeting of the Minnesota Agricultural Society in Minneapolis. He tries in every way he can to help the settlers along his line of road in Minnesota and North Dakota. And to help them improve their herds of cattle he, in two years' time, imported, mostly from the North of England and Scotland, about eight hundred thoroughbred bulls of the beef and dairy breeds, some of them costing him three hundred dollars each, and gave



J. J. HILL

President of Great Northern Railway.

them to the farmers; also gave them thoroughbred pigs to improve their hogs. He gave the farmers a lot of good, sound advice. He told them to look out for their own interests and not allow themselves to be fooled by demagogues. But the best of all the good advice he gave them was to educate their children well. Among other things on this subject he said: 'It

would be better for every citizen of the state, whether in the city or in the country, if the public schools in the country would embrace in their curriculum at least some elementary instruction that would fit the scholars for entry to the State Experimental Farm or State University. Children should be taught to farm as they are now taught in France and Denmark, in the public schools, and that farm training schools could be established where every boy and man out of employment can gain that knowledge, can learn how to till the soil and get his living straight from the ground, and where boys would be taught that their first aim in life should be to get a home of their own. It is through that class of people that this country has been built up, if it is to be preserved it will be through the efforts of this class of people.' I wish that every farmer in the Northwest could have heard it; they would have felt like throwing bouquets to him at every opportunity while he lived, and it would have been far more gratifying to him than for them to have waited and laid them on his coffin.

"Anyone who dares to do his duty in this age of trusts and graft deserves to be showered with bouquets and I am glad to see them get them. And, Queen, I like best the bouquets and things which count, like a couple of instances which I have in mind. One was a preacher who, of course, had a large family and was poor, and I could sympathize with him as it was the same way with my father's family. The members of this minister's church appointed a day to meet at his house, in thanksgiving and prayer to thank the Lord for what He had done and ask Him to help the poor preacher to supply the needs of his family. When they were at the height of their generous devotions a boy, who had driven up to the door with a loaded wagon containing ten bushels of potatoes, a quarter of beef, a dressed hog, a sack of flour and a good supply of groceries, interrupted them and said: 'My pa is not well enough to come and pray with you so he sent me with his prayers, which I hope

some of you will be kind enough to come and carry in to the minister.'

"The other instance is that of a poor man, with a small farm, who died and left his wife and a large family of small children. They had no team and were wondering how they could put their crop in, but one day, to their great surprise, some seven or eight of their good neighbors came with their teams and ploughed the land and put in all the crops, some of the men even bringing seed to sow and plant the land. This was a genuine throwing of bouquets of kindness that that family of boys and girls will never forget, and it will cause them to have a better opinion of mankind. Two of those men, on their way home, drove out of the road to avoid injuring a helpless land turtle which was slowly crossing it, again showing their great kindness of heart. I tell you, Queen, such instances are the kind of prayers and bouquets that count."

Mr. Phillips said one of the happiest hours he ever spent was listening to the report of a band of Minneapolis ladies who had distributed flower seeds and sent some of their members out to instruct the children of the poor in cultivating thousands of flower gardens in front and back yards where such things were never before known. "Surely," he said, "the people of that city and the whole Gopher State should send those ladies thousands of bouquets of encouragement and means to help them in their noble work." He also said that the ladies of Lake City, Minn., had started the same good and noble work and that more bouquets are needed for the work there, and that the example the ladies of these two cities have set thousands of cities ought to follow.

Another of his happy times, he said, was during his stay in Washington, where he saw eight hundred Sunday school children marching in a procession, headed by their teachers, and each one carrying a bouquet of beautiful flowers. They went to one of the large hospitals of the city and gave those bouquets to the sick inmates. He said he believed that act of kindness

brought more joy and gladness and thoughts of home and friends to those sick people than thousands of tons of bouquets would have done had those children waited and laid them on their coffins.

Mr. Philips then said: "Queen, you remember that once Prof. Goff, of Madison, came up to the Hill and spent a day with us and what a kind man he seemed to be. Well, about three years ago, in the midst of a useful life, he passed away. I went to Madison to his funeral and it was a beautiful sight to see his large Sunday school class of boys step up to his grave after his body was lowered and each deposit a beautiful white carnation in it; a most fitting tribute to his exemplary life and noble character. His work in the field of horticultural investigations entitled him to rank with leading scientists of the present day. His wise counsels, his splendid example for young men to follow, and his true Christian kindness endeared him to all he came in contact with. As a friend and brother we hold him in loving remembrance."

He further said: "I believe that by far the most important occupation in our land today is the teaching of our children, the dear ones allotted to our care and the hope of the future of our country. We, as parents and taxpayers, do not throw enough bouquets to our teachers; we do not visit our schools often enough and see what our children and teachers are doing. We should give them more encouraging words; we should see that the children are taught more on the subject of kindness. If they were taught more kindness, Queen, you cows, horses, dogs and all other animals would be treated better and have more bouquets of kindness given you, and there would be more kind-hearted men who would love their cows as the great statesmen, Daniel Webster and C. R. Beach, did theirs, and C. P. Goodrich does his—you know him, Queen, he is the gentleman who talked so kindly to you and gave you so many bouquets. And no man knows better the nature of both men and cows than he does, and he says: 'The man who dislikes the dairy

cow and spends as little time as possible in her society at the cow-stable will not succeed well with her. If he hates the cow she will hate him and not do well for him. If he loves his cow she will come to him when he returns home from a few days' absence, to be talked kindly to.'

"There is nothing like experience, Queen, to make a man learn and see the truth, and its light is shining into the minds of men on the subject of good cows and good care of them more than ever before. And there will be more men than ever before who will delight in following the footsteps of the cow, and more who when on their deathbed, will be able to give to their sons the parting injunction C. R. Beach, one of Wisconsin's noted dairymen and highly respected and whole-souled citizens, gave to his sons. A few days before his death he said to his two sons: "Boys, I am going to leave the farm, but I shall leave it better than I found it. It has never produced as much as it will today. Then let us pray as Buddha taught his followers to pray, saying in the words of the poetry of the Veda, 'I charge you, O my sons, to follow a herd of cows, quaffing the dust raised by their feet by day, and at night lie down and guard them. O, thou mighty Indra, make our pastures wide, give us wealth in cows. For he that hath cows hath delight in cows, for substance is the delight of man, and he that hath no substance hath no delight.' "

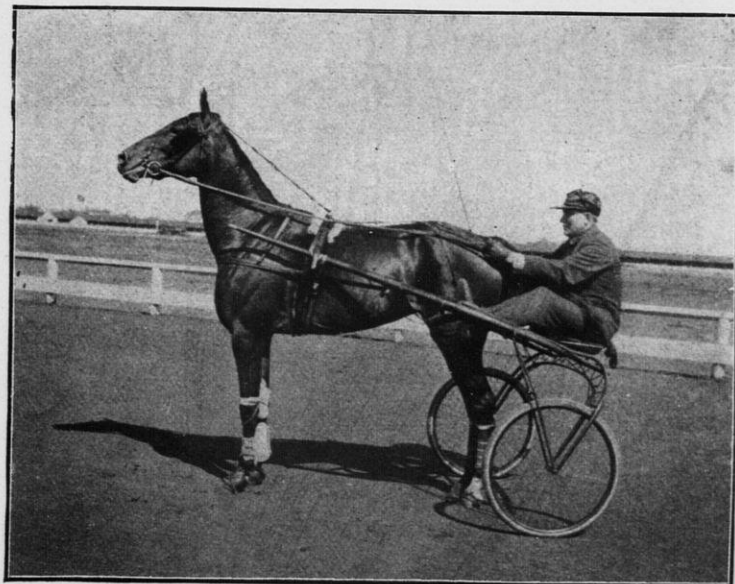
It pleased me to hear so many nice things said about us cows, and I was glad to know that men were learning to appreciate cows more and more and take better care of them, and I hope the children will be taught kindness to every living creature, for Mr. Philips says if they were taught it there would be very few such sad cases as one he saw in the county where he lives. He said it was a case where an old man and his wife were deserted in their old age by their children, several of whom were boys. They deeded their little farm to the town for taking care of them the rest of their lives, and he said: "That old man's eyes filled with tears and his voice trembled

with grief when he said to me, 'Oh, if our boys and girls would only write to us once in a while it would do us a world of good.' Poor old souls, they are dead, but what a pleasure those children could have given their old father and mother had they given them a few bouquets while they were living. I tell you, Queen, the older people get the more they appreciate little favors and being remembered. My old friend, Moran, whom I told you about carrying one hundred apple trees so far, I know enjoys my yearly visit to him, and though I do not take him a bouquet of flowers I take him one of kind, cheery words and good wishes, and always visit his seedling apple tree and do what I can to please him."

Mr. Philips said he was delighted to know that a man was visiting the large cities and showing an educated horse, called Jim Key, and giving a part of the receipts towards organizing and supporting Bands of Mercy, of which there are now about seventy thousand in the United States. Doing this, he said, is throwing bouquets to that noble veteran, George T. Angell, who originated these bands over thirty years ago. And, Queen, he said, this grand old man and benefactor sends 'kindest wishes, and says, 'as soon as your book is published, please kindly send me a copy. I can fully agree with all the praise you have given Mrs. Foster.' "

I used to notice that Mr. Philips spent about as much time with his horses and nice mares and fine colts as he did with us cows, and he said he loved a good horse next to a good cow. He told me about visiting the Milwaukee fair last fall, and saw there the most perfect machine he had ever seen in the shape of a pacer, that it was a mare called, The Broncho. He said he was so greatly pleased with the kindness shown by Charlie Dean in handling her that after the race was over he sent Mr. Dean a bouquet in the form of a short letter, congratulating him on his success in lowering the track record to $203\frac{3}{4}$ and the kind way he treated the mare. Mr. Dean replied by letter, thanking him for his bouquet and saying, "I did treat The

1905
 Broncho kindly, in fact, I treat all my horses kindly. There is much need of kindness in this big world. Kindness changed that mare from an erratic, ordinary pacer to the greatest pacing mare the world has ever seen. She made a record in a race in 1905 of 2:03 $\frac{1}{4}$. I never fed her any patent foods. Good oats and timothy hay being her feed, with an abundance of grass in



THE BRONCHO. Champion Pacing Mare of the World.

its season, an occasional bran mash, an apple or two, and in winter a few ears of corn with her other feed, and lots of kind words every day." Mr. J. L. Hervey, a horseman of Chicago, says of her, "The Spring of 1906 finds her better than she ever was before. At the first race at Libertyville she stepped two heats in 2:05 and 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$. She is more of a marvel than ever before if that be possible and there is no prophesizing how close

to the two minute-mark she may step before the season closes." To show you Queen, that I made no mistake in 1905 in selecting The Broncho as a marvel of speed; her unrivalled three heats at Glenville recently in 2:03, 2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 2:02 $\frac{3}{4}$ amply testifies. These three heats break the world's record for three consecutive heats, also the world's record for a pacing mare, and the world's record for the fastest third heat in a race.



CHARLES DEAN, Trainer and Driver of the Broncho.

It is another case of individual greatness—another friend Queen, with whom I have exchanged bouquets is one of my horticultural friends who always, at fairs or at the annual meetings, had a bouquet of kind words for his friends, was Geo. J. Kellogg, of Lake Mills, Wis. He said that of late years Mr. Kellogg, had given away hundreds of strawberry plants to school child-

ren to plant and care for and report to him their growth, and he said the thanks he received from those children when they had berries of their own raising to eat, were bouquets more precious than gold. Mr. Philips said that he too, had given away or sent by mail, free of cost, thousands of root-grafts of apple trees to children who asked for them and promised to give them good care, and the many nice letters of thanks he had received from them were bouquets to him, the fragrance of which would ever remain fresh in his memory. "Then, Queen, there was Uncle Dart, of Minnesota," he said "who did so much for his home town and the state at large. You remember how much he admired you when he visited us up on the hill. He too, always had kind words for everybody and when he spoke at meetings or wrote to me he always gave me bouquets of kind words, and I tried to return the favor. Two weeks before he died I went to see him. He could hardly talk, but said, 'Philips, you have said many kind things about me and my work, but I am done with work and almost done with life, and it is my desire that you attend my funeral, and the only flowers I wish you to bring is a bouquet of kind words and say them at my grave for the benefit of those of my friends who will mourn my loss.' "

Mr. Philips then said, "I often wish I could live and do Christian work so that I could have the bouquets of real flowers and the bouquets of smiling faces and kind words showered on me that my friend Yahnke receives in his unselfish Sunday school work. And I often think of the bouquets of kind words I have received from and sent to my friend H. M. Lyman. These last two men, Queen, you never saw, but it is a great pleasure to me to know that I have known them, and I am glad that I have had the opportunity to send them some bouquets while they were living. I often think of and often read these beautiful lines which were selected by Mr. Lyman and sung at his funeral.

QUEEN VASHTI

'Sunset and evening star,
 An out-clear call for me,
 And may there be no moaning bar
 When I put out to sea.

But moving tide asleep,
 Too full for sound or foam,
 Which, when drawn from out the deep
 Turns to its earliest home.

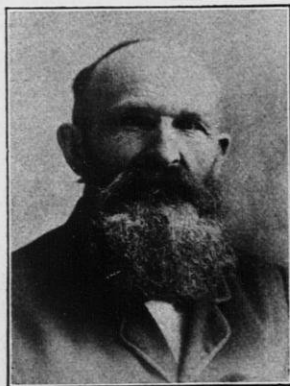
Twilight and evening bell
 And after that the dark;
 And may there be no sad farewell
 When I at last embark.

For though, from time and place,
 The flood may bear me far;
 I hope to see my pilot's face,
 When I have crossed the bar.' "

After this Mr. Philips said, "There are hundreds of others I would like to speak of while on this interesting subject of giving bouquets, a fitting one with which to close our book. When I think of those good dairymen and cow lovers who, like Mr. Lyman, have crossed the bar, among whom are Hiram Smith, S. C. Kent, C. R. Beach, I. J. Clapp, Mr. Fairbanks, Auld Jamie Barclay, Uncle Sam Huston, Dave Curtis, W. D. Richardson, Secretary Norton and others, and think of the good horticulturists I knew personally who spent so much of their lives for the good of others and who, like Uncle Dart, are done with life's work, among the number being J. M. Smith, my father E. M. Philips, A. G. Tuttle, John S. Stevens, J. S. Harris, Dr. P. A. Jewell, John T. Grimes, J. C. Plumb, Peter M. Gideon, Peter Peffer; Ephraim Wilcox, President Pendergast and others, I am led to say, did we, who are left, always treat all those good men I have named as they deserved? Did we always, whenever we had an opportunity, give them bou-

quets of real flowers and bouquets of kind, encouraging words and other tokens of friendship, gratitude and esteem? If we did not do it then let us all, who still live, both old and young, remember this chapter on giving bouquets of various kinds, while we can, to the living who are trying to make the world better; and let us not confine our bouquets to the human family but be generous, also to the cows and all others of God's dumb creatures."

Mr. Philips then said, "Well, Queen, there is one thing



H. M. LYMAN

Originator of Lyman's Prolific and Evelyn Trees.

more I must say to you, that is, you have been fortunate, for you have only been owned by three persons, and from your birth until now you have been showered with bouquets of good feed, apples, good care and an astonishing amount of kindness and praise thrown in, and though bouquets of flowers may not be laid on your grave, your picture will adorn the walls of the three homes you have had, there to be remembered and prized

while those who have owned you live, and that is far better treatment than most cows receive.

“One of the reasons, Queen, for my writing your history, as told by yourself, was because you are a good, kind, sensible and intelligent cow and because I thought cows were not noticed as much as they ought to be in humane publications—why, bless you, Queen, besides furnishing cream and butter for a large share of the human family, you cows furnish milk for raising quite a large proportion of the city babies and a goodly number of those raised in the country, too. I appreciate this fact for, owing to ill-health of my mother, I was raised on cows milk myself, and have always enjoyed good health, and now weigh one hundred and eighty pounds and sometimes wonder what the result would have been had they taken the pains back in the thirties in feeding the cows they do now. Dr. Chamberlain is doing a great work in furnishing pure, rich milk to the babies of Boston, for which he should have bouquets showered on him while he is living. Right here, Queen, I want to say that Mr. Fred Rietbrock deserved a bouquet of kind words given to him for breeding the handsome young bull, Skeesicks, dropped Jan. 9, 1905, whose cut appears on next page. His sire was the fine bull, Treynore, and his dam the great producing cow, Yeksa Lind. He is a very promising young bull, valued by Mr. Rietbrock’s estate at over \$1,000.

Mr. Philips said that in looking over a humane paper a short time ago he saw fourteen articles on the horse; on dogs, four; transportation of cattle, two; cats, two; birds, six; goats, one, and cows, the most useful animal in the lot, there were only two. He said there was a picture in this same paper showing twenty-five men wearing medals, which were presented to them by the Humane Society because they were kind teamsters. He said there ought to have been a picture of fifty men wearing badges because they were kind milkers.

Mr. Philips then put his hand on my neck and said: “Now, Queen, I am going to tell you what I have told you many times

before, that is, how much I have always appreciated your goodness and faithfulness, what pleasure I have enjoyed in taking good care of you, and how amply you have repaid me for it. We have had many good visits together and my good talks, which you have listened to as if you understood what I was saying. And who knows but what you did, for, Queen,



SKEESICKS No. 9979, A. G. C. C.

animals have much more capacity to understand human speech than is generally supposed. The Hindoos and Arabs control their animals almost entirely by talking to them, and the actions of animals from foreign lands that are kept in cages in the museums, show plainly that animals do understand human speech

for when spoken to in English they will stand with stolid indifference as if they did not hear, but the instant they are spoken to in the language of their native land every fiber of their being responds by a quick motion towards you, and an expression of gladness comes into their eyes that is almost human. It is the same with domestic animals. For instance, take a dog that his master always talks to in German and that quickly obeys every command, but let his master give the same command in English he will pay no attention to it, will, apparently, not hear it, simply because it is not merely the tone of voice or enunciation he understands, but the language. Oh, yes, Queen, animals do understand a great deal that is said to them, and you and I know it, don't we?

I have an idea, Queen, that if your first owner had kept you that, after your mother, Yeksa, died, with the great faith she had in your wonderful individuality and remarkable prepotent powers, she would have started a new family of Guernseys and called it the Queen Vashti family, and it would have been second to none in the world, as is proven by your achievements and those of your descendants, and, Queen, you have shown yourself capable and worthy of being the progenitor of a great and illustrious family and it would have perpetuated your name for generations in a more permanent and valuable form than any book could do it. But, Queen, you have, like the good men I have told you about, spent your life working for others, and have generously and unselfishly given yourself and your descendants to the perpetuation of your mother's name and the upbuilding of the Yeksa family. But this is one of the 'might have beens,' Queen, so we will not waste any time in regrets for we believe it is always best to

 'Look on the bright side always,

 What better plan than this?

 Since fretting never changes

 What we think's gone amiss.'

 'Last of all I want to tell you that many good men have be-

lieved, and many good people now believe, that animals as well as people have a future existence, and with the light I now have I dare not nor can not contradict it. So, Queen, be as good as you always have been and your chances will be as good for a happy future life as any animal, whether human or dumb, I know of. Well, here comes Mr. Sagendorph so I must go, but I do hate to go, Queen, and not take you with me, but it is best for you to stay here, so good-bye."

Another parting and another good-bye will have to be recorded in my life's history, for Mr. Philips has gone back to his home in Wisconsin. It made me sad when he put his arm around my neck and said good-bye, to think I had seen my oldest and best friend for the last time. I call him my oldest and best friend because I lived so many more years with him than with anyone else, and because nobody, since I was grown up, has ever petted and talked to me as much as he did, and I liked to be talked to as well as he liked to talk.

How much longer my life may be or what the future may have in store for me and what I may accomplish I can not tell, but Mr. Philips, who comes of a long-lived race, will probably be alive after I am gone to write my biography as an appendix to my autobiography, if he is not alive, then Mrs. Foster or Mr. Sagendorph may write it, that those who have read my life's history so far may know that I continued faithful to my duty and still tried to be good and do good to the end of my life. Holy writ says: "Let her own works praise her," and it is said that "Years of work well done bring a coronation to every life." How well my years of work was done I leave the readers to judge, and leave them, should they deem it merited, to place a crown on Queen Vashti.

THE END.

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