

Short-Horn Breeders.

The convention of short horn cattle breeders met Wednesday afternoon at the court house in Jackson, with a large number of gentlemen in attendance. Prof. Johnson, of the Agricultural College, Lansing, read an instructive paper on stock husbandry, the most important factor in our farming. A. F. Wood, of Mason, read a paper on line breeding. Hon. Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, stated that there were no better or more profitable breed than short horns. It is advisable for breeders to study well the pedigree and history of their herds—always buy the best that you can find. Out-breeding is not profitable if carried to an extreme. The better the breeding stock selected, the finer and more profitable will be the offspring. Food in quantity and quality exerts a surprising influence in the condition of animals, causing variations not to be accounted for in any other way. It pays best to feed cattle all they will eat of good nutritious food. Oats is cheaper than hay. There is no danger of keeping short-horn breeders too fat. It does not injure their offspring. Short-horns never disappoint their owners when properly cared for. Other breeds are growing rapidly in favor, but there is no danger of crowding short-horns out.

Mr. Sharp stated that as far as he had succeeded in ascertaining there were 223 short-horn cattle owned in this county, distributed among the different towns as follows: Columbia, 54; Parma, 32; Waterloo, 19; Summit, 28; Springport, 12; Sandstone, 3; Concord, 13; Tompkins, 3. He thought the total might be increased to 250.

Amos Root said he did not breed short-horns, but so far as his observation extended the short-horns were best for milk and beef. He recently bought sixteen short-horn calves at \$26 a head, and thought he made a good bargain.

A. P. Cook thought short-horns the most profitable. In 1854 he bought two short-horn 2-year olds and also three Durhams, and fattened both lots. When he sold them the short-horns brought him \$36 more than the others.

The president asked Prof. Johnson what amount of hay, taking timothy as a basis, a creature would require, in proportion to his weight, to keep him in a normal condition.

Mr. Johnson stated in reply that it would depend on the condition of the animal. A steer weighing 1,000 pounds might be kept in that condition with twenty pounds of clover or twenty-five pounds of timothy. He then gave some statistics regarding cattle kept at the agricultural college farm, showing that five head, weighing 6,000 pounds, have been fed on two quarts each of bran, oats and oil meal and twenty-seven pounds of clover hay since December, and they have been gaining slightly. They have been feeding four steers of different breeds but of equal conditions, and found that the Jerseys made a gain of 117 pounds in two months, a cross-breed Galley and Stratham in two months gained 99 pounds, an Ayrshire steer, fed a trifle heavier, gained 160 pounds, and a short-horn cow gained 102 pounds in the two months.

In answer to the question as to what is the best feed for young calves, Prof. Johnson said clover hay, oats, oil meal and bran were considered the best, though some corn might be desirable but not so much perhaps. A pint of oil meal would be about the proper amount to feed. In fattening cattle we feed them three times a day. We do not feed many roots. It was some time ago the practice to raise a good many roots for feeding, but we found grain foods and ensilage cheaper and more satisfactory. The roots we raised were ruta-bagas, mangel-wortzels and turnips.

Mr. Sharp asked how soon it would be safe to commence feeding young calves that are raised by hand. It was answered that it would be safe to commence about two weeks from birth, then add a small portion of oil meal, oats or bran and increase as the animal needs to be kept growing.

The Saline Observer gets off the following: "There are several individuals in this community whom we feel it our duty to remind that a newspaper is not printed especially for one person, any more than a hotel is built especially to please one guest. People who become greatly displeased with something they find in a newspaper should remember that the very thing that displeases them is exactly the thing that will please somebody that has just as much interest in the paper as they have."

There are times when a boy's feelings are too broad, deep and strong for his poor, weak, groping human nature, and he cannot find words with which to express himself. One of these occasions invariably occurs just after the boy sticks out his tongue against an outside door latch when the thermometer is marking 15 degrees below zero to see if the iron is cold and finds out that it is.—Ex.

We are informed that a Michigan conductor knocked a burly passenger over three seats and under the water tank for disrespectful language to a lady one day last week and as soon as this thing becomes generally known there will doubtless be papers in the state mean enough to blot that probably it wasn't the conductor's first knock down.

AN UNSATISFACTORY VISIT.

A Humorous Tale Why He Will Never Again Visit the Family of Talmacious Peelworth.

I have decided not to again visit the household of Talmacious Peelworth. As a rule, I am fond of children and enjoy telling them stories of questionable truth, but I decided to visit them on a mission of inquiry. I like to know the kind of people who are brought up in a household where the father is a miser and the mother is a tyrant. I want to put them down and change the subject. I went over to Talmacious Peelworth's the other day to renew the ownership of a book which I had loaned to his literary wife several years previously, and which she had promised to return within a week. Talmacious was not at home, having gone to a justice of the peace to swear out a warrant for the arrest of a man whose long hair was fresh pork had trampled his honesty under foot. Mrs. Peelworth and the children, especially the children, were at home.

"Come in," said the lady. "You must excuse the appearance of everything this morning. William," addressing a boy with a smear of jam across his face, "quit fooling with that dog. James, watch Sylvia and don't let her fall out the door."

William, a friendly little fellow, climbed up and sat on my knee. "William!" exclaimed the mother, "don't put your dirty fingers in the gentleman's mouth."

I could not help but show discouragement at this attempt. Whether a gentleman's fingers be dirty or clean, I do not care to have him investigate my front teeth and seek an exploration of that territory lying farther back, for I do not believe that an accomplishment of his extreme desire in this direction would naturally extend his store of use knowledge.

"Gim me this," plucking at a shirt stud. I am much inclined toward liberality, but not realizing William's immediate need of the stud, I felt that it was my duty to decline an entertainment of his proposition, and to frown down a renewal of his negotiations.

"What you come here for?" "William!" called the mother, "don't put your hand in the gentleman's pocket. Put him down." "Let him remain," said I, at the same time attempting to put him down, but he braced his feet on the round of the chair and climbed back to his perch of annoyance.

James entered the room with a pole. "Take that out of here," said the mother. "Don't swing it around that way. Now just look at you!"

He had cracked my head with the curved implement.

"My goodness, I never saw such children. Did it hurt you, sir?"

"Hurt? Just as well ask a man who had been torn to pieces by a dog if he were hurt." "O, it amounts to nothing," raising a limy which had begun to rise. "Madam, if my book be convenient, I will take it now."

"James, what did you do with the gentleman's book? I saw you with it the other day."

"Don't do nuffin wif it. Bill flung it in the well."

"Don't dare if I did," exclaimed William, wiping his jaw on my shirt bosom, "you're the mother."

"I declare," exclaimed the poor woman, wiping her flushed face with a checked apron. "I never did see such children. It does seem like they'll take the place. James, I'm a great mind to whip you for that."

He had wiped his mouth on the tail of my linen coat, leaving a stain as though I had been struck by a ripe tomato. William climbed down. I felt relieved.

"You must excuse the uncomfortable warmth of this room, as I had to make up a fire for ironing purposes. We are having the other part of the house plastered and we have to use this room for everything. I am really sorry about your book. Let's see. It was 'Eagle, Eyed Jake, or the Trail of the Scorpion,' wasn't it?"

"No, it was 'Felix Holt,' I think."

"Sure enough, it was. I didn't read it. Started to, but didn't like it. Well, I like that switch out of the fire. Now, I am really sorry about your book. Let's see. It was 'Eagle, Eyed Jake, or the Trail of the Scorpion,' wasn't it?"

William had jabbed the back of my neck with the burning end of the switch. It was impossible to longer disguise my feelings, for the end of the switch, burned to a red hot, had broken off and gone down my back. I have a recollection of seeking the woods and hanging my slat on a swinging limb. Twisting around and looking down, I could see a trail as though a centipede had used me for a highway. No, I shall never again visit the household of Talmacious Peelworth.—Opie P. Root, in Courier-Journal.

She Wore the Steamer.

A Confederate officer during the war captured a Federal steamer in the Gulf and brought it into Galveston. Federal steamers were not so plentiful as the possessor of the great steamship to indicate, and this prize was to the officer as the apple of his eye.

Being called away to Red River he left the steamer in charge of his wife—she had his power of attorney.

His Red River expedition did not turn out satisfactorily. His troops were overpowered with superior numbers and badly beaten.

Their commander returned hastily to get his steamer and secure reinforcements. On arriving in Galveston he learned to his dismay that his steamer was gone.

"Where's my wife?" he asked impatiently of the servants.

"She gone to Missy C's party, Massa," said the oldest and most faithful of them.

Without stopping to dress, he hurried to Mrs. C's, covered with dust and mud, and presented himself at the door.

He was shown in. His wife excused herself to her cavalier.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Where's my steamer?" said the officer in tones of suppressed excitement.

"Why, here it is, my dear," said his beautiful wife.

And then she pointed to a diamond cross glittering on her fair breast.—Ingoude.

The poor people of Rochester, N. Y., were awakened out of their dreams one night recently by a sound which resembled that of the firing of a cannon. Rushing to the spot from whence the sound issued it was found that a barrel of cider had exploded, sending cider, staves and hoops in all directions, and actually undermining one of the brick walls of the house under which the barrel of cider was stored.—Buffalo Bee.

A DEVOTED MOTHER.

This One Lives in Texas, but There May be Many of Her Kind in Other States.

When Major Converse was laying out the line of the Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio Railroad, he spent several days in obtaining the right of way through the little town of Kingsbury. There was considerable opposition on the part of some of the citizens to granting the right of way unless they received extraordinary remuneration.

Among those who regarded the railroad as a nuisance was a hard-faced widow of about fifty years of age, who owned a small farm. She said that if she was not compelled to have a hundred dollars right off she would fight the company until a certain warm place froze over.

"That 'ere read will run over some of my cows, but I've got to have money," she said.

"It will not be as bad as you imagine," replied Major Converse, soothingly.

"It will be a heap worse. The sparks from the locomotive will set fire to my hay sacks. But necessity knows no law. I reckon I'll have to sign the right of way, but I'd rather take pizen."

"I don't think that you will be disturbed as much as you suppose."

"I never expect to get another wink of sleep at nights for them trains. Just know my health'll break down. I'll be in my grave before a year, but hand over hundred dollars and it's a whack I'll do it on account of the children. What won't a woman do for her own flesh and blood?"

Major Converse handed over the money and the widow signed the document cheerfully.

"Do you really need the money so badly?" asked Major Converse, as he folded up the document and put it in his vest pocket.

"The worst in the world, strange?"

A gentleman from Galveston—a Dr. Sumner, I believe they call him—came every time he comes to this town. The last time he was here he called me his gazelle, and wanted me to sit on his knee, but I told him 'no, not yet.'"

"I understand. He is paying you attentions."

"And he's going to be here again in about two weeks. He is right on the ragged edge of proposing, but if I don't encourage him he may grow cold and listless. It may be good-bye John with me unless I do my part. You know how men are. They're so unreliable."

"Yes, I understand. You want to lend him the money," said Converse.

"Not much am I going to lend him any money. But I'm going to San Antonio to-morrow, and I'll buy me a new silk dress, and a new hat, and I'm going to have a new set of false teeth built, and if I ain't Mrs. Drummer in side of three weeks, it won't be my fault."

"Do you really love him?" asked Major Converse.

"No, I'll never love again. But he's so kind to the children, and my poor children need a protector so bad that I'm ready to make any sacrifice."

"Don't think we ought to take our own feelings into consideration when the welfare of our offspring is concerned. Do you know who is the best dentist in San Antonio?"—Texas Siftings.

UNCLAIMED WEALTH.

Four Hundred Millions of Dollars in England Awaiting Claimants.

There is an astonishing amount of unclaimed money in England. It seems almost incredible to people who are continually on the hunt for fortune that there should be heirs, heiresses, and legatees in this world by the hundred who are blissfully unaware that riches merely await their claim, but reports show that there are millions of pounds of unclaimed moneys. These unclaimed moneys are mainly from unclaimed dividends on Government stock; dormant funds in charity; army and navy prize money; soldiers' unclaimed balances; estates reverting to the Crown; unclaimed dividends in bankruptcy; surplus assets of companies; and unclaimed bank deposits. Under the first head the unclaimed moneys are estimated at £100,000,000, and the means of surplus accumulation is the non-payment of fractions of a penny, the amount in one case having reached a total of £143,000.

The dormant funds in charity amount to about £28,000,000, increasing at the rate of £200,000 a year. It is exceedingly difficult to get any specific information relative to these funds. Possibly they are too valuable to the Government, which has borrowed as high as \$10,000,000 from them for public purposes. Great complaint is made that there is not the proper effort made to give these various unclaimed moneys publicly, the soldiers' unclaimed balances, for example, being published only in an obscure gazette of very limited circulation.

A more honest attempt to find the persons to whom these moneys lawfully belong would no doubt very considerably diminish the several funds, and it is a pity, if it is not a crime, that earnest proceedings are not had to give the quiet and real publicity of the claims that might be made. Such a matter would be speedily remedied in this country.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A GRAND COUNTRY.

The Greatest and Most Productive Farming Region in the World.

The watershed of the Mississippi River and its tributaries cover twenty-two States and Territories, or more than half the area of the United States, and possesses a greater capacity for the support of population than any other territory of equal extent on the globe. Its steamboat navigation is nearly 17,000 miles, while that of its barges and flat boats reaches over 20,000 miles. Add to this its numerous railroads and its 2,000,000 of people would seem to be pretty well provided with transportation. This great valley alone is capable of producing ten times the value of all the present crops of the United States and of sustaining the population of all America and Europe combined. One hundred years hence it will, at the present rate of increase, contain a population of 125,000,000 or thereabouts and a half times the present population of the entire Union. Mountain States east and west of the valley will keep pace with the great advance, and the gigantic Republic, with its wonderful institutions, will be first in power, material resources and moral and intellectual influence among the nations of the earth. A grand country ought to raise grand men and women, and when so great a future is so plainly pointed out to them, there can be no creditable excuse for not turning to account the present advantages.

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