Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - MISSOURI.

FACE TO FACE.

A Fact Related in Seven Well-Told Fables.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "A GREAT HEIRESS," "QUITS AT LAST," "A REAL QUEEN," "EARL'S DIVE," ETC., ETC.

FABLE THE SECOND.—CONTINUED.

Stephen considered. Indeed, considering was his *forte*; and therefore, to some extent, his foible. Clearly the sergeant was not a man to be easily convinced of being wrong, and the force of practical argument was altogether on his side. Everything depended on the unlucky Dick Blackthorn getting clear—and he could not be anything like yet beyond catching. But if Stephen allowed himself to be caught, Dick would be safe at the Half Moon long before the error could be discovered, and he himself, as soon as he was discharged as the victim of mistaken identity, could follow him without much delay.

"I see there's no deceiving *you*, sergeant," said he.

"None whatever. So—quick! March! Ah, 'tis aisy to see you've never been under *my* hands, my lad, or 'tis not the goose-step y'ought to be learning, raw recruit as y'are."

Innocent or not innocent, it is no agreeable sensation to be led through the streets of a country town stripped and bareheaded, and with scarlet uniforms and fixed bayonets and loaded muskets on each side. Fortunately for his feelings on that score, Stephen Harlow was not known to a soul in Hunchester; so that the little boys and girls who danced around the party in shy derision, and with that joy in others' misery which is one of untamed childhood's chiefest charms, could not make much impression upon his philosophy. He was no humorist; but there was a queer flavor approaching to humor as he passed, in this plight, where he had bought the ring, now for safety on the middle joint of his own little finger. For there stood the jeweler himself to see the new fun. Stephen was tempted to throw him a nod of recognition, just to astonish him; but thought it on the whole more suitable to his part (in which he was beginning to take some pride) to refrain from such insult to a respectable tradesman.

Presently he was marched into a stable at the back of a small public-house, where he sat upon an empty corn-chest, and listened to the tramp of the sentry posted over him. Well, the adventure could not last much longer now. But after he had heard the church clock chime the quarters thrice, he began to think that the one was getting decidedly long; and he struck with his fist on the door.

"I say, my man," he called out to the sentry, "how long am I to be kept here?"

But there was no answer; perhaps a sentry on duty was not allowed conversation with a prisoner. But when the hours passed without an event save a change of guard over the stable door, a certain amount of anxiety began to mingle with mere impatience. How long had Dick Blackthorn been at the Half Moon? What mischief would he be getting into, left to himself so long? For there must needs be horses at an inn; and women, too.

However, the door was opened at last, and by the light of a lantern, for it was now past twilight, Stephen was marched through the stable-yard in silence, and into a room in the inn, from its appearance used for club meetings and such things. And, by the light of a pair of candles, he saw himself in presence of three gentlemen in scarlet, with epaulettes, sashes, cocked hats and swords. These were seated, with papers and a bottle of wine before them; while the Irish sergeant stood at attention near the door.

The eldest and most imposing of the officers glanced quickly at the prisoner.

"Your report, sergeant," said he.

"And be sh—short." A very decided hiccough marred the dignity of the last word. Messes were messes in those fighting times.

"Richard Blackthorn, sorr; of Cap-Rayleigh's company; listed at Hillsborough last Friday, and deserted on the march to-day. Found skulking in a ditch by me."

"Appearances are against me, sir. I must own," said Stephen. "But neither have I ever enlisted, nor is my name either Richard or Blackthorn. I am Stephen Harlow, a land surveyor at Millport—"

"The devil you are!" said the officer, with a stare.

"It's a wise recruit, Major, that knows his own name," said one of the others, with a smile.

"Well," said the Major, "there's no time to lose; and no spare men to lose either.—Mildmay—guilty or not guilty? Smith? The prisoner is guilty of desertion on the m—march. Fifty lashes in presence of the regiment. And, let me warn you, what's your name—Private Richards—it will be death when we're across the sea."

Stephen could only stare. "But, bless you, sir, I am not the man!"

"Prove it, then. A surveyor?—a lawyer, you mean.—But time's precious; confound you, be quick, and don't waste the time of the court over your pockets—"

For Stephen had letters and such like things about him that would have been proof; but—hang it all!—they were in the coat that was at the Half Moon.

Now a regimental court-martial (for such was this tribunal) is notoriously the most formal and the most just among all courts where justice is never allowed to be over-ridden by law or equity; especially equity. But "Is" is not "Was," and it was "Was" when Stephen Harlow appeared before Major Squire. And, though fewer and fewer can remember them, very queer things indeed used to be done in marching regiments in time of war, both at home and abroad. Over the drumhead nobody was very precise about forms, and appeals were seldom made and never heard. And it so happened that this regiment was both pressed for time and short of strength; part of it had already embarked, and the remainder, under this Major Squire, was following close at heel.

"It's unlucky, but I have not my pocket-book," said Stephen.

"Deuced unlucky! But I don't want to make any c—founded mistake. Anybody know you in what's this place—Hunchester?"

"Nobody. But in Millport I'm known as well as the town clock—"

"Ah! How far off's Millport?"

"Two hundred miles. But a letter—"

"Oh! A letter would take four days—we must be at sea in two. There, prisoner. That will do."

Stephen was beginning to feel queer. He had not seen matters in this light at all when he had given his clothes to the real Private Blackthorn and transformed himself into a deserter. Still, it was monstrous on the face of it. And a lucky thought came into his mind. Without putting Farmer Blackthorn upon the painful scent he was engaged in keeping from them, and must not, without utmost need, reveal, he saw how he could get out of this queer scrape at once and well.

"I have a friend, sir, hard by here—a responsible man, who will come over to-morrow and tell you who I am; Mr. Marrish, one of the leading yeomen of this country-side. If I may send him a message——"

One of the officers whispered a word to the Major, who regarded the prisoner crossly and doubtfully, with reddening eyes. "You're a troublesome rascal," said he, "whoever you are; and if you're lying the King's got one bad bargain; and if you're not lying he's well rid of another. We don't want lawyers against the French; we want men. Sergeant, see that this fellow's message goes to-night. Gentlemen, one more bottle before turning in."

No Half Moon to-night. Stephen obtained a split quill and some ink and water in its native bottle, and, by the light of a stable lantern, on the corn bin for a desk, wrote:

"DEAR MARRISH: A blundering Irish sergeant has arrested me for a deserter. I'm mistaken for another man. And the worst of the blunder is that the regiment is bound for foreign service. Come over to Hunchester, pray, at any trouble, for which you may reckon on my gratitude—for it is a serious thing—and come yourself, for I have reasons, which you shall know hereafter, for keeping this mess secret from the Blackthorns; so, to them, not a word. All I ask you to do is to ask for Major Squire, at the Bull, Hunchester, and to tell him that I am, your most grateful,

STEPHEN HARLOW."

Having given this to the sergeant himself, he found nothing better to do than to lie down in the straw and dream of his Patience till morning found its way through the green bottle-ends that served to keep out the air. So, as nobody thought of his needing a wash, he looked next morning more than ever like what he seemed to be.

But they gave him a hunk of bread for breakfast; and he might have had better, and been better waited upon, and better believed besides, if he had not transferred his purse as well as his pocketbook to Dick Blackthorn. After a weary while, during which he vowed twenty times never to be good-natured again, he was about noon, again brought into the club-room, and confronted with the formidable tribunal, now as sober as, according to the proverb, all judges always are. But there, too, Goodness be thanked! stood Enoch Marrish; that was better than well.

"Mr. what's your-name—"

"Marrish, Major Squire. Enoch Marrish," said the farmer.

"Mr. Enoch Marrish," went on the Major, with the condescension due from one whose trade was killing to one whose trade was feeding, "we have made inquiries, and learn that you are a respectable and responsible man. The prisoner here says you know him. Is that so?"

Farmer Marrish looked long and slowly at Stephen. Then he shook his head.

"No," said he.

Stephen Harlow started as if the first of the fifty lashes had fallen on his bare shoulders.

"Good God, Marrish!" he cried out, "this is no joking matter! What do you mean?"

The farmer shook his head again; and that was all.

FABLE THE THIRD.

THE VIPER AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

Patience Blackthorn went half-way to the village to meet her lover on his way back from Hunchester. The wedding bells were already singing in her heart. No; whatever father and neighbors might say, she could not believe that ne'er-do-well Dick was really bad, when all the world was so good and so gay. And how good above all things and creatures was her own husband that was to be! How true and thoughtful and strong he was—what a rock to lean upon and what an anchor to hold by. What a good wife she would be to him; if she did not love him so much, the burden of gratitude he had laid upon her would be all too great to bear. But Love knows nothing of debt; he cannot be even grateful, he is so all in all when he is truly true.

What made him so late? Once she thought she saw him in the distance, and took out her handkerchief to wave. But, she was a trifle short-sighted, and presently perceived that she had mistaken a hat and a coat for the man; and the wearer presently turned out of the path towards Leys Croft by way of the church, and struck off towards the cross-roads by the Half Moon. "I'm afraid he thinks me a little cold," thought she. "But never mind that—he shall not think so forever." But at last she had gone so far that her eagerness to meet him would seem a little too warm and eager, all at once. So she sat upon a stile and waited there, thinking happily, while the rooks cawed home, and listening to the sheep-bell tinkling far away. But still he did not come. And at last she could only decide that his buyings must have kept him in Hunchester, and that he was not coming home at all before morning. It was a disappointment, for she had gone forth so full of love and joy. But still, men must be men, and have their work that makes small women jealous and large women helpful and wise. Patience Blackthorn, though small, was one of the large.

She fully expected, however, to see him turn up for breakfast, and prepared special provision for a man hungry with an up-and-down-hill walk from Hunchester to Leys Croft. When she did not come she looked for a message presently; and when that did come then for a surprise and a startle. She would be going about the place and would light upon him hard at work, as if nothing had happened; and then there might be a sham falling-out, for the sake of what would follow. Then, when he did not come to dinner, she began to fear that he had sent a message by some chance idler, who had lost it by the way. For she had a head on her shoulders, and never jumped to uncomfortable conclusions unless compelled. Besides, Stephen was Stephen; there could be nothing really wrong, or without good cause. No doubt he had sent that message, and no doubt would outstrip his errand-boy.

Nevertheless, she would not go down the road to meet him, just to-day. She did not like to seem running after him; and he must stand his trial for negligence, even though he was acquitted beforehand. And it was perfectly easy to keep her resolution until the day's work was done and the first occasion for breaking it had arrived. So, as she would break it, she struck a compromise. She would go along the path till she struck a hedge corner, whence she could see him coming a long way off without herself being seen, and whence she could then run round home so as to receive him as if she had never been outside the newly-mended gate all the day. Nor would she tell him what she had done till that day ten years. So thought, so done. She went into her bush, and waited there, till sure enough, she caught sight of a figure coming down the hill. She did not wait for better assurance, and she forgot that a chief part of her programme was to run away. So she darted out into the path, and waved her white handkerchief as a signal that she was there.

But how her very heart blushed to find, even while her kerchief was waving, that it was not Stephen coming over the hill. Surely, according to all belief. Love does not make such blunders as these. Love has a prescience infallible—can see without eyes, hear without ears, and fly without wings—at least so the poets say. And she had made the monstrous blunder of seeing Stephen Harlow in old Farmer Marrish—no; she could never confess that to him, not even that day five-and-twenty years. The truth is she was getting anxious, in spite of herself, and was capable of taking a cloud in the sky for Stephen, had that suddenly gathered along the hill. She furled her flag forthwith. But then it struck her that Farmer Marrish was himself coming from the direction of Hunchester, and if so, he might be the bearer of a message from Stephen. So, making believe she had not seen him, she made a pretence of studying the promise of the blackberry crop till his plodding pace brought him up to her.

"Good evening, Mr. Marrish," said she.

"Good evening, Miss Patience. It looks settling weather, now—just when the land's crying for rain."

His words were certainly commonplace enough; but even then it struck her there was something odd about his manner. Farmer Marrish notoriously never drank, beyond his solitary nightcap, anything stronger than water-gruel, or his abrupt and yet hesitating manner, and the way in which one foot seemed anxious to hurry on while the other as plainly was bent upon staying, and a certain constraint about his words as if they would jostle unless kept in order, would have given her additional proof that he had been at Hunchester, whence a farmer was not supposed to return quite as he went thither.

Finally the stopping leg prevailed.

"Tom Blackthorn all right?" asked he. "I must come and give him a look up, before long. Only 'tis hard to find the time, in this busy world—and nobody to help me but my own hands; not but what they're better and stronger everywhere; ay, and younger, too. Youth don't belong to years, Miss Patience. I'm a younger man than I was twenty years ago."

Nor was he, though gnarled and dry, what middle-aged eyes would term old. But Patience wondered what an extraordinary old-looking head on young shoulders he must have had, if it really looked older twenty years ago than now; the idea of developing backward puzzled her; for if Stephen should age in the same fashion, and she with him, they ought to become mere children in twenty years.

"You've been at Hunchester?" asked she, feigning indifference. "What a year this will be for blackberry jam!"

"Hunchester? No. That is, yes," said he; for somebody might have seen him there, and he was not a man to throw away a lie. She saw nothing in the contradiction—except that Farmer Marrish must assuredly have been tempted from water-gruel for once in a while; and, not having the modern feeling about such lapses on the part of self-indulgent man as distinguished from selfless woman, she was rather amused. It would be a good joke for her father when he got home. "Yes. But there was nothing going on there. Nothing at all. At least nothing to speak of—I'm not much good at the shop-windows," he said, with what he meant for a lively smile.

He knew, as surely as if she had told him so, that she was waiting to meet Stephen Harlow; and this knowledge, and the sight of her, instead of provoking instant repentance for a cruel wrong, only inflamed his jealousy, his greed and his desire. He was miserably conscious that he did not know the straight way to a girl's heart, like his rival; and so, as he must needs get there somehow, a crooked one had to serve. Be it said for him that the villainous plot of getting his rival out of the field by denying him had not come full-blown into his brain. Stephen's letter of summons, fairly full and altogether to the purpose as it was, had not put him into full knowledge of the situation; this he did not attain until he reached Hunchester, and learned for himself how things were, and how they would go if let alone; or, rather, if given a push, to send them a little more sharply in the way they were going of themselves. But the seed had been sown; and no sudden impulse could be brought in to extenuate Farmer Marrish's "No." And, if he suffered any qualms of compunction the way back, they were laid at rest at sight of Patience Blackthorn and her pretense of looking for blackberries.

"No," said Patience, thinking him her friend, but still not caring to wear her heart upon her sleeve for any pair of eyes but one to see. She wanted to know if he had seen Stephen; but she wanted him to tell her without her having to ask him. "No—I shouldn't come to you for the fashions. But I never looked to see you coming from Hunchester on any but market-day."

"Oh, my dear, I've got more irons than one in the fire; and some of them are pretty warm—only they want looking after; it doesn't do to chance their getting cold. It doesn't do to put all one's eggs into the soil—my sour place isn't like Leys Croft, you know, where things come up of themselves. Leys Croft, now, would make a man's fortune; your father's a first-rate farmer, of course, but he don't go on with the times. Now I do—I always go on with the times."

"Leys Croft will be made the most of now," said she. "The gentlemen who are going to take it over—"

"I know," said he hastily; "office men two hundred miles away, and a bailiff that don't know the land. We know what sort of farming that means. I say, Miss Blackthorn, it's a sin and a shame. But Tom Blackthorn always was as stubborn as he's high."

"But Stephen — but Mr. Harlow, says—"

"Yes; he's a sharp youth, indeed. When he's twenty years older maybe he'll know something about a farm. Will your father be in next market-night? I want to come over and have a crack over things. Or—I've half a good mind to walk over now—if—if you're going Leys Croft way."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

The Lung Plague in Missouri and Measures For Its Eradication.

The Asylum Herd at Fulton Killed—A Private Herd Also Sacrificed—History of the Disease—Suggestions by Governor Marmaduke.

JEFFERSON CITY, MO., April 3.—Governor Marmaduke, Colonel Robert McCulloch, Register of Lands, and D. R. E. Young, of this city, accompanied by Dr. M. R. Trumbower, United States Veterinary Inspector of the Bureau of Animal Industry, returned from Fulton last night, where they went to attend the meeting of the cattlemen of the State, held March 31st, the object of which was to take such measures as will lead to the extermination and eradication of the disease known as contagious pleuro-pneumonia, or "lung plague," which appeared among the herd at the State Lunatic Asylum about six weeks ago.

Dr. Trumbower, whose home is in Sterling, Ill., who spent several weeks in Fulton investigating the nature and extent of the disease, is the guest of the Governor, who invited him to come here in order that he might consult with him regarding the best plan to be pursued to prevent the spread of the disease among the cattle of the State.

INTERVIEWING DR. TRUMBOWER.

Calling at the Mansion to-day, your correspondent was introduced to Dr. Trumbower, who expressed a willingness to be interviewed upon the subject which brought him to Missouri and to Fulton. His statement is, in substance, as follows:

I received a telegram from Commissioner Loring, February 25th. I was then at Ozark, Ark., doing work there. This telegram requested me to go to Fulton and examine the herd of cattle at the Lunatic Asylum, which was supposed to be infected with some contagious disease. After my arrival at Fulton, I called at the Lunatic Asylum, saw Dr. Smith, the Superintendent, and obtained from him a statement regarding the outbreak of the disease. He said the first animal noticed to be affected was about January 25th. Two died that day with black watery diarrhea. They had been sick four or five days. A few days later another animal was noticed to be ailing; it breathed heavy; had a cough; wouldn't lie down. A few days before it died its breathing became painful and laborious, and each expiration was accompanied by a painful moaning. It died about February 3d. Its chest was cut open and examined by Dr. Tichener, one of the assistant physicians of the asylum. He found one lung very much solidified, being in a state of what is commonly known as hepatization, and considerable fluid was in the chest cavities. The examinations evidently proved that this was a case of some severe lung trouble, although the true nature of the disease was not known. A few days later two more cows were affected in the same way. After death they were also cut open. The lung of one was found in a state of gangrene and immensely swollen. Seven head died during the month of February, beside the two above mentioned, which died in January of diarrhea. These two, I believe, were affected with the same disease, but septic poison setting in brought on the black diarrhea.

TWO TYPICAL CASES.

On March 2d I made my first examination, and discovered two cases of acute pleuro-pneumonia in the stable containing the milch cows, about forty-five in number. One of these cases registered a temperature of 105.8 deg., and emitted that painful moan or grunt at each breath which is peculiar to the acute type of this disease.

Another case registered a temperature of 104½ deg. Breathing was quick and labored. She refused to eat her feed that morning for the first time. On direct examination both of these cases presented extended consolidation of one lung, the effusions of serum into the chest cavity and attachment of affected lung to ribs. The one showing this extreme temperature was killed by me on the 4th of March for examination. Upon opening the chest one whole lung was found engorged with blood and an effusion of serum or lymph into the spaces dividing the globules of the lung from each other. Three distinct stages of the disease were manifested in this lung. One portion of it, evidently having been affected for a month or six weeks, was characterized by the organization of fiber in the lymph spaces, and the hemorrhagic infraction being just at the point of death or necrosis, and being incapsulated. This animal showed all the positive characteristic conditions of true contagious pleuro-pneumonia or lung-plague of cattle. The disease in this animal manifested all the violence found in European countries where the plague has been prevailing.

KILLING INFECTED ANIMALS.

On March 6th I killed the other one, which had gradually become worse since the first examination, and also killed one at the same time which I considered to be an old chronic case. These two animals were killed in the presence of the Asylum Board of Physicians and in the presence of the Board of Managers of the asylum, several physicians from the town, and a number of other persons who were invited to witness the examination. Many of these gentlemen were very skeptical about believing that this disease was contagious pleuro-pneumonia, but at the end of the examination all, without any exceptions, were thoroughly convinced that these cattle had been subjected to a malignant form of lung disease with which they were entirely unacquainted, and they had no reason to doubt any longer that this was the lung plague. The next examination was made before the investigating committee sent by the Legislature, on the 10th of March. Two of the five members of the committee were physicians. I demonstrated to that committee the true nature of the disease to their own satisfaction, and they reported to the Legislature accordingly, with the request that some action should be immediately taken to stamp out this plague.

THE STATE HERD ORDERED KILLED.

The next examination was made before the new Board of Managers of the asylum. This board contains four physicians from various portions of the State. I killed two animals in their presence for examination, and showed two typical or well-formed cases of this disease. This board were so well satisfied of the nature of the disease and appreciated the gravity of the situation to such an extent that they passed a resolution authorizing the Superintendent of the Asylum to kill the whole infected herd, with the proviso, however, that they desired first to consult the Attorney-General of the State in order to learn whether or not they had the authority to order the killing.

By this time the citizens of Fulton and surrounding country became greatly alarmed, and clamorous for the immediate extinction of the infected herd for fear that this dread disease would soon spread to the surrounding country and into the neighboring herds.

THE NEWS REACHES KANSAS.

About this time the report of the disease among the asylum herd having reached Kansas, the Live Stock Commissioners of that State, who were then about to make up their quarantine list, requested Dr. A. A. Holcomb, the Live Stock Sanitary Commissioner, to go to Kansas City and make inquiries regarding the nature and extent of the disease. The stock men ignored the reports from Fulton, and were loud in their statements that no pleuro-pneumonia existed at Fulton, but that it was simply a scare created by the Bureau of Animal Industry for a selfish purpose. They believed if any disease existed among the cattle at Fulton it was only tuberculosis or consumption. He urged upon them the necessity of making a strict examination of the matter, as it was necessary that they should know the exact nature of the disease without any guessing about it. That unless this was done the State of Kansas would have to adopt measures to protect her own interests, and quarantine against Missouri. This alarmed the Kansas City stockmen, who declared that neither Kansas City nor the State of Missouri could afford to have such action taken against them. On the following day Captain J. H. Payne, A. B. Mathews, of Kansas City, and C. M. Lackland, of Mexico, Mo., accompanied by three veterinarians, Doctors Adair, Dundas and Bates, left Kansas City for Fulton. Upon their arrival, I killed one of the animals in their presence, and made an examination of its lungs. The lung was so extensively diseased and so finely marked with the characteristic conditions of pleuro-pneumonia that all of these gentlemen without exception were compelled to acknowledge that true contagious pleuro-pneumonia existed in the herd at Fulton. They returned home and published the result of the examination in the daily papers of Kansas City, and requested that the people of the State of Missouri take immediate steps for the stamping out of this plague.

DR. HAGYARD'S VISIT.

The next man who came to Fulton was Dr. E. T. Hagyard, of Lexington, Ky., who was sent for by Dr. Smith, Superintendent of the asylum, at the request of the Board of Managers, to confirm my diagnosis. He arrived on the 21st of March, and proceeded immediately to make an examination of the cattle on the farm. On the following day I killed three head of cattle for examination, all three of which showed plain evidences of the disease. Dr. Hagyard was thoroughly convinced that they were afflicted with contagious pleuro-pneumonia, and recommended the slaughter of the whole herd.

Dr. Holcomb, State Veterinary Surgeon of Kansas, arrived March 27th. He made examinations that satisfied him of the nature of the disease, confirming my previous diagnosis. At my request he remained to see what action would be taken at a meeting of the stockmen of the State, which took place March 31st, the full proceedings of which have appeared in the St. Louis, Kansas City and other papers of the State.

The Legislature having given the authority to the Board of Managers, the slaughter of the infected herd began March 27th. Previous to the beginning of the slaughter and before my arrival 1 killed twelve for examination, all having shown plain evidences of the disease. On the 27th we killed twenty-seven head, all but three of which were diseased. On the 28th we killed thirty-two head. Of these twenty-five were likewise affected. On the 31st the remaining five were killed in the presence of the visiting stockmen. Each of these was affected. This made a total of eighty-five head that have died or were killed. Eighty-six per cent. of the whole number proved to be affected with pleuro-pneumonia.

KILLING PRIVATE HERDS.

The stockmen took such action as will warrant the killing of all infected and exposed animals. As a result of this action I killed on April 1st eighteen head of cattle belonging to A. L. Owens, of Fulton. His cattle had been in the field adjoining the asylum herd, and showed evidence of the affection. I killed them in the presence of Governor Marmaduke, Hon. R. P. Blake, Hon. N. D. Thurmond, Colonel Robert McCulloch and Dr. R. E. Young and several other persons from various portions of the State. After the slaughter I examined the lungs of six of these cattle for the purpose of showing to those visiting gentlemen the pathological conditions found in this disease. There are several other town cows that I believe to be afflicted, and when I return to Fulton I expect to make examinations of all cattle, and those showing the least symptoms of affection will be killed. I firmly believe that the disease can be stamped out before it extends beyond the boundaries of Callaway County. I most urgently request the people of Callaway County and of the State of Missouri to maintain and to stand by this work until the last contaminated animal is buried and the disease exterminated from this State, without any question of doubt. I am sure that this can be done. It is absolutely necessary that it should be done to save the great cattle interests involved. Contagious pleuro-pneumonia is one of the diseases with which we cannot afford to trifle. I am anxious to see the State of Missouri set the honorable example, and show to other States what can be done by the adoption of prompt and effective measures in exterminating this dread disease.

HISTORY OF CONTAGIOUS PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

Contagious pleuro-pneumonia was first introduced into this country by an animal which was brought from Holland to Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1843. To this animal we can trace to the present day the infection of the stables in Brooklyn, in New Jersey, Maryland and in Pennsylvania. In all of these States the disease exists to a greater or less extent at present. In 1847 Mr. Richardson, of New Jersey, imported a number of cattle from England: soon after their arrival on his farm the disease appeared among them. He recognized the disease immediately and killed every animal in the herd, valued at $12,000. No disease is known to have spread from this place, nor was he ever remunerated for the great sacrifice he made. In 1855 another cow from Holland brought the disease to Brooklyn.

IN MASSACHUSETTS.

In 1858 Mr. Chenery, of the Belmont stock farm of Massachusetts, imported four head from Holland. On their arrival at Boston three of them were sick, but he removed them to his farm, and by the sale of a few calves to some of his neighbors, the disease gradually extended, and fifteen months later was found to exist in twenty different counties. The State authorities then took hold of the matter, and killed 834 head of cattle in the course of fifteen months, and expended $87,000 in paying for slaughtered cattle and expenses of quarantine. It was believed then that the trouble was at an end, but a year and a half later it again reappeared in a number of these infected localities. It required five years of active work and the closest system of inspection to eradicate the disease in the State.

Connecticut has been invaded four times, but by prompt measures it was immediately stamped out. The close proximity of these States to New York and Brooklyn favors the reception of diseased cattle.

In the month of November, 1883, Mr. C. R. Dye, of Troy, O., purchased a few head of Jersey cattle from the infected district in Maryland. He sold two head from his herd to Mr. Mitchell, of Dayton, O. Mr. Mitchell has since then lost five head of his cattle with contagious pleuro-pneumonia, and Mr. Dye has lost seven head with the same disease. In the month of January, 1884, Mr. Epler, of Virginia, Cass County, Ill., purchased the cow named "Pansey Lassie" from Mr. Dye, of Troy, O. Soon after she brought her home she became sick, and was treated for ordinary pneumonia. She soon made an apparent recovery, and not suspecting that any such disease lurked in his herd, he sold this cow, together with about forty head, all Jerseys, at a public sale on the 21st of February, 1884. At this sale, Mr. Clarke, of Geneva, Ill., purchased two cows. In the month of April his herd began to sicken. In the latter part of July I examined his herd and found two head of cattle affected with pleuro-pneumonia. Six had died. Three had been sold in the month of May to Mr. C. A. Keefer, of Sterling, Ill. Two of these he lost with pleuro-pneumonia. Mr. Clarke sold one to Mr. Coggshill, of Chicago; she died about August 1. He sold one to Mr. Boyd, of Amherst, Ill. Mr. Boyd lost fourteen out of thirty-five head, the majority of them showing the disease in its most malignant form.

Mr. Clarke sold fifteen head to Frisbie & Lake, of Cynthiana, Ky. All these sales were made by Clarke previous to my examination and previous to the discovery of the existence of the disease. Several of the Allegheny Mountains, although many of them had been treated for cases of ordinary pneumonia. Frisbie & Lake lost seventeen head and had fifteen sick last fall. They sold several head from their infected herd to Dr. Hamilton, of Tennessee. He lost seven head.

HOW THE DISEASE CAME TO MISSOURI.

Now, to go back to Epler's sale at Virginia, Cass County, Ill. Many of the cattle sold there were purchased by individuals for private use, and died before they had much chance of contaminating other cattle. But among other purchasers H. D. & S. S. Tripp, of Peoria, Ill., purchased three cows at this sale, and the disease appeared in their herd in the month of July. They took one of their cows to a neighbor to be served by his bull, and left her tied in the barn over night. That gentleman lost four of his cows by pleuro-pneumonia. Tripp Bros. lost seven head. Tripp Brothers, previous to their knowledge of the nature of the disease which affected their cattle, sold one bull to the State Lunatic Asylum at Fulton, Mo. This animal, the day before shipment, was brought from the farm and tied in the stable, which contained a sick cow. He arrived at Fulton on July 21st, 1881, and was confined in a barn containing the milch cows for three days and a half. He was then turned into a meadow pasture among ten or twelve head of calves. On August 23d the steward of the asylum received a letter from the Tripp Brothers stating that pleuro-pneumonia had broken out in their herd, and that the bull purchased of them stood beside a cow all night, which was sick at the time and died on the 27th of July; that since then they had lost two more cattle with some disease, and they determined the disease to be the dreaded contagious pleuro-pneumonia. They advised that the bull be isolated for three months, as they were fearful he might have contracted the disease. The advice was accepted and the bull was taken one-half mile south of the main herd and turned into a thirty-acre field by himself, where he was allowed to remain three and one-half months, but unfortunately several head of cattle were grazing in an adjoining field, and there is a strong probability that they have been contaminated, although I have not yet had time to examine them.

OCULTSIDE INSPECTION.

Previous to his isolation this bull covered two cows, both of which, when examined after death, showed old lesions in the lungs, indicating that they became infected soon after the arrival of the bull. The probability is that these two cows contaminated the balance of the herd. The bull also, after he was killed for examination, manifested positive evidence of having been infected eight months. The examination was made March 21st. Mr. Owen's cattle, killed the other day, broke into the field several times after this bull was brought back into the herd.

"What is your opinion regarding the necessity of establishing quarantine to prevent the spread of the disease to other States or other parts of this State?"

"I think Callaway County ought to be quarantined against the adjoining counties, but I should stringently oppose other States establishing a quarantine against this State, believing there is no necessity for it. I should, however, be the first to quarantine if I believed the necessity for it existed. There is no evidence of the presence of the disease outside of Callaway County, and whenever it makes its appearance elsewhere I will immediately give information of it to the public. I would suggest that if the Governor have the authority he issue a proclamation announcing the presence of the disease in Callaway County and asking the co-operation of adjoining counties in preventing its spread."

GOVERNOR MARMADUKE'S SUGGESTIONS.

JEFFERSON CITY, MO., April 3.—In conversation to-day, Governor Marmaduke, after detailing the incidents of his recent visit to Fulton, said:

"I think the people of Callaway County now fully realize the dangerous character of this disease, and are not only resolute and ready to kill and stamp it out, but determined to do so before it spreads further or does further harm in their county or other parts of the State.

"But in order to do this work thoroughly it will be necessary to kill a number of head of suspected cattle. A considerable sum of money will be required to pay a reasonable and rightful sum to the owners of the stock that may be slaughtered and to accomplish the work necessary to stamp out the disease. I feel assured that when the people all over the State come to realize the character of this dreadful cattle plague, they will voluntarily send money to the Executive Committee at Fulton to aid them in eradicating and exterminating the disease. The committee is admirably chosen for their efficiency and integrity, and can be trusted to do their work wisely and well. The names of the members who compose the committee are: C. A. Bailey, S. Thielkill and J. L. Erwin, all men of high standing in the community.

"When the people, whether they be large stock-raisers, traders, or farmers with a few head of cattle, or merchants, or mechanics, or bankers, or carriers of the commerce of our country, realize that the cattle interest of Missouri reaches close on to $50,000,000, they will readily see that the use of not to exceed $30,000 promptly and properly applied to stamp out this disease will effect that purpose. This money should be raised immediately and placed in the hands of this committee to enable them to at once begin to effectually do their work. By so doing our live-stock commerce will move on healthfully and regularly, and give no grounds for other States to check or disturb it by quarantining against our cattle."

"Do you think of calling the Legislature together on this subject?"

"This cattle plague trouble was brought to the notice of the Legislature and to me also just before its adjournment. They and I did not realize its seriousness, and they adjourned passing a resolution authorizing the killing of the asylum herd, and enacting a law for quarantining citizens' herds, and appointing a veterinary surgeon. I thought at the time, and so did a large majority of the Legislature, that that was the best thing to do. But since the adjournment of the Legislature I have learned a great deal about this disease, and having visited Fulton and actually seen its terrible destruction, I am satisfied it would have been wiser to have gone further and ordered the killing of diseased cattle of citizens and even of herds reasonably supected of having this contagious plague, and also of appropriating some $200,000 to accomplish the work and do justice to our citizens. Now that the Legislature has adjourned and the people of Callaway have taken such vigorous and sensible measures to stamp out the disease, and are doing the work so wisely and so well, I feel assured that the people all over the State will rally to their support with money subscriptions and make it unnecessary to reconvene the Legislature. For to do so would incur an expense to the State of fully $25,000 in addition to any amount that might be appropriated by that body to stamp out the disease."

PRESERVING FRUIT.

How the New Methods Have Helped the Small Fruit Industry.

As with clothing, so with food, there is a constant demand for something better. But a few years ago people were very well satisfied if they could obtain dried apples, peaches and berries for use during the winter season. These fruits were dried in a very primitive manner. The larger fruits had the skin removed; the core or stone taken out, when the pieces were attached to strings and exposed to the sun to dry. Sometimes apples and peaches were sliced or quartered and spread on sheets placed in the sun or on some warm surface. Berries were dried by placing them on cloths and exposing them to the sun or placing them in ovens. These methods of drying fruits enabled many families not only to provide for their own wants but to supply the market with articles largely consumed in cities. The introduction of large fruit-driers caused the production of superior articles, and the apples, peaches and berries dried in farm-houses brought but low prices in cities. At present the demand is for what is called "evaporated" fruit, to distinguish it from the fruit that is dried in the open air or by the use of primitive processes. It is not discolored, is free from dirt, and is greatly superior in many other respects.

During the last few years fruit preserved in tin-cans has largely taken the place of that which is dried by any method. Especially is this the case with fruit that is to be eaten without being recooked. The trade in canned fruit has assumed enormous proportions. The quality of canned fruits is not what it should be, and does not improve as their consumption increases. Many unripe or partially decayed fruits are put up at most canning establishments. As the contents of the cans can not be seen, there is no way of judging of their merits. As a rule, canning establishments are located long distances from the places where the fruit is raised. Perishable fruits, like berries, do not stand transportation well, and they are likely to become injured within a few hours from the time they are gathered. The best fruit that arrives in a city market is disposed of to persons who desire to eat it immediately. That which is of inferior quality is disposed of at low prices to the canners. It is heated, some glucose is added to assist in its preservation, and it is sealed up in tin-cans rendered attractive by the use of showy labels. It is better than dried fruit, but it is not what many families desire.

Many housekeepers have for years put up fruit for their own use in glass jars, employing clarified cane sugar instead of glucose to aid in preservation. If they raised their fruit or were able to obtain that which had been recently picked, they would have a table luxury vastly superior to anything sold in tin cans. Few town people, however, raise fruit of any kind, and there is generally considerable difficulty in procuring perishable fruits that are in good condition for canning. To meet their wants, some fruit-raisers during the past few years have put up their choice fruits in glass jars and placed them on the market. They have sold at prices never before realized for canned fruits. They are in demand for invalids and epicures, who never hesitate to pay large sums for very superior articles of food. That certain kinds of fruit put up in glass will soon take the place of those packed in metal cans appears certain. The fruits that are most in demand are cherries, red raspberries, currants, black currants and strawberries. The three former can not be preserved to good advantage in metal cans on account of the acids they contain.

This new branch of trade should give an impetus to the small-fruit industry. Persons who propose to raise and put up fruit in the manner suggested should understand that they are to prepare articles for the best class of customers. Persons who will buy fruit put up in glass care more about quality than they do about the price. Only the best fruit should be put up. All poor or even doubtful specimens should be rejected. One decaying berry may injure the flavor of all those in the same jar. The fruit should be picked with care, properly prepared, and canned immediately. Exposure to the warm air even for a few hours will result in injuring it. The sugar used to aid in preservation should be of the best quality, and a sufficient quantity should be employed to make the addition of more unnecessary when the fruit is served. Persons desirous of obtaining a reputation for their fruit, and of securing customers for the future, should put their names on the labels attached to the jars.—*Chicago Times.*

—A citizen of Altoona, Pa., who was born with a full set of teeth, is the father of five children, all of whom were favored in the same manner, and thus escaped the painful experience of "teething," common to infantile humanity.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

"HETCH-HETCHY."

A California Valley Whose Scenery is Grander Than That of the Yosemite.

Hetch-Hetchy's approach is far in advance of Yosemite. After descending some two hours more we became aware from previous descriptions that the famed valley was shortly to come in sight. Passing around a morass that has been the tomb of many adventurous cattle in their endeavors to reach the rich grasses that appear above its surface, so treacherously green, we came to a wall of rounded granite some ten feet high, up which a rude corduroy way was made, about four feet wide. Coaxing our inexperienced and unwilling horses over this frail bridge we stood upon Surprise Point, and a thousand feet below lay the Lower Valley of Hetch-Hetchy.

Comparison was impossible in point of impression. The first impression made by Yosemite is one of wonderful sublimity; Hetch-Hetchy's of supreme beauty. Occupying the same place relatively in this valley was an El Capitan, over which swung like a pendulum the gauzy folds of the beautiful Tu-ee-u-la-la Fall, swinging its graceful ribbon over a wall 1,000 feet sheer to strike upon the debris slope in a shatter of foam and smoke and find its way to the bottom, another 1,000 down, as best it could. Owing to the lateness of the season it was a wonder there was any water at all, but some providential showers had filled up its bed, and a very respectable showing it made in point of size. Close to the upper right-hand corner of this El Capitan was a vivid space of brilliantly pale orange red. The remainder of the rock is of the prevailing yellow, or bluff white, of the granite region. The similarity of form and place