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 agley.’"

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 Vindetta, 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. Philips, 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 accidently 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, Deette, 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

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

HILL'S OLD BENJAMIN. Sire of Coralman.
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 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.