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 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 dairymen, 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 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 instruc-
tion that would fit the scholars for entry to the State Experi-
mental 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 estab-
lished 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, in-
terrupted 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. Philips 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 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
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 1897 of 2:03¼. I never fed her any patent foods. Good oats and timothy hay being her feed, with an abundance of grass in 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 2:05¼. 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 selecting The Broncho as a marvel of speed; her unrivalled three heats at Glenville recently in 2:03, 2:03 3/4 and 2:02 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, Skeesick's, 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.