

JACK SCOTT'S BULL CALF.

The story of Jack Scott's Bull Calf is well known in our little circle, although there is a good deal of difference in the conclusions arrived at regarding the exact cost of the animal, and Jack insists that the very lowest estimate given is not correct, however, when I have finished my yarn, no one will dispute the figures. Jack is the same lumber king who posed as hero in the Moose Story, and in his travels last year, went to Binghampton to see Mr. Jones, who is a good customer of his, regarding a lumber deal. Now, although Jones follows lumber as a business, fancy cattle raising is his pleasure, and it was only natural that Jack should be taken out to see the herd of Holsteins that Jones regarded as the apple of his eye. Jack says he will never forget the innocent expressions of the Bull Calf that is to prove the subject of this sketch, when it was led out by the herdsman for inspection. In a weak moment he burst into raptures over the beautiful coloring of the animal, discovered a thousand and one points of excellence, and wound up by saying that if he could buy such a perfect gem for a reasonable figure, he would send him to his father in Canada, who has a farm, the furnishing of which would be complete if a Bull Calf of high degree were added to its stock. It seems that the Jones farm was long in Bull Calves at that moment, Scott was a tiptop fellow, and after all the compliments passed, what could Jones do but present Sir Reginald, as his Calfship was called, to Jack. This was a rather unlooked for situation, but Jack is not easily dashed, so carried the thing off (metaphorically), very well, and managed to have Sir Reginald shipped to Buffalo in a few days. If the Calf carried the palm, so did the

herdsman, who received a two dollar trip to begin with. Jack thought, of course, that it would be a simple matter to ship Sir Reginald to Canada, and although the expense of getting the animal to Buffalo might be high, still one Calf in a lifetime, would not ruin the firm. In a day or two, notice of the arrival of Sir Reginald was received, and temporary arrangements must be made for his care. A suitable man was found to look after him, for a day or two, who agreed to perform the necessary labor for \$1.50 a day, and although the freight bill ran up to \$17.50, still this was not high for a Holstein of noble blood. Jones wrote that Sir Reginald would require at least two patent pailfuls of milk, every twenty four hours, and the milkman was instructed to bring twenty quarts a day, at a nominal charge of six cents a quart. A shed was fixed up in the yard behind Jack's residence, and Sir Reginald began city life under promising circumstances. Jack went to the Customs to make arrangements for the early shipment of the Holstein to Canada, but was staggered when he learned, that owing to an outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia, in the U. S., ports were closed against American cattle. After a certain time if the epidemic ceased, he would be able to send Sir Reginald into six weeks quarantine at Sandwich, but in the meanwhile he had a white elephant, or rather a black and white calf on his hands. There was no help for it, and the temporary arrangements with the caretaker and milkman, became an indefinite agreement, to be terminated when pleuro-pneumonia disappeared. In the meanwhile Sir Reginald grew fat and restive, and it soon became apparent that a small outhouse in the city lot did not give a royal Holstein free scope, and it was also evident that a change of