

A Hard Pull

On the end of Long Wharf sat Captain Holcombe, Nate Ryder, Peter Simpson and Little Abner. The wharf, gray and shabby with age, stretched out from the grassy bank, over the pebble beach, out into the blue tide, like a long arm of the small town, ready to grasp from the broad waterway whatever of life and industry came within its reach. It caught but little nowadays. Now and then an occasional coaster took on a load of ice or fish or lumber. Between times Beachport went to sleep and dreamed of her former prosperity.

Captain Holcombe's weather-beaten face had smiled through a long life voyage. It was crossed and recrossed by bad-weather marks of contrary gales, but certain humorous lines spoke of northwest breezes and fair winds. Nate and Pete were big, bronzed young men, mates on coasting schooners, taking an idle day or two between trips. As for Little Abner, he was little only in name. His appellation had stuck to him in spite of increasing inches, and only strangers saw any humor in the situation.

It was a still afternoon. The only sounds which broke the quiet were the swash of the lazy waves against the rotting wharf, and now and then the insistent call of the August insect.

"The Byron P. Thorne will have a good chance out to-night," remarked Peter, languidly letting his eyes wander over the bay to the horizon-line. Captain Holcombe remarked, "Dirty to the south'rd."

"Guess it's only loom."

"Well," returned the captain, "mebbe it is and mebbe it ain't. If it was anything else in question you might calculate. But fog! Scott! There ain't anything uncertainer in this world of uncertainties. A cyclone's steady-going compared to a fog. You think you are in for it, and—whiff! the sky's clear as a bell. Again, and you won't see the bowsprit from midships for a week of days."

"That's so," asserted Nate.

"Speaking of fog," went on the old man, "makes me think of the summer of '65. I never see anything like that before or since."

"Where was you?" asked Peter, Little Abner, who was fishing, edged nearer and kept one ear turned toward the captain.

"Off East Point, whaling. I shipped that year as mate in the Ellen Mary, but before I was through the voyage I'd be blown if I wasn't everything, from cabin-boy to captain. What with being sick and getting hurt, we had so many laid up that we all had to turn to and get the day's work done somehow. First the captain he sailed in with a spell of ailing, then Big Jim broke his leg falling off the foreyards. I was ship's doctor!" and Captain Holcombe chuckled.

"Know anything about doctoring?" asked Peter. The captain's blue eyes twinkled beneath their shaggy brows.

"Well, perhaps not just according to the medical idea. My sister she married a man who was studying to be a doctor. He give it up before the first year was out, and went into the canning business, but it kind of gave us a feeling of belonging to the profession. That's why they hit on me to fix Big Jim's leg. I must say I was staggered for a bit. I'd never seen a broken leg, much less meddled with one. But common sense helps you along all right if only you don't hinder it, and I argued it out in my mind that what that leg wanted was a chance to mend itself. I made it fast to a bit of broken oar, lashed it well with rope yarn, and wrapped it up in a piece of old sail, and nature did the rest of the business."

"Wa'n't he lame?" asked Pete.

"Well, not to speak of. It put his steering-tackle a bit out of gear and he couldn't point according to compass. But nothing to hurt. The boys called me 'Doc' after that, and my work was cut out for me the rest of the voyage. I never see anything like it. Seemed as if we had a Jonah on board. Bad luck with whales, too. They was as scarce as barnacles on the topmast."

"Then the fog shut down, and for three mortal weeks we much as ever knew where we was. Fog! It was soup! We ate it and drank it, and it got into our heads until we couldn't think clear. We was soaked from stem to stern, and the men was fair crazy. There ain't nothing lonelier than a fog. 'Mon,' says Angus McDonald. He was a big, red-haired Scotty. 'Mon, I'd gie a good bit o' siller to hae ane o' ma gran'feather's sermons along!' 'Why?' says I. 'They're the driest things I ken,' says he.

"Then Galley Joe's finger had to come off, and I was the one to do it. He'd got it poisoned with a fish-hook."

"I don't believe I'd have nerve to do that," commented Nate.

"You can always do a thing you have to do," returned the captain. "Twa'n't so bad—that is—not for me. Galley Joe didn't seem to find it real amusing. It got along all right and healed up real pretty. But that wa'n't my hardest job, not by a long shot."

"I'd like to know what you could have harder'n cutting off a finger?" asked Pete.

"Pulling a tooth."

"I should think that was easy sailing compared with the other," said Pete.

"Well, it wa'n't. I'd rather pull a

loaded gundalow single-handed against the tide than pull another tooth like that. It was a corker of a double tooth, with a hole as big as my fist—that is, speaking comparatively. The man had a toothache of about as big a size as he could hold. It ached unmercifully, and what with the ache and the fog, he had about all he could steer under. It never let up, night or day, and all the poultices in the ship would not stop it. I reckoned that the right course was for it to come out, but the man wa'n't set on having it done, and I wa'n't set on doing it. I was getting kinder sick of the medical profession.

"At last he couldn't stand it any longer. Neither could the rest, and I said I'd get it out somehow. All the tools I had that was appropriate was a small monkey-wrench and a jack-knife, but I thought that with them—and me—I was mighty strong in those days—the tooth wouldn't stand much of a chance.

"I was a consarned long time bringing that man to the point. He'd take in sail as quick as I'd ever take up that wrench. But after jibbing and hauling and tacking about, he finally dropped anchor, opened his mouth, and said, 'Let her go!'

"The Rock of Gibraltar ain't set firmer'n that tooth was. I screwed on the monkey-wrench as tight as I could get her, and then I hauled for all I was worth. But it never budged. Scott, but he hollered!

"I remembered that the gums kind o' anchor the teeth, so I got in a little work with the jack-knife. Then I took a turn with the wrench. After a time I jerked the thing loose in its moorings, and out she came with one big haul. Scott! I never was so tired in my life."

"It couldn't have been much fun for the other fellow," remarked Nate. "But I don't see how it was worse for you than cutting off a finger."

Captain Holcombe thrust his horny hands deep into his pockets and looked up at the sky.

"Well—it was," he drawled. "You see, the finger was Galley Joe's."

"What has that to do with it?" inquired Pete.

The captain rose stiffly. "My bones feel as if we was going to have a spell of weather," he remarked. "About the tooth—well, it made a heap of difference. It's bad to pull a tooth, and it's worse to have one pulled, but when both jobs are put on the same man at the same time, it's a leetle more'n human nature can stand. You see, that tooth happened to be mine!"

The captain walked away, and silence fell on the little group. Then the long, discordant bray of a horn broke in upon the stillness. Little Abner wound up his fish-line and leisurely obeyed the summons.

Nate and Pete sauntered up to the village store, and the old wharf was left deserted in the soft, golden twilight.—MARY E. MITCHELL.

Function of the State.

Generations come and go. The life of the individual is short; his plans and ambitions relate to temporary purposes and present profits. The State goes on forever and the State must safeguard its own future. In a recent notable decision, the United States Supreme Court says: "The State as the guardian of the public welfare possesses the constitutional right to insist that its natural advantages shall remain unimpaired by its citizens." In the developing and carrying out this purpose, it is natural and proper that the State should employ its own geologists and engineers and chemists; that it should make use of the facilities of its university; and that it should teach the new purpose to its university students, as well as to its matured citizens.—Science.

Twentieth Century Dugouts.

Dugouts are usually associated with bygone days, but they still figure in Maryland navigation. A few are even being made to-day. The dugout is the Chesapeake canoe of the Eastern Shore oystermen. It is made by placing three pine logs side by side and fastening them together with wooden pins. Then the inside is dug out with an adz and the outside similarly shaped. The result is a non-sinkable craft, with bow and stern alike, that is rigged with two sails and sometimes a "jigger" as well. From these boats the oysters are taken up with tongs. When the oyster season is over these canoes are painted and aquatic races are indulged in by the oystermen.—Harper's Weekly.

Death Rate Among German Babies.

The figures of the present infant mortality alarm Germany, where the fact that there is a notable increase is evident from the statistics just published. Out of 2,000,000 persons born alive last year in the empire 351,000 died under the age of one year, a record exceeding 17 per cent. The highest mortality by kingdoms is Bavaria, 22 per cent.; the lowest, 16.8 per cent., is in Prussia. As compared with the British Isles the infant mortality in Germany is very high. In the former the general percentage is 10.8, the rate of mortality varying from 11.8 per cent. in England and Wales, where it is highest, to 9.2 per cent. in Ireland, where it is lowest.—America.

Negative Virtues.

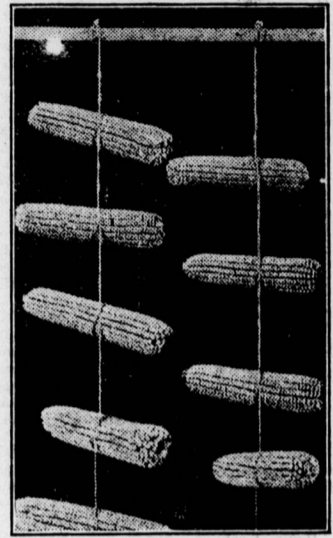
Beware of making your moral staple consist of the negative virtues. It is good to abstain, and teach others to abstain, from all that is sinful or hurtful. But making a business of it leads to emaciation of character unless one feeds largely also on the more nutritious diet of active sympathetic benevolence.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Farm and Garden

TREATMENT OF SEED CORN.

Proper Methods, According to Washington Authority on the Cereal.

In farmers' bulletin No. 415, on "Seed Corn," C. P. Hartley, one of the corn experts of the United States department of agriculture, asserts that the same day seed corn is gathered the husked ears should be put in a dry place where there is free circulation of air and placed in such a manner that the ears do not touch each other. This is the only safe procedure. The writer has repeatedly seen good seed ruined because it was thought to be already dry enough when gathered and that



IDEAL METHOD OF TREATING SEED CORN. [From bulletin of United States department of agriculture.]

the precaution mentioned above was unnecessary. Many farmers believe that their autumn is so dry that such care is superfluous. Seed corn in every locality gathered at ripening time will be benefited by drying as suggested. If left in the husk long after ripening it may sprout or mildew during warm, wet weather or become infested with weevils.

The vitality of seed is often reduced by leaving it in a sack or in a pile for even a day after gathering. During warm weather, with some moisture in the cobs and kernels, the ears heat or mildew in a remarkably short time.

The best possible treatment immediately after gathering is shown in the illustration. Binder twine will support fifteen or twenty ears on a string arranged in the manner illustrated. Ordinarily the best place to hang these strings of ears is in an open shed or loft.

Permanent seed racks, with a separate compartment for each ear, are more convenient than the use of binder twine, and when they are located in a dry, breezy place the ears dry successfully.

There are no unsightly ash heaps on the farm of the man who knows their fertilizing value.

Keeping Away Moles.

I have noticed that moles will avoid tilled corn put in holes. It occurred to me to guard pumpkins, squash and similar crops in this same way. I tarred stones, chips and corn-cobs well with gas tar and placed them about a foot below the surface, so the roots did not come in contact with the tar, and for several years I have had no trouble with moles, bugs or grubs.—American Agriculturist.

Poultry Pointers.

Forcing the molt by starving the hens is not considered a good practice. Clean the coops thoroughly before you put them away. Get them under cover, too, if you can. They will last so much longer.

Two parts lard and one part turpentine will often cure "limberneck" in the afflicted bird if discovered in time and the remedy given promptly.

Ducks intended for breeding should be separated from those intended for market. It will be an advantage if they can have plenty of range and swimming water.

Cut hay into about one inch lengths and pour enough hot water on it nearly to cover. Allow it to stand overnight and feed in the morning. Feed about three times a week during winter.

Warm wheat for breakfast makes the Biddies shell out the eggs.

Fresh air is all right for the hens, but not when it is sifted through knot-holes and cracks between the boards.

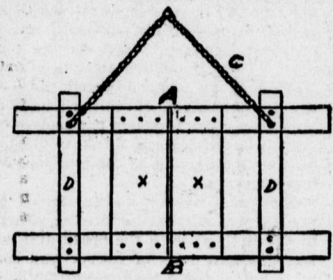
Meat meal and beef scrap are rich in protein and mineral matter and especially desirable for molting hens and pullets kept for layers. Where insects are not abundant meat in some form should supply a portion of the rations of laying hens.

If the roosts in the henhouses are high the heavier birds are almost sure to suffer from bruised feet, commonly known as bumblefoot. This is caused by jumping from the roost to the hard floors.

EASILY MADE IN WINTER.

Plank Drag For Use Later on Worth Taking Up Farmer's Spare Time.

An effective plank drag which can be made easily in winter by any farmer, in order to have it ready for later use, is thus described by an Ohio correspondent in the Rural New Yorker: The writer has used several kinds of drags on plowed fields and has seen a



FRONT VIEW OF DRAG. [From the Rural New Yorker.]

large number in use, ranging from a sled upside down to the lever harrow with the teeth set back. Of all the devices used for dragging the soil the drag shown in the diagram is probably most effective. The plank drag made by lapping some 2 by 8 inch plank works all right in very dry soil, but is all wrong for soils properly moist for best results in working. The drag shown here will work anywhere and at almost any time. Such a drag is easy to make and not at all expensive. In the diagrams a and b are 2 by 6 or 8 inch plank 7 feet long for two horses or 11 feet for three, a and d are 2 by 4 pieces bolted to the plank, e is a draft chain and may be fastened where shown or farther back, while xx are two short boards nailed in place for the driver to stand on. The latter pieces, xx, should not be too wide, as they might cause the soil to collect and pack underneath. The plank a and b should be set at an angle of 30 degrees to d-d, and the joints should be secured with two bolts each. This drag is simple and strong and will stand a lot of rough usage in the field, and its use will give satisfaction to



SIDE VIEW OF DRAG. [From the Rural New Yorker.]

the user, and particularly where it is desired to level up inequalities of the surface. This drag cannot take the place of a harrow, roller or disk harrow, but it can do a few things more easily and quickly and in some cases far better.

The farmer driving through town with his prancing horses drawing a fine rig is the farmer on parade. The farmer in the field behind the plow is the farmer proving his right to be on parade.

Winter Keeping of Vegetables.

The matter of keeping Irish potatoes, cabbages, onions, beets, etc., all winter for family use depends on climatic conditions. Irish potatoes, as also beets, should be guarded against freezing. Beets and carrots can stand a little of it, but are better off when kept from it. Cabbages stored in the cellar should be wrapped separately in double thicknesses of newspaper, folding and tying it around the stem. Hang each head upside down on the side of the wall or from the beams overhead. Cabbages can stand some freezing, but not too much of it, nor much freezing and thawing. Onions to keep well must be put in a cool, dry, airy place.—Farm and Fireside.

Manure From the Barnyard.

Manure from the barnyard adds humus to the soil, and humus acts like a sponge, retaining moisture in the soil, making it more capable of absorbing a heavy rainfall and of holding it there longer. The moral, therefore, is to save and carefully spread all barnyard manure over the fields. Manure is worth dollars and will put dollars into the farmers' pockets.

Plants For Winter Pasture.

Many plants can be used for winter pasture. Of course it is more difficult to secure winter than summer grazing, but with the proper use of bur clover, rye, oats, vetch and crimson clover, all fall sown, there is little trouble to secure grazing areas through the winter.—Home and Farm.

Why Clover Fails.

Clover fails to grow on many farms, but the prime causes is that much of the humus of the soil is worn out and an acid condition exists that is detrimental to clover. A liberal application of lime will be beneficial.

TRUST THE WOMEN FOLK

The farmer who thinks he can "run his business" without taking his wife into his councils is pretty apt to run against a snag before he knows it. While women may not always understand all the fine points of farming, they are often able, through some divine instinct, to tell how things ought to be, and the man who trusts that instinct is not very apt to come out wrong.

POULTRY NOTES

BY C. M. BARNITZ RIVERSIDE PA.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

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GIMME THE OLD COOK STOVE!

Folks kin brag about their furnace. With heat shootin' through the wall; They kin sing about them gas stoves That don't have no smell at all;

They kin chirp about their steam heat, With them radiators fine, But with all their hot air preachin' It's the ole cook stove fur mine.

Gimme that ole time cook stove! Gimme it though red with rust, With its kittle singin' merry, Boilin', steamin' most to bust.

Gimme that ole red hot cook stove With big oven nice an' hot. When my shins is gittin' chilly She's the stuff to hit the spot.

Gimme that ole roarin' cook stove, With the turkey roastin' brown An' the sassage an' the pompos, With their bully smells around!

Gimme that ole red cracked cook stove! We shall snooze before its grate, Me an' mother in our rockers, When the years are gittin' late.

C. M. BARNITZ.

THE WHITE EMBDEN GOOSE. PERTINENT PARTICULARS.

If Toulouse geese did not begot white sports we might believe the German legend that a wild white swan flew down, mated with a gray gander, nested, and hence the White Embden.

The Dutch are goose epicures, eating over a million a year, but to English gander geniuses goes the credit of improving the Embden, and then American rooster tinkers put on the finish when they bred out foreign color, the dewlap, the deformed, fatty abdomen, and gave the fowl more grace, egg capacity and finer flesh.

White is a la mode for poultry today, and the White Embden fits this fancy.

America is entering the goose era, and this is only the turning of a page in goose history.

Classic Homer sucked a goose drumstick, Caesar carried his "goose pot"



WHITE EMBDEN GANDER.

along to Gaul, and fashionable France now revels in fat goose liver and garlic. So don't sidestep, for goose is now the go and White Embden the whole show.

Wild geese pair, but we nature fakery have made poultry polygamous, so mate up your Embden gander to four geese, and do this months before breeding season. Geese sometimes live 100 years and breed well to twenty-five, but after that they get too heavy and the ganders dangerous.

Males from two to five years and geese from two to twelve breed best. Ganders are dog haters. So to tell sex just put Fido in the coop and watch them go for him while the geese look on.

Real Embdens are pure white; eyes are blue; bills, shanks, feet deep orange.

The gander is larger than the goose, but should be about same in shape.

They should be massive, compact, deep, with broad flat back, full, wide, round breast, long massive neck, large head, strong, round thighs, short, stout shanks, straight toes, big dappers.

EMBDEN STANDARD WEIGHTS.

Pounds.
Adult gander..... 30
Adult goose..... 15
Young gander..... 15
Young goose..... 10

DON'TS.

Don't kick. Man is said to descend from the ape, not the mule; but, if true, it does not pay in this progressive day to play the monkey or be a jack.

Don't forget if you are starting an egg farm that single comb White Leghorns of laying strain are it for geese from California to Maine.

Don't pass by Light Brahmas if you are raising capons. They reach the size that takes the prize.

Don't sneeze at White Wyandottes when you have broilers in view. They quickly plump, are yellow too.

Don't keep a poultry menagerie, Honks, quacks, buckwheats, gobblers, coo-coos and cockadoodledo—such a conglomeration! What a bulabalo!

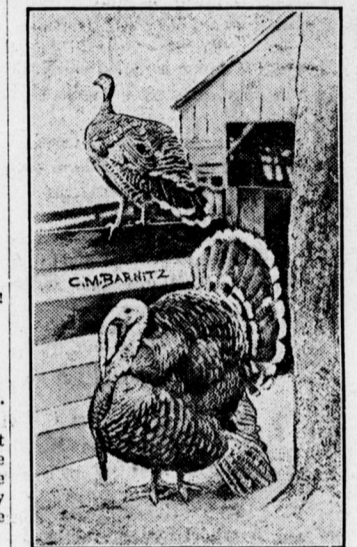
THE TURK AND HIS HAREM. DEPENDABLE POINTERS.

Wild turkeys separate in the fall and choose new affinities in February, nature's tip to you not to mate parent and offspring, brother and sister, but to head your pen with a strong unrelated gobbler each season. Tame turkeys do not fully mature in a year, a hint that breeders should be two or more years old, one tom to eight hens, all vigorous and as evenly matched in size, shape and color as possible.

Start with stock rather than eggs. With stock you know ancestry, eggs are fresh, and Mother Turkey does the hatching, brooding, rearing, a sure way to success than with the lousy cluck.

As to breed, let your fancy, location and market requirements decide that. Bronze is most popular, White Holland next. Bronze is largest and does best on wide range; Holland is more domestic and may be reared on more limited area.

Buy in the fall. Birds are cheapest and, right off range, are not fat, so det-



BEAUTIFUL MATES—MAMMOTH BRONZE.

rimental to success, and thus through winter you may keep them normal by judiciously feeding a grain ration of equal parts wheat, oats, barley and corn. Wheat is standard for old turkeys; much corn brings fat, infertility, liver trouble and weak poult.

Waste apples, cabbage and sprouted oats are good greens; good beef scrap and fresh cut bone substitute for grass-hoppers and clover, or alfalfa steamed and mixed with bran and mids is excellent. Grift, shell, charcoal, fresh water are necessities.

In selection note vigor, size, shape, color. Size does not always mean weight. Two toms may weigh the same, but vastly differ. One may be big bone and muscle and later develop into a giant; the other may be small boned and fatty, grow no larger and beget squatty, feeble offspring.

The turkeys in the picture are model mates. The male is large in frame, body long and deep, neck and tail long and graceful, back broad and descends in graceful curve to tail; breast full and broad, wings large and strong; head, caruncles, feet, thighs large; shanks thick, long, straight and well set.

The hen is a perfect mate, of course, being more refined.

The gobbler weighs forty pounds and the hen twenty-three, just four and three pounds respectively above Bronze standard weight.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

A flock of 300 or 400 wild pigeons was seen by a party of lawyers and lumbermen near Shippensburg, Pa., in the fall, and their nesting places will be sought in the woods of Forrest and Warren counties in April to give them special state protection.

When one or two hens in a flock are affected with indigestion quarantine them, then study the rest and your feeding method. Unless they are sick don't quick put the remainder on a starvation diet or you'll knock the egg record high as a kite.

Lancaster county, the garden spot of Pennsylvania and a great grower of "pure Havana," has scored on alfalfa. Some of her farmers cut four crops of the finest. This is good news to eastern fanciers who have been cheated with chopped weeds and hay, through which was sprinkled a little western alfalfa to give it the smell.

Belief in the near approach of the millennium rather dropped a notch when it was discovered that the chickens served at a waffle supper at a colored church near Wilmington, Del., were swiped from a Baptist preacher's coop. When it was stated that the preacher had filled up with chicken on a complimentary and that he had no business to keep anything but water fowl anyhow the dark clouds on the millennium dawn disappeared.

A Wilmington physician declares there are so many backward children in the public schools because their mothers gave them so much "dope" when they were babies. While not an authority on baby farming, we know there are lots of weak baby chicks because their mothers are fed egg-done to rush winter eggs.

It is said the earwig is the only insect that sits on its eggs. It covers its fifty eggs until they are hatched and then hovers its young. In Bughouse row red mites often cover eggs, the hens that lay them and the people that gather them.

C. M. Barnitz.