

HINTS FOR FARMERS

Profitable Stock.

We are daily coming in contact with the products of the dairy cow in one form or another. Thus it is to the interest of the owner of the dairy breed of cattle to carefully select animals when laying a foundation for his herd which will yield him the best profit, not only selecting animals which are from a good healthy stock, but animals which are good profit producers or, in other words, that yield a ton of milk containing sufficient butter fat to warrant the animal's worth the while of keeping upon the premises.

While it is always essential that animals be well fed and cared for, it is oftentimes found that the animal producing the largest amount of milk is not necessarily the animal which devours the most feed, and for this reason the owner should learn the temperament of each individual and feed it accordingly, in this way realizing profits which might otherwise be wasted.—Dr. David Roberts.

For Wormy Sheep.

It is an erroneous belief that any worm powder can be prepared that can be placed in salt or given in grain that will kill mature worms in a sheep's fourth stomach. The chief and only value of a worm powder is to prevent infection and to keep the young worms as they hatch out from maturing. To get rid of mature worms I never have seen anything that equaled the proper use of gasoline, but it must be given after fasting and well mixed with oil or milk and shaken to the very moment it is given or it will injure or even kill the sheep. A dessertspoonful of gasoline mixed in not less than four tablespoomfuls of pure raw linseed oil and a half pint of sweet milk well shaken up to the very moment of pouring down the sheep is the most effective remedy known up to the present time.—C. V. Smead, V. S., in National Stockman.

Selecting Brood Sows.

In selecting gilts from any young litter for raising as breeders the number of teats should always be ascertained. A sow can rear no more little ones than she has teats, for each keeps jealously to its own. And, singularly enough, if one of the littles dies it is very rarely if ever that one of the surviving youngsters takes to the spare teat. The number of teats that sows have varies from ten to sixteen, but fourteen is quite a goodly array. The numbers vary with the breeds a bit, and most of our big, free breeding sows are pretty well furnished with teats. This is as it should be, else many a little piggy would come on the scene with no fount to run to.—Rural World (England).

Selecting a Hoe.

In choosing a hoe select one the blade of which lies not quite flat on the floor when held erect, with the hoe handle extending from the hand when in working position to the floor. The heel of the hoe should not quite touch the floor from this position. Such a hoe will bite into the soil easily when it is bright and sharp and will work smoothly and effectively. Sharpen the hoe as soon as it becomes noticeably dull. This will be hard on the hoe, but it saves muscle, and hoes are cheap. Carry a small flat file in your hip pocket and do not allow a nick to stay in the hoe a minute after it is made.—Denver Field and Farm.

Lampas of Horses.

Lampas is a term used to describe a swollen condition of the hard palate just back of the upper incisor teeth. It never should be cut or burned. The swelling does not constitute a disease, but merely indicates irritation and inflammation of the gums and entire buccal membrane of the mouth from teething or indigestion. Have the teeth attended to. Feed some ears of old hard corn. Swab the mouth twice daily with a solution of half an ounce of powdered borax in a pint of water or mix borax in honey at the rate of one dram to the ounce of honey and smear in the mouth several times a day.—Breeders' Gazette.

Grease the Farm Tools.

There is less plow scouring done in the roads than there used to be. Most folks now use grease, finding that cheaper to apply before a plow or a shovel is rusty than hard work and profanity after the rust comes. We keep a gallon pail partly filled with crude oil for the purpose of greasing polished steel. An oil paint brush is in the oil pail, and it is but the work of a moment to grease a plow or a set of cultivator shovels.—H. Hatch in Homestead.

Remedy for Pig Scours.

I will give a remedy for scours in pigs, writes an Ohio farmer in the National Stockman. Take about a half gallon of good oats and boil them about an hour and a half, then let them cool. Feed to the sow, and in a short time the trouble will be gone. Probably it is best to feed nothing else for twenty-four hours but boiled oats. Hog men should try it, and they will be surprised at the result.

Milo Maize a Good Hog Feed.

When milo maize is fed to hogs it may be given them in the head, thrashed and soaked or ground and wet to a thin slop. For fattening hogs a succulent feed should be given with milo, such as early cut sorghum, stock, melons, beets or green cured alfalfa hay.—H. M. Cottrell, Colorado Agricultural College.



THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

By Theodore O'Hara.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo:
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought of midnight
haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming file
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have
washed

The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,

The charge, the dreadful cannonade,

The din and shout are passed

Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,

Shall thrill with fierce delight

Those breasts that never more may
feel

The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe—

Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,

Knew well the watchword of that
day

Was "victory or death."

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath
flown,

The story how ye fell;

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's
blight.

Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That glids your glorious tomb.



HOW COL. CLEM GOT FIRST COM. MISSION.

An interesting story is told of the way Col. John L. Clem, the famous "drummer boy of Shiloh," and now assistant quartermaster general, got into the regular army in the early days of Gen. Grant's first term as President. Clem, without aid, secured an audience.

The President said, "What can I do for you?"

Clem said, "Mr. President, I wish to ask you for an order to admit me to West Point."

"But why," said the President, "do you not take the examination?"

"I did, Mr. President, but I failed to pass."

"That was unfortunate," said the President, "How was that?"

"Why, Mr. President, you see, I was in the war, and while I was there those other boys of my age were in school."

"What!" said the president, amazed. "You were in the war?"

Clem was then scarcely eighteen and boyish looking.

"Yes, Mr. President, I was in the war four years." And he related his experience.

The President then wrote something, sealed it, and handing it to Clem, said:

"Take this to the Secretary of War. I guess it will fix you all right."

Clem went to the secretary, to whom he had already applied, and was received somewhat coldly. He delivered the note. The secretary read it and said:

"Do you know what this is?"

"No," said Clem, "but I supposed it was an order to admit me to West Point."

"Well, it ain't," said the secretary. "It's an order to commission you second lieutenant in the regular army."—Leslie's Weekly.

A Surprise.

General Wheeler's body was brought to Washington draped in the Confederate flag as well as the Stars and Stripes, under both of which he had served so efficiently. While the girl lay in state, an old Confederate soldier who had fought under General Wheeler in General Early's division, having heard of the Confederate flag and wishing to see his dear old leader in the light of long ago, made strenuous effort and at last stood beside the coffin. But on reaching Washington the Stars and Bars had been removed by order of the President, and the veteran looked in vain for his old flag.

Then he looked at the body clad in the blue uniform, and, solemnly shaking his head, muttered:

"Wall, by gee, gen'l'men, when you git on 'other side and Jubal Early catches you in them togs, I'mbettin' you'll git the puttiest cuassin' that ever cum your way!"

BOLD WARRIOR VANQUISHED

I went to the civil war at eighteen with my uncle, an old "regular," as his orderly, he being held responsible by my mother that no harm should come to me. This was rather remarkable since I was going to war, but it was necessary, I being heir to a large fortune, and if I were killed it would go a-begging.

It turned out that I needed to be protected from something as dangerous, so my mother considered, as the bullet—that is, a sweet, little, penniless country girl. One day when riding past a small plantation I espied a young miss with soft eyes, an immense cable of hair reaching almost to her heels and a little, trim figure, with a peach bloom in each cheek. She was standing at the gate looking at us soldiers as we passed. We went into camp near by, and that night I stole away to find her. The result was a love affair, which I confided by letter to my mother.

One morning my uncle called me into his tent and stormed at me for a young idiot, threatening that if I did not give up this foolish business he would "break" me and send me home. I told him that he could not break me without cause and I would do as I pleased in the matter.

"Very well," he said. "I will go to the girl. These country people are easily bought off."

I kept a close watch on his movements, and when he called on the lady-love I was in an adjoining room, concealed by a curtain. There was a flutter about the house as he rode up.

"Where is your daughter?" he thundered to the inebriate mother as he stalked into the house to the jingle of his spurs and the rattle of his sword.

"Oh, general," cried the poor woman, "take everything, but do not burn the house! It is our only home."

"Nonsense! I'm not going to harm you. I want to speak with your daughter."

"The silver is in the well. Take it. Only leave us in peace."

"My good woman, do you take me for a robber? All I wish is to speak a few words to your daughter concerning—well, concerning a private matter."

"She is in there. Don't hurt her. General. She is only a child."

By this time my ferocious uncle had discovered that he had to deal with a different kind of enemy from what he had been accustomed to. He twirled his mustache nervously as he stepped into the room, where he was confronted by a delicate girl of seventeen.

"You—I mean that young idiot of a nephew of mine!"

I had seen the general, advancing at the head of his troops, suddenly brought up by an enemy in force, but unapprised. Now he was paralyzied at facing a young girl. He pulled himself together and continued his volley of words:

"The match is not to be thought of. My nephew is a young fool!"

The general faltered. His enemy was standing with her hands crossed demurely before him, her eyes bent on the floor, looking up occasionally at the warrior to see if he was going to run her through with his sword.

"My nephew, I say," he started on again, "is nothing but a boy with confounded good taste, the young rascal."

Having made a failure in a direct attack, he concluded to attempt to accomplish his ends by stratagem.

"My dear child," he said, "there are a great many reasons why you should be a good little girl and give up this boy, who hasn't sense enough to keep out of an ambush of idiots. Now, what I want you to do is to promise—" The general stopped, stalled. The girl looked up at him as much as to ask, "What is it you wish me to promise?"

"He will be very rich," pursued the general, "and you, of course, will be well, you are not rich, you know."

The general halted to bring up his guns, but before he could do so his little enemy raised her shrinking figure and, looking him squarely in the face, said:

"General, you may tell him that he is free. I am a poor country girl. He is heir to a fortune. No one shall ever say that I—" She burst into tears.

A shower of bullets is not a terrible thing to an old soldier, because he has become accustomed to them, but a shower of tears is quite a different matter. The general was thrown into panic. His infantry was in confusion; his guns were spiked; his army was routed.

"By the great horn spoon," he muttered, "what sort of disgraceful fix is this? Dry your tears, little one. That scamp isn't good enough for you, but if you want him you shall have him and every unmarried man in my brigade to boot!"

He seized both the "little one's" hands, in which her face was buried, and, pulling them away, drew her toward him, and her head rested against his breast.

"General," I said, stepping out from the curtain, "if I were in command and you were a subordinate I'd break you for a poltroon and a coward unable to stand up against a chit of a girl."

Without a word he stalked out of the room, mounted his horse and rode back to camp.

"Wall, by gee, gen'l'men, when you git on 'other side and Jubal Early catches you in them togs, I'mbettin' you'll git the puttiest cuassin' that ever cum your way!"

The Sexton's Story

The old sexton pushed his hat back on his head as he remarked thoughtfully to the girl beside him:

"I know they say that it is doctors, lawyers and ministers who see the most of human nature, but it seems to me that I have seen human nature displayed in as many forms as most people."

"Of which have you seen the most—the good or the bad?" inquired the girl.

"The good. Of that I have never been in doubt. There is no sense in waiting until a person is dead before you commence to think how good he was, but—" he broke off abruptly, "you see that grave over there?" Go, read what is written on the stone, and I will tell you the story."

In a short time the girl returned with the answer: "It says 'Mary, wife of Robert Hilton,' with age and date of death and the inscription: 'One of His saints.'"

"That is a good deal to say of a mortal person," the old man, said "though I reckon it is as true a description of Mary Hilton as is possible to be written."

"A live woman ever a saint! Oh, Uncle Ezra, isn't that magnifying the good too much?"

"Not a bit. The first time I ever saw Mary she was a little chit not more than 8 years old, but a perfect little beauty. The churchyard was her favorite playground. She would play for hours among the graves, making up stories about the dead children and calling them her little playmates."

"What a queer child she must have been!"

"Queer?" Well, I suppose she was. But you don't know how dear the child became to me, nor how much I loved her. Mary's father was that eccentric misanthrope—Lionel Dallas.

His wife died when Mary was but a few weeks old, and the child was left wholly to the care of a nurse. Later a governess took the nurse's place and poor Mary was alternately petted and scolded from the time she could first remember.

"Run away, don't bother me."

"Well," he resumed, "up to the time she was 15 I was the only friend the girl had; then her father married again. His wife was anything but kind to the young girl, who, in point of beauty far surpassed her stepmother. About this time Robert Hilton, a handsome, reckless fellow, fell in love with Mary, who, flattered by the attentions of the much-sought-for Robert, and urged on by the unbearable life at home, consented to marry him. It was a sad awakening for the child not quite 16, who knew nothing of the responsibilities of life, to marry a man like Robert Hilton.

"I did not see her again for two years, when Robert, discontented as ever, returned home. The change in Mary as startling. Every particle of girlhood had disappeared. But though she had lost much of her former beauty, the character developed reflected a sweetness in her face which had never been there before. She then knew what her husband was, little better than a wandering vagabond."

"Why didn't she leave him?" the girl interrupted. "I would."

"But you see that Mary was different. For better, for worse," she quoted reprovingly to me one day when I advised the very thing you have just said. "As long as my life is spared I shall never leave Robert," and she never did. For 10 years she was to Robert what only a true woman can be to a man. Mary sacrificed everything, hoping to arouse the manhood in him; but it was not until she was dying that Robert realized what a miserable, wandering existence their life together had been. But from that time he was a changed man."

"Uncle Ezra," again the girl interrupted, "your Robert Hilton is not that stern gray-haired, irreproachable Robert Hilton who is called the most successful man in the city?"