

TIMELY HINTS FOR FARMERS

Colony Plan For Fowls.

Where the hens are kept in colony houses they may be moved to different grainfields as soon as the crop has been harvested and find plenty of feed for several weeks.

Clover or alfalfa chaff may be gathered in the barn and given to poultry every few days. We are gradually learning that bulky feeds, such as the clovers, make good feeds for a part of the egg ration and form a decided advantage in small cost.

Farm poultry is too often allowed to run in one large flock. The chicks cannot be fed properly and are almost sure to become infested with lice from the older fowls. Often ducks, geese, chickens and turkeys are all turned together to fight for supremacy. The more the fowls are distributed over the farm in summer the more productive they will be.—Winconsin Student Farmer.

Tobacco For Sheep.

I have helped dissect lambs dying of tapeworm that had had all the tobacco they would eat for months previously, writes Joseph E. Wing in the Breeder's Gazette. It may help some, but assuredly it will not prove a sure preventive of tapeworms. Tobacco seems to aid greatly in keeping down nodular disease and stomach worms. The secret of success seems to be to salt the tobacco only very little, then feeding it in unlimited amounts and giving no other salt. It seems to do the sheep no harm to eat it in fairly large amounts, and most failures in its use come from using too little of it.

Improving the Herd.

There is only one way known under heaven of improving the quality of a pure bred or a grade herd of cows—that is, by the constant use of the very best and most prepotent bulls that can be obtained, good care and generous feeding. Any letting down of the idea of quality in the sire will surely result in a corresponding degeneracy of his heirs, to be shown in their future history as cows. Farmers are not saving money by sowing poor seed in anything. When will that idea become dominant in their minds?—Hoard's Dairyman.

EGG PRODUCERS OF THE FUTURE

Indian Runner and Orpington Ducks Are Prolific Layers.

In the near future we shall look largely to ducks for our egg supply, writes J. E. Cummins in Western Poultry Journal. The new breeds of egg producing ducks that lay white shelled eggs, the Indian Runner, and the Buff Orpington duck, are now helping to solve the egg problem. The rapidity with which these fowls are growing in favor is wonderful.

The Indian Runner is the best known and is coming to the front by leaps and bounds. It is a beautiful bird that matures very quickly and is usually shelling out the eggs at four months of age. It is no trouble at all to produce the second generation of Indian Runners the same season. Their eggs hatch readily, but must be placed under hens, as the Indian Runner never sits.

This duck is smaller than the Orpington duck, but lays nearly as many eggs, sometimes above 250 a year. When we remember that three duck eggs are the equal of five hen eggs in weight and food value, and that the annual production of a Runner is equivalent to 400 hen eggs, we get a proper idea of its value as a utility fowl.

This duck is a great forager and requires little or no feeding when given free range, preferring grass to grain. It is very hardy and prefers to roost outdoors on the ground, except in severe weather. The housing is a simple problem and a fence twenty-four inches high is sufficient.

The flesh of the Indian Runner is especially fine in quality and early in maturity, and can be produced at less expense, pound for pound, than the ordinary market duck, but it is even more profitable as an egg producer.

Freaks of Lightning.

Lightning has struck, plucked feathers from and insides out of chickens and, better than some cooks, roasted them to a proper turn for the table. It has roasted apples on the tree and corn on the stalk and has struck goober and potato vines and cooked the goobers and tubers in the very ground.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

The Game.

All the world's a game
And all the men and women merely play-
ers.
They have their shuffles and their cuts
for deals.
And each man in his time fills many seats,
His play being seven jack pots. At first
the dealer,
Waiting and watching for a chance to
raise.

Then the man next to him with his growl-
ing
Because the fates have set him right be-
neath the gun
And made him hold the ace, and then the
opener,
Pushing his stack in on a pair of aces
With which he holds a side card; then the
bluffer,
Full of strange wiles, with eye shade on
his brow,
And eyes like glass ones, standing pat on
deuces,
Shoving his chips into the center
Till no one dares to call, and then the
sleeper,
Who never knows whose deal it is at all
And often won't discard before the draw,
Who must be told to get his ante in,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age
shifts

Into the lean and hungry shoestring sport
Who tries to pike a white chip to a stack
And stays in every big pot for a slight
And draws three cards and makes a roy-
al flush
And talks about his wondrous poker sense
And at the kitty swears. Last stage of
all
The—oh this strange, eventful history
Is Hasbeen—when he may but look upon
the game,
Sans chips, sans cash, sans watch—sans
everything!

—Life.

A Knowing Girl.

When young Lord Stanleigh came to
visit an American family the mistress
told the servants that in addressing
him they should always say his grace.
So when the young gentleman one
morning met one of the pretty house
servants in the hallway and told her
that she was so attractive looking he
thought he would kiss her she demurely
replied, clasping her hands on her
bosom and looking up into his face
with a beaming expression, "O Lord,
for this blessing we are about to re-
ceive we thank thee."—Lippincott's.

His Remedy.

There had been a little quarrel after
the honeymoon.
"And just look at my pretty linen
collar," sobbed the young wife. "The
tears have trickled down and wilted
it out of shape. You haven't a bit of
feeling."
"Indeed I have," laughed the big hus-
band. "I'm going to fix things up."
"How, George?"
"Why, the next time I go downtown
I am going to buy you a new water-
proof collar."—Argonaut.

Establishing an Understanding.

Prospective Bridegroom (with some
embarrassment)—Er—Bryonia, can you
cook?

Prospective Bride (perfectly self pos-
sessed)—I can, Wilfrid, but I require
a well stocked pantry and the latest
improvements in gas ranges and cook-
ing utensils. Can you supply them?
—Chicago Tribune.

Pernicious Literature.

The educated Indian was denounc-
ing the dime novel.

"Not only is the literary tone low,"
he said, "but in the pages any old sort
of paleface that can get hold of a gun
is allowed to put the kibosh on a
whole tribe of red men."—Philadelphia
Ledger.

Stickless.

Woman Guest—Is there a stick in
this punch, do you know?

Mandy (the custodian thereof)—No,
indeed! What yo' saw warn't no
stick. It was de cigar butt dat half
'toxicated Mistah Lumpkin done chucked
in it dees now.—Puck.

Explained.

"Yep, our new town is growing re-
markably fast. We're mighty proud
of it."

"How many churches have you got?"
"There ain't no churches yet, but
we've got ninety-seven automobiles!"—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In the Cynic's Club.

"In popular esteem art is often com-
pelled to yield to silly antics."

"Certainly! Even in childhood days
we never paid as much attention to the
man who played the hand organ as we
did to the monkey."—Washington Star.

A Gentleman's Treat.

Mr. Halefeller—What are you (hic)
going to have, Polly?

The Bar Parrot—Thanks, awfully,
old man, for not stipulating that I take
a cracker. I'll have something soft—
Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Stop Her Talking.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—This paper says
that a frog cannot breathe with its
mouth open.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—I wish to gracious
a woman was built that way!—Yon-
kers Statesman.

In a Name.

"The piece called 'Nosing It Out' is
a sideshow."

"From its name I should imagine it
was a scenter piece."—Baltimore Amer-
ican.

Beautifulizing Army Posts.

Interesting is the well authenticated
news that army officers in Manila have
caught the civic improvement spirit
and are engaged in making beautiful
the various posts. Many shade trees
have been planted, and a noncommis-
sioned officer has been sent, it is said,
to the city nurseries to make a study
of horticulture. From the nurseries
quantities of plants are being sent to
the posts. In our own land it is usual
to find the army posts almost as beau-
tiful, quite as well cared for and al-
most as free as are the public parks.

Progress of Cement.

A few years ago America imported
more Portland cement than it manu-
factured. Now the tables have been
turned, and this country has taken
the front rank in the production of
cement and its use in construction. It
has been estimated that the quantity
of Portland cement used in this coun-
try in 1905 would be sufficient to lay
a sidewalk 16 feet broad all round
the earth at the equator. If com-
pacted into a single solid cube, that
cube would measure almost 1,000 feet
on each edge.

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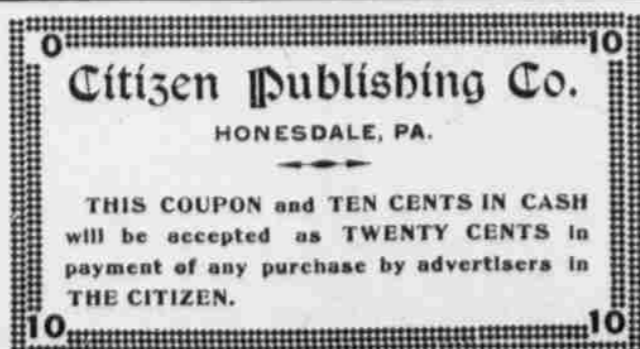
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