CAMPFIRE TALES

Women in Wartime.

With drum-beat stir and bugle urge
The men have marched away;
But the women, O, the women,
As the daybreak chill and gray—
The women at the city gates,
For them no bugles play.

For them no surge of patriot wrath,
No gladsome shock of steel;
But the aged and the invalid,
The helpless child's appeal—
And patience, patience, patience still,
Whatever one may feel.

At night the torturing dreams of harm,
The real fears by day,
With tasks of hand that cannot keep
The ravening Thought at bay:
Cooking, cleaning, sweeping, sewing
In the heaviest hours to pray.

O, battles of the silences!
Of hearthstone, heart and toil!
Of these no veteran tales are told,
No bloodstain blots the soil—
The battles of the women,
Fought in anguish and in moil.

War Cuts a Knot.

Who would suspect E. F. Seaman, the jolly Seaman, with his fund of funny stories, his sparkling wit and his keen appreciation of humor, to have been one of the principal figures in one of the most pathetic occurrences of the whole war of the rebellion?

Mr. Seaman occupies a position of great trust and responsibility with the Black Diamond steel works of Park Bros. & Co. of Pittsburg. A shade of sadness falls over his laughing countenance when he recalls the events connected with the Salem raid, one of the most trying periods of a trying four years.

The advance guard, in command of Quartermaster Seaman, had come upon a dancing party in a cabin in the mountains between Sweet Sulphur Springs and New Castle. After quietly surrounding the house with his squad Mr. Seaman opened the door and demanded the surrender of the men within. There were about twenty of them, all confederate soldiers.

Orders were given for the prisoners to fall into line, and, except one tall, finely formed young man, all obeyed. He stood with his hand resting on the shoulder of a girl in white. Both seemed dazed by the turn of events.

The girl was the first to recover her self-possession. Turning to Mr. Seaman, she said:

"You'll let George stay with me, won't you, sir? We have just been married."

Mr. Seaman explained, as gently as possible, the exigencies of war; that as a man he sympathized with her, but as a soldier his duty was to take her husband along. He assured her that as a union prisoner her husband should be treated with all kindness, and probably in two or three months he would be exchanged and come back to her.

Clinging wildly around her husband's neck she burst into uncontrollable sobs. As he pressed her to his bosom many of the soldiers, whose hearts had become hardened to pathetic scenes, found occasion to draw their sleeves across their eyes.

In a few moments she gained some control of herself, and, loosing her arms, she raised her face to her husband and said:

"Good-bye, George; good-bye!"

The young man kissed her passionately and signified his readiness to accompany the union troops. The eyes of the young bride followed him wistfully to the door. That was the last time she ever saw him on earth. He was accidentally drowned while crossing Jackson river.

In 1884 Mr. Seaman revisited that portion of West Virginia. By making inquiries he was able to locate the bride of twenty years before, and after some search he found her. She, of course, never suspected his identity, as twenty years had worked great changes.

Mr. Seaman, being an adroit conversationalist, easily led the conversation back to the war. In telling of it he says:

"She conversed pleasantly until that subject was mentioned, when her manner became more quiet and her gaze drifted from near objects to the long blue horizon down the mountain, as if to discover something lost. I soon left and have never seen her since."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Premonitions of Death.

"Speaking of that winter campaign in East Tennessee," said the doctor, "it must not be assumed that the seasoned soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland or the Army of the Tennessee were not equal to the occasion. Most of them marched from the battle field of Missionary Ridge with as little preparation as they would have made for a one day's scouting expedition. Some of the divisions after the relief of Knoxville drifted back toward supplies at Chattanooga, but Sheridan's division and others remained to watch Longstreet.

"In our division (Sheridan's), there was much suffering, but officers and men were resourceful and disposed to make the best of a situation. When it was decided to start the abandoned grist mills, hundreds of men were sent into the fields to gather corn, and the mills were kept going steadily turning out cornmeal for the men of the several brigades. It was a trying time, however, and a time for premonitions. I never took much stock in the latter, but one case has haunted me for forty years. One day the brigade was sent out to make a feint. It was known that there was no enemy in force in front, but the men were instructed to act as if there was a division there. They were to feign an attack to compel a move of the enemy in that direction, but no one expected a fight.

"As the regiment moved forward in line the lieutenant of one of the companies took a memorandum book from one pocket and his watch from another, and, handing them to the captain, asked him, in case he was killed, to send them to his father. The captain said, 'Holy smoke, man! We are not going into a fight. This is all sham, and there is no danger,' and returned the book and watch. The lieutenant ran across to the captain and again insisted he should take the book, saying that he had a feeling that he was to be killed. The captain took the book, and in five minutes the lieutenant fell dead from one of the few shots fired by the fleeing rebel pickets."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Honor Soldiers' Widows.

A monument to the union soldiers' widows was unveiled and dedicated

by the department of Illinois, Women's Relief Corps, in Elmwood cemetery, Sunday, April 24, at 2:30 p. m. The memorial has been presented by Mrs. Esther Elmira Springer in memoriam to her daughter, Silvia Springer Doton, who died about a year ago.

Good Service by Jailer's Wife.

Mrs. Rankins, wife of the jailer at Alfred, Me., caught a woman smuggling whiskey into her husband's cell, but she took the goods away and had the woman arrested and fined.

Profit in 15-Cent Butter

How much profit does the farmer's wife get out of 15-cent butter? The natural inference from this question suggests a possibility of a profit from the production of 15-cent butter to the farmer's wife. If the anatomy of the modern dairy cow were identical with that of the ancient ass of Bible fame, which waxed fat on the winds of the desert, then a profit might be possible. But so long as is requires a generous ration of tangible, palpable substances rich in protein as well as carbohydrates to produce an average of one pound of butter per day the year through at a minimum cost of at least 16 cents per pound, there certainly can be no profit in 15-cent butter. The manufacture of 15-cent butter is a luxury that the average farmer's wife cannot afford to indulge in. The standard price of butter ought to be 25 cents, and this would be the rule, if the butter was only good enough to bring it. It is a deplorable fact that on 75 per cent of the farms cows are kept at a loss. If farmers would only bring their brains and pencils into more common use in connection with their farm operations, marked improvement would be the result. If the farmer would only study the economic aspects of his occupation a little more studiously, he would be surprised to find how little of real profit he derives. And yet it is all so simple, so easy to comprehend. For instance, a cow weighing from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds will require to produce a pound of butter a day the year around a grain ration of at least 12 pounds daily, as well as an equivalent of at least 20 pounds of the best clover hay. One cent a pound would be a very small price for the grain ration, and $6 a ton a low price for the hay. This would make the cost of the feed per day 18 cents. Suppose you sell the product at 15 cents per pound, how long will it take to pay the mortgage on the farm?

G. W. Mott.

Notes by a Wisconsin Milk Inspector

There are a great many stables in Wisconsin that are too close and do not have enough light. The cold weather that we have had this winter rendered many such stables unsanitary for a time. All stables for cows, as well as for other animals, should be light and well ventilated. Some of the stables I have seen have not a window in them. As a rule the new buildings are being put up in first class shape. In some localities the health officers have been after the cow keepers and have got them to put in ventilating systems. Here and there farmers are putting in good ventilating systems of themselves, but these are the men that improve their conditions as the result of reading.

A good many of the dairymen that have put in ventilation systems have used the King system, or some modification of it. I have been inspecting the stables largely in the neighborhood of cities, and when I get out into the creamery and cheese factory districts, I anticipate that I shall not be able to find things in as good shape as I have in the localities where I have been, for the latter localities are largely those engaged in supplying milk to the cities.

In our investigations this winter we have found no preservatives in the milk; though we do occasionally find it in the milk in summer. Preservatives seem never to have been used much in Wisconsin. As a rule, formaldehyde is used more than any other kind of preservative. But farmers do not have to use any kind of preservative. The farmers deliver their milk every other day as a rule, when they send it to creameries and cheese factories. In the summer many of them deliver every day.

In some of the localities where Limburger cheese is made, it is absolutely necessary to deliver every day, as this is a sweet curd cheese, and the milk out of which it is made must be perfectly sweet. It takes a very fine milk to make a Limburger cheese. It must be free from all taints and bad odors, for it cannot be allowed to develop any acid. The bad smell of Limburger comes from a large amount of moisture in the cheese. We have a cheese that is very similar to the Limburger, except that it is salted somewhat higher. That is the common brick.

We are very busy, and are working night and day. We are looking carefully after all adulterations in whatever form. We are also paying close attention to the sanitary condition of the barns.

U. S. Baer, Wisconsin.

Fall Calving Cows

I do not profess to have gained any great knowledge of the above subject, although I have for some years past had from ten to fifteen cows freshen from September to November. From the dairyman's standpoint I prefer to have the most of my cows freshen then. I believe that the yearly return in milk and butter from the cow calving in fall or early winter will be considerably greater than the same cow would produce if she came fresh in the spring. Late spring or summer calving ought to be avoided if possible, as the extreme heat of summer, combined with the pest of flies and nearly always dried-up pastures reduces the milk flow below any chance for profit.

Generally the calves that are dropped in fly time do not do well and go into winter quarters in bad shape, to come out in the following spring worth less than their mates three or four months younger.

It is an easy matter by generous and judicious feeding to keep the fall-fresh cow up to near her maximum flow during the winter, even without silage, if the feeder will provide himself with plenty of clover or alfalfa hay and concentrated feeds, rich in protein, such as the gluten feeds, dried brewers' grains, oil-meal and a little cotton-seed meal. Then when the juicy grasses come with May sunshine, the winter ration being only a little reduced, the cow really freshens a second time.

The calves, too, if they have been properly fed and housed during the winter, gain rapidly on grass with some grain, and when the heat of summer comes they are better prepared to stand the flies than the little youngsters a few months old.

Samuel Gray.

Tough on the Joker.

A member of a photographic society in a suburb of London was to give an illustrated lecture on some of his travels. Another member, thinking to have a joke at the expense of the lecturer, slipped in among the slides a lantern portrait of himself. The joke would come in, of course, by the portrait's appearing on the screen after the lecturer had announced the appearing of something quite different. Fate and chance were unluckily against the humorist; for, when his portrait was presented, the lecturer, without knowing what was on the screen, gravely read from the list, "The next slide, ladies and gentlemen, is the picture of a refractory donkey."

No hog will ever carry damp or filthy straw to his nest, if he can have access to that which is dry and clean.