

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Disinfect the incubator after each hatch.

Breed the sows this month for September pigs.

Too heavy feeding of the sows may lead to the sickness of her pigs.

Shoulder or back sores on a horse are a reproach to the owner of the animal.

Now is the time to plan for succulent food for the time when the pasture will become poor.

Many a weedy field is the product of the farmer's indifference to the value of cleaned and pure seed.

A little care is all that is necessary to keep the collar and harness from chafing the horse and developing sores.

Provide a breeding plot where you can grow your corn under special observation and provide improved seed for use next year.

Proper orchard cultivation can only be determined by understanding character of the soil, slope of the land, age of the trees, and the varieties.

Look out for blast in the sheep when turning out to pasture. Break them in slowly. Turn them on the grass after giving the customary feed.

Don't let the warm weather catch you without having cleaned and white-washed the poultry house. It is easier to keep the lice pests down if you start early.

Look out for red rust in the black-berry patch. When seed promptly dig up and burn the infected plant, being careful not to scatter the fungus dust over healthy bushes.

Don't yank and pull the horses around and about at them. This is the surest way of not getting them to do what you want done. The horse is an intelligent animal, if you are not.

Learn to be patient. Don't fret over the weather. God has been sending the seasons around one after the other for millions upon millions of years and He knows what He is about. You cannot improve on the Divine program, much as you think you could, sometimes.

There is only one way to keep bacteria out of milk and that is by way of cleanliness. The milk needs to be clean, the cows need to be wiped off, the milking needs to be done through sterilized cheese cloth, the milk removed from barn at once and cooled and then set where it will not be affected by dust or odors.

Now you are reaping the fruits of the good wintering of your cows. While your neighbor's cows which were only half fed through a mistaken idea of economy are responding but poorly to the green pasturage, your cows have leaped right to the top notch of a splendid milk flow. Makes you feel good, don't it. And the cows feel good, too.

The Minnesota experiment station has proved that a dangerous medium in the distribution of tuberculosis is the manure of infected cattle, which, in its dry form, may readily be blown into milk in the stables. The utmost care should be taken to isolate all cattle known to be, or suspected of being, affected with tuberculosis, not only for the safety of human life, but for the welfare of the herd.

Here is a point to remember in caring for your stock next winter. Some recent tests have shown the value of good hatters and plenty of bedding for wintering animals. It was shown that when a steer is standing up he uses from 30 to 50 per cent. more food for making body heat than he does when he is lying down. Provide plenty of bedding and get the most growth.

Now do consider the matter of sending your boy to your state agricultural college. He ought to be a better farmer than you, no matter how successful you have been, and the way to make him so is to put him in a position where he can learn the latest and most scientific agricultural methods. He can get the theoretical knowledge at school and you can keep him evenly balanced by supplying the practical knowledge.

Fight the weeds with the sprayer. Prof. H. L. Bolley of North Dakota has shown by experiment that certain cheap chemicals like copperas, also said, can be used as a spray on the young weeds so as to kill or retard them effectively without injury to the growing crop. The method is cheap enough to be employed in grain-fields where other methods of control are difficult to apply. The tests with this process have been extensive enough to show that it is likely to become a permanent method in the grain growing states. The experiment stations score again and are spending more the wisdom and value of opening public funds in maintaining them.

There is only one cure for the sheep worrying dog.

Scaly legs can be cured by application of coal-gas tar.

It is the early lamb to the market which catches the highest price.

You like your bath and the horse likes to be carried. It does him good, too.

Manage the pasture as would a hay-field. It is a most important and valuable part of the farm.

The cow that has been intelligently wintered will now give good report of herself as she gets on full grass.

As a rule it does not pay to doctor poultry. Preventive measures are better than all the remedies you can find.

Give the lawn clippings to the hens and the little chicks, if they are confined in yards. They will make good use of them.

Exchange ideas with your neighbor, give him a helping hand occasionally, speak the encouraging word, be really and truly neighborly.

The second corn exposition is booked for Omaha next December. Go in and try for some of the many prizes which will be offered.

A good cow poorly kept needs a new master, a poor cow well kept is unprofitable, and should be sent to the butcher to make room for a good cow.

Pumpkins growing in the corn row do the corn of nothing which it needs, and it gives the farmer an abundance of good feed for the cattle during the winter.

Keep in touch with the young stock during the summer. Visit them at least once a week. Take them some salt. In this way you will keep them from getting too wild.

Blue grass provides the most satisfactory pasturage as it forms a firm roof not injured by the trampling of the cattle. It is a persistent grower, and it is rich in protein.

Almost every farmer will find the silo a profitable investment. By its aid you can provide succulent feed for the cows the year round, and thus keep the milk flow up to the top notch all the time.

With the coming of warmer weather, and the time of year when the mid-day sun is strong, do not forget that the sheep and lambs need shade. If there are no trees in the pasture, provide some kind of shelter. One can be made out of rough boards and thatch roof in the fence corner.

Get the habit! What habit? The habit of doing your farm work on time and according to the most approved methods. In other words get the habit of getting out of the ruts and staying out. The farmer is the most prone to get into habits that are bad and then sticking to them, so that it is hard to believe sometimes that he has any sense at all. Get the habit of getting out of the old bad habits and getting into good new habits.

Feed the skim milk, don't make cheese. Cheese sold off the farm takes more nitrogen with it than butter, the loss being about one dollar's worth of nitrogen for every 1,000 pounds of milk used. If you sell butter you sell only the butter fat, which has no particular fertilizing value. If you get your skim milk back and feed it to pigs you save at least 75 per cent. of the fertilizing material in the milk. There can be no objection to making and selling cheese, however, if the plan of farming includes some means of restoring the nitrogen and phosphates sent out in this way.

Ringbone that has become firmly established upon a horse's leg is hard to treat. Firing seems the most satisfactory method, but this should be done by a good veterinarian. In its early stages ringbone may sometimes be cured by proper shoeing which will straighten the foot and relieve the strain which causes the trouble. Ringbone is caused by injury to the tendons of the foot or by blows, sprains, or overworking before the bones have been fully formed and hardened. It is regarded as one of the diseases which may be transmitted by heredity, or, rather, the tendency to it may be transmitted.

Pigs in the clover now mean dollars in the pocket next fall. The clover supplies the young animals with the material out of which to build up a good frame. When clover is fed in abundance in the form of green, succulent herbage, it is so readily eaten and digested that it makes it possible to soon begin the feeding of corn to advantage. It has been found that under such conditions the pigs make an economical growth on corn and clover. A great many farmers do not appreciate the value of clover to the growing pigs. If they cannot be pastured on it they should have it cut and brought to them. Alfalfa is of the same general nature and can take the place of clover where it can be grown.

One successful horticulturist tells how he raises fall strawberries. He says: I set fall-bearing varieties in the spring, setting them about one foot apart in the rows, and rows 30 inches apart. I remove all fruit stems up to July 20, also all runners, if any appear. The reason I prefer setting in the spring is because most of the plants will send out new roots from the crown, which will not die in August and September, as is the case with fall-set plants. This is very important, as the plants need good, strong roots to mature the large crops they produce. Again, spring-set plants do not have so many leaves as when fall-set, which are apt to get so large and bushy that they interfere with pollination of the blossoms. As to quality of fruit, it is of better flavor than summer berries.

SEAL HUNTING ON ICE FLOES

PERILOUS VOCATION OF THOUSANDS OF HARDY NEWFOUNDLANDERS.

KILLING SHIP AND OLD HOOD



TOWING A BELT ACROSS THE ICE TO THE STEAMER



A WATCH LEAVING THE STEAMER IN PURSUIT OF SEALS SEVEN MILES AWAY

Naturally, the largest industry in Newfoundland is the cod-fishing, but decidedly the most picturesque is seal-hunting, one of the most perilous of the world's vocations. From 8,000 to 10,000 men are regularly employed in it, and many an exciting adventure do these men experience in their quest for the valuable skins of the seals. We are reminded of the dangers encountered by the fishermen when we read in a telegram from St. John's of five sealing steamers being badly damaged by ice-floes, one having sunk with the loss of 20,000 skins, valued at \$60,000.

The scene of the hunt is the ice-fields which drift southward in the spring of each year from the Arctic regions, and a bleaker or more desolate region could scarcely be found. The Arctic current, sweeping southward along the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, carries with it a variety of animal life, and is one of the great feeding grounds for deep-sea fish such as cod and mackerel, which form the food of the seals on his nose. There are four species of seal in the waters around Newfoundland and Labrador—the bay seal, the harp, the hood, and the square-flipper. The bay seal does not migrate like the others, but frequents the mouths of rivers and the harbors near the coast. It is never found on the ice. Mostly taken in net, it is commercially of small importance. The harp seal—the seal of commerce—is so called because it has a broad curved line of connected dark spots proceeding from each shoulder and meeting on the back above the tail, forming a figure something like an ancient harp. The hood is much larger than the harp. The male, called by the hunters "doghood," is distinguished from the female by a singular hood or bump on his nose which he can inflate and use as a protection. The square-flipper is identical with the Greenland seal, but is only occasionally met with on the ice-floes of the Labrador coast.

The gathering together of the two great herds of seals, the harps and the hoods, at the same spot and precisely at the same time every year, is one of the most interesting facts in natural history. Up to the middle of February the seals have been wandering all over the ocean, but just at that time they settle down on the ice-floes or anchor-ice, a great plain usually frozen in solid with the land and surrounding islands, for the purpose of breeding.

With the gaff the hunter delivers a sharp blow upon the nose of the seal, the most vulnerable point, and in the case of young seals this blow is instantly fatal. In a moment the man is on his knees, his large jack-knife in his hand, and the skin with the adhering fat is detached rapidly from the carcass, which is left on the ice. The pelts, as the skin and adhering fat are called, are then bound up in bundles and dragged over the hummocky ice to the side of the steamer. The old seals are not so easily disposed of as this. The skull and the hide of the dog-seal are frequently so thick that he cannot be killed with the gaff used on the younger ones. He is therefore shot with a rifle. Each squad of seal-hunters carries at least one gun, intended for this purpose.

Confucius: Gravity is only the bark of wisdom, but it preserves it.

BRANDY AGED IN THE EARTH

Three Demijohns of Liquor Recovered After Thirty Years.

Many stories are written and told of lost treasures found, but the find by Thomas Yancy, an old ex-confederate soldier, equals that of any yet told. It brings back to the older residents of this section memories of the past when they used to thread through the thickets and forests and swampy lands hereabouts. During those days, or 30 years ago, there stood near what is now known as "Old Shady Grove" bridge a stillhouse known to every man in this section. This stillhouse was owned and operated by Bill Staten. Not far distant, coming out of the side of a red clay hill, is a beautiful bubbling spring running the same way as it did nearly half a century ago. From this spring comes the water used in the stillhouse. After it had operated for many years the revenue officers made a raid and Bill Staten was captured and sent to jail, but Staten's assistant, T. B. Lorraine, made good his escape. Many years elapsed and meanwhile Staten had died, but nothing was known of Lorraine. In fact, his friends thought him dead. But recently, to his great surprise, Thomas Yancy received a letter from certain things to perform, and he could have three gallons of apple brandy made in that old stillhouse over 30 years ago. At first Mr. Yancy was incredulous, but he finally carried out the plan designated by Lorraine, and went to the old spring, made 27 steps due north, and there dug up three demijohns of one gallon each of the hidden treasure. The wine glasses were still over the mouths of the jugs as they were buried.—National Amateur.

SOLDIER FATHERS

'Tis an old faded uniform I love,
A sabre, long since sheathed,
And rusted in its scabbard,
A cap of blue,
A pair of dingy chevrons.
These tell to me a story old as time
Of love of country
Of war and strife and sacrifice,
That call me to the field,
How often I have seen the old man
Did the waters of these rivers
Of these war implements
Tell me of those days of yore,
Of the long, arduous marches,
Of the knightly vigils of the lone sentry,
Of the charge,
Of the deadly struggle of shot and shell,
Of the valor that tried the souls
And heroes made.

—WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

UNKNOWN BUT NOT FORGOTTEN



He inspired hope in the hearts of those who thought of nothing else but his safe return by saying: "I will yet be back to mow that lot."

Soon after returning he was captured in a skirmish and became a prisoner in a southern pen, from which escape was impossible. Disease laid hold upon him and he died surrounded by enemies. He was buried in an unknown grave with hundreds of his comrades.

Meanwhile the tree grew apace and the blade became partially imbedded in the trunk of the tree. The handle rotted away, but the steel remained fixed in the wood.

A general proclamation was issued from the White House declaring one day should be set apart as a time for memory of those who had fallen while defending their country. It was the first Memorial day. Word of the proclamation was carried to Mrs. Johnson, but she had no grave to decorate. She faintly drew a few flowers upon the spot wherein her boy lay, but its location must ever remain a mystery. Kneeling in the garden, she offered a short prayer. Then she plucked a few lilies from the plot she tended daily, and making a wreath, she bore it to the tree which grew such a grim reminder of her sacrifice to her country. With a caress she reached up and hung the wreath upon the scythe point.

Memorial Day Address.

IN MEMORIAM



A laurel wreath for each good gray head,
Honor for each of the scars they bear;
Tears for the blood that they had to shed,
Sighs for the ill that they had to share;
Love for their hope when hope had fled
From the weak who covered in pale despair.

SCYTHE HIS MEMORIAL

WHEN the territory about Waterloo, in New York state, was apportioned to the principal industry was the setting of timber from the forest along the Seneca canal. At a point known as Log Landing, midway between Geneva and Waterloo, the woodchoppers were wont to gather and tell their stories of early Indian fights, and here young Hyman Johnson, a farmer boy, first learned of the impending disaster to the union if the southern states were allowed to withdraw from their early affiliation.

One day in 1861 Johnson, who was then 21 years old, was mowing a lot on the farm. A neighbor drove up bearing the tidings that the call to arms had been sounded. Without hesitation the youth walked to the house and placed his scythe in the crotch of a young Balm of Gilead tree. His mother asked him what the matter was, and he said:

"Mother, Lincoln needs men. I am going to war."
"What, Hyman? You, my son, going to enlist?"
"Yes, but do not fear any harm will come to me. The war will be over in a month. The southerners cannot face the troops from the north for more than that time. When I return I will mow the rest of the lot. Leave my scythe in the tree until I return."

His regiment marched to the front to the stirring martial music, and was true to the words of her boy, left the scythe as it had been placed. Johnson came home a year later on a furlough, and laughed at the almost forgotten incident of the implement and its position.

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