

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM



By William Pitt

Coal ashes will kill the mites in the chicken house.

Stove jars make the ideal package for packing butter.

Cut out and burn branches on pear tree infested with blight.

Remember an extra cultivation or two in a dry time is most as good as a rain.

Look over the stock you budded this year and be sure the ties are not restricting circulation.

Time to drag the roads is right after the rain. Little is accomplished to do the work when the road is dry.

When sheep are found on their knees feeding it is high time to examine their feed to see what is the matter.

Put something into the home life which will make you appreciate it and make the other members of the family feel that there is "no place like home."

Better crops, better stock, better machinery, better land, better times for the wife and family, better everything, should be the ambition of every farmer.

Pasturing the meadows after mowing is a doubtful proceeding, as the value of the feed which the stock get is more than apt to be offset by the lessening of the hay crop next year.

The yearly keep of a brood sow is estimated to cost \$10. If she is a good animal she ought to give you two litters a year of eight pigs each, which easily would net a profit of \$20. Pigs do pay.

Nothing will pull stock down in flesh so quickly as the fly plague. Do all you can to make the horses and other stock as comfortable as possible. It may seem like a good deal of trouble, but it will put dollars in your pocket in the end.

To pen hogs so that there is no escape from the hot sun is the most shortsighted of management. Not only will they not thrive, but disease is apt to breed among them. And yet there are farmers who will shiftlessly subject their hogs to such treatment.

Ten hours a day on the farm will count for more where the work is well planned, than 15 hours where the hit and miss method is followed. It is the farmer who never plans anything who is out after nightfall with the lantern finishing up the tail end of the chores.

There is more than ever need to carefully select and pack the fruit and vegetables sent to market when the flush of the season is on, for while poor stuff will hardly sell at any price that which is fine in appearance—that is, carefully selected and packed—will command a good price. Keep the small imperfect stuff at home for the stock and poultry.

In the early stages of the disease, leaves may be cured by turning the afflicted animal upon pasture or keeping on cornstalks or other dustless laxative food. Hay should not be allowed except at night, and then in small amount and shaken free from dust. The bowels must never be constipated, the stable must be kept well aired, and the use of water for drink, into which a few drops of oil of pine tar have been put, is recommended. Do not use too much of the tar, as it will nauseate.

It is announced from the Kentucky experiment station that a positive cure has been found for a disease among sheep known as scab, and that this fatal malady had assumed such large proportions among the sheep of Kentucky that the state veterinary has threatened to quarantine the state against the shipping of any of the animals out of its borders. The disease attacks the sheep in the nature of a large scab which in a short period of time covers its entire body, not only rendering the wool utterly worthless, but in most cases killing the sheep within a short time. The disease is contagious and has been spreading during the past few months, so seriously it is said nearly every flock is infected.

The best work can be obtained from horses, and men too, for that matter, when they are generously fed. The old story of the farmer who stungly fed buttermilk and whey to his hired men and found them dragging through the work to the refrain, "We won't get through to-day," is worth re-telling. He did his best to drive the men to faster work, but without avail, and at last left the field in disgust. But before he reached the house he had taken a second sober thought and wisely concluded that a more generous diet might affect the spirits of his men and enable them to put more vim into their tasks. So he had wife fix up the best kind of ham and egg dinner. Nor was he disappointed with results for when he went to the field in the afternoon, the work was going off with a rush and a clip, while the men sang the refrain: "Hans and eggs, look out for your legs." The moral is plain: Feed well if you would have man or beast work well.

Keep the cream of the flock. Sell the culls.

The farmer who robs his stock of comfort robs himself.

Clean out the old berry canes as soon as they have fruited.

Never mix ashes or lime with the hen manure. It releases the ammonia.

In turning a horse out to pasture do not cut off the grain ration too abruptly. Reduce gradually.

The ounce of prevention is specially potent in the summer time and is worth fully two pounds of cure.

Clean the work horses at night, and frequently sponge off the legs from the knees down. Dry thoroughly.

The growing turkeys have reached a point where they need little attention now. Keep track of them, however.

Where there is much undecomposed vegetable matter on the surface of the ground it is a good plan to disk before plowing.

Moulting time coming, egg production lessening. Keep flock in thrifty condition so as to get them through the moulting season and have them strong for fall laying.

Never vary the rule to clean the separator thoroughly after the milk is run through. A dirty separator will turn out tainted milk and cream and lead to all manner of troubles.

Have regular hours for doing the milking. Great temptation to let other work interfere with the thought that the milking can be done most any time. Such reasoning is fallacious for irregularity in milking lessens the milk flow.

It is estimated that it will pay the farmer to own a manure spreader if he has 50 tons of manure to spread a year. Spreading 100 tons will, it is claimed, save in cost of labor 25 to 50 per cent. on the cost of the spreader.

Props under apple trees supporting heavily laden branches tell a story of ignorance or neglect earlier in the season. The fruit should have been thinned. A good rule is that a branch should not be expected to mature more fruit than it can support easily.

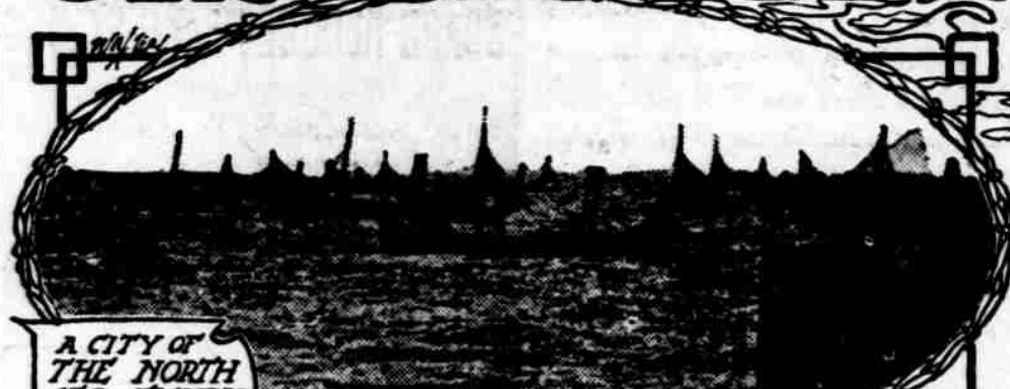
Three essential rules should be kept in mind in breeding dairy cattle. First, constitution; second, utility, and third, beauty. The last named quality has a cash value which must always be considered, for the appearance of an animal is often her best selling quality.

From all reports an agricultural settlement experiment seems to be working out successfully in Austria-Hungary. In order to turn the tide of emigration the Hungarian minister of agriculture secured an appropriation for the purchase of several thousand acres of good land. This was parceled out into rural districts, with land prices and taxes reduced to a minimum. Model farms and villages are now in operation and apparently succeeding in the purpose for which they were intended.

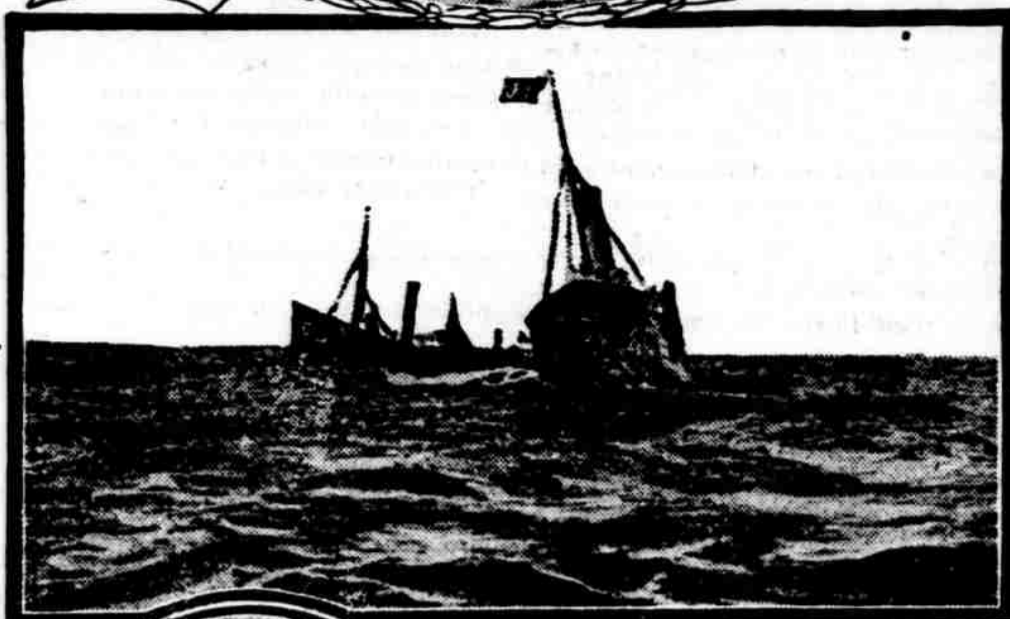
With plenty of good pasture, even where cows are stabled or yarded at night, it is a question whether any grain is needed, but if it is deemed advisable to feed some grain there could be nothing better than plain ground corn, if it were not for the fact that ground corn is so concentrated that when fed alone it fails to be digested as completely as it should be. It is therefore expedient to mix the corn with some more bulky material and for this purpose there is nothing quite so good as bran. We therefore recommend a mixture of ground corn and bran in equal parts by measure. Finely ground corn and cob meal would probably do equally as well.

The season for the broody hen is almost past, and yet readers of Meadowbrook Farm Notes will be interested and amused at what we are pleased to call the "red-ribbon" treatment for breaking up the desire to set. Its discovery came about in this way: Mrs. Farmer was in despair because nearly all her hens wanted to set, and that after she had hatched nearly all chickens she cared to raise. A city cousin happened to be paying a visit to the farm at the time and more in a spirit of fun than of real knowledge of how to discourage Mrs. Hen in her worthy but untimely aspirations, he volunteered to handle the case and set the poultry affairs to rights. Taking sundry scraps of red ribbon, red flannel, red anything which the wondering woman could supply, this city cousin disappeared in the hen house, while she and the other members of the family awaited developments. But they were not long kept in suspense, for forth from the door of the hen house there presently came sundry animated bunches of feathers interspersed with wild cackles, while streaming out behind them fluttered the red streamers which had been fastened most effectively to the tail appendages of the hapless birds. Such a commotion as they did stir up in that barnyard. Each decorated hen went through all the gyrations of a circus acrobat and one succeeded after sundry attempts in flying completely over a tall fanning mill standing in the yard. Never was there such an appreciative audience, and never perhaps before or since were there such a surprised and indignant bunch of hens as those bedecked birds, but be it said to the credit of the city cousin, his remedy worked, and not one of the hens had a relapse that season into the broody state. In fact it was several days before the last of the hens crept dejectedly from beneath the barn and resumed her accustomed place in the flock. Undoubtedly the "red-ribbon" treatment is effective, and amusing to the onlooker, but it has a tinge of inhumanity which perhaps will prevent it from becoming popular.

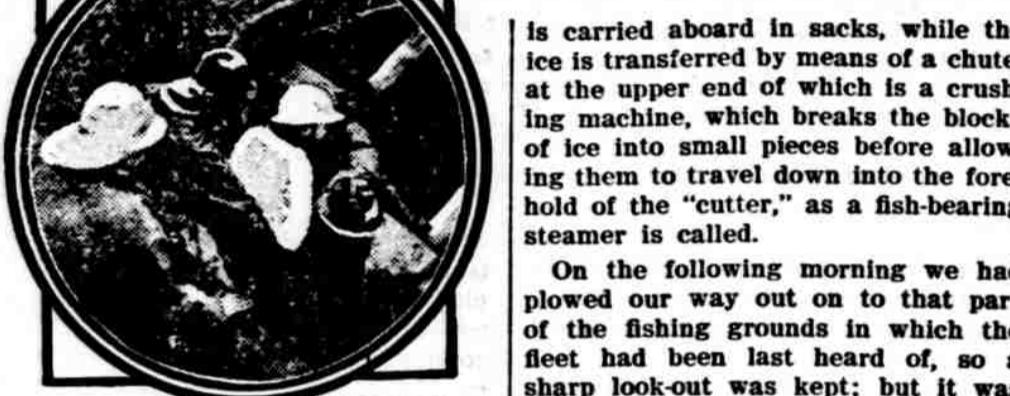
A CITY OF THE SEA



BY B.J. HYDE



BRINGING THEIR CATCH TO THE CUTTER.



A CASE FOR THE HOSPITAL.

It has often been stated that the sea is infinitely more productive, acre for acre, than the most fertile land in the world; indeed, without including the countless myriads of more or less minute organisms that serve as food for fishes, one has only to consider for a moment the enormous quantities daily landed and consumed in England alone, to be convinced of the truth of the assertion.

Who is there that has passed over London bridge, and is not familiar with the busy scene which takes place every morning, when, amid the rattle of steam-whistles and raucous shouts of the porters, London's daily fish supply is landed at Billingsgate market?

Prosaic enough those three or four small steamers look lying huddled up side by side against the wharf, with the white-smoked porters toiling like straggle ants, each with his load on his head, across their decks, or returning empty-handed for a fresh case. Insignificant and unimportant as they may appear beside smart passenger-boats, these stoutly built little vessels, that can scarcely raise ten knots an hour, will go plunging and wallowing amid clouds of spray into the teeth of the fiercest gale that ever blew; while their aristocratic companions cower timidly in harbor, waiting for better weather before they venture forth. They are built for rough work, and they get plenty of it as conveyers of fish from that marvelous floating town that year in and year out moves slowly over the famous Dogger bank, or cruises steadily and unceasingly round the North sea, searching for, and endeavoring to follow, the vast shoals that frequent these inexhaustible fishing-grounds.

Unheeded as are the inhabitants of these sea townships by the great majority of landmen, they are not permitted to go altogether unheeded for, thanks to the Royal Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, which has three mission steamers stationed permanently among the fleets. There are four of these fleets, each consisting of upwards of 70 or 80 trawlers, irrespective of foreign vessels and numerous independent fishing-boats.

A visit to the City of the Sea during the summer months makes a remarkably enjoyable pleasure trip; but to see the seamy side of life aboard a steam trawler one must go in the winter, when the seas run mountains high, and the wild north wind, like the breath of the Ice Spirit, drives the snow and sleet into the fishermen's faces as they haul in their nets, and numbs their fingers as they subsequently clean and sort the catch.

Visiting the fleets in winter is no light undertaking. Leaving Billingsgate soon after midday we arrived at Gravesend shortly before dark, and made fast alongside the coal and ice hulk to replenish our stores of these indispensable commodities. The coal

is carried aboard in sacks, while the ice is transferred by means of a chute, at the upper end of which is a crushing machine, which breaks the blocks of ice into small pieces before allowing them to travel down into the fore-hold of the "cutter," as a fish-bearing steamer is called.

On the following morning we had plowed our way out on to that part of the fishing grounds in which the fleet had been last heard of, so a sharp look-out was kept; but it was not until late in the afternoon that the trawlers were sighted. In thick or foggy weather, and, indeed, even in fine, it is often no easy matter to locate a fleet, as the fishing vessels are continually on the move, and a cutter might pass and re-pass quite close without sighting them. Finding the fleet often occupies days.

As luck would have it, we came across three fleets all fishing within sight of one another, forming a veritable floating town, extending in all directions as far as the eye could see. Having located our fleet, the Helyers, and steamed up to it, the trawl was cast; for each cutter carries a trawl, and uses it whilst waiting for her turn to load and return to London.

The weather by this time was comparatively fine, and the fleet began to close in upon another cutter, which was to take the night's catch to market. One by one the trawlers came up, lowered their boats, and loaded them with boxes of freshly caught fish. "Boarding" is a lively scene in any weather. The cutter lies idly rolling to the swell, surrounded by a crowd of boats; on the deck of the cutter a man stands waiting to receive the boxes one at a time; while in the bow of the boat that is being unloaded stands another with a box of fish ready, waiting for the moment when the motion of the waves brings him level with the cutter's rail.

The visitor may rest assured of a cordial welcome aboard the mission ships, the largest and most modern of which is the Queen Alexandra. These vessels constitute the centers from which stores, tobacco and clothing are distributed to the floating population of the fleets.

The crew of the mission ships are no idlers, for as soon as boarding is over, and the last of the boats that have called to bring patients, or come to purchase tobacco or stores, has left the ship, the trawl is got out; and the fish just the same as the other members of the fleet, except on Sundays, when services are held aboard. Indeed, the mission boats give a very good account of themselves as fishermen, their catch generally comparing well with those of the crack boats of the fleet.

Another interesting feature of the North sea trawling is the manner in which the fleets are maneuvered. Each has an admiral whose trawler is the flagship; and all captains must obey instructions as to the direction in which they are to steam; otherwise the fleet would obviously get hopelessly scattered in a few hours, and it would be impossible to concentrate around the cutter in the morning to discharge their fish.

During the daytime flag signals are used; but at night, once every half hour, a colored rocket soars into the sky from the admiral's trawler, conveying directions as to the course to be steered, according to the color displayed.

Fee for Sleeping in Churches. Napping at the Lawrenceville Sunday school will hereafter cost 25 cents. Uncle John Xanders is responsible for the new way of keeping people awake in study hours. "Uncle John" complained to the members about the way of taking a quiet nap. As a result it was decided to charge those who want to sleep 25 cents a Sunday for their lodgings. The new rule went into effect Sunday.—Columbus Dispatch.

Still Ring Curfew Bell. Nuneaton parish church, in Warwickshire, Eng., is one of the few sacred places where the curfew bill is still rung. In the old days this peal of bells—often described as one of the sweetest in England—performed some peculiar "offices." After more than one famous prize fight in the neighborhood of Nuneaton in the earlier half of the last century, the bells of the parish church were rung whenever a local champion was the victor.

People are seldom on time; they are either early or late.

The First Eviction. People sometimes complain that the sense of humor is dying out in Ireland. We are, therefore, especially glad to record a proof to the contrary. An Irish tenant who had just bought under the purchase act boasted to the agent that his landlord was now "God Almighty" and that he need fear nothing. "Don't you be too sure, Pat," was the reply. "Remember God Almighty evicted his first two tenants."—Spectator.

A Jewel. Visitor (at Chicago)—That young man you have in your office looks like a mighty smart, shrewd young fellow. Chicago Broker—Smart! The smartest chap I ever got hold of. Why, he stole \$5,000 from me, right under my nose. I tell you he has the making of a great financier in him.—New York Weekly.

Aftermath. "So you have got back from your fishing trip. Were the fish biting?" "No, but my wife's comments were."—Baltimore American.

Washington Whisperings

Interesting Bits of News Gathered at the National Capital.

Capital Besieged by Relic Sellers



WASHINGTON.—The 60 and 75 horse-power millionaires that magnificently swell the population of the capital of the country innocently and indirectly make life a burden to their neighbors of a less estate. Money is an awful nuisance, don't you see, when it belongs to somebody else and not to you.

The trouble of it is that one's friends in the provinces ascribe even to the lowliest in Washington some occult power over the pursestrings of the resident plutocrats.

One is always being besieged by the indigent from the home districts to work some graft in their behalf upon the over-be-dollared denizens of the District of Columbia.

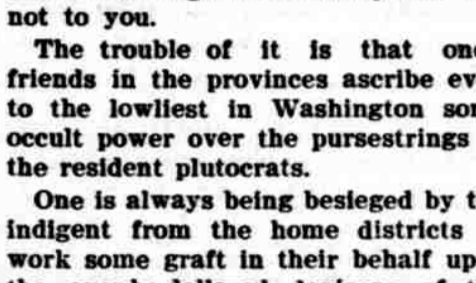
They write to you seductively: "You go out so much and know of so many rich people, I'm sure you'd have no difficulty in disposing for me, for a handsome sum, of two old claw-foot tables, a warming pan and a portrait

by Sully of Great Grandfather Thing-umbub. I understand Senator Clark is a connoisseur. He'd likely esteem it a privilege to be allowed to purchase, and the interest on the mortgage is due and we need the money so." The multimillionaire Senator Clark during his incumbency was the prey at large of all the old junk vendors of the nation. The little bewiskered gentleman was a shrewd and thrifty bargainer, however, and seldom fell a victim unwarily.

There isn't a senator or congressman in the entire catalogue who isn't persecuted by importunate constituents now and then to convert himself, in their interests, into a private rummage sale. There is a hazy dream prevalent that Washington flows with milk and honey and crisp new paper dollars, and that the beneficiaries are eager to divide, for value received.

Hawkers of old objects, valuable either intrinsically or in only their owners' eyes, are among the afflictions prominent women have to bear. There's scarce a day that some decayed gentlewoman or her emissary isn't out peddling, in a deprecating way, some valued heirloom that it wrings her heart to part with. Family jewels are always on the market, old lace, books and objects d'art.

Uncle Sam Tells How to Make Pure Pies



PROGRESS made in food and drug inspection and legislation during 1907 is explained in detail in the year book of the department of agriculture, just issued. The book shows that methods of manufacture were studied by government experts and whenever possible assistance was given manufacturers in improving their methods.

By means of sterilization it was found that various fruit and vegetable products can be preserved without the use of chemical preservatives. The experiments along this line resulted in new methods for the preservation of pie-filling articles and canned goods.

Extensive investigations as to the use of sulphur for drying fruit were made, resulting in the discovery of better methods for drying fruit and in disclosing the fact that molasses and syrup do not contain so much sulphur as has generally been supposed.

The study of the influence of cold storage on the value of food gained much headway. Among the more im-

portant studies of the methods of manufacture and preservation of foods and drugs were the bleached flour investigation, the lemon oil investigation, the whisky investigation and the investigation of nonfermented beverages alleged to contain cocaine or other objectionable drugs.

The experimental work of the bureau of chemistry, the enforcement of the federal food and drugs act, numerous investigations and the part played by various states in the enactment of laws regulating the manufacture and sale of foods are some of the subjects treated in the book. During the year, out of 44 legislatures which met, 40 enacted laws relating to the purity of foods.

The bureau of chemistry established ten additional branch laboratories throughout the country, where samples of food and drugs collected by inspectors under the direction of a chief inspector are sent. During last year 7041 samples of foods and drugs were sent to these laboratories, resulting in 323 hearings and the transmittal of 12 criminal cases to the department of justice for prosecution. One of the greatest difficulties encountered was to secure a sufficient number of inspectors or chemists possessing the requisite training and experience in foods and drugs.

Japanese Diplomat Stops a Runaway



MR. MASANO HANIHARA, second secretary of the Japanese embassy and a social favorite of the diplomatic corps, was so severely injured from the result of his daring rescue of an American woman from a runaway horse that he may suffer the consequences for the remainder of his life. The Japanese diplomat was battered and bruised and had his foot so badly crushed by the horse's hoof that it will be months before it is healed. The rescue occurred some days ago.

Mr. Hanihara was walking along Rhode Island avenue on his way to the embassy and had started to cross the street when his attention was attracted by cries of "Look out!" by several persons in the vicinity. Turning he saw a horse drawing a light runaway with a young woman and a companion dashing toward him. The horse was plunging wildly from side to side, driving every one pell mell for shelter as it neared the spot where Mr. Hanihara stood. The young Japanese, who stands about five feet and is small in proportion, dodged out of the way, but no sooner had he made a leap for the bridge. The terrific speed of the enraged animal made him miss his hold and swung him under the horse's hoofs, but before he completely lost his hold he caught a grip on the bridle and swinging clear managed to climb on to the horse's back and bring him to his knees. The animal regained his feet however, and by rearing, attempted to throw Mr. Hanihara from his back, but the diplomat tightened his grip gradually until the animal, smarting with pain, confessed itself vanquished.

When Mr. Hanihara reached the embassy he summoned his physician who found that the horse had trampled on his foot and crushed it badly. Treatment afforded little relief, as the bones were so badly bruised that an abscess formed and added considerable trouble. It is now feared that an operation may be necessary.

The more cause one has for loss of patience the more reason there is for holding it.—Sinclair.

Lewis' Single Binder Cigar has a rich taste. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

It doesn't pay to borrow trouble even on a friend's account.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

When women argue they like to argue that they don't.

The Wants of the Army. The duke of Connaught is telling an amusing story of his recent visit of inspection to Egypt. While he was in Cairo he went for a stroll one morning, and on his way back to his quarters he came face to face with an old Englishman wearing the ribbon of the Indian mutiny or his breast. The duke stopped and spoke to the man about his military service for some little time.

Presently the man said, not knowing of course, to whom he was speaking: "Are you in the army yourself, then, sir?"

The duke smiled and admitted that he was.

"Getting on all right?" was the next question.

The duke smiled again and said that he had not very much to grumble at on the whole, though perhaps he was not doing quite so well as he could wish.

"No, and you never will, my boy," was the surprising retort of the veteran. "Was you wan in the army to-day is either brains or a tremendous amount of influence behind you. You take my tip, old chap, and chuck it!"—Boston Herald.

Social Incident Makes Society Smile



THE refusal of Minister and Mme. Gude to participate in the German led by William H. Taft will not produce a diplomatic incident between Norway and the United States. It cannot, because the United States has no official social functions and the squabbles about precedence never have anything more than an indirect effect upon diplomatic relations.

The minister created a great deal of talk among the many diplomatic officials in Washington, not because he had refused to participate, but because he allowed the hotel management to know why he refused.

The diplomatic view is that Minister Gude made an awful blunder in not recognizing the fact that Mr. Taft has a better chance, probably, of becoming president of the United States than any other man, and that in standing upon his undoubted right to demand first place or none he did the worst thing possible.

"What if it is his right and duty to say he will not walk behind a mere private citizen," said a minor diplomatic society man in discussing the incident. "What good will that do him when Mr. Taft is the president? Will the then president have forgotten that the minister said he would not dance in the German with him?"

It was tactless for M. Gude to even suggest his rights to a "big of a matre de hotel," say the diplomats, because he should have known that the hotel man would tell the newspapers

NATURE AND A WOMAN'S WORK



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Nature and a woman's work combined have produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers they relied upon the roots and herbs of the field to cure disease and mitigate suffering.

The Indians on our Western Plains to-day can produce roots and herbs for every ailment, and cure diseases that baffle the most skilled physicians who have spent years in the study of drugs.

From the roots and herbs of the field Lydia E. Pinkham more than thirty years ago gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills, more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

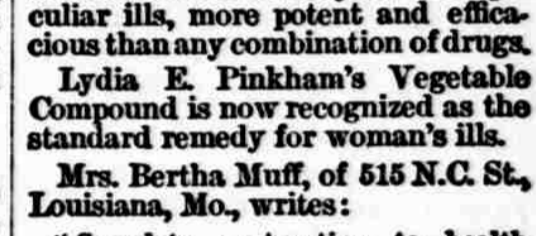
Mrs. Bertha Muff, of 515 N.C. St., Louisiana, Mo., writes:

"Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my troubles public."

"For twelve years I had been suffering with the worst forms of female ills. During that time I had eleven different physicians without help. No tongue could tell what I suffered, and at times I could hardly walk. About two years ago I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice. I followed it, and can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice restored health and strength. It is worth mountains of gold to suffering women."

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Muff, it will do for other suffering women.

LUKEWARM LOVER.



The Girl—Yes, Willie, I think we'd better call our engagement off!

The Boy—Why, Genevieve?

The Girl—Well, I'm just thinkin' that any man that can sit with his back to a girl, fishin' for four hours ain't very much in love!

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

The String to It.

"Why did you refuse me just now, dear?" said he.

"I wanted to see how you would act," said she.

"But I might have gone without waiting for an explanation," said he.

"I had locked the door," said she.—Harper's Weekly.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & BUY FURS & HIDES. Write for catalog 105 N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

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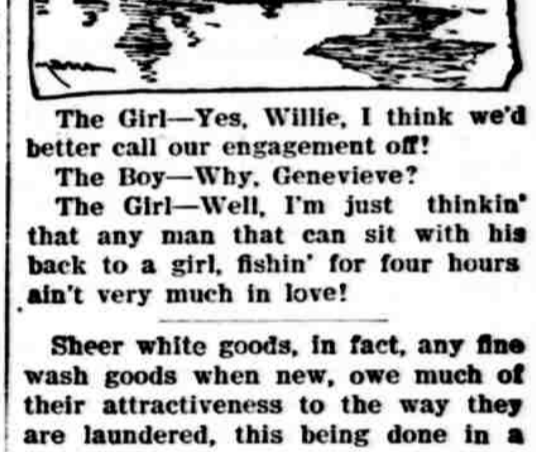
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When women argue they like to argue that they don't.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS



ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. BRIGGS' GREAT BACKACHE CURE. GUARANTEED.

THE DUTCH BOY PAINTER STANDS FOR PAINT QUALITY. IT IS FOUND ONLY ON PURE WHITE LEAD. MADE BY THE OLD DUTCH PROCESS.