

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt

Moldy corn will prove harmful feed for the horse.

Hard to find a better feed for hogs than alfalfa.

Dogs and sheep raising do not generally harmonize very well.

Rape is good for fattening lambs. The seed can be broadcast or drilled in.

Twenty-four hours after hatching is plenty early enough to begin to feed the little chicks.

When working in the soft ground with the horses this spring try working them without shoes.

After the sheep's wool overcoat is removed be sure that they are not exposed to sharp, chill winds.

Keep the young stock growing right from the start. A set back is always hard to overcome, and proves expensive.

Dwarf fruit trees are large bearers generally in proportion to their size. Fruit is easy to gather and the trees do not take up much room.

Sugar peas, which are edible pods and all, are a nice thing to put in the early garden. Cooked with pork they make a most appetizing dish.

Remember that the new-born colt must have milk during the first half hour after it is born, and must be fed artificially if it is not able to suck the dam.

Crushed oats, wheat bran and oil meal makes a good mixture for the young colts to munch on, and they will learn the trick early if given the chance.

Have a limit set to the period of the day's work. No farmer can expect to keep good farm help if the labor in the fields runs from sun to sun, and a dozen cows to milk after dark.

Farmers invite attacks of cholera in their swine herds by the filthy way in which they keep the hogs. It has long since been conceded that it pays to keep the hogs in wholesome surroundings as well as it does the other animals on the farm.

A drag which will do good work firming and leveling the soil can be made by boring holes 18 inches from each end of five or six round poles six feet in length, then stringing them on chains by passing the chains through the holes and letting them come together in front where the team is hitched. This drag will crush clods as it passes over them, firm the soil and leave it level and smooth.

You need a plow shoe to take the plow to and from the field. A piece of plank two or three inches thick, eight inches wide and two feet long will answer the purpose. Now nail a strip on one side near the middle and bolt a block on in a slanting position, having first rounded the lower corner off so that the plowshare will slip under it. Round off the nose of the plank on the sides and bottom and the shoe is all ready for use.

The suggestion has often been made that the bull is improved where he is worked. With nothing but idleness it is no wonder that they so often become vicious. They have nothing to do but to study deviltry. For some inexplicable reason, they are considered too good for any sort of labor. In this age of rapidly-doing things, we do not expect to see an increase of the use of oxen on the farm. But we have the bulls, and if working them will make them more harmless, why not put them under the yoke?

A man needs ordinary "horse sense" and a willingness to learn from the horse if he is going to make a good hand at handling the animals. A man to be successful must be with horses and be a close observer of their moods, manners and make-up. A colt should be trained from the first moment that he is helped to his feet. If taught to yield early to man's restraint and guidance he will never need "breaking." To follow his master's wishes will be second nature. Never speed a colt too young, and when he is given speed, permit it for short spurts only and as he can bear it.

Ropy milk is caused by a ferment and develops after the milk is drawn and is due to bacteria, but it is not considered an unhealthy condition, for cheeses are nearly all made from milk which has undergone this fermentation. The peasants of Norway consider ropy milk a desirable beverage. Most people, however, object seriously to milk with any tendency to form threads. This trouble frequently affects the milk of a dairy day after day, and is removed only by the most drastic measures. Outbreaks of this nature frequently occur in the cold months, because the bacteria of this group thrive better at low temperatures than the lactic-acid bacteria which hold them in check under normal conditions. In one case it was found that these bacteria were abundant in the dust of the stable. The trouble was removed by a thorough cleaning and whitewashing.

Feed the little chicks little and often.

Feed little and often is the rule in raising the colt by hand.

Sheep must be provided with shelter where they can take refuge in storms.

Chicks in April mean eggs in December—that is if their chicks are kept growing.

Fill up the hog wallows and provide a cement basin for the hogs to bathe in. It will pay.

In setting out strawberries spread the roots out fan shaped and be careful not to bury the crown.

It takes the right kind of feed to grow a good crop of fleece, but when grown it is money in the owner's pocket.

The bull calf can be spoiled by improper care. At six months of age regular exercise should be provided for him, such as a tread mill.

Plant a shelter belt to the north of your farming buildings. You will be surprised to see what a protection it will prove when well grown.

If skim milk is obtained from the creamery it should be sterilized to make certain that you are not bringing tubercular germs onto the farm.

If you are feeding the calf skim milk, put something else in to take the place of the fat removed. Oil meal is good. A little corn meal is also good.

The habit of calves sucking each other's ears would not be so easily formed if they were given something to chew on, such as dry bran, for instance.

Always room for improvement, whether in farm methods, farm crops or farm animals. Rest not content with the present standards. Always aim higher.

It won't hurt to put the little chicks out of doors if you provide dry shelter for them where the mother hen and little chicks can take refuge in time of storm.

Keep the sheep near the barn at night and in an inclosure to which dogs cannot easily gain access. The dogs are not apt to bother the sheep if kept near the barn.

Any sudden change in diet of the farm animals is a shock to the system which will take the animal some time to recover from. Begin the changes from winter feed to grass, gradually.

On the farm, where it is the wise policy to give the chickens the range of the land, it is wise to fence in the garden plot with wire fencing. It will save the garden from many a foraging expedition on the part of the chickens and will keep you from doing a lot of worrying.

Now is the time of year when the struggle comes with the young turkeys. They are a hard bird to raise, sometimes, but give a handsome profit where one is successful. Leave the newly-hatched birds in the nests a couple of days, and then remove to a pen built of 12-inch boards out in the grass. Keep them there until they are able to fly over. Feed as you would young chicks. When they get to roaming off be sure they are brought up every night until they are a month old, when they will not be any further trouble. It is well to keep feeding them a little every night in order to keep them in the habit of returning to the house.

A whitewash which for many purposes is equal to paint can be made according to the following formula: Put half a bushel of quicklime in a barrel and add water (boiling water is best) until it is covered nearly six inches deep; cover the barrel to keep the steam in. When it has ceased to boil, add water enough to bring it to the consistency of cream, then add two pounds of sulphate of zinc, and one pound of common salt. Add water enough to make it spread as easily as paint, and color with yellow ochre, —three or four pounds for a cream tint; or if a stone-gray is preferred, add four pounds of raw umber and two pounds of lampblack instead of the yellow ochre.

Everything depends upon the way a tree is set as to whether it does well and makes good growth. If the following rules are observed, it will be found that the task will not only be easier but better done. Dig holes from two to three feet in diameter, and from 12 to 18 inches deep, according to the size of the tree. Cut away the parts of roots branched in digging. Shorten the top. Plant only a trifle deeper than the tree stood in the nursery; excepting dwarf pears, which should be deep enough to cover the pit stalk on which they are budded. An assistant is very helpful when setting trees; two men, or a man and a boy, can work together to good advantage. A wire measure is better than a cord; wire won't stretch. Stick a bit of solder on the wire exactly where each tree is to come. An occasional "sighting" of the tree rows from side to side, both ways, will enable planter to detect crooked places. On windy, exposed fields, it is an excellent plan to incline the newly-set trees slightly toward the northwest; the trees will straighten as they grow. Don't let tree roots lie around in sun and wind, unprotected; as fast as an armful of trees is dug from the heeling-in place, wrap the roots in a blanket until all are set. Don't bunch or crowd tree roots together—spread 'em out; and be sure to fill in around the roots with fine, good soil, tightly ramming or firmly treading it into place so as to leave no air-pockets. Look out for crown or root gall, or San Jose scale; better burn infested trees. Manure should not come in direct contact with tree roots; apply it as a mulch or plow it under. Better not dig holes much in advance of tree setting. Soil dries out quickly, and roots need moist earth around them.

HOW SITTING BULL MET DEATH

By EDWARD B. CLARK
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WASHINGTON.—Memories of Indian war faded rapidly from the minds of all persons who were not actively engaged in the hostilities. In the east the troubles in the past on the frontier held the attention and the interest but for the moment. No easterner ever gave full credit to the officers and the men of the United States army who faced danger after danger and withstood hardship after hardship with precious little hope of any reward save the consciousness of duty well done.

It is probable that not one person in a hundred can name the battle fought only 18 years ago and in which the casualties to the small force of the regular army engaged amounted to 90 men killed and wounded. That battle was the battle of Wounded Knee, and to-day it is nearly lost to the recollection of the masses. There are several officers now stationed in Washington who had a part in that Dakota fight. The fight between Col. Forsythe's men of the Seventh cavalry and the band of Big Foot, the Sioux, was the result of the ghost-dance craze which had been started and fostered by the great chief Sitting Bull, on whose hand was the blood of Custer and his men. Sitting Bull was shot and killed by Indian police while resisting arrest, but he was killed too late to prevent the spread of the doctrine which he preached and which had run like prairie fire among the men of his nation.

There were all sorts of stories circulated concerning



tion of a part of the people who preferred death to exile. The Cheyennes broke away. A battalion of infantry was thrown across their tracks but the wily savages eluded all save a few of the soldiers, who in a



THE DEATH OF SITTING BULL.



COLONEL FECHET



FECHET LED HIS LITTLE COMMAND IN A WILD DASH ON THE INDIANS.

the death of the great Sioux chief. Philanthropists in the east who never had seen an Indian tepee insisted that Sitting Bull was murdered and that the blood of the savage was upon the head of the nation.

It was left to Col. Edward G. Fechet, now professor of military science at the University of Illinois, to learn the truth of the shooting of Sitting Bull and to give knowledge of it to the people. Col. (then captain) Fechet made one of the hardest rides known to the troops of the plains before he secured the facts in the case of the passing of the great Sioux chief to the happy hunting grounds.

Sitting Bull's home was in a log hut on the Standing Rock Indian reservation of North Dakota. In the summer of 1890 he gathered many of his braves about him and told them in picturesque Sioux language that a Messiah was to come who would lead the Sioux nation to victory; that the whites would be annihilated; that the buffalo would come back; and that the red man would once more take possession of the earth.

Through the medicine men Sitting Bull worked so upon the feelings and the superstitions of his warriors that they came to believe that by wearing certain garments which were called ghost shirts their bodies would be safe from the bullets of the soldiers.

When Gen. Miles learned of the teachings of Sitting Bull and of their rapid spread, the chief's arrest was ordered. Accordingly Indian police led by Lieut. Bull Head and Sergt. Shave Head were dispatched from Fort Yates to arrest the chief at his log hut miles away. Capt. Fechet of the Eighth cavalry was ordered with his command, consisting of two troops, and, if memory serves, two light field pieces, to make a night march to Oak Creek, about 18 miles from Sitting Bull's house, there to receive the prisoner when he was turned over by Lieut. Bull Head.

Capt. Fechet and his men reached the rendezvous at 4:30 a. m. on one of the coldest mornings of a Dakota December day. There was no sign of the Indian police, nor yet of the scout which Bull Head was to send in advance to inform the cavalry officer of his coming.

Fechet's soldier instinct told him at once that there must be trouble. His men had had the hardest kind of a night ride, but they were willing, and he pushed forward rapidly. After he had made several miles he was met by a scout who was riding like mad. The runner told Fechet that all the Indian police who had gone to arrest Sitting Bull had been killed by the ghost dancers, and that there were thousands upon thousands of them fully armed and in their war paint ready for battle.

Fechet looked over his small command and went ahead at full gallop, his only thought being to save such of the policemen as might be alive, and giving no heed to the other thought that ahead of him might be overwhelming numbers of the savages and the fate of Custer. It was a terrible ride from that time on.

When the morning was a little advanced the men of the command heard firing, which seemed to come from different points. On they went until they came to the brow of the hill. Below

them at a distance was the house of Sitting Bull, and in front of it, some hundreds of yards away, was a horde of ghost dancers engaged in emptying their rifles into the log building, from which came a feeble return fire.

Capt. Fechet had his Hotchkiss thrown into action and he dropped a shell in front of the ghost dancers, and then the command charged down the hill. The shell had its frightening effect on the savages, which led almost though still pouring in their fire, which was answered by the soldiers as Fechet himself took a rapid course to the log house, with his life in his hands every step of the way.

Inside the hut were found three of the Indian policemen dead and three mortally wounded. The wounded, resolved on exacting a price for their coming death, were still using their rifles against the besieging foe. The soldiers finally drove the savages to flight.

The few that were left living of the little force of Indian police told this story. Lieut. Bull Head had arrested Sitting Bull and had led the chief from his cabin only to be confronted by hundreds of crazed savages. Catch-the-Bear and Strike-the-Kettle, two of Sitting Bull's men, strode through the Indian ranks, raised their rifles and fired. Bull Head was shot through the body. Dying, he turned quickly and killed Sitting Bull. Strike-the-Kettle killed Sergt. Shave Head. Instantly Policeman Lone Man killed Catch-the-Bear. Then the surviving policemen sought shelter in the cabin and held off the ghost dancers as has been told.

With the Rosebud, Standing Rock and Pine Ridge Sioux, who went on the warpath in December, 1890, were a few stalwart warriors of the tribe of the Northern Cheyennes. That the Cheyennes braves were so limited in number was due to the fact that 12 years before the nation, exiled and longing for its old home, had met with practical annihilation in the attempt to regain it.

The Northern Cheyennes had been sent to a reservation in the Indian territory following one of the uprisings against the whites. Their hearts were left behind them in their old home and the warriors yearned to return.

Late in the fall of the year 1878 the Cheyenne braves, taking advantage of the temporary absence of their soldier guardians, gathered together their women and their children and dashed northward in the direction of the land where their fathers had lived from the time back of the beginning of tradition.

They had been told by the Indian agents and by the soldiers, who acted under orders, that they never could take the trail back to the north, but they paid no heed to what was told them, but gathering their possessions they set out.

The Cheyennes' love of home, natural and sympathy-compelling to everyone except to those who thought that an Indian should have naught to do with home-sickness, was the cause of the destruc-

sharp skirmish lost their commander, Maj. Lewis. The Cheyennes broke away. A battalion of infantry was thrown across their tracks but the wily savages eluded all save a few of the soldiers, who in a sharp skirmish lost their commander, Maj. Lewis.

The trail led to one of the low hills that chain the reservation. The Cheyennes had taken refuge near the summit in a natural hollow. The sides of the hills rose sheer and slippery to the lurking place of the savages. It was a place admirably adapted for defense. A few men could hold it against a regiment.

Capt. Wessels, in command of the cavalry, saw that the attempt to take the hilltop by assault would be to sacrifice the lives of half of his men. He threw a cordon around the hill, knowing that the warriors could not escape, and trusting that in a few hours hunger would force them to surrender. Meantime the Cheyennes were active. They picked off many a trooper, and at noon on the day following the night of their fight a ball struck Capt. Wessels in the head. The wound was not serious, but its effect was to make captain and men eager for a charge. Capt. Wessels went to the front of his troops and prepared to lead them up the slippery hillside in the face of the fire of the best Indian marksmen on the great plains.

All things were prepared for the charge, when to the amazement of the troopers, the whole band of Cheyenne warriors, naked to the waist and yelling like devils, came dashing down the hillside straight at the body of cavalry. The Indians had thrown away their rifles and were armed only with knives. They were going to their death and they knew it, but death was better than a return to the reservation which they hated.

Wessels and his troopers of the Third cavalry tried to spare the Cheyennes, but the warriors would have death at any cost. With their knives they plunged into a hand-to-hand conflict with the troopers and before they were slain they exacted a price for their dying.

When the time came for the burial of the Indians, Tea Kettle, a chief, was found to be alive, but unconscious. Tea Kettle was carried back to the fort and there made comfortable.

A squaw sought the wounded warrior's couch and handed him a pair of scissors which he instantly plunged into his heart. He expired life in the knowledge of the fact that his brother braves were dead.

The Sioux nation heard of the bravery of the Cheyennes and they adopted the women and children, and some of the boys, grown to manhood, went with the Sioux on the warpath in their last great uprising.

ONE WAY TO CATCH COYOTES

Indian Strategem Secured More Than Army Officer Needed to Make Carriage Robe.

"Coyotes and wolves were plentiful about the camp, and I decided to get a lot of skins and have an Indian woman tan them, leaving the tails on, and make a carriage robe for my sister," Brig. Gen. R. H. Pratt, who was once stationed in Oklahoma, wrote lately to

an Oklahoma acquaintance. "A Comanche named Essatoyet and his wife agreed to get the skins and tan them for a consideration, if I would give them a beef and some poison. The beef contractor sold me a beef for seven dollars. We were then paying \$2.50 a hundred for the best beef for army use. I got the poison and went with Essatoyet and his wife to see them set the bait. They drove the

beef to a glade a mile from camp, killed it, took the hide and reserved all the best meat for their own use, and then sprinkled the poison over the carcass.

"Essatoyet had cut 30 sticks a foot and a half long and sharpened them at both ends. These he stuck in the ground in a large circle enclosing the carcass, and on each put a chunk of liver or heart, saying as he did so: 'Sugar, wolf heap like him.' The next morning I went with them to see the results of our venture, and

we found 27 coyotes and two large gray wolves dead about the carcass and vicinity, so I got my robe and had skins to spare."—Kansas City Star.

Erect Immense Steel Shed.

It is the usual custom to build vessels under a shed, that the work may proceed without regard to weather conditions. The steel framework under which the 900-foot White Star liners are to be built has just been completed. It covers an area 300 by 850 feet.

SUBURBAN GARDENS

BYRON WILLIAMS

IT IS gratifying in the evening twilight to scratch in the suburban garden. In a prayerful attitude you kneel upon the moist earth and make drills for your radishes and onions. She stands by and clucks, holding the seeds while you scratch. And just as the rosy sun is setting in the west and the horizon is aflame and afresh with iridescent colorings, you drop the seed into the seams, cover it gently with rich, black loam and try to assume your natural perpendicular pose.

Oh! Oh! How that ink in your back does hurt! And just as the bull-frog in the swamp sounds his first bassoon and the black skaters on the lake begin to fade from sight in the approaching dusk, the bull-pup rushes madly down the terrace after a black cat which he overtakes in the very vitals of your radish bed!

When the pow-wow has subsided, you mend the havoc and slap the bed gently with a wet board. Then you go into the house and calculate how many radishes can be raised from five cents worth of seeds.

Next morning you get up early and go down to the garden. No, the radishes are not up yet! Mike tells you it takes—oh, several days, and you go away satisfied. The book says you must water the young seeds copiously, and you do.

After two weeks of waiting, you dig into the bed like a small boy investigating the mechanism of his new watch, and find the seeds have all rotted from too much water, and cold earth.

Then you try it again, and while you don't expect to have the first radishes in town, you expect to have radishes. When the plants do arrive there are a dozen in a bunch. The book tells you to transplant.

My, but that is back-breaking work! Mike offers to do it, but what good is a garden if you can't work it yourself?

And then comes a regular Cardinal Woisey frost and nips the shoots. "Why, you shouldn't have planted radishes for two weeks yet!" admonishes a neighbor.

That makes you mad, and you quit gardening. Mike grins, orders more seeds and makes the finest plot in town. While you sit up in your room and write things, he transplants and cultivates and grins!

Pshaw, what's the use of raising radishes, anyhow? Why, last week you wrote a story and sold it for enough to buy all the radishes in town!

Mike says the moral is that every man should stick to his trade. You say any fool ought to know how to raise a suburban garden.

Mike makes no reply. This is dangerous ground for him!

Rag Time.

The book beer season has arrived. Mayors who find their lamp posts tilted will know the reason why.

A country merchant advertises: "Kid gloves 50 cents. They won't last long at this price." Of course not.

A Chicago man who can talk fourteen languages is holding copy in a proof room for \$12 a week. Again, let us pause to remark that silence is golden.

A correspondent wants to know what caused the original monkey and parrot time. I don't know, but a marriage license has caused a lot of them since then.

Queer Dances.

A Kansas paper says: A young man being hard up, pawned his dress suit. When his finances were in better shape, he redeemed the suit. One day his mother was looking over the suit and found a ticket on the coat—the pawnbroker's ticket. "My son," she said, "what is that?" Then the young man explained that he had attended a dance and, the room being very warm, the men took off their coats. The ticket was placed on the coat in the cloak room to identify it, he said. Then the mother found a similar tag on the pantaloons. "My son," she said, gravely, "what sort of a dance was that?"

Wretch.

Just because I am running for mayor out where I live, some editorial miscreant left the following clipping on my desk:

"An unfailing way to tell a good man is by his having declined to run for mayor."

Many a girl dyes for the man she loves. —BYRON WILLIAMS.

His Suggestion.

Tommy was about to have a children's party. "Mother," he said thoughtfully, "it won't look well for me to be stuffing myself when those other kids are here. How will it be if I eat my share before they come?" —Harper's Bazar.

Remark of the Grouch.

"When Johnny came marching home," grumbled the Philosopher of Folly, "it was probably because the cars were so crowded he couldn't ride."