

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



HE French chamber of deputies has passed a very stringent measure with a view to preventing fraud in the sale of butter, and, in the event of the senate indorsing the bill, it seems as if it will be impossible to palm off oleo or any other composition as being the "genuine article." It is made illegal for dealers in butter to keep oleo for sale, or vice versa; the fraudulent compositions are only sold at places especially assigned by the municipality of each town. Moreover, all boxes, frisks or other packets containing oleo must bear the word "margarine" in large characters, and a full description must be given of the elements employed in making the composition. In the retail trade all oleo sold must be placed in bags, on the outside of which is to be found a description of the article, with the full name and address of the vender. Full authority is given to inspectors to enter butter factories and shops, and take specimens for analysis; in the event of the specimens being found pure the cost will be borne by the state. The penalties for an infraction of the new law will vary from six days to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of from \$20 to \$1,000, while, in the event of the same person being convicted a second time within a year, the maximum fine will always be imposed. There will also be a heavy fine imposed on persons who place hindrance in the way of the inspectors.—Ex.

Pure Milk.—It may be stated as a fact that milk as it comes from the healthy cow is perfectly pure. It has by nature no unpleasant taste or smell except an occasional result of peculiar food, and all so objectionable get into the milk after it is drawn from the udder of the cow. They come from the uncleaned body of the cow herself, or from her surroundings, the air of the stable, the milk vessel, or the clothing or person of the milker. These troubles are all avoidable; they are not to be charged to the cow, but to the keeper. With the exception of some extraordinary large milkers, or for short periods when the yield is the largest, there is no gain in milking cows more than twice a day. Within limits it is true that if properly done, the oftener a cow is milked the richer will be the milk, but the difference is very slight, and seldom, if ever, enough to pay for the extra labor.—Ex.

Brindle's Causes for Thanksgiving.—A clean bed. A quiet and gentle milker. An abundance of good food. A stall large enough for her to turn around in. A stable with no cracks or knot-holes to let in wind. A yard wherein there are no horses or colts to make her afraid. A dry barnyard and sheltered spot where she can lie down and chew her cud. Water pumped fresh from the well and not allowed to freeze over before she can drink it. An owner who looks after her general welfare and who shows his kindly disposition by occasionally stopping to scratch her back as he passes through the barnyard.—Ex.

Straw for Feed.—Where straw is cut before it is too ripe it is of value as food, especially for store cattle. In Germany it is valued at more than half the price of the best hay. But to secure the best results in feeding straw some material rich in albuminoids must be fed with the straw, such as oil-cake, shorts, middlings or clover hay. The straw alone does not contain enough of the albuminoids to secure the complete digestion of the carbohydrates which it contains. If the straw is fed with substances rich in albuminoids the manure will be as rich as that made of hay.—Prof. R. C. Kedzie.

Poultry Experience.

For the last twenty years I have been actively engaged in poultry raising. During that time I have handled several of the most prominent breeds, but the best fowls for all purposes I consider the white Wyandottes. They mature early, and I have had five-month old pullets lay nicely. My poultry houses are good and warm and the windows in summer have wire screens to them. The houses have wire doors for summer use. I have plenty of windows on the south side of the house for sunlight in winter. As for markets, we have found that good fresh eggs and good plump fowls never have to look up markets. The markets come to them. I could not raise fowls for profit unless I got a good supply of eggs in winter. I never lose fowls from disease or lice. Last year I raised over 200 chicks, and I am sure that I did not lose over ten or twelve, most of them from accident. Good, healthy stock, well cared for, will not die. Years ago when I had a sick fowl I thought the only way to save it was to dope it, but now I depend on giving it the best of care and find that generally saves it, but I scarcely ever have one ill from any cause. But if you have a real sick fowl, the hatchet is the best doctor. For early maturity and remarkable egg production I think the white Wyandotte leads and I now keep no other fowl.

Mrs. Mary E. Hall.
Huron county, Ohio.

Fourteen years ago I began to keep poultry and the breed that I have han-

dled most and the one that I prefer is the Plymouth Rock. My poultry house is warm and comfortable and 10 by 40 feet. I feed corn in the morning with scraps from the table, wheat at noon and oats at night. We seldom lose old fowls from any cause, but the young ones are sometimes taken by the various ailments and accidents. This spring we had something like three hundred little chicks hatched and they took a disease similar to diarrhoea. Their droppings were of a reddish cast. The chicks would droop their wings and soon die. We tried various remedies to no avail. They had ravenous appetites and would eat till nearly dead. This is my first experience with disease in my flock and I hope it will be the last. Can you give us a cure for the disease? I have always raised the breed mentioned and find it good enough and so am content to stick to it. I get a new cock every fall, usually keeping about one to every twenty hens. I think the Plymouth Rocks are the best general purpose fowl for farmers to raise. They mature early, feather young and grow rapidly. As a rule they are good layers and good mothers. Our hatch has been good. We think we have struck it this year on how to break up a setting hen. Make a common shipping crate made of slats and set it on an incline of about forty degrees. Then put in your hens and they will keep trying to get to the top of the crate and working thus they forget all about sitting.

R. M. Slater.
La Grange county, Indiana.

I originally had the Brown Leghorns, but have disposed of them, and now have the barred Plymouth Rocks, which I like better. I have for my fowls a frame house with tarred paper to keep out the cold and a cement floor. In the morning I feed warm food, with chopped feed and potatoes at noon and corn at night. We have a home market, for which we hatch early and ship while the fowls are young. We get eggs all winter, keeping early hatched pullets for that purpose. We have good luck (or pluck) as to the health of our fowls. We sometimes use poke root in the drinking water and spray the premises with carbolic acid and coal oil. For raising the chicks we use the old hen, the best all around brooder I have found. We have never tried doctoring the fowls, as we regard the hatchet as the best remedy when any of them get sick. As to layers and early maturity we have tried the single comb Brown Leghorn, Black Spanish, White Leghorn, Buff Cochins and some others, but the best all around fowl we have decided to be the Plymouth Rock. I live in the city and have one and one-eighth acres of land that I call my experimental land. I kept a correct account of all expenses for eleven months on two pens of fowls, one containing sixteen single comb Brown Leghorns and the other nineteen B. P. R's. The eggs in that time amounted to 2,089. The Barred Plymouth Rocks laid 408 more eggs than the Brown Leghorns and cared for the chicks, which numbered 117. They had hatched out 129 chicks and reared 117 and made a neat profit.

Fred Fess.
Monroe county, Indiana.

Cotton-Seed Meal for Horses.

Cotton-seed meal is so rich in protein that it is one of the best foods with which to "balance" rations. It has become a standard food for cattle and sheep. Why not use it for horses and mules? Thousands of work animals in North Carolina can be better and more cheaply fed if cotton-seed meal is used for part or all the grain. No experiments that we know of had been made when we began to agitate the question, though some cotton-seed meal feeding to such stock may have been done. Two old horses were secured for the purpose of ascertaining the effect of cotton-seed meal in a ration. They were fed a good ration for ten days, consisting of clover chaff threshed out with crimson clover seed, corn meal and ship-stuff. One horse gained and one lost weight on this ration, while both were kept at usual work. No. 1 gained 1.7 pounds daily, and No. 2 lost .87 pound daily. The ration fed during this period to both horses is given as No. 1 below. During the second period both horses gained weight—No. 1 at the rate of 1.6 pounds per day and No. 2, 4.1 pounds; or, if the apparent loss in weight of No. 2 during the first period were due to reduced stomach contents, consequent on change to better than previous ration, and this gain distributed over the two periods, it would be equivalent to 1.56 pounds per day. The daily weights show irregularity and falling back during the first period; but when two pounds of cottonseed meal had replaced two pounds of corn meal and shipstuff of the ration in the first period, there was an almost regular advance in body weight. After the first two periods the same chaff was continued two days and the grain changed by reducing corn and shipstuff one pound each and increasing the cottonseed meal one-half pound. Then, with the grain fed regularly as thus changed, timothy hay was fed in place of the chaff. Horse No. 1 refused the hay and ate only what meal he could pick off, leaving hay, sawdust and meal in excess of the hay fed. He was discarded after four days of this kind of feeding. Horse No. 2 was continued eight days, but did not eat the hay well, although he nearly held his weight. Neither horse showed any symptoms to indicate that the cottonseed meal disagreed with them, but both objected to late-cut timothy hay after crimson clover straw and chaff.—North Carolina Experiment Station.

Cotton Seed and Cotton By-Products.—It is now estimated that the cotton states export to Europe cotton seed, meal and cake to the extent of \$7,000,000 to \$8,000,000.—A generation ago cotton seed was in the way, a useless offal;

now the exports of its produce reaches the immense figures given above, in addition to which we have the vast quantity of cotton seed meal used at home, as well as the cotton seed oil used at home and exported, the total value of which exceeds that of the cotton seed meal. Certainly, we must admit that a country has vast resources when the offal of one of its staple crops brings in a revenue of fifteen or twenty millions of dollars.—Southern Farmer.

French and Swiss Cattle Barred.

A lot of French cattle were on their way to the United States, being about to be shipped from the port of Havre, France. The United States consul there stopped the shipment and notified the authorities that they would not be allowed to enter this country, as disease exists in France. Like stand has been taken in regard to Switzerland. Most Americans will uphold the government in this matter. The fact is that both France and Switzerland, wishing to please the agrarians (farmers) of their countries, have stopped the import of American cattle, using as a pretext the same plea that has been used in England—that there is disease among the cattle in the United States. It is a fact that there is more or less disease among the cattle of every country, and if American cattle are to be excluded for that reason there is no objection to applying the rule around.

Money in Meat Packing.—The London Financial News says: "A rather curious fact was elicited at yesterday's meeting of the Chicago Packing and Provision company—namely, that only 11 per cent of the share capital was held in England, the balance having been acquired by Americans. The English company itself carries on no business, but in 1890 acquired all but six shares of the Chicago company. Since 89 per cent of the English company's shareholders are now citizens of the United States, it is plain that the Americans have virtually bought the undertaking back, and the utility of a London board is not very clear. On the other hand, in view of the steady decline in the dividends—15 per cent in 1891, 12½ per cent in 1892, 10 per cent in 1893, 8 per cent in 1894, and only 4 per cent for last year—it must be some satisfaction for the remaining English shareholders to see that American investors evidently do not regard the company's prospects as permanently bad."

Litter in Poultry Houses.—The cheapest material for making the hens lay is litter. What the hens require in winter more than feed is somewhere to scratch and something in which to scratch. A large poultry house with ample room on the floor, and with a plentiful supply of leaves or cut straw, will be more acceptable to the hens than anything else. Litter is valuable because it makes the hens lay, and it makes them lay because it gives them an opportunity to work, and thus accelerates the circulation of the blood, promoting warmth and increasing the appetite. All the food that may be given will not promote egg production if the hens are kept in idleness and given no opportunity to scratch and enjoy themselves.

Dairy Surprises.—One must be prepared for surprises when he begins using the Babcock. Perhaps our pet cow will be found wanting and have to be disposed of, and probably that ordinary-looking cow over in the corner, which we have never taken any particular pride in, will be the one which made her share of butter and helped out on our favorite that we never suspected for a moment was giving us very small returns for food and care. It is a good plan to cull rather closely and give the feed and attention to the ones that have come up to your standard.—Mrs. M. S. King.—Ex.

Correct Feeding.—The main principle to be observed in feeding the milk cow is to feed moderately. No matter what you feed, do it in reasonable quantities, and no sudden or radical changes should be made, but in changing feeds do it gradually and with moderation. A sudden change from dry food to succulent pasturage often causes serious disturbances of the digestive organs, and therefrom results a serious loss to the owner of the cow.—Ex.

The dairy laws of the various states have accomplished far more than many of their friends supposed they would do. The general sale of oleomargarine, except as itself, has been greatly curtailed. This is gratifying to all the friends of honesty. Fraud does not always keep the upper hand, though it too often gets that position for a time.

Do You Know?

- Do you know that every cruelty inflicted on an animal in killing or just before death poisons to a greater or less extent its meat?
- Do you know that every cruelty inflicted upon a cow poisons to a greater or less extent its milk?
- Do you know that fish killed as soon as taken from the water by a blow will keep longer and be better than those permitted to die slowly?
- Do you know that birds destroy millions of bugs, mosquitoes and harmful insects; that without the birds we could not live on the earth, and that every little insect-eating bird you may kill and every egg you may take from its nest means one less bird to destroy insects?
- Do you know that a check-rein which will not permit a horse to put his head where he wants to when going up a hill is a cruel torture to the horse?
- Do you know that every kind act you do and every kind word you speak to a dumb animal will make not only the animal but yourself happier—not only make you happier but also better?—Geo. T. Angell in Our Dumb Animals.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Two Old Gentlemen Get Together and Swap Stories.

"Oh, yes, I played in those days. Baseball was baseball then," and the old gentleman sighed over what he regarded as the decadence of the great national game, says the Detroit Free Press. "Now they get nine men together and make a machine of them. The whole thing is nothing more nor less than an animated mechanism. Then we had a live ball and I used to swing a hickory bat pretty nearly as long as a rake handle. You can imagine what came off when I made a hit. The crowd would hear something like the shriek of a shell and then the umpire would toss out a new ball while I chased two or three runs in ahead of me. Now, just to illustrate," and the retired veteran of the diamond began making a diagram while his hearers grouped about him. "Here's where we played at New Castle, Pa., with the old Neshannocks. Charley Bennett was catching. Here runs the Ohio river, way up in the rear of the grounds, which lay open to the high bluff which marks the bank. Now, Bennett was doing some mighty batting and a fellow from a college nine was giving him a tight race. Each one of them rolled a ball over the bluff and I began to fear for my laurels. But the third time up I saw one coming that just suited. I settled well on my feet, concentrated all my strength for one supreme effort, swung old hickory, and when the ball quit going it struck water half way across the river. Why, they stopped the game to try and take measurements, while professional managers were offering me all kinds of money. I was the hero of the hour, the king of batters, the-hello, there, Judkin; delighted to see you. It's more than twenty years—"

"Yes, the last time we met was at the game you just described." The old gentleman turned a little white about the mouth but rallied with infinite generalship. "Yes, of course, you were there, and it was a day of miracles, for you went down to the river and caught a ten-pound bass that was served that night at the hotel." What fisherman could resist such a temptation with the beautiful lie all framed for him? Judkin flushed and inflated with pride. The two jolly rogues went out together. Before the evening was over that ball had been knocked nearly a quarter of a mile into the country beyond the river and that has been fifteen pounds strong.

Extraordinary Drinks.

Of the many extraordinary drinks regularly consumed the blood of live horses may be considered the most so. Marco Polo and Carpini were the first to tell the world of the practice of the Tartars and Mongols opening the vein in their horses' necks, taking a drink and closing the wound again. As far as can be seen this has been the practice from time immemorial. There is a wine habitually consumed in China which is made from the flesh of lambs reduced to paste with milk or brewed into pulp with rice and then fermented. It is extremely strong and nutritious and powerfully stimulating to the physical organism. The Laplanders drink a great deal of smoked snow water and one of the national drinks of the Tonquinese is arrack flavored with chickens' blood. The list would scarcely be complete without the mention of absinthe, which may be called the national spirituous drink of France. It is a horrible compound of alcohol, anise, coriander, fennel, wormwood, indigo and sulphate of copper. It is strong, nasty and a moral and physical poison.

Two Kinds of Courtesy.

He was immaculate as to externals, and he was coming down Fifth avenue. She was a charming bit of femininity as New York can offer—which is saying a great deal. Delicate, dainty, trim.

He was smoking a cigarette that, judging by the smoke of it, had come from Russia. When they met he took his hat off lazily. Talking to her in a tone of condescension, he puffed the blue smoke out constantly, the cigarette never leaving his lips. He was standing on the corner of Bleeker street, where the Italians live. He had on the coarsest clothes, his face was grimy. In his mouth was a dirty clay pipe. An old woman, shabby and shaky, came up and asked him how to get to Canal street. The minute the man became aware the old lady was addressing him he whipped the pipe out of his mouth. As long as he spoke to her he held the clay behind him, his hand closed over it.—New York Journal.

An Aged Canary.

Mrs. L. A. McGrath, of South Woodstock, Vt., is the owner of a singing canary 21 years old, which has sung all its life and now, though so infirm from age that it cannot perch or sit on the floor of the cage and pours out the clear, sweet strains of song from morning until night.

Here's a Remarkable Man.

A horse dealer in West Woodstock, Vt., has owned 425 horses during his life and has never told a lie about a horse. One man who dealt with him was so impressed with this remarkable fact that he recently gave him a hatchet.

About the Average Age of It.

Mr. O. S. Gray, of Hampden, Geauga county, Ohio, has a cake of Maple sugar made in the spring of 1856—just forty years ago. It is as sweet and good as ever.

Not as a Jim Dandy.

A young man in Rhode Island writes us that he is going to take in the great west this summer and that this town is on his list, providing we think it safe for him to show up here in a pug hat, red necktie and russet shoes. If that is the rig he intends to don when he visits us, he'd better not come. This is a growing town—a healthy town—a town which is bound to boom and become a second Chicago, but it is no place for Jim Dandies—not yet. Fifty years hence a man can put on link cuff buttons and yellow kid gloves and stalk up and down and swing a gold-headed cane, but such a thing now—well! Pass our town by, young man. Don't come within fifty miles of it!

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Educational.

Attention of the reader is called to the announcement of Notre Dame university in another column of this paper. This noted institution of learning enters upon its fifth-third year with the next session, commencing Sept. 8, 1895. Parents and guardians contemplating sending their boys and young men away from home to school would do well to write for particulars to the University of Notre Dame Indiana, before making arrangements for their education elsewhere. Nowhere in this broad land are there to be found better facilities for cultivating the mind and heart than are offered at Notre Dame University.

The Elopement.

She paused a moment. "The die is cast," she murmured. "There is no retreat." Hastily gathering the most necessary part of her wardrobe into twenty-seven trunks, she dropped them softly from the window. Then she descended by the rope ladder and fell into the arms of her lover, who in the gloom of the shrubbery had patiently awaited her.—Detroit Tribune.

The Woman, The Man, And The Pill.

She was a good woman. He loved her. She was his wife. The pie was good; his wife made it; he ate it. But the pie disagreed with him, and he disagreed with his wife. Now he takes a pill after pie and he is happy. So is his wife. The pill he takes is Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Moral: Avoid dyspepsia by using Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

There is no dividing line.

BattleAx PLUG

DON'T FORGET for 5 cents you get almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other brands for 10 cents.

DON'T FORGET that "Battle Ax" is made of the best leaf grown, and the quality cannot be improved.

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