

TOLD of the VETERANS

Nobility.

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing, each day that goes by.
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kindly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure;
We can not do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure.
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin or wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We can not make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets,
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good leth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing—and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through
hating
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating,
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his
worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth,
—Alice Cary.

Lights and Shadows of War.

The grim visage of War in Manchuria has been turned to the public so long that people had come to believe there were to be no lights to offset a single shadow in the terrific conflict.

It appears, however, that the grim fighters on both sides are simply ordinary human beings, given, like the sturdy fighters of our civil war, to frolic and fun even at inopportune times. On Jan. 1, 1863, two veteran armies were in line of battle at Stone River. There had been twenty hours of the hardest fighting of the war and each army was watching the other in expectation of a renewal of the struggle.

The sullen quiet of the waiting lines was broken by an uproar on the left. A score or more of hogs, startled by the cavalry on the flank, scurried along the Union front. At first a dozen, then fifty, and then a hundred men joined in a chase to capture them.

The onslaught turned the hogs toward the Confederate lines and the Unionists pursued until they ran over the pickets in gray and were warned good-humoredly to keep on their own ground. Then the Confederates joined in the chase and turned the hogs again toward the Union lines. The men in blue had learned a lesson by this time and opened a way for the frightened hogs to run into the Union lines, where they were caught and killed.

Meantime there was much shouting and frolicking on both sides, the Confederates insisting that the Yankees should "play fair" and give them another chance, and some asking to be remembered when the "Yanks butchered." The generals in command took a serious view of the incident, but nothing came of it.

The men who frolicked one hour and fought like demons the next were of the same race and country and spoke the same language and had grown up under the same traditions of home life. But the other day at Mukden hogs ran down the lines as they did at Stone River forty-one years ago.

Russians and Japanese—of antagonistic races, speaking different languages, and differing widely as to home traditions and customs—joined in the chase, as did the Unionists and Confederates of Rosecrans' and Bragg's armies. At the bottom, then the soldiers of Kouropatkin and Oyama are not very different from other soldiers.

After the defeat of Rosecrans at Chickamauga and his retirement to Chattanooga, Bragg closed in on the Union army and sent his pickets down from Missionary Ridge into the plain under the very noses of the Union

pickets. For several days there was constant uproar of rifle fire on the picket line.

Then by arrangement of the pickets themselves there was quiet, and later exchange of papers and a swapping of tobacco for coffee, the vedettes on one side taking a friendly interest in the comfort and conveniences of the watchers on the other. A similar state of affairs has prevailed along the fortified lines on the Shakhé, with limitations imposed on the pickets by difference in language.

In the Atlanta campaign Gen. Sherman was conducting operations against an officer who had been his friend before the war and for whom he entertained the highest respect. In the Mukden campaign Gen. Kouropatkin is matched against Japanese officers who less than two years ago honored him as friend.

Grant's Suggestion Ignored.

According to the ideas of Harmon W. Brown, war secretary of the great commander, if Gen. Grant's suggestions to Lincoln and the secretary of war in the earlier days of the war had been adopted, the battle of Chickamauga, the second battle of Corinth, the siege of Vicksburg and perhaps many other engagements need never have taken place.

After the battle of Corinth, Gen. Halleck left Grant in command of 125,000 men with which the latter desired to march through the Confederacy to some point on the gulf, Mobile being his favorite, as this would have destroyed the railroad communications and perhaps have opened up the Mississippi river.

Gen. Halleck refused Grant permission to do this and scattered this great army in every direction. The same thing happened after Vicksburg, says Private Brown, when Grant's army numbered 15,000. Grant again asked permission to take this large force through the Confederacy and as before the request was refused.

Everyone, says Brown, knows the result now, and after it was all over Grant was again ordered to Washington and told to go ahead on his own plans. The result of his campaign is history.

Old G. A. R. Emblem.



Badge for 1890.

Of Interest to Shiloh Veterans.

The Association of the Battle of Shiloh Survivors, which was organized at Denver, Col., about two years ago, desires to hear from all survivors of that battle with a view to entertaining them in Denver during the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic next fall. The officers of the association are: President, S. K. Hooper, Twenty-third Indiana; first vice president, George H. Ruple, Thirteenth Iowa; second vice president, L. D. Powers, Third Iowa; secretary and treasurer, S. M. French, Twelfth Iowa; corresponding secretary, E. P. Durell, Twenty-eighth Illinois; Executive Committee, S. M. French, Twelfth Iowa; George H. Ruple, Thirteenth Iowa; J. W. Pettie, Fifty-seventh Illinois; E. L. Hobart, Twenty-eighth Illinois; Chas. S. Cooper, Eighth Illinois.

FARM MISCELLANY

Dwarf Tomatoes.

Years ago my wife and I thought that the dwarf tomato was not as productive or profitable as the bushy, sprawling kinds. Later experience has given us several reasons to reverse our opinion. We do not now grow any of the bushy varieties that go so much to vine.

Storms of wind and rain will twist about the vines and expose the fruit to sun-scald and rot from contact with the soil in the bush kinds, where the dwarf varieties are not at all affected. Heavily manured or excessively rich land cannot be successfully cropped to the large growing plants, the tendency being a rank growth of vine and light setting of fruit or at least that ripening of fruit is prevented by dense foliage excluding the sun's rays, necessary to perfect and mature ripening. The Dwarf Champion, or others of that type, may, on the contrary, be planted in a compost heap without such troubles.

I now plant these dwarfs on very fertile soil and makes a liberal application of rich fertilizer directly to the hill where plant is set. Our experience has been that the richer we had the soil the stronger and larger the main stalk grew, which is true also of laterals and foliage. The fruit yield we find is increased in proportion to the supply of available plant food; as well, also, the size, quality and coloring of the fruit. We set the plants in rows 3½ to 4 feet apart and the plants 2 to 2½ feet in the row. The best cultivation has always paid well; horse tools that loosen the earth deeply when plants are first set, a heavy hilling up when fruit has fully set and then a dust mulch to destroy weeds and retain moisture, afterward.

As with all other garden seeds get the very best stock to be had, even at a higher price than the ordinary.—it will repay you a hundred fold at harvest time. Plant the seed in cigar or other shallow boxes about the middle of February and place in southern sunny window in a room constantly warm. Set them outside in the sun to harden off when weather permits.—Henry E. Randolph, Miami Co., Ohio.

The General Use of Wind Mills.

Although there will always necessarily be more or less hand pumps in use for various purposes, the age of pumping the country water supply by hand is passing; has passed, as surely as has the day of the cradle and the scythe in the harvest fields. It is in the line of reason and the advancement of the times that this should be so. Why should farmers burn up the vital energies of their bodies, that can so advantageously be economized for other manual labor, when the wind is ready to pump the water for stock and homes, and at no expense. A good, serviceable wind mill can be purchased and put up so cheaply nowadays that it seems not so much a matter as to whether or not farmers can afford to have one, or more, on their farms, as to whether or not they can economically afford to do without them. This especially when we consider that merely as time savers they will very soon repay their original costs.

The prairies are studded with these muscle-saving water elevators; guide posts they are to well-equipped and prosperous farmsteads, and, judging from appearances, the majority are in this class. Not only on the plains, but from coast to coast over all the states they are in evidence, monuments of a wise economy. However, the useful work of pumping water is not, by any means, the only work these engines of the wind are made

to perform. Both east and west you may find them sawing wood, grinding feed, churning, running cutting boxes, root cutters, washing machines, grindstones and various other light machinery about the farm. The writer recalls one farm of moderate size in Ohio on which were in operation nine wind mills, placed to best advantage for providing water for all the buildings and for the stock in the yards and in the pasture fields. Nor was this a farm run by wind, either, but by an intelligence, directing and moving along modern, scientific, approved lines that made it a successful, profitable business proposition. Not all farms, as a matter of course, need nearly so many wind mills, but every farm needs at least one, and every farmer who does not have one does both himself and his hired help an injustice.

Encourage the Country Boy.

When some boy breaks a record at some game or feat of athletics a cheering cry goes up, there is a waving of flags, a flare of trumpets and glowing eulogies are pronounced, while the click of the telegraph carries the glad news to the press of the world's end, and it is printed under great, bold headlines. So much for the medal-bedecked, duck-suited youth of the college football team, and the field of sports.

But what of those other boys, those manly lads with the clear eye, willowy muscles, but like iron withal, morals as clean as the air of a country morning, thought-free and unafraid; those hardy, robust, sturdy fellows with the blue overalls, cotton jumper, cow-hide boots, with a slouch hat over a smiling face, these, the developing blood and sinew, the mainstay and guard of our nation, the farmers' sons—what of them? These wide-awake, energetic farmers' boys are every day doing something of notable merit, of worth, of value in every calling, something that will make for the general good and betterment of the world at large; but of them and his work the typists do not tell, nor the world proclaim his reward.

With the stamina born of health, hope and happy home life, and the determination that scorns defeat he works along with no thought of a higher reward than a clean, wholesome and happy life. It is to just such lads as these that the nation is indebted for the best, the highest and the greatest that she can proudly boast of in her history; statesmen, philosophers and honest men. The reward of the aggressive country boy may be slow to come, but if his life and training are worked along the right lines it is sure and substantial.

Hogs Together.

Hogs, more than other animals, need to be kept in small herds, on account of the very contagiousness of the three diseases that go under the common name of hog cholera. If several hundred hogs are being raised, it will be necessary to have several separate houses for them. One breeder says that not more than fifty hogs should be kept in one house, and less than that number would be safer. Economy in building induces many a man to huddle a large number of hogs into one house, and then disease comes along and takes from him ten times as much money as he saved by his economy.

Washing Cream.

The practice of washing cream is not a common one, yet it is one that is not new. Cream that has been subjected to bad odors is sometimes highly diluted with water, which washes it out, and the regathering of the cream on the surface of the water leaves it much purer than before the treatment. At a few creameries we hear of cream being washed out with skim milk, but as a usual thing the creamery that is depending on gathered cream does not have enough skim milk for this purpose.

Lay plans for the spring work before the spring comes.