

THREE PICTURES OF HORRID WAR.

"Good Shooting."
Three skeleton companies of infantry—180 men in all—half faced to the right on the right wing of a division extended in battle-line along a creek fringed with trees, and there to hold its ground at all hazards. We on the flank have no cover, but face a cleared field half a mile wide and are strung out in single line. No bullets are fired at us from in front, but there is a steady and venomous ping! ping! ping! from the hot lead coming in behind us and over the heads of our comrades facing the south. We stand at "parade rest," and take whatever comes without wincing. Now and then a bullet finds its billet and a man goes down, but the "Steady men!" of the senior captain prevents anything like confusion in the lines. Nothing tries the nerves more than to be under fire in line without movement, but pride and discipline are strong factors on a battle field.

At the end of half an hour we have eleven men down. Two of them are officers from the rear line. The fire along the creek has grown hotter, but our lines are holding their own and depending upon us to take care of the flank. Of a sudden a horseman rides out of the woods in front of us and inspects our position through his glass. We only know that he is an officer, but his glass enables him to count every man of us—almost tell the color of each man's hair and eyes. He holds his glass upon us for sixty seconds and then disappears among the trees.

"Attention!" calls the senior captain, and the line dresses in an instant.

"Infantry in the woods!" whispers each man to his neighbors. "Well, let 'em come! If they are too many for us, reinforcements will be sent to us. Ah! That's business."

Three guns of a battery come galloping up on our right and unlimber, and a cheer goes along the lines. Shell first—grape and canister next. The guns will have a clear sweep over the field.

"There they come, and it's cavalry instead of infantry!"

"Steady, men! No talking in the ranks! Now, then, not a shot until they

excuse, even for fresh cartridges. For two hours we lay in lines on the ground without firing a shot, though the enemy's bullets, and now and then a shell, fell among us to wound and kill. While we were enduring it as best we could a private named Stevens looked back at the captain, and asked:

"Cap, can I go to the rear after water?"

"Against orders!" was the reply.

Five minutes later Stevens looked



"CAP, CAN I GO TO THE REAR WITH TWO WOUNDS?"

back and held out a bloody hand, and said:

"Cap, can I go to the rear and have the thumb amputated?"

"Against orders!" was the answer.

Seven or eight minutes later Stevens received a bullet in his shoulder, and, sitting up, he pressed his hand to the wound, and queried:

"Cap, can I go to the rear with two wounds?"

"Wait till the colonel comes this way and I'll ask him."

The colonel was then riding down to us behind the lines. In about five minutes he was up, and our captain was about to address him when Stevens called out:

"Never mind, Cap—I'm a dead man and don't want to go to the rear!"

With that he fell over and struggled for a moment, and was dead. A bullet had passed clear through him before he called out.

Talking It Over.
Three months after Joe Skinner deserted from our regiment he was captured on his farm at home by the provost marshal and sent back to the regiment in irons for trial. He had deserted in the face of the enemy, and it was generally believed that he would be shot, and great was the astonishment, therefore, when he got off with a three months' sentence to Dry Tortugas. When Joe was brought before his judges he had a simple story to tell, and he told it in a simple way. He said:

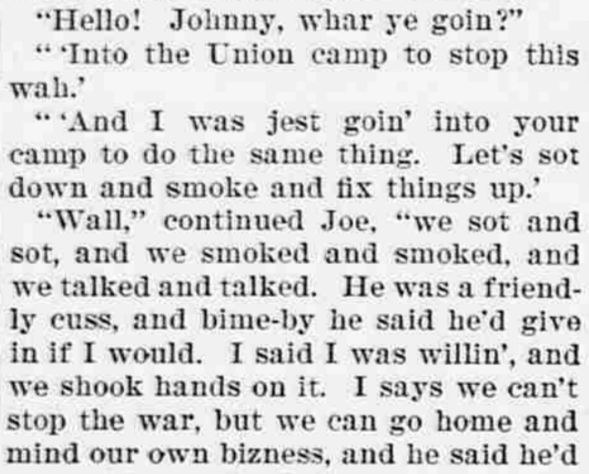
"I got to thinkin' it all over and come to the conclusion that we'd had enough war. I started out from camp and kept walkin' and walkin' till I met a reb."

"Hello! Johnny, whar ye goin'?"

"Into the Union camp to stop this wuh."

"And I was jest goin' into your camp to do the same thing. Let's sot down and smoke and fix things up."

"Wall," continued Joe, "we sot and sot, and we smoked and smoked, and we talked and talked. He was a friendly cuss, and bime-by he said he'd give in if I would. I said I was willin', and we shook hands on it. I says we can't stop the war, but we can go home and mind our own bizness, and he said he'd do it if I would. I started home, and



TALKING IT OVER.

pass that bush down there, and then shoot to kill!"

Five hundred cavalymen ride out from under the trees and form up two lines deep. The three guns open on them at once with shell, but the lines form and dress under fire with a coolness that excites admiration. We cannot hear the order of "Draw sabers!" but we catch the flash of steel and draw a long breath. The guns cease firing to load with grape, and the squadron moves out on a front no longer than our own. The bugles blow "Trot!" "Gallop!" "Charge!" Here they come, every trooper whirling his saber about his head and yelling—every horse at the top of his speed!

"Steady, boys! Let 'em get the grape and canister first! Down with those muskets on the left! That's right, stop that cheering in the center! Wait! Wait! Now give it to 'em!"

"Boom! boom! boom!" from the guns, double-shotted with missiles which were fired point-blank into the charging squadron, and then a crash of musketry as every man pulled the trigger at the same instant. Ten feet to the right of me a trooper broke through our line—ten feet to the left a second—but only to be shot down by the officers in the rear. The smoke-cloud hangs for a moment to obscure the vision, but we hear the groans of wounded horses—the cries and curses of wounded men—the thud of hoofs on the soft earth. We load and fire at will into the cloud, but presently the wind lifts the smoke and whirls it away and the order comes to cease firing.

Where is the body of cavalry which charged us? A score of horsemen down on the left—another score away to the right—a bunch of them just disappearing into the woods from whence they came, their retreat hastened by the shrieking shells sent after them from the guns. On our front a dozen horses are limping about—thirty others are down. Six or eight dismounted but unwounded troopers hold up their hands and come walking in to surrender—sixteen wounded ones cry out or curse us—twenty-two are lying dead on the grass.

"Well done, boys—that was good shooting!" says the senior captain.

"Glad to have' been of service, sir," salutes the battery lieutenant, as he advances.

A Grim Joker.
At the second battle of Bull Run our colonel was ordered to hold a position on the right at whatever cost; and the word was passed along the lines that no one should go to the rear on any

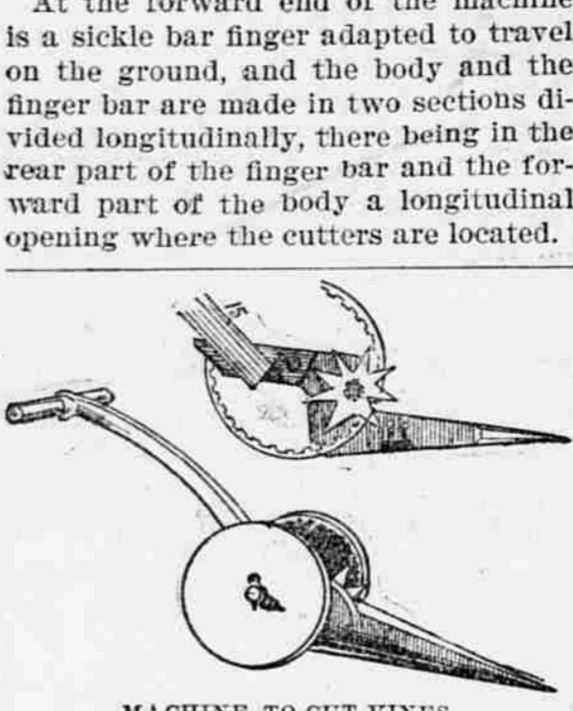
TIMELY FARM TOPICS.

MANAGEMENT OF THE FARM, GARDEN AND STABLE.

Harrowing Corn—Ground Wheat Kills Off Innumerable Weeds and Levels Ridges—Vine Cutter for Gardeners—Adding to Wheelbarrow's Capacity

Machine for Gardeners.
The illustration represents a machine adapted to cut off parts of any creeping vine or for trimming or cutting off runners, and it may be carried close to the plant to cut off desired portions without injuring what is left, the cutters being also readily adjustable and easily accessible for sharpening or cleaning.

At the forward end of the machine is a sickle bar finger adapted to travel on the ground, and the body and the finger bar are made in two sections divided longitudinally, there being in the rear part of the finger bar and the forward part of the body a longitudinal opening where the cutters are located.



MACHINE TO CUT VINES.

The ground wheel at the left hand side of the machine has an internal gear and is fast on the axle, the opposing wheel being removable, while meshing with the internal gear is a pinion on a shaft carrying a stellated rubber wheel, whose teeth are sharpened on a bevel to meet the cutting edge of a cutter adjustably secured in the left hand wall of the longitudinal opening, the upper edge of the cutter being flush with the upper surface of the finger bar of the machine.

The stationary cutter may be adjusted or removed as desired, and in case the vines might be damaged by the passage of the machine in its ordinary shape the removable wheel may be taken off, bringing the cutters near the trunk and precluding the possibility of injuring the standing portion of the vine.

Corn-Ground Wheat.

Corn stubble that has been seeded in grain, and is not sown to timothy or clover, will be much benefited by a thorough harrowing as soon as the land is fit to work. Hook three strong mules or horses to an adjustable steel tooth harrow and harrow across the drill rows. Ten acres can be gone over in a half a day. What few stools of grain may be rooted out will not amount to much. The loosening of the soil around the grain roots and the thorough pulverization of the earth between the drill rows will be a very great advantage to the crop. After the harrowing and before a rain is an excellent time to give the field a top dressing of fine manure or 100 pounds of nitrate of soda and 100 pounds of phosphate of lime. These two fertilizers act well together, and in a favorable season will increase the yield from eight to ten bushels per acre. Fields of grain that are in bad shape, either from being gotten in late, want of proper fertilization or owing to severe winds and alternate freezing and thawing, will be much benefited by a good harrowing.

The editor has frequently harrowed corn stubble grain, and always with the best results, and would earnestly commend it. The harrowing kills innumerable weeds, which is another advantage, besides breaking off the corn stubs and leveling the ridges, which makes it easier for the reaper. Corn stubble wheat should not be seeded to timothy or clover, but it should be plowed up as soon after harvest as the work can be done, and seeded to grain, and then to grass.—The American.

Feeding Cottonseed Meal.

The use of cotton seed in moderate quantity, in connection with bran or clover hay or pasture, would not injure your butter, but rather be beneficial, as the foods mentioned would tend to make it soft and oily, and the addition of cotton seed would counteract this effect, and give it a firm consistence and good grain, without injuring the flavor perceptibly. At the Mississippi Agricultural College, we feed our milk cows a ration consisting of four to six pounds of cotton seed meal, two to four pounds of bran (or cornmeal), twenty pounds of corn silage, and hay ad libitum, through the winter months, or eight to ten pounds of seed may substitute the whole grain ration. When the cows are in good pasture, they need but little meal. As they become dried up, two pounds of meal and two pounds of bran may be fed with good advantage.

Sowing by Hand.

There are not many now who can distribute grain or grass seeds evenly by the hand and get the right amount per acre. It is likely that the art will be wholly lost. There are broadcast seeders which will do the work quicker and better than the best sower by hand could ever do. The drill nowadays does most of the grain seeding, the only difficulty with it being that when the soil is very mellow the seed is put in too deep. Rolling after the seed bed is prepared remedies this difficulty. It is also a good plan to roll down the land which is to be seeded by hand. The harrow or cultivator will cover it deeply enough.

Hand Irrigation for Fruit.

An Ontario farmer reports good results in irrigating strawberries by carrying water in pails from a shallow

well and pouring it on the bed, and from this beginning in irrigation he has erected a reservoir elevated above the level of the beds to be watered, which he fills by hand pump and distributes by hose. With this crude system of irrigation he has been able to raise as many as 4,420 boxes of strawberries from a measured acre in a very dry season, and thus having almost a monopoly of the market, he was able to sell his berries at a fine price.

How a Woman Would Farm.

I would work for small fruits. It is very nice for the women to run out and pick a bowl of rich strawberries, raspberries or blackberries, when they only have perhaps a half hour before tea, not time enough to go a mile away to some rough pasture or scraggly wood, let alone coming home with, perchance, a broken bone or two, and their dresses nearly torn to pieces, says a writer in the Maine Farmer. If you chance to mention these things to a man, "Oh, no time to fool with such things. What won't a woman think of next?" I notice if the berries are on the table he finds time to eat them, while the women are too tired to even look at them.

One thing more. I would not be boiling swill on the kitchen stove, running in every morning, noon and night with the swill pail full of meal, emptying the contents of the teakettle the women have got just to the boiling pitch, for washing the dishes or getting the meal; then, after getting half way to the pig pen, call back, "Oh, there! I have taken all the water out of that teakettle." I would have a building all to myself, where I could heat water, boil swill, forge an iron and do a job of carpentering.

Nitrogen for Early Peas.

When planting early peas a small amount of nitrate of soda will pay better than with any other crop. The pea requires nitrogenous manure, as it is more nitrogenous than any other grain, except the bean. It is true that the pea root is able to decompose air in the soil and extract the nitrogen from that, but it does this only when in an advanced stage of growth. A small amount of nitrate of soda sown with peas warms the soil around them, for it adds the growth of pea roots, which liberate carbonic acid gas, which always evolves heat. It is thus, by furnishing food and warmth at the early critical period, that the pea is made earlier than it otherwise would be, and brings a higher price in the market.

Increasing a Wheelbarrow's Capacity.

When wheeling corn fodder and other light stuff, a wheelbarrow's capacity is too limited for convenience. The il-



RACK FOR A WHEELBARROW.

lustration shows a simple attachment that can be slipped into the barrow on such occasions, to the great increase of its capacity. The side pieces should be hardwood strips. The attachment may be supported by hooks from the strips to the top of the wheelbarrow's back if preferred.

Feed Economically.

The cost of production governs the profit, and not the prices received. Extravagance in feeding, waste of valuable food, and the use of stock that does not produce above the average, are the obstacles which cause mortgages and entail losses.

Small Farms Pay.

Small farms are made to pay by closer attention and a better feeding of the soil than is possible with large ones.

Odds and Ends.

If one wears old, loose-kid gloves while ironing they will save many callous spots on the hands.

Silver spoons that have become discolored by eggs may be cleaned readily by rubbing with a soft cloth and a little dry salt.

If brooms are dipped in a pail of hot suds for a minute or two each week it will make them tough and pliable, and they last much longer.

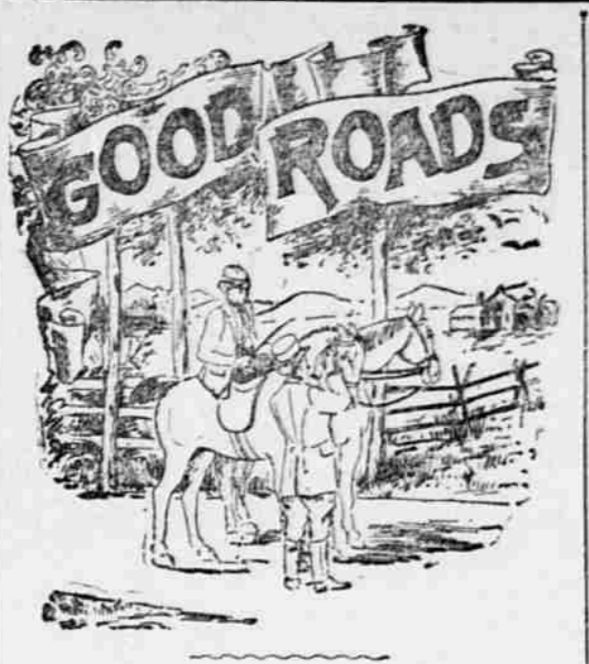
Little bags of orris powder are considered among the daintiest devices for perfuming bed linen and underclothing, and are more popular than lavender just now in the most luxurious houses.

Palms, rubber plants and all foliage plants used in the house should have a weekly washing. Using a soft cloth or sponge, each leaf should receive a light washing with lukewarm water, and the soil should be loosened about the roots. Plants breathe through their leaves, and cannot grow well unless they are kept free from dust.

Mildew may be removed in the following manner: First, by rubbing off any loose mildew, then rubbing in common salt, afterward sprinkling liberally with powdered chalk and moistening with clean cold water. After this dry slowly in the open air, rinse, and if the marks are still there repeat the process. It may be necessary to do this several times, but in the end the spots will be removed.

It is sometimes convenient to remember the following items of cooks' measurement:

One pint of liquid equals one pound.
Two gills of liquid make one cupful.
Four teaspoonfuls make one tablespoonful.
Two round tablespoonfuls of flour will weigh an ounce.
Half a pound of butter will make one cup.
Four cups of flour make one pound.
Two cups of granulated sugar make one pound, but in powdered sugar it will take two and one-half cups to make one pound.



One County's Work.

Bureau County is a good example of the possibilities latent in a gravel bed and developed by experience, common sense and a little persistent hard work. The writer well remembers the time when the only good roads in that county was the highway running easterly from Princeton and known as the old Peru road. For years that road was in good condition the year round, and the farmers along its route increasing prosperity, while everywhere else the roads were, for a large portion of the year, hideous as a mince-pie nightmare. After suffering from this incubus for half a generation, people began to think. Finally it dawned upon a few bold and venturesome souls that if gravel were good for the poor road it might possibly be good for some others. So the idea spread and the experiment was tried until now the gravelled roads, comparatively smooth and always passable, ramify the whole county and distant farms are brought approximately close to town by that wonderful genii, gravel!—Bloomington (Ill.) Leader.

The Wide Tire Campaign.

Not only do wide tires save the pavements, but they are also a saving on beasts of burden. The Missouri Good Roads Association at its recent convention in Columbia declared in favor of wide tires. Prof. H. J. Waters, dean of the State Agricultural College, added to the tabulated results of the tests made between narrow and wide tired wagons the following:

"By using the wide tires an average of fifty-three pounds draught is saved. A horse is computed to exert a pull of 150 pounds for ten hours, traveling at the rate of two and one-half miles per hour. On this basis the wide tires save slightly more than one-third of the exertion of the horse."

The experiments with heavy wagons from which the conclusions of Prof. Waters were reached formed the most interesting part of the proceedings of the convention, and the results of all the tests were carefully noted. In every test it was demonstrated that the wide tire lessens the labor of the horse and is in other ways far superior to the narrow tire, which is the most commonly used.—Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph.

Cheap Roads.

A very wise philosopher has observed that the great bulk of the people must always support the mass of the population.

The people pay for everything the people have. The public pays for the railroads and the expense of running them. If the railroads were only half as good and could only haul half as much it would cost the people twice as much to ride or ship over them.

It is fortunate for the people that railroads are conducted in an organized business-like way. If the opponents to improved roads had their way the railroad would be neither profitable nor pleasant.

The people of a community are the ones vitally interested in the roads of that community.

If the farmers of each township were to get together and mutually agree that they would go about it in an organized way to build and maintain a system of good roads their sum of happiness would be increased.

Since the people pay for the roads why not have those that are cheapest and most pleasant—the best ones.

In Holland, where they have the best roads in the world, it is said that a farmer will haul, with a team of large dogs, as heavy a load as can be drawn over a bad road with a team of horses. This reminds us how dog-gone bad our roads are.

This county has 1,300,000 miles of common roads. This would encircle the globe fifty times, or go to the moon more than five times. But if most of them would go there just once and not come back, earth would be just about as happy.

He Liked to Be Sick.

Imaginary and fashionable diseases are among the most painful and vexatious annoyances of the physician's life. One venerable doctor, Dr. S. C. Busey, of Washington, goes so far as to say that but for them, men of his profession might hope to live as long as the average of people! "Every community has its drug fiend," he remarks; and he proceeds to describe an example, "a small, red-haired, very bad-tempered man, who may once in a while have been actually sick, though oftener he thought he was sick, and oftener still was trying to make himself sick."

On one occasion I was summoned at night in impetuous haste to hear this man's story of the sudden loss of the senses of taste and smell, and indeed of general sensation. I found him sitting bolt upright in an armchair, his red hair standing on end, his face flushed with rage, and his mouth pouring out volleys of curses.

The spectacle was as ludicrous as it was sad, though the man's poor wife was in a condition of terror. I knew him well enough to believe that it was "all cry and no work," a pretence to frighten his wife for some fancied inattention or neglect. I knew, also, that his love of deception was so great that

he would submit to torture rather than acknowledge his deception.

When the vocabulary of expletives was for the time exhausted, I said to him that his maladies were apparently complex and each would have to be treated by itself, and as the loss of general sensation was the most serious I would attack that first.

Then, seating him in a cane-seated chair, I enveloped him in several heavy blankets, put his feet in a hot mustard bath, to which at brief intervals I added some hotter water, and placed under the chair a lighted alcohol lamp.

He bore this for a time with amazing fortitude, but finally the rigid lines of his face softened, the sweat poured in streams from every pore, and his hair fell dripping over his brows. As he began to wince, I offered him a dose of tincture of capsicum. To my surprise, he swallowed it without a grimace, but when I quickly offered him another, he rebelled and reluctantly acknowledged a partial restoration of taste and sensation, adding, however, in insolent glee, that the sense of smell was still absent.

At that I poured from a bottle of the milk of asfoetida such a dose as I thought would bring smell and taste to a tin funnel, and forced him to take it. He smelled it, and soon after I left him sleeping quietly.

He was cured for a time, and remained for a considerable period a sensible convalescent. His imaginary ailments continued, but assumed a mild and harmless type. He lived to an advanced age, and died as he had lived—complaining and fretful bore.

He Trusts the Reporters.

Chauncey M. Depew knows newspaper reporters as well as any man, and here is what he truthfully says of them:

"Every profession has its code of honor. That code is always based upon confidence and trust. I see more reporters and oftener than any ten men in the universe. They breakfast, dine, sup and sleep with me, or practically, that is what it amounts to. They come to me blue-penciled at all hours of the day and night for a revelation which they must take back in some form or be discredited at the office. It is often a matter which it is important for me, in justice to the interests which I represent, or the people who trust me, not to reveal, but when, as often happens, something can be said which will reach over the important crisis by a suggestion of facts, and the situation can only be understood by a full explanation, the reporter hears in confidence the story, and then the line drawn beyond which he must not go, and never has that confidence been misplaced nor the line overstepped."

Meadow Lark's Music.

During a short residence in California one of our delightful experiences came to us through the vocal entertainment of the mocking birds and meadow larks. Of the meadow lark I now write. It is a joy forever to have listened to the incomparable notes of one of those birds, which, cradled on the topmost point of some plumelike eucalyptus, bending beneath the weight of the bird, and swayed by the passing breeze, poured forth its soul in irresistible overflow of song, in tones so full, clear, sweet, and delicately modulated as to place this songster beyond the possibility of a rival. We were horrified, later, to see by a San Francisco paper that these songsters were being exterminated by the hunters, who killed them for the markets at so much a hundred.—Boston Transcript.

A Remarkable Photograph.

Professor Boys of London recently delivered an illustrated lecture in which he showed photographs of the Lee-Metford bullet as it passed through a quarter-inch sheet of glass. Just before the bullet touched the sheet the air wave cut a disk of glass about half an inch in diameter clean out. At the same time the glass around the hole was crushed into powder and driven back at an extremely rapid rate. The glass stuck to the bullet for a short time after it had passed through, the disk being driven out in front of the "bow wave." In this experiment the waves caused by the vibrations of the glass were plainly shown. A photograph of the bullet after it had cleared the glass by nine inches showed the remainder of the glass intact, but when the bullet had proceeded another sixteen inches the sheet of glass was seen to break and fall in fragments.

Aluminum Will Be Cheaper.

The production of aluminum in this country has increased from eighty-three pounds in 1883 to 850,000 pounds in 1896, and the estimate for 1896 is 2,600,000 pounds; the process for making it having been greatly improved. The price at the reduction works ranges from 50 cents to 55 cents a pound. Applied electricity explains the ease with which the light metal is now turned out.

What Weyler's Silence Means.

Gen. Weyler has gone on a new tack. When he was asked about the report that twenty-four Cuban citizens had been taken out and shot he said that he knew nothing about it. The New York Sun says there could be no plainer intimation to his subordinates to go ahead and do their worst.

Wood.

Wood soaked in a strong solution of common salt is thereby protected against decay, especially when placed underground.

It Nearly Always Shocks a Man to see a woman attending church in the middle of the day.

There is one thing we have always admired about pop corn: it keeps its promise; it pops.