



planted so sparingly in the East that a large part of our supply of dried prunes comes from the Pacific coast States, where its cultivation, to market 3,000 miles east, has been found very profitable.—American Cultivator.

#### Sweet Corn for Feeding.

There are a good many farmers who grow sweet corn for market who do not care to grow any other kind, because having only small places, if the two kinds are grown, there will be more or less mixed grains in the ears. What corn they cannot sell green they grind and feed to stock. The sweet corn dries down harder than will the corn whose starch is starch rather than sugar. It is also much lighter than the field corn after its surplus of water has dried out of it. Sweet corn ground with the cob makes a meal that cattle and horses are very fond of when fed with cut feed. But as its weight is less than the field corn meal, more must be fed to secure the same results. It is not more nutritious than common corn meal, if so much so, but it may be used sometimes to tempt the appetite of an animal that has been cloyed and thus restore digestion to its normal activity.

#### White Clover for Pasture.

It is one of the advantages of rough, rocky land that as it cannot often be cultivated nor ever very thoroughly, the surface soil is pretty sure to be filled with white clover seed. It is said to be natural to such land, which means that it has so long occupied the soil that there is plenty of seed to grow whenever it has a fair chance. It is an excellent pasture grass, as its roots run near the surface and quickly respond even to light rains, which will not revive other grasses. It is greatly helped by a dressing of gypsum. On long-cultivated ground, especially where no clover has been thickly seeded, there will be little white clover visible. But even there it is often ready when it gets the chance.

#### A New Egg Plant.

While the egg plant is grown very extensively as a market garden crop, it is seen far too little in home gardens, and yet there is no difficulty in raising it. The main point to be observed is that the plant is a very tender annual and has to be started in a hotbed or greenhouse. Many fail with it because they set out the

**PEARL EGG PLANT.** plants too early. There is no use to plant them outdoors so long as there is any danger from frost or even so long as the nights are very cool, although actual frost does not occur. One-half dozen plants will be sufficient for a moderate sized family. Where potted plants can be procured from the florist or plant grower, they are far preferable to those taken up direct from the seed bed. Until recently there has been but very little choice in varieties, the New York Improved Purple having been almost the only variety raised, but now there comes the "Pearl," a white-fruited egg plant equal in size and quality to the New York Improved. The plant is stated to be remarkably productive and the fruit of the finest quality, either baked or fried.—American Agriculturist.

#### Horse Hints.

Being gentle with a horse will help him to be gentle.

Keep the colt fat and he will make an easy-going horse.

Sores on horses' shoulders are largely the result of ill-fitting collars.

An excess of food weakens a working animal and disables it from work.

Blood, food, care and training are the essentials necessary for producing a first-class horse.

To a very considerable extent the most costly farming is that done with poor teams.

There are few diseases to which horses are subject but are easier prevented than cured.

Good grooming does not only add to the animal's comfort, but to its healthfulness as well.

Feeding a little wheat bran with the other grain will help to make the horse's hair sleek and glossy.

The best farm horse is the one with a kind and tractable disposition, well broken and serviceable.

The farmers will always be poor who continue to raise \$50 horses at an expense of \$100.

The feed and care necessary to raise a poor horse costs as much in every way as it does for one of the best.

A horse needs exercise every day to keep his system properly regulated and make his hair to be bright and sleek.

When the horse is brought in from work he should be given a good drink; if too warm to drink he is too warm to eat.

#### Farm Notes.

Changing pasture maintains better thrift.

Cultivate thoroughly whether the weeds grow or not.

It is mistaken economy not to feed young, growing pigs well.

A supply of salt should be kept where the stock can help themselves.

Keep the teams in a good condition by feeding and grooming regularly.

An animal must have a good appetite if you expect stamina and constitution.

The more rapidly an animal is fatigued the less quantity of food is needed to maintain vitality.

A thrifty fruit tree is like an animal—it requires good feeding if it makes a vigorous, steady growth.

During the summer especially, sawdust is one of the best materials that can be used for bedding for the stock in the stables.—Farmers' Union.

## THE FIELD OF BATTLE

### INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

**The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fire, Festive Bugs, Etc., Etc.**

#### Deeds Done at Gettysburg.

Comrades in the Western Society of the Army of the Potomac met in the clubroom of the Sherman House, in Chicago, recently, for the regular quarterly meeting of the society. The interest centered in a paper read by Colonel R. S. Thompson, entitled "A Scrap of Gettysburg." As scenes in the memorable battle were recalled the veterans glowed with enthusiasm. Colonel Thompson was presented by the chairman as a member of the society and a soldier in the Twelfth New Jersey volunteers. He was in Colonel Thomas A. Smythe's brigade of General Alexander Hays' division of the second corps. He held the rank of captain, but was acting major of the regiment during the battle. He gave a vivid portrayal of the events which occurred before his eyes as the two great armies surged back and forth. His command was stationed on the left center, the right of the division resting on Ziegler's Grove.

He also compared the action of the two divisions of the Second corps—those of General Hays and General Gibbon—showing that General Hays' division, consisting of two brigades and one regiment, was confronted with four brigades of Heth's division and two brigades of Pender's division, while General Gibbon's division was confronted by the three brigades of Pickett's division.

In relating what was accomplished by his division he said:

An army or an army corps may suffer great loss and yet not accomplish the task assigned to it. Not so with the Second corps at Gettysburg—what it was given to do it did. It arrived at Gettysburg in the early morning of July 2, with less than 10,000 men in line. Its loss during the two days, July 2 and 3, was 4,001 men and 340 commissioned officers, of which number only 368 were reported missing.

The two brigades of Hays' division were confronted and engaged with four brigades of Heth's division and two brigades of Pender's division. The enemy left on the field 3,500 stand of arms. Over 2,000 prisoners and fifteen battle flags were captured. The killed and wounded in the six brigades which confronted Hays' division were more than double the killed and wounded in the three brigades of Pickett. No enemy crossed the line of Hays' division excepting as a prisoner of war.

There were many minor incidents which occurred during the great battle that are interesting. In the cartridge boxes of the enemy's dead were found cartridges with England's Tower of London stamp on them.

The soldier who reached the foremost point in front of Hays' division was a beardless youth, a mere boy, and next to him a North Carolina colorbearer. In death the boy still grasped his rifle and the color-bearer his standard.

A Confederate major, terribly wounded by buckshot, was brought within the line. He begged to be laid upon the ground, and, after his pain had been somewhat relieved by a dose of morphine, he noticed our division flag, a blue trefoil on a white field. He stated that before the column started they were addressed by their officers and told that they would have to meet nothing but green Pennsylvania militia, and added: "But when we saw that old clover leaf unfurled we knew what kind of green militia we had to contend with." Then, turning his head a little, his eyes on which the shadow of death was settling, rested upon the graceful folds of Old Glory. An expression of gentle sadness came over his face as he said: "After all, after all, this is the glorious old flag."

Colonel Thompson's paper evoked great interest, and he was frequently interrupted with applause. The paper was ordered printed in full, to be preserved in the archives of the society.

#### A Disappointed Bandmaster.

In the Century General Horace Porter's "Campaigning with Grant" deals with the "Siege of Petersburg and Raids on Washington." General Porter relates the following anecdote of Grant:

Earthworks had been thrown across the neck of land upon which City Point is located. This entrenched line ran from a point on the James to a point on the Appomattox River. A small garrison had been detailed for its defense, and the commanding officer, wishing to do something that would afford the general-in-chief special delight, arranged to send the band over to the headquarters camp, to play for him while he was dining. The garrison commander was in blissful ignorance of the fact that to the general the appreciation of music was a lacking sense and the musician's score a sealed book.

About the third evening after the band had begun its performances, the general, while sitting at the mess-table, remarked: "I've noticed that that band always begins its noise just about the time I am sitting down to dinner and want to talk." I offered to go and make an effort to suppress it, and see whether it would obey an order to "cease firing," and my services were promptly accepted. The men were gorgeously uniformed, and the band seemed to embrace every sort of brass instrument ever invented, from a diminutive cornet-a-piston to a gigantic double-bass horn. The performer who played the latter instrument was engaged within its ample twists, and looked like a man standing inside the coils of a whisky-still. The broad-bellied band-master was puffing with all the

vigor of a quack-medicine advertisement, his eyes were riveted upon the music, and it was not an easy task to attract his attention. Like a sperm whale, he had come up to blow, and was not going to be put down till he had finished; but finally he was made to understand that, like the hand-organ man, he was desired to move on. With a look of disinheritance on his countenance, he at last marched off his band to its camp.

On my return the general said: "I fear that band-master's feelings have been hurt, but I didn't want him to be wasting his time upon a person who has no ear for music." A staff-officer remarked: "Well, general, you were at least much more considerate than Commodore —, who, the day he came to take command of his vessel, and was seated at dinner in the cabin, heard music on deck, and immediately sent for the executive officer, and said to him: "Have the instruments and men of that band thrown overboard at once!"

#### He Risked His Life.

He had worn the gray in the days of civil strife, and now he was in gay New York with thousands of other Confederates to honor the memory of the conqueror and friend of the South, Gen. Grant. Some who wore the blue were gathered around him as he told the story. Said he:

"It's the story of a hero well worth tellin'. It was on May 18, a lovely day, in 1864. Gen. Grant was after us hot and heavy; but he struck us at a strong point, and the stormin' columns were engaged in a deadly cross-firin'. Bullets whizzed around like snowflakes do in blizzard times in these parts. Your lines melted away under the storm of musketry, grape and canister—that swept the intervenin' space. You didn't stop to remove your dead and wounded from the smokin' field. At once our skirmish line was thrown out to watch your movements, and was located at a point where the slaughter was most fearful. Our men had hastily dug rifle pits to protect them from the sure aim of the Federal sharpshooters, and dead and dying men were heaped up even to the edge of those pits.

In one of the pits were found four of five members of Company H, First Regiment South Carolina Volunteers. An ungainly, angular, red-headed lad was among them. His name was John M. Nicholls, and he hailed from a little Carolina town in the beautiful Piedmont belt. The wounded had been lyin' for hours unattended. The sun beamed hotter and hotter upon them, and they were sufferin' terribly from pain, loss of blood and thirst. Not fifteen feet from the rifle pit protectin' the South Carolinians lay a mortally wounded Federal officer.

"Water, water! he cried. "Will no one give me water? Just one drop, that's all. I'm dying for want of water."

"As the day wore on his cries, instead of subsidin', grew more pitiful, and it was evident that he was sufferin' more and more. Finally Nicholls cried, with the tears streamin' down his cheeks:

"Boys, I can't stand this any longer. I'm going to take the poor fellow my caneet of water."

"Everybody tried to dissuade him, To show him the danger of this undertakin': someone stuck a hat on the end of a ramrod and held it above the pit for an instant. Instantly dozens of bullets from the guns of the Yankee sharpshooters passed over their heads as a reminder that the Yanks were still in the ring.

"In the meantime the dyin' officer moaned on, 'Water, water, water. Just one drop, somebody, please. Only one tiny drop.'

"The tender-hearted boy could not be scared out of his determination. After makin' three unsuccessful attempts he at last succeeded in clearin' the little embankment. Once on the other side it was an easy matter for him to throw himself flat upon the ground between the furrows of the cornfield where the battle had been waged. He crawled slowly along and got as near to the dyin' man as the protectin' furrows would allow; then, breakin' a stick from a sunnac' bush, he tied his canteen to the end of it and handed it to the sufferer's hands. Talk about gratitude!

"I never heard gratitude expressed as that Federal officer expressed it. Not a man who heard him had a dry eye. The boy soldier returned as he had come, amid a hailstorm of bullets. When he reached the edge of the pit he yelled to his comrades to clear the track for him, and with a mighty leap he was among his friends once more without so much as a briar scratch to call to his mind his heroic act. That was the kindest and bravest deed I saw durin' the whole war. It was no act of impulse, but a deliberately calculated risk of his own life to one for aid and succor to his enemy."

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