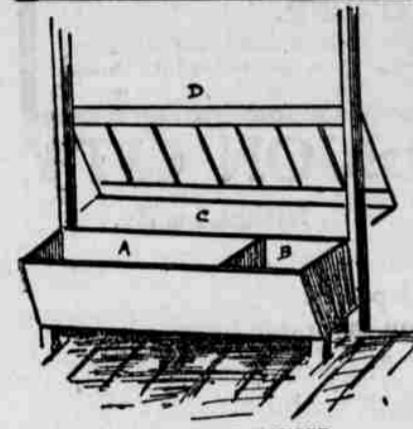


# FARMS AND FARMERS



**An Economical Manger.**  
As the average manger is built there is a great loss of food where large numbers of cattle are kept. The manger illustrated this week is of simple and inexpensive construction, and will pay for itself in the food saved during a year. In the end of an ordinary six-foot stall build a deep manger fifteen inches from the floor and partition off one end of it for grain, as shown in the illustration. At the back of the manger attach a wide board. See letter C in cut, and a rack, D, set on a slant as shown. This board and rack will prevent the animal from tossing the hay out and the board also catches the grain, which is scattered by the animal in the movements of eating. In the arrangement as shown the space marked B is for the grain and A for the hay.



A HOME-MADE MANGER.

or it may be kept for corn fed on the ear, or for any root crops that may be given. This manger as constructed in the most economical arrangement possible, and would be particularly desirable for use in the stall of a horse inclined to be restless and wasteful in its manner of feeding. — Indianapolis News.

### Doing the Spring Plowing.

With the vision of acres of soil to plow before him, the farmer begins to see the advantages of fall plowing under certain conditions. If a portion of the soil was plowed in the fall, all necessary this spring is to harrow it and prepare the seed bed. If the bulk of the plowing is to be done this spring the first to be plowed should be the sod land. This is contrary to the operations of most farmers, who prefer to get all the growth possible in the early spring to turn under, but there are advantages in early plowing of sod land to offset any that may come from obtaining the grass growth to turn under. If the sod land is plowed early it will resist drought much better for in its preparation for a crop the sun will have no chance to dry it out rapidly, as it will later if the plowing is left until then. Then, too, there is the advantage of being able to get out to sod land before it would be possible to put a plow into soil that has been under cultivation. Try the plan this year and compare the crop with that in former years when the sod land was the last to be plowed. — St. Paul Dispatch.

### Making a Garden.

The home garden is for the affections. It is for quality. Its size is wholly immaterial if only it have the best. I do not mean the rarest or the costliest, but the best—the best geranium or the best lilac. Even the fruit garden and the vegetable garden are also for the affections; one can buy ordinary fruits and vegetables—it never pays to grow them in the home garden. When you want something superior you must grow it or else buy it at an advanced price directly from someone who grows the very choicest and the most personal products almost necessarily you must grow them; the value of these things cannot be measured in money. The commercial gardener may grow what the market wants, and the market wants chiefly what is cheap and good-looking. The home gardener should grow what the market cannot supply, else the home garden is not worth the while. — Country Life in America.

### Uncovering Bee Hives.

If the bees are wintering in a cellar they should be left there for a long time, yet, except in sections where the warm weather is on and there is likely to be no cold storms. If the bees are wintering in protected hives out of doors or under a shed, it is only necessary to make provision for an opening so that the bees may come out for a fly on some warm day. The covering of the hives should not be removed until the weather is warm enough to enable the bees to stay out for good; that is, until there is no possibility of cold, raw days intervening between bright, sunny ones. It is important to retain this protection of the hives for a long time yet, for it gives additional warmth to the hive which is desirable during the season of brood rearing. — Indianapolis News.

### Baby Beef.

If the farmer will produce baby beef he can fill his pasture to the full limit with cows producing calves, and he will realize on the calves twelve months from the date of their birth. Capital is turned annually instead of once in every three years. The farm-

er's grain will produce from 50 to 100 per cent more pounds of baby beef than it will of beef from the mature steer, and for the past three years the baby beef animal has sold for as high prices per hundred as has the average steer.

In producing baby beef the farmer can market his heifer calves at the same price as his steers, and will usually get more for the twelve-month-old heifer than he would for the same animal if kept until maturity. — Kansas Experiment Bulletin.

### Using Old Hens.

Expert poultrymen claim that after a hen has passed her second year she is no longer fit for laying purposes, and should be sent to the carcass market. This may be so in many cases, and no one will question the fact that the best egg results come from fowls two years old and under. On the other hand one frequently finds individual hens that lay better at three and four years old than when younger, and when such is the case it would be folly to kill such a bird. Before deciding to send all of the hens over two years old to the carcass market, ascertain what each of them is doing in the way of egg production. Then, too, these old hens, many of them, are extremely useful at hatching season, even though the main dependence is placed on an incubator. Be sure the old hen has lost her usefulness before you sentence her to the block.

### The Man Who Knows How.

It is not strange that in every county and in almost every precinct that you may visit there is at least one farmer known as a corn grower? He rarely or never fails. The dry and the wet seasons come and go, but he "makes corn" and "sells corn." So in every county there is found the man "who grows his own meat" and regardless of cholera and bad crops keeps his smokehouse on his own farm. This peculiar man is sometimes a successful truck grower or fruit raiser. He may assume one of several forms, but we may safely call him "Mr. Know How." The average farmer often looks upon him as somewhat of a conjurer, but at bottom we find his success due to intelligent effort. Intelligence can insure crops in the face of disease, chinch bug, boll weevil, boll-worm, drought—yes, and floods, too. — Farm and Ranch.

### A Promising Potato.

The Early Norwood potato, shown in the illustration, is one of the new varieties sold as yet in limited quantities. Although it has been grown near the place of its origin for several



THE EARLY NORWOOD.

years, it has not yet been generally tested. Its good points are such, however, as to warrant giving the variety at least a fair test. It is described as being of good size and form, extra early and growing free from scab, blight or rot. The vines are of medium growth, compact and bushy. The tubers are oval, white, with a pinkish tinge around the eyes, which are not large. The tubers grow of uniform size, and in quality are dry and floury. An especially fine cooking variety. These are all good points, and, as stated, warrant a test of the variety as soon as possible in any locality where potatoes are grown for the market. — St. Paul Dispatch.

### Farm Notes.

Two pounds each of corn meal, cotton-seed meal and gluten meal, ten pounds of corn ensilage, and as much timothy hay as they want, is recommended by the Maine station as a satisfactory ration for milk cows, to be fed twice a day. Many farmers would doubtless prefer to substitute bran for cotton-seed meal.

The farmer who can sell an article from his farm without taking from the land any of its fertilizing elements is sure to make a profit if the cost of the labor is not too heavy. When fat is stored on an animal, or butter is a product, the soil loses none of its fertility, as all of the starch, sugar and fat on the farm comes from the air. Plants absorb carbonic acid gas and give off oxygen through the agency of their leaves, and it is this carbon in the plants which finally becomes converted into butter, lard, suet, etc.

A large number of German farmers will come to the United States to study our farming methods, making a three months' tour through the States to the Pacific coast and investigating general farming, live-stock raising, horse breeding, tobacco raising, sugar-beet culture, irrigation, the stock yards, experiment station work and the work of the United States Department of Agriculture, which will furnish a guide for the trip. It will be under the auspices of the German Agricultural Society, which has just completed a building at Berlin, in which will be installed a bureau modeled after that at Washington.

## MISS GOULD MUST REST.

she Has Been Working Too Hard on Many Generous Enterprises.  
With a staff of devoted secretaries and capable assistants, and with enormous wealth for the purchase of as much personal help as she desires, Miss Helen Gould, the famous philanthropist and friend of the needy, has been unable to avoid the penalty of the strenuousness of woman—extreme nervousness. Her physicians have told her that she must take a complete and immediate rest, and that she needs a rest is not remarkable, as her labors have been anything but light. In spite of the assistance of the seven secretaries which she employs, there are a great many requests and an infinite number of questions which must receive her personal attention and decision. Miss Gould's correspondence is enormous and is larger than that of any



MISS HELEN GOULD.

other woman in the United States. The majority of the letters she receives are begging letters. In one week she received requests from these begging letter-writers for sums amounting to \$1,500,000, which they wished to spend in various schemes that were to make their fortunes. But the correspondence of this rich and generous woman is but a very small item in the demands on her attention. In her day's work rank also the calls to attend charitable and philanthropic meetings, to address schools, church societies, institutions and societies on anniversary days, to lend name and fame to bazaars and sales for the benefit of good works, to pour tea at settlements and asylums on gala occasions and to organize public protests against wrongs.

Miss Gould is the one American woman who has ever given money to the United States Government for military purposes. On May 11, 1898, her check for \$100,000 to be used for war purposes was forwarded to Congress. She is intensely patriotic and was eager to show her loyalty to the government and her interest in American arms. Always have the soldiers, sailors, the firemen and the railway men he'd a warm place in her regard. Men who live active, fearless lives have always appealed to her and she has worked for them with great pleasure and a peculiar sympathy.

Miss Gould's work for crippled children is among her best known charities. Another charity in which she was greatly engaged during the last year was the new Home of the Friendless, for the erection of which she gave \$20,000.

In appearance Miss Gould is small, dainty and excessively feminine. She has a placid, sweet face without a wrinkle or a line of care and her expression is extremely calm.

### Baseless Fears.

Many intelligent persons are deterred from swallowing the seeds of berries, grapes and other fruits lest the lodgment of these small bits of indigestibility may induce that dreadful accident appendicitis. This fear is utterly baseless since the healthy appendix is protected by a valvular arrangement which prevents even the smallest seeds from entering it. It is only after inflammation has already destroyed its normal protection that any foreign substance can gain access to it. To feel compelled to eschew all seedy berries and fruits is to seriously curtail one's dietary, and it is entirely unnecessary. In fact, the free and constant use of ripe berries and fruits of all kinds is one of the best preventives of this dangerous disease.

### Chance for "Uxtry."

Two newspaper boys witnessed a performance of "Hamlet." In the last scene, after Hamlet had killed Laertes and the king and the queen had died of poison and Hamlet of a poisoned wound, one of the boys exclaimed: "I say, Jim, what a fine old time that must have been for extra specials." — Tit-Bits.

### His One Hobby.

Miss Passay—That wealthy Mr. Hunter was pleased to say that I interested him.  
Miss Sharpe—The idea! How rude of him!  
Miss Passay—Rude?  
Miss Sharpe—Yes, he's a collector of antiques. — Philadelphia Press.

### An Expert Opinion.

Cohen (to fellow traveler)—Vot line of goots do you represent, mein friend?  
Dr. Dipping (stiffly)—Well, sir, I am collecting funds to send to our foreign missionaries.  
Cohen—You've got the best end of that job. — New York Times.

Men of strong character make many enemies, but that doesn't necessarily imply that men who have many enemies possess strong characters.

Molasses no doubt will become a popular health food for mankind when horses get tired of it.

## LONG AGO.

I once knew all the birds that came  
And nestled in our orchard trees;  
For every flower I had a name—  
My friends were woodchucks, toads  
and bees;  
I knew where thrived in yonder glen  
What plants would soothe a stone-  
bruised toe—  
Oh, I was very learned then—  
But that was very long ago.  
I knew the spot upon the hill  
Where the checkerberries could be  
found;  
I knew the rushes near the mill,  
Where pickerel lay that weighed a  
pound!  
I knew the wood—the very tree—  
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,  
And all the woods and crows knew me—  
But that was very long ago.  
And, pining for the joys of youth,  
I tread the old familiar spot,  
Only to learn the solemn truth—  
I have forgotten, am forgot.  
Yet here's this youngster at my knee  
Knows all the things I used to know;  
To think I once was wise as he—  
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain  
Of whatsoever the Fates decree;  
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,  
I tell you what my wish should be:  
I'd wish to be a boy again,  
Back with the friends I used to know;  
For I was, oh! so happy then—  
But that was very long ago.  
—Eugene Field.

## AT THE OLD FARM

A PRETTY rose-cheeked girl, with round bare arms, was seated on the top step of the farmhouse piazza, busily shelling beans, exchanging sentences occasionally with a stalwart young fellow who was ostensibly shingling the barn near by.

The air was heavy with perfume of wistaria and cinnamon roses, while from the hedge came the soft notes of a wood thrush. A pair of tiny humming birds shimmering in the sunlight darted to and fro, plunging their long bills into the blossoms of the vine that covered the porch, while over all hovered the sweet silence of a summer afternoon.

The young man had given up all pretense of work and lay stretched out in the sun on the sloping roof with hands closed behind his head, at peace with the world and himself.

"I say, Nan, I wish I owned this farm; it's a jolly old place."

"Well, it will all be yours some day, Tom, and then I suppose you will send your poor 'cousin by marriage' flyin'."

said Nan, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"I would shake you for that speech, my girl, if it wasn't too much trouble," said Tom, loftily.

Just then there was a sound of splintering wood, six feet of brawn and muscle shot rapidly downward, and with a "plunk" disappeared in the water butt.

Nan gave a shriek of laughter, and ran to help the immersed Adonis, but there was no answering laugh; instead, a quiet that frightened her.

Tom was not a practical joker, still it did not seem possible that he could be seriously injured. What should she do? The men were all down in the hay field, and Tom might drown while she went for help.

Her eye lighted on the chopping block. It was a huge affair, but she managed to drag it to the side of the butt, and climbing up, discovered poor Tom, doubled up like a jackknife.

As her cries reached his stunned ears, he collected his wits, but did not move.

Nan was leaning over the side, with the tears streaming down her pretty face.

"Oh, Tom, please get up. Dear Tom—what shall I do? He will drown before any one comes." And she reached frantically for his collar.

Tom's head was just above the water, luckily, and with returning breath he said:

"Don't cry, Nan. I'm not dead by a long shot, but my ankle is twisted and you'll have to get some one to help me out of this."

"I am afraid you will faint again," said Nan, as he turned white with a spasm of pain.

Tom pulled himself together with an effort. This was altogether too good a chance to lose. Nan had teased him for the last year, driving him wild by accepting invitations from all the different swains who worshipped at her shrine, but with rare wisdom he had concealed his jealousy.

He had proposed to her, but she, with a young maid's distaste for the final surrender, had refused to answer. "Perhaps so, some day," was her only reply to his earnest. "Will you marry me, Nan?"

Now was his opportunity.

"Nan," in a purposely weak voice, "don't leave me, dear. I feel dreadfully—as if I were slipping away—away—you do love me—a little, don't you, dear?"

"—Yes, Tom. But for goodness sake try to get out. Here, I'll help you. Can't you stand on the other foot at all?"

Tom made frantic efforts to attain an upright position, holding on to the firm little brown hand tightly.

It was serious work getting out, but he finally managed it, and sank exhausted on the block, leaning meanwhile helplessly on Nan's shoulder.

Suddenly he clasped the amazed girl in a strong embrace.

"The ankle is bad enough, my girl, but it's worth it all to see those tears for me on your dear face. Now, how soon are you going to be my little

## REAL DAUGHTERS

of the American Revolution.



How Tom Powers Thinks of His Old.

DAUGHTERS of the Revolution who are such in fact as well as name are dwindling in numbers as the years increase, but Wisconsin contains two, both retaining excellent memories of the continental soldiers who were their fathers. One is Mrs. Belsey Robinson Meade, of Waldo, Sheboygan County, and the other Mrs. Jane Powers Walker, of Waupun.

Mrs. Meade's father was Peter Robinson, a soldier under Benedict Arnold. She was born in 1811 and is now an enthusiastic "daughter" in the society registers as well as in fact. Her recollections of her father are interesting side lights on a great struggle. They are not parts of history. They belong to the story of the life of the private soldier in the long struggle. Her father was with Arnold when the treachery which was to have delivered West Point to the English was discovered. He was with that American general during the period of starvation which his soldiers underwent.

"I have often heard my father tell," said Mrs. Meade, "of how Arnold's soldiers were nearly starved to death. He himself became so weak that he could hardly stand, and he saw hardy men lie prone on the ground only to be aroused when hunger drove them frantic."

Of this period Mrs. Meade's son, C. R. Meade, of Plymouth, Wis., said: "I was with my grandfather a great deal during the last two years of his life and he told me of an incident during the time he and the other soldiers so nearly died of starvation. One day matters came to such a pass that the men could hardly stand for lack of food. About half a mile from the camp was a farmhouse, where he knew that the housewife kept a cow. He determined to reach that farmhouse at about the time the woman would be through milking and beg for a drink of milk. With great difficulty he reached it. He was so weak that he could not walk. He had to crawl. The woman had just finished and had the milk in a bucket. He asked her for a drink and she said she had nothing for Tories."

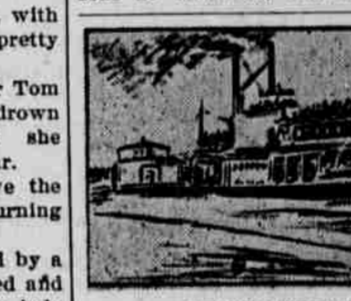
"At this added insult he fairly broke down and cried. It was the reflection of the suspicions that people round about were already casting on Arnold, and, by indirection, on his troops. The woman remained firm in her refusal and he dragged himself back to camp, weaker than he was when he started the trip."

At the close of the war Peter Robinson applied for and secured his pension. One of the signatures on the pension papers is an interesting one. It is the name of Ench Crosby, the original of "Harvey Birch" in Cooper's novel "The Spy," who was a personal friend of Mrs. Meade's father. She is the sole survivor of a family of ten.

Mrs. Walker was born in Ferrisburg, Vt., in 1810. She is the daughter of John Powers, one of the minute men who fought the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill. He was 27 years old when he enlisted in the Continental army with six brothers, one of whom was killed during the war. Mrs. Walker's grandfather also was with the American troops in the war. She is the only survivor of a family of sixteen children. Both Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Meade are members of the Fort Atkinson chapter, D. A. R.

## STEAMER SULTANA WAS A DEATH TRAP FOR UNION SOLDIERS.

More United States soldiers lost their lives in the burning of the Sultana than were lost during the entire Spanish-American war. The ill-fated Mississippi river packet, toward the close of the Civil War, was making regular trips between St. Louis and New Orleans. She left the latter port on April 21, 1865, and at Vicksburg took on board 2,000 union soldiers that had just been released from the rebel prisons at Cahawba, Andersonville and



STEAMER SULTANA.

Macon. Other passengers and the crew made a total of 2,200 people on board.

At three o'clock in the morning of April 27, when most of these soldiers and passengers were sleeping, and when about seven miles above Memphis, Tenn., one of her boilers exploded, setting the steamer on fire, and in twenty minutes 1,700 lives were lost. At the time very little was published of this disaster owing to inadequate news gathering and telegraph facilities, and the excitement of events in and about Washington.

The picture here reproduced is in possession of Sergt. Edwin F. Force, of the Duluth police department, and was presented to him by a former comrade in the Eighteenth Michigan volunteer infantry, who photographed the Sultana at Helena Ark., only a few hours before the disaster.

### An Autograph Copy.

The man who undertook to cross the continent "on the hurricane deck of a donkey," and earn his expenses as he went, was sure to have experiences worth something to himself, if not to any one else. He had photographs made of himself and the donkey. These he sold for twenty-five cents each. At Youkers his purse was light, and his bills were heavy.

I resolved to rise at dawn and sell enough pictures to pay my bills, if I had to sell them at cost. I set to work. By one o'clock I had visited every shop, store and Chinese laundry,

### and was talking hoarsely to a corner grocer, who sat on a keg of mackerel sampling Limberger cheese. I offered a picture for fifteen cents, but the reduction in price did not interest him.

"I want not a picture at any price!" he declared.

"I lack fifteen cents of the amount of my hotel bill," I urged. "I am in dire straits."

His reply was weak, but the cheese was strong enough to help him out. My mental magazine had but a single change left, and I fired that.

"Isn't it worth fifteen cents to know a fool when you see one?"

"Ye-es, I think it es," answered the man, "and eef you will write it on the picture, I buy him."

### Their Own Lookout.

There was an Irishman who after reaching America was full of homesick brag, in which nothing in America even approached things of a similar variety in Ireland. In speaking of the bees of the old sod he grew especially rosy and said—

"Why, the baze in that country is twice as big as in this, bedade. In-dade, they're bigger than that—they're as big as the sheep ye have in this country!"

"Bees as big as sheep!" said his incredulous listener. "Why, what kind of hives do they have to keep them in?"

"No bigger than the ones in this country," was the reply.

"Then how do the bees get into the hives?" he was asked.

"Well," replied the Irishman, "that's their own lookout!"

### Easily Explained.

So many quick retorts are ascribed to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" that it sometimes seems as if the witty poet could scarcely have taken time to eat or sleep. The last reply is quoted by a man to whom it was made only a few months before the death of Doctor Holmes.

The talk between the two men had fallen on the subject of age.

"You're five years my junior," said Doctor Holmes, "but I believe I don't envy you."

"I can't see why you should," said his friend. "You carry your years much more lightly than I do mine."

"That's natural," said the autocrat. "I've had five years' more practice."

### The Real Condition.

The teacher of grammar and rhetoric wrote a sentence on the blackboard, and then called upon William.

"John can ride the horse if he wants to," read the teacher. "Rewrite the sentence in another form."

William surveyed it dubiously for a moment; then a flash of inspiration showed him his path.

"John can ride the horse if the horse wants him to," he wrote.

Heaven hasn't time to help the man who is a victim of that tired feeling.