

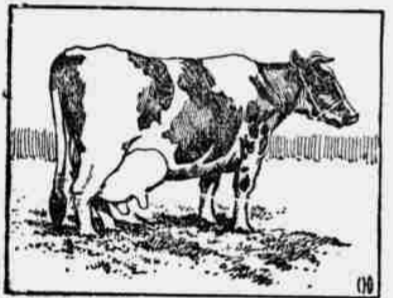


Our dairy consists of pure bred Jerseys, and we use our best endeavors to keep them free from filth. The card and brush and sawdust for bedding are in constant use. The manure is dropped into the basement directly underneath, on which swine are kept to prevent heating.

The stable is well lighted and ventilated, and our cows have always been free from disease. We have never lost one except from accident, and since they have been deboned accidents are very much less frequent. We water but once a day, at 11 a. m., several rods away at a fountain that seldom freezes, supplied from a warm spring of pure running water, except in rough weather. Then they are watered in the barn from a deep well. At no time are they left to shiver in the cold, and they appear to enjoy the exercise. We feed only at morning and evening. The first feed in the morning is ensilage, then mixed hay after milking. In the evening, also after milking, we feed hay, oat hay or Hungarian after grain with most satisfactory results, as they have ample time to masticate and digest the same.

We still use the deep setting process for raising cream and allow twenty-four hours, and if faithfully done there will be no butter fat on the skim milk. We know by this season's trial that there is more money in selling milk at 5 cents and cream at 20 cents per quart than at 25 cents per pound of butter fat, all being taken from the door. We are feeding cottonseed meal all the year round, even at \$1.75 per hundred, with other approved brands, according to the requirements of the animal. For tying, we use one-half inch rod twelve inches long, with hoops and rings on each end to drop over the stanchion, a piece of chain on top of suitable length with rings between links and another piece on the lower end without rings with a snap in the end for fastening and made to correspond with size of animal to be tied. I have stalls for two, one tied on each side, with partitions between. With such chains they cannot molest each other.—C. E. Chadbourne in American Cultivator.

A Grand Holstein.
The subject of the illustration, from the Holstein-Friesian Register, is Belle Korndyke, the foundation cow of



BELLE KORNDYKE.

the now famous Korndyke family, owned by Thomson & Son of New York state. She is vigorous and hearty and is still doing good work at the age and is the only twenty-five pound cow with four daughters all over twenty pounds, official. The combined records of herself and her four daughters average twenty-three pounds. The sons of Belle Korndyke are siring large producers. She is the dam of Pontiac Korndyke, the sire of Pontiac Rag Apple, with an A. R. O. record as a four-year-old of 31.62 pounds butter in seven days and 126.5 pounds in thirty days. The illustration gives this cow at eighteen years and five months old.

All Are Necessary.

There are many things that enter into the development of the dairy cow, and possibly if one was dropped the best of results could not be obtained. The man who uses that part of his body above his ears the most freely usually succeeds best. We have come to believe that a large part is due to the feed. The organs of digestion, like the other organs and muscles of the body, are developed best by constant use. The breeder who through neglect has not provided in some way for the emergencies is shortsighted, says a writer in Kimball's Dairy Farmer. We all know that when a cow once sprints in her milk it is hard to get her back. Quite often it is impossible even with the best of feed, so it stands us in hand to provide in some way for these times. Either have some soiling crops growing or enough silage stored up to supplement the short pasture of summer and to supply succulent feed for winter use.

Don't Overload the Churn.

If the churn is too full churning will be a failure simply because there is not room enough for the cream to obtain proper motion. It is not enough for the cream to slide around the churn in a smooth and gentle manner. It must fall with a clug and thug enough to enable the fat globules to come close enough to each other to unite and form butter granules. A desire to save the extra work that would come from two churning is frequently responsible for poor results. The extra quart of cream over and above the proper amount in the churn can easily choke the machine sufficiently to string out the work to a wearisome length. Two quick, easy churning are better than one long one. A churn half full will do better and quicker work than one two-thirds full. The time will be shorter, the butter will come better and the buttermilk will show less butter fat when the churn is not overloaded, says Field and Ferra.

PRODUCING PURE MILK.

Samples That Won Medals at the National Dairy Show.

The department of agriculture has just issued a bulletin by Professor C. B. Lane on the milk and cream exhibit at the national dairy show at Chicago. Professor Lane tells how the milk and cream which won the medals were made and draws some sound conclusions from his facts. He says:

Gold Medal Milk.

The herd consists of choice pure bred and grade Jerseys, numbering about thirty milking cows. It is the practice of the owner to raise heifer calves from the best cows. The barn is well lighted and ventilated, the floors are of cement, and the walls and ceiling are kept thoroughly whitewashed. The manure from the stables is hauled direct to the field.

The feed used in this dairy consists of corn silage (well eared), shredded corn stover and mixed hay for roughage, the grain part consisting of wheat bran and middlings and buckwheat middlings, besides the corn in the silage. Care is taken during milking to have as little dust as possible in the barn. The cows are kept thoroughly clean. The milk from each cow is weighed after milking, and as soon as a small can is filled it is taken to a separate building used only for handling milk. Here the milk is strained through a wire strainer and three cloth strainers and stored in cold water until bottled. After bottling the milk is placed in cases and packed in ice ready for delivery. All dairy utensils are rinsed, washed, scalded with boiling water and drained. The herd is tuberculin tested, and great care is exercised to keep it healthy.

Silver Medal Milk.

The barn is a frame structure of ordinary type. The herd of twenty-eight cows is of mixed breeding and includes Jersey, Holstein and Shorthorn grades. The cows are fed a well balanced ration the year round. When the milk was produced for the contest the ration consisted of millet hay and cut corn stover, supplemented with corn and cob meal, dried brewers' grains and molasses feed. The milk was produced and handled in a cleanly manner, cooled and aerated immediately after being drawn and stored in spring water.

The Gold Medal Cream.

The milk from which the cream was taken was the mixed milk of a herd made up of pure bred Jerseys, Guernseys, Ayrshires and Holstein-Friesians. The grain fed consisted of a mixture of 400 pounds of wheat bran, 100 pounds of cottonseed meal, 100 pounds of corn meal, six to eight pounds of this mixture being fed to each cow. For roughage each cow received forty pounds of silage and five pounds of hay. Previous to milking the udders were wiped with a damp cloth, and the milk was drawn into covered milk pails. After being drawn the milk was taken at once to the dairy, separated by means of a centrifugal separator and immediately cooled and iced.

Cleanliness in the Dairy.

Cleanliness is the first law which should be observed by every man who in any way manufactures or handles dairy products. Any condition which will promote this end effectively should be established. The simpler these conditions can be made the better. Unclean dairy utensils are among the greatest sources of contamination of milk. This contamination is due to the presence of undesirable bacteria. The undesirable bacteria are those that produce taints in milk and that exist principally in filth lodged on the surface and in the crevices of dairy utensils. They are minute organisms which have the power of multiplying very rapidly under favorable conditions.—Kansas Experiment Station.

Dairy Talk of Today

The University of Illinois has made records of 554 cows for a year. The lowest 130 yielded 133½ pounds of butter fat each during the year. The best 130 produced 301 pounds.

Licensing Bulls.

A writer in the Michigan Farmer advocates the licensing of bulls. This is the way he reasons on the question: "If a license fee of \$5 or \$10 per year was required for each sire in use it would, I believe, prove a panacea for the evil and work much improvement in the dairy stock of the country. The owner of a scrub bull would not pay the fee, and his animal would in consequence be debarred from service. The owner of a good bull, on the other hand, could well afford to take out a license for his animal, as he would no longer have to meet the competition of cheap scrub bulls, and, in my opinion, the stock of a community would show such steady improvement that the plan, when once given a thorough trial, would find general favor."

Tainted Milk.

The following experiment shows to what extent the surroundings may influence the product of the factory. Milk allowed to stand near cow stable or pigpen overnight showed but little, if any, injurious flavor, but when cheese was made from such milk it only scored twenty-seven in flavor at the end of eight weeks, selling for 5 cents per pound, while cheese made from the same milk kept free from taint sold for 11 cents.

Unsafe and Unbusinesslike.

Guessing at the amount of milk is unsafe and unbusinesslike. It is surprising, though nevertheless true, that the regular milker of any cow in a herd where the milk is not weighed regularly can seldom guess within 1,500 or 2,000 pounds of her actual yearly milk production.

A SOURCE OF DISEASE.

Beware the Man Who Blows Smoke Through His Nostrils.

A popular practice of many smokers consists in discharging the smoke inhaled, especially from cigarettes, through the nostrils. This is even considered by some to be essential to the full enjoyment of the flavor of the tobacco.

The London Lancet, while acknowledging that perhaps under ordinary circumstances no harm is done to the smoker save to his sense of smell, has sounded a note of warning against the habit as a possible disseminator of disease. Hay fever and other annoying complaints have been spread through unsuspecting households by the unthinking visitor who habitually blew smoke through his nose.

The surface traversed by the tobacco smoke before issuing from the nose, it is remarked by the Lancet, is moistened with the natural secretion of the mucous membrane lining it, and this secretion is mingled with the fluid discharged from the conjunctival sac protecting the eyes. It therefore contains numerous micro organisms, which, floating in the air, have become attached to the moist and sticky surface of the conjunctiva, as well as those which pass over the surface of the nasal membrane. As Tyndall long ago showed, germs are completely filtered off from the air inhaled by the extensive and irregular surfaces presented by the turbinal bones. These germs are carried into the air by the man who blows smoke through his nostrils.

A SENSE OF DIRECTION.

The Prime Requisite For Making a True Woodsman.

A sense of direction I should name as the prime requisite for him who would become a true woodsman, depending on himself rather than on guides. The faculty is largely developed of course by much practice, but it must be born. Some men possess it; others do not—just as some men have a mathematical bent, while to others figures are always a despair. It is a sort of extra, having nothing to do with criterions of intelligence or mental development, like the repeater movement in a watch. A highly educated, cultured man may lack it; the roughest possess it. Some who have never been in the woods or mountains acquire in the space of a vacation a fair facility at picking a way, and I have met a few who have spent their lives on the prospect trail and who were still and always would be as helpless as the newest city dweller. It is a gift, a talent. If you have its tiniest germ you can become a traveler of the wide and lonely places. If you have it not you may as well resign yourself to guides.—Stewart Edward White in Outing Magazine.

Science and Morality.

The true student of the professional or technical school becomes heir to a comprehensive and clear understanding of his duties and responsibilities in his relations to his fellow men and to the community. Those duties and responsibilities present themselves to his trained mind in their real proportion. He is neither nondeveloped nor maldeveloped in his judgment of affairs. His university training, especially in the technical school, has taught him accuracy and penetration in the analysis of any proposition confronting him and that truth and knowledge must be sought with the directness of a plumb line. Science yields nothing but confusion to the shifty, devious and dishonest inquirer. The fundamentals of morality are the very stepping stones to technical success or professional attainment.—Scientific American.

The Hellbender.

"There's no reason why the hellbender shouldn't be good to eat," said a scientist. "Its principal food is the crayfish, the same as the principal food for bass. The hellbender belongs to the same family of amphibians as the frog and is very closely related. Both are hatched from the egg, and both pass through the tadpole stage before reaching maturity. The hellbender is a mighty fine fish, as any one can prove to himself if he will conquer his natural aversion." The hellbender is found principally in streams about the foothills of the Allegheny mountains.

The Saddle.

Early Greeks and Romans rode horses bareback. They regarded it as effeminate to ride in a saddle. The modern saddle, with pommel, crupper and stirrups, was unknown to the ancients. Nero gave out fancy coverings to his cavalry, and the bareback riders of the German forests used to laugh at them. Saddles with trees came into use in the fourth century, stirrups three centuries later.

Standing and Sitting.

David Slowpaw—I shall bring you back those dark trousers to be resented, Mr. Snip. You know I sit a good deal. Mr. Snip (tailor)—All right, and if you'll bring the bill I sent you six months ago I will be pleased to receipt that also. You know I've stood a good deal.—London Tit-Bits.

Properly Situated.

"They may say what they like against him," said the convicted one's defender, "but his heart is in the right place."
"Yes," assented the other, "and so is the rest of him for a few years."

Practical.

"What did she say when she heard he was dead in love with her?"
"She wanted to know if he carried any life insurance."—New York Times.

AN EMERGENCY SPEECH.

It Soothed the Indians and Probably Saved General Gaines.

People often say very funny things in times of emergency. It was fortunate for the general whose conciliatory efforts are described in Mrs. Jefferson Davis' life of her husband, that the Indians with whom the men were dealing had no great sense of humor. Lieutenant Davis, then on the staff of General Gaines, had accompanied his superior officer to a conference with the chiefs of the Sac nation.

The council met in a tent. The warriors, decked with war paint and feathers, sat scowling and silent, their arms stacked near by. Seated with them was a dark old woman, shrunken to a mere skeleton, clothed in white woolen. She held herself with great majesty of mien.

The general began the council in a hesitating manner. He explained that it was necessary for the Indians to move on, for the white man must have the territory. At this the old squaw became greatly excited and began speaking with vehemence. She declared that the Sacs must die on their own hunting ground. The general showed considerable irritation at her tirade and spoke to the interpreter.

"Tell her—a—that—a—woman is not expected to interfere between the—a—white and Indian braves. She must be silent."

The squaw rose from her seat with great impressiveness and stretched her skinny arms above her head with a wild gesture.

"Does he say I am to be silent in the councils of my people? In these veins runs the blood of the last of the Sac kings. It is my right to speak."

The chiefs rose about her, stirred by her words, gesticulating angrily. It was plain that trouble was at hand, and the Indians far outnumbered the whites.

The general calmly listened until the speech was interpreted. Then he rose, with a sweep of the hand, to command silence.

"Mr. Interpreter," he said, "tell her—a—that—a—my mother was—a woman."

This revelation brought grunts of satisfaction from the Indians, and the frankness of the statement pleased the old princess. Order was restored, and the council proceeded with the business in hand.

Evicted the Wrong Fish.

It happens sometimes that the cure is worse than the disease. It was in the case of the mother who tried to break her little Theodore of the habit of taking sweets off the sideboard. "We often have bonbons when there are guests to luncheon," she said, "and although Theodore promises not to touch them he always does."

"You might do as I did in the same circumstances," suggested the neighbor, smiling reminiscently.

"What did you do?"

"I carefully removed the inside filling from a chocolate drop and stuffed the shell with red pepper."
"Did it work?"

"It might have worked," replied the neighbor, "if Johnny had happened to spy it. As it was, I forgot all about it in the press of other matters, and at dinner time the guest of the evening got it."

Conscientious.

At a cricket match, Married versus Single, the former took first innings, and chiefly by the aid of some blind hits by one of the players, named Jones, made a score of 84. Just as the bachelors were about to commence their innings news of a local railway accident, in which some of the passengers had been killed, reached the field.

"I'm in a bit of a quandary," said Jones to the curate who had organized the match. "My missus was in that train."

"Dear me. I'm sorry to hear it," was the reply. "You are anxious to get away, of course?"

"Well, no, sir. It ain't that. I was only thinking if anything has happened to my Mary I ought to be playing for the single chaps."—London Queen.

Willing to Oblige.

A little cockney boy from one of the back slums in London was invited, with about thirty others, to a charity dinner given at the house of a lady in fashionable society. When dinner was over the lady asked the little ones to sing or recite in turn. All went well until it came to the little cockney lad's turn, but he made no sign of starting to sing or recite until the lady said, "Come, Tommy, let me hear you sing." After a moment's pause the young guest answered, "I can't, liddy." "What," said the lady, "you cannot sing?" Then what can you do, Tommy?" "Well," said Tommy, "I aren't used to singing, but I'll do my best. I'll fight any of the other kids in the room."

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