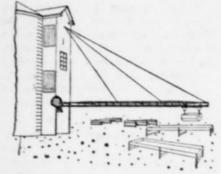
FOR REMOVING SILAGE TO PREPARE LAND FOR CORN

Description of Devices in Use for That Purpose.

Overhead Feed Carrier Is Advisable Where Silo Is Adjacent to Feed Yard-Much Depends on Number of Stock to Be Fed.

(By L. W. CHASE.) From two to three inches of silage should be removed from the entire surface of the silo daily during the summer months and at least half of this amount in the winter. In the above-ground silos the silage may be dug loose with a silage fork and allowed to fall down through the chute to the ground, where it may be loaded into the cart or carriers and fed where desired: or it may be dropped directly into a cart, carrier, or wagon, and taken to the stock.

If the silo is adjacent to the barn and there is a smooth way from silo to feed manger, a simple silage cart is the most convenient device for



Illustrating How a Swing Track May Be Attached to a Strong Silo and the Silage Distributed to Several Feed Bunks.

taking the silage to the stock. The cart can be left beneath the silo chute and filled from above without reshoveling the silage. Loose silage weighs about 18.5 pounds per cubic foot, and this should be given consideration when building a cart for a definite capacity.

More often than otherwise the silo pends upon the number of stock to be fed. Such a carrier may easily be arswing track may be attached to the silo and the silage distributed to several feed bunks.

When several carloads of stock are being fed silage, the most convenient scheme is to throw the feed into a wagon and distribute it to the feed bunks with a team.

Some sort of hoisting device should be used in pit and semipit silos. Where the pit is more than ten feet deep, hand hoists and power hoists are being used for this purpose. The simplest hoist is that of the bucket raised hand over hand, but this requires one person in the pit and another above ground. A better scheme and one which is practical where the silo is located in the barn between the mangers, is to obtain several baskets and equip them with stiff bails, then use them as follows: Fill the baskets and place them in the silo convenient for raising, climb out of the silo, and a basket of silage to it and hoist it hook, and hook another basket.

to pit silos as well, consists of a threethan the weight of the cart and the silage.

A horse-power hoisting device is easily used for silos entirely below ter pasturing is bad for it. ground. These silos have an opening



An Adaptation of a Feeding Arrangefor Above-Ground Silo as for Bank Silos.

in the roof through which silage is hoisted. The carrier is a box about four feet long by two feet wide, having a hinged bottom. The box is hoisted and pulled over to the dump chute by means of one horse. A trip rope allows the operator to dump the silage through the chute and return the carrier. An ordinary hayfork cable and carrier are used. This same arrangement may be used for feeding into several bunks.

Well-Fitting Collar.

See that the collar is large enough, and fits properly to the shoulder of the horse. Sore neck is usually caused by a pinching of the collar. Never carry buckles or snaps on the hames in such a way that they may work under the collar and cause ugly sores.

Beauty in Straight Rows. Straight rows enhance the appearance of the orchard. It will pay to have a surveyor set the stakes for the trees.

Frequent Use of Harrow and Disk Previous to Planting Time Is Recommended by Expert.

By O. M. OLSON, Minnesota Experiment Station.)

The preparation of land for the coming corn crop should receive special attention. There is an absolute certainty that a large amount of weak seed is going to be used this year, and every possible assistance should be given to promote its germination, principally in the preparation of the seed bed.

If corn is to be expected to grow readily, it must have a small amount of air, some moisture and sufficient warmth. The proper combination of these conditions is best obtained in a well-worked, mellow seed bed. Such preparation of the seed bed not only conserves soil-moisture and destroys weeds, but it also warms the soil to an appreciable extent. A frequent use of the harrow and the disk, previous to planting time, not only prepares the seed bed in the various ways mentioned, but every one of the operations may justly be called a cultivation of the growing crop, even though

the seed is still unplanted. In the case of spring plowing, the repeated use of the harrow may put the surface in excellent condition. and still leave the bottom of the furrow slice in a poorly prepared condition. It is much better to continue the working of spring plowing with the harrow and the disk, as this additional work has a tendency to compact the furrow slice and improves the conditions of growth. By all means, properly prepare the seed bed for this year's corn crop.

WINTER PASTURE OF ALFALFA

Serious Mistake Made by Many Farmers in Allowing Stock to Run Over It at Pleasure.

More farmers are growing alfalfa today than have ever grown it and some of them are making a serious mistake in letting stock run on it during the fall and winter. To a great many of them it is a new crop and they fail to see where letting a few stands either in or adjacent to the head of milch cows or sheep run on it feed yard, in which case there is very during the fall and winter is going to seldom a smooth way from silo to do it any harm. It does seem rather with all ease and without injury.

Alfalfa is a plant that differs very plimentary eye. greatly from some other forage



Alfalfa Leaves.

by means of a hook on a rope, hook growing and maturing crops that have been clipped off by the mower. It has After the basket is emptied, been fighting weeds and crab grass drop it back into the silo, release the and has not had the opportunity to build up its own root structures very A homemade hoisting device for much. In the fall, if left to itself, it semipit silos and which can be adapted will make a strong and needed growth that will insure a heavy crop next inch pipe carrying a wooden wheel and summer. When alfalfa starts growtwo drums. An old milk can filled ing in the fall it is storing up energy with scrap iron is used as a counter- in its roots system and this energy weight. It should be slightly lighter will be used next season. It will shoot up vigorously next spring and will be all the stronger because of its sate fall growth. That is why fall or win-

RIGHT FEEDING FOR CALVES

Flaxseed Jelly Is Excellent Substitute for Fat or Cream-Give Some Bran and Whole Oats.

There is no need of feeding the ornot be made suddenly, nor without to her foolish old eyes. substitutes for the fat or cream. To ment Which Can Be Used as Well from the milk, as well as to furnish Twin Coves with his hired man, and jelly. This jelly should be added in small quantities at first and slowly in. When Samuel drove up to the front ter take a leetle scooter sail." He adshould be fed. Some clean, sweet hay ets and coats. will be found a valuable addition to the ration at a very early age.

Care of Breeding Stock.

Prospects are indeed bright for good prices for live stock of all kinds for some years to come. If we are going to make the most of our opportunity we should take the best care possible of the breeding stock this winter. Give them comfortable quarters, plenty of bedding and the right kind of reed that they may be in the best of condition for the coming year.

Old Lady Number 31

LOUISE FORSSLUND Author of "The Story of Sarah"
"The Ship of Dreams"
Etc.

Copyright by The Century Co. SYNOPSIS.

Captain Abraham Rose and Angeline, captain Abraham Rose and Angeline, his wife, have lost their little home through Abe's unlucky purchase of Tena-fly Gold mining stock. Their household goods sold, the \$100 auction money, all they have left, will place Abe in the Old Man's home, or Angy in the Old Lady's home. Both are self-sacrificing but Abe decides: "My dear, this is the fust time decides: "My dear, this is the fust time. Man's home, or Angy in the Old Lady's home. Both are self-sacrificing but Abe decides: "My dear, this is the fust time I've had a chance to take the wust of it." The old couple bid good-by to the little house. Terror of "what folks will say" sends them along by-paths to the gate of the Old Ladies' home. Miss Abigail, matron of the Old Ladies' home, hears of the ill fortune of the old couple. She tells the other old ladies, and Blossy, who has paid a double fee for the only double bedchamber, voices the unanimous verdict that Abe must be taken in with his wife. Abe awakens next morning to find that he is "Old Lady No. 31." The old ladies give him such a warm welcome that he is made to feel at home at once. "Brother Abe" expands under the warm reception of the sisters, and a reign of peace begins in the Old Ladies' home. Abe is the center of the community. The semi-annual visit of Blossy's aged lover, Capt. Samuel Darby, is due. Abe advises her to marry him. For the first time the captain falls to appear. Blossy consults Abe so often resgarding Darby, his old captain in the life-saving service, that gossip begins to buzz. Aunt Nancy takes Abe to task for filriting with Blossy. He is much concerned when he learns that Angy is jealous. Blossy drives away with Darby to be married. Abe loses popularity. The change reacts on him and the doctor orders him to bed. Then he is at the mercy of the old ladies. Darby comes to see him. The old captain suggests a week's hardening up at the old lifesaving station, and old captain suggests a week's harden-up at the old lifesaving station, and two old cronies make plans for the Angy plans to visit Blossy while

CHAPTER XIII-Continued.

She perched herself on her little horsehair trunk, which she had packed bunks. An overhead feed carrier is unreasonable at first for plants that to take to Blossy's, looking in her then generally advisable. This de have grown vigorously all summer, time-worn silk gown like a rusty been cut two or three times and are blackbird, and, like a bird, she bent still growing vigorously, that it should her head first to one side and then ranged. If the yards are small a carry a few cows through the winter the other, surveying Abe in his "barrel clothes" with a critical but com-

"Wonder who made that necktie?" she questioned. "I'll bet yer 'twas Aunt Nancy; she's got a sharp tongue, but a lot of silk pieces an' a tender spot in her heart fer yew, Abe. Ruby Lee says she never thought yew'd bring her around; yew're dretful takin' in yer ways, father, thar's no use a-talkin'."

Abraham glanced at himself in the glass, and pulled at his heard, his countenance not altogether free from a self-conscious vanity.

"I hain't sech a bad-lookin' when I'm dressed up, be I, mother? I dunno ez it's so much fer folks ter say I look like Abe Lincoln, after all; he was dretful humbly."

"Father," Angy said coaxingly, 'why don't yer put some o' that air 'sweet stuff' Miss Abigail give yer on ver hair? She'll feel real hurt ef she don't smell it on yer when yew go down stairs."

Abe made a wry face, took up the tiny bottle of "Jockey Club," and rubbed a few drops on his hands. His hands would wash, and so he could find some way of removing the odor before he reached the station andthe men.

"I'll be some glad ter git away from these here fussy old hens fer a spell," he grumbled, as he slammed the vial back on the bureau; but Angy looked so reproachful and grieved that he felt ashamed of his ingratitude, and asked with more gentleness:

"Yew goin' ter miss me, mother?" Then the old wife was ashamed to find herself shaking of a sudden, and grown wretchedly afraid-afraid of the separation, afraid of the "hardening" process, afraid of she knew not

what. "I'm glad 'tain't goin' ter be fer all dinary calf for a longer period than winter this time," she said simply; a weekly, went to pres, and he wore one week on whole milk. Of course then arose to open the door in order that worried look now. Touching his the change to sweet skim milk should that he might not see the rush of tears hand to his fur cap, he informed Sam-

According to the arrangement, Capreplace the fat that has been removed tain Darby was to drive over from additional protein, there is nothing Ezra, after taking the two old men to plied Samuel, who believed that he that can take the place of flaxseed the bay, was to return to the Home hated publicity, as he gave Abe's foot

creased. Begin with a dessertspoonful door, he found Abe pacing the porch, justed the skirt of his coat in an in each feed and gradually increase his coat collar turned up about his effort to hide Abe's carpetbag, his own until about a cupful is being fed night neck, his shabby fur cap pulled over canvas satchel, and a huge market and morning to the three-months-old his brow, his carpetbag on the step, basket of good things which Blossy calf. To prepare this jelly steep one and, piled on the bench at the side of had cooked for the life-savers. "Seen pound of whole flaxseed in water al. the door, an assortment of woolen anythink of that air Eph Seaman?" most boiling, until a thick paste re- articles fully six feet high, which aft- Samuel added, shading his eyes with sults. It should be kept cool and sweet erward developed to be shawls, capes, his hand and peering out upon the until fed. In addition to the flaxseed hoods, comforters, wristlets, leggings, gleaming surface of the bay, over jelly a little dry bran and whole oats nubias, fascinators, guernseys, blank- which the white sails of scooters were

> Abe was fuming and indignant, scornful of the contributions, and vowing that, though the sisters might regard a scooter as a freight ocean liner, he would carry nothing with him new runners at the side of his scooter but what he wore and his carpetbag.

venturers, that Abraham found himself in the carriage before he had kissed Angy good-by.

He had shaken hands, perhaps not altogether graciously, with every one else, even with the deaf-and-dumb gardener, who came out of his hiding place to witness the setting-out. Being dared to by all the younger sisters, he had waggishly brushed his beard against Aunt Nancy Smith's cheek, and then he had taken his place beside Samuel without a touch or word of parting to his wife.

He turned in his seat to wave to the group on the porch, his eyes resting in a sudden hunger upon Angeline's frail, slender figure, as he renembered. She knew that he had forgotten in the flurry of his leavetaking, and she would have hastened down the steps to stop the carriage; but all the old ladies were there to see, and she simply stood, and gazed slowly behind the jog trot of Samuel's safe old calico horse. She stood and looked, holding her chin very high, and trying to check its unsteadiness.

A sense of loneliness and desolation fell over the Home. Piece by piece the sisters put away all the clothing they had offered in vain to Abe. They said that the house was already dull without his presence. Miss Abigail began to plan what she should have for dinner the day of his return.

No one seemed to notice Angy. She felt that her own departure would create scarcely a stir; for, without Abraham, she was only one of a group | week at Bleak Hill. Thar, hain't that of poor old women in a semi-charity

Slowly she started up the stairs for her bonnet and the old broche shawl. When she reached the landing, where lay the knitted mat of the three-star pattern, the matron called up to her in tragic tones:

"Angy Rose, I jest thought of it. He never kissed yew good-by!"

Angy turned, her small, slender feet sinking deep into one of the woolly stars, her slim figure encircled by the light from the upper hall window. She saw a dozen faces uplifted to her, and she answered with quiet dignity:

"Abe wouldn't think of kissin' me afore folks."

Then quickly she turned again, and went to her room—their room—where she seated herself at the window, and pressed her hand against her heart, which hurt with a new, strange, unfamiliar pain, a pain that she could not have shown "afore folks."

CHAPTER XIV.

Cutting the Apron Strings. The usual hardy pleasure-seekers

that gather at the foot of Shore Lane whenever the bay becomes a field of ice and a field of sport as well were there to see the old men arrive, and as they stepped out of the carriage there came forward from among the group gathered about the fire on the beach the editor of the Shoreville Her-

Ever since his entrance into the Old until he died, and no doubt received worthy obituary, he might never again "have his name in the paper."

In former days the successive editors of the local sheet had been willing, nay, eager, to chronicle his doings and Angy's, whether Abe's old enemy, rheumatism, won a new victory over him or Angy's second cousin Ruth came from Roverhead to spend the day, or-wonder indeed to relate! -the old man mended his roof or painted the front fence. No matter what happened of consequence to Captain and Mrs. Rose, Mr. Editor had always been zealous to retail the news -before the auction sale of their household effects marked the death of the old couple, and of Abe especially, to the social world of Shoreville. What man would care to read his name between the lines of such a news item as this?

The Old Ladies' Home is making preparations for its annual quilting bee. Dona-tions of worsted, cotton batting, and linings will be gratefully received.

Mr. Editor touched his cap to the two old men. He was a keen-faced, boyish little man with a laugh bigger than himself, but he always wore a worried air the day before his paper, uel and Abe that news was "as scarce as hen's teeth;" then added: 'What's doing?"

"Oh, nawthin', nawthin'," hastily redarting like a flock of huge, singlewinged birds.

"Eph's racing with Captain Bill Green," replied the newspaper man. "Captain Bill's got an extra set of and wants to test them. Say, boys," "An' right yer be," pronounced looking from one to the other of the Samuel, with a glance at the laden old fellows, "so you're going scooterbench and a shake of his head which | ing, eh? Lively sport! Cold kind of said as plainly as words, "Brother, sport for men of your age. Do you great conflict is hard to forecast. from what am I not delivering thee?" know, I've a good mind to run in to-The sisters came bustling out of the morrow an article on Long Island and door, Mrs. Homan in the lead, Angy Longevity.' Taking headline, eh? that moment there was such a fuss, so uel would do no more than glower at |-Chicago News.

much excitement, so many instruc- | him, "to what do you attribute your tions and directions for the two ad- good health at your time of life?"

Abe grinned all over his face and cleared his throat importantly, but before he could answer, Samuel growled:

"Ter me! His health an' his life both. I dragged him up out of a deathbed only a week ago."

The editor took out his notebook and began scribbling.

"What brought you so low, Captain Rose?" he inquired without glancing up. Again, before Abe could answer, Samuel trod on his toe. "Thirty mollycoddling women-folks."

Abe found his voice and slammed the fist of one hand against the palm of the other. "If you go an' put that in the pa-

per, I'll-I'll-Words failed him. He could see the sisters fairly fighting for the possession of the Shoreville Herald tomorrow, evening, as they always scrambled, each for the first glance at the after the vehicle as it rolled away only copy taken at the home, and he could hear one reading his name aloud -reading of the black ingratitude of

their brother member.

"Jest say," he added eagerly, "that the time fer old folks ter stick home under the cellar door has passed, an' nobody is tew old ter go a-gallivantin' nowadays. An' then yew might men tion"-the old man's face was shining now as he imagined Angy's pleasure-"that Mis' Rose is gone deown ter Twin Coves ter visit Mis' Samuel Darby fer a week, an' Cap'n Darby an' Cap'n Abraham Rose," his breast swelling out, "is a-goin' ter spend a Cap'n Eph a-scootin' in naow? I guess them air new runners o' Bill Green's didn't work. He hain't nowhere in sight. He-

"Le's be a-gwine, Abe," interrupted Samuel, and leaving the editor still scribbling, he led the way down the bank with a determined trudge, his market basket in one hand, his grip in the other, and his lips muttering that "a feller couldn't dew nuthin' in Shoreville without gettin' his name in the paper." But a moment later, when the two were walking gingerly over the ice to the spot where Eph had drawn his scooter to a standstill, Samuel fell into a self-congratulatory chuckle

"He didn't find out, though, that I had my reasons for leavin' home tew. Women-folks, be it only one, hain't good all the time fer nobody. I come ter see Blossy twict a year afore we was married, reg'lar; an' naow, I cak'late ter leave her twict a year fer a spell. A week onct every six months separate an' apart," proceeded the recently made benedict, "is what makes a man an' his wife learn haow ter put up with one another in between times."

"Why, me an' Angy," began Abe, "have lived tergether year in an' year out fer-

"All aboard!" interrupted Captain Eph with a shout. "It's a fair wind. I bet on making it in five minutes and fifty seconds." Seven minutes had been the record

time for the five-mile sail over the ice Ladies' home Abe had never stopped to Bleak Hill, but Samuel and Aba chafing in secret over the fact that both vowing delightedly that the skip per couldn't go too fast for them stepped into the body of the boat and squatted down on the hard boards. They grinned at each other as the scooter started and Eph jumped aboard-grinned and waved to the people on the shore, their proud old thoughts crying:

"I guess folks will see now that

we're as young as we ever was!" They continued to grin as the boat spun into full flight and went whizzing over the ice, whizzing and bumping and bouncing. Both their faces grew red, their two pairs of eyes began to water, their teeth began to chatter; but Samuel shouted at the top of his voice in defiance of the gale:

"Abe, we've cut the apron strings!" "Hy-guy!" Abe shouted in return, his heart flying as fast as the sail, back to youth and manhood again, back to truant days and the vacation time of boyhood. "Hy-guy, Sam'l! Hain't we a-gwine ter have a reg'lar A No. 1 spree!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BADLY AFFECTED BY WIND

Prodigious Speed of Projectiles In Warfare Has Been Known to Overcome Soldiers.

That the wind of projectiles causes the death of soldiers is a theory advanced by Professor Laurent of Brussels, who read a paper on this subject before the French Acadamy of Science During the Balkan war, Professor Laurent said he had noticed soldiers who. seemingly, were troubled from cerebrospinal disturbances, although having escaped a bullet. Sometimes the victims became cataleptic and in less serious cases there were symptoms of fainting, tingling sensations and partial paralysis.

In instances where this mysterious infliction caused death, autopsies were held and these invariably revealed no nervous lesions. Then it occurred to Professor Laurent that the variations of atmospheric pressure caused by the half." passing of the projectile had an effect upon the nerve cells, causing inhibition.

Dr. Matigon, during the Russia-Japan var, reported similar cases, particularly after a severe bombardment. As projectiles gain not only in size but in speed, as the years go on, just what the toll from wind will be in the next

Once Over.

Some men attract more attention submerged in the crowd, and from Captain Rose," turning to Abe as Sam- than a thermometer on a pleasant day



HOW TO CATCH GREASE FISH

Bore Hole in Water and Bait Surface With Dried Prunes-Fish Swells and Can't Get Back.

When Fred Heiskell was city editor of the Arkansas Gazette, a cub reporter turned in a "story" that ran like this: "Buck Seymour was seen with a two-inch auger going down the iver road this morning. Wonder what Buck is after now?"

"Here, young man," called out the ity editor, "this story is incomplete. We don't print that kind of items in the Gazette. Tell what Buck was doing with the auger."

"I-I didn't find out," the cub stamnered.

"Well, I'll tell you this one time. Plainly, he was going after grease fish. You catch 'em by boring a hole in the water and balting the surface with dried prunes. The grease fish comes out, eats the prunes and swells up so he can't get pack in the hole."-New York Evening Mail.

Merely an Oversight.

The party with the uncut hair had bearded the newspaper editor in his air and submitted some verseletsnot necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty that his nerve was still

"I fail to see any sense in this stuff," growled the man behind the blue pen-

The verse carpenter glanced at the nanuscript in the editorial hands. "Pardon me," he said, "I made a mistake and handed you a poem intended or a magazine."-Indianapolis Star.

He Came From Boston.

Professor Zueblin once told the folowing story to illustrate how Boston people are looked on in the West; "In San Francisco a gentleman once

gave a boy a nickel for a shine. "'I beg your pardon, sir,' said the bootblack, handing back the coin.

The price is ten cents." 'What!' exclaimed the gentleman; so hav only five cents in 'Oh, be you from Boston?' came the quick reply. 'Then consider your-self my guest.'"

Indebted to Uncle Sam.

A Boston tourist who was staying at Stratford-on-Avon said to his landlord one morning, "Who is this Shakespeare of whom one hears so much in this town? Was he a very great man?"

"Lor, sir," was the reply, "he warn't thought nothing on a few years ago. It's the Americans as has made 'im what 'e is."

TOO MILD FOR HIM.



Bang-Jones doesn't seem to take any interest in the game at all. Wang-Well, you see, he has just returned from the Congo, and I presume even football seems a bit tame after

Asked and Answered. "What is love?" asked the fair but

innocent maid from Marion. "Love," replied the knowing young widow from Washington, "is something that induces a bachelor to exchange good quarters for a better

The Proper Kind.

"I wonder what kind of fish the student party who have ordered dinner would prefer?"

"As I understand they all belong to the boat team, why not give them roe?"

The Supreme Test. "Star actors take the ground that Bacon really wrote the Shakespeare

plays." "Because the star parts in the plays are such 'fat' ones."