

# COURIER SUPPLEMENT



## THE QUALITY OF ENSILAGE.

Conditions as Regards the Filling of Silos, Good Cutter and Steady Power.

Whether made from fresh cut or wilted fodder corn, the quality of the ensilage will be good if the necessary conditions as regards the building and filling of the silo have been observed. Very watery fodder will give sour ensilage. The more water in the fodder—that is, the greener it is cut—the more acid will be found in the ensilage. The common practice among "ensilers" of late years has been to cut the fodder one day and fill it into the silo the next day or as soon after as convenient. Many claim that in this way we handle an unnecessary quantity of water in the fodder, and that the better way is to leave the corn shocked in the field for a week or ten days before filling the silo, so as to allow the excess of water to evaporate. In connection with the foregoing, Prairie Farmer says:

We shall probably in the future see this latter method practiced more than before, since with our present deep silo there is generally enough pressure in the silo to secure good ensilage. When the weather is good, the corn will not suffer much, but if the prospects are there will be much rain it is better to haul the fodder to the feed cutter right away and fill it into the silo. But the essential thing is to have a good cutter and steady power.

The cutter should be placed close to the silo and the carrier adjusted so as to drop the cut corn near the middle of the silo. The cutter should be a powerful one. By trying to economize on a cutter many farmers lose in a few days enough money to purchase the cutter they need. The cutter should have a capacity of three tons per hour at least. For this two to four horses will be needed on a sweep power. A good two horse tread is an excellent power, or a gasoline engine will be found just the thing.

Have everything about the cutter snug and tight, so that the cut corn will not fly all over and be wasted. The carrier should be made of chain and slats, as the pieces of corn would wet a rubber belt carrier and cause it to slip. To run rapidly and continuously and to do its work well, none but the best machines will do. By using two or more wagons for hauling the fodder can be passed from the wagon directly to the cutter without unloading on the ground. Arrange every detail about the cutter so as to economize all the time and labor possible, for plenty of both may be easily lost if the strictest attention is not given to details.

### Harvesting Kaffir Corn.

Professor Georgheson gives this advice in a farmers' bulletin: The crop should be cut and shocked as soon as the grain is ripe. English sparrows will damage it badly if they have the chance. Over-ripeness also causes the white Kaffir corn to shell when handled. Unlike corn, all varieties have the very desirable quality of remaining green after the grain matures until killed by frost. The fodder is therefore still in excellent condition when the grain ripens, and, when cured, will make better feed than if the plant had dried up, as the corn plant does.

The crop can be harvested in several ways. At the Kansas station it is usually cut with a sled cutter, which takes two rows at a time. The cutter is pulled by one horse and requires two attendants—one to care for each row. The crop is collected in armfuls as cut and shocked. Any good corn-cutter will do the work. It can, of course, also be cut by hand if a machine is not available. A light, short crop may even be cut with a self binder. Some growers use a header, collecting the heads only and leaving the fodder to be eaten off by stock. The header will cut off a large per cent of green leaves with the heads, which renders the curing of the latter, preparatory to the thrashing, more difficult. In that case it is best to pile them with layers of dry straw to prevent heating.

### Prunes in the Pacific Northwest.

From careful investigations The Rural Northwest has learned that prunes are grown in 20 counties of Oregon, in acreages ranging from 20 acres in Curry county to 5,000 acres in Douglass county. The total for the state is given at 28,370 acres. Washington produces prunes in 27 counties, and the smallest acreage in any county is 50 acres in both Columbia and Kittitas. The total acreage is 11,500 acres. Six counties in Idaho produce prunes in quantity, and the total acreage is 6,450 acres, of which Ada and Canyon counties have 4,500 acres; total for the three states, 46,820 acres of prune orchards.

## HARVESTING CORN STOVER.

Corn Harvesting Machines—The Shredder Adds Value to the Stover.

Nothing short of necessity will cause a man to feed long stalks in the barn when they can be shredded, thus making a feed almost as convenient to handle as hay. To the extensive stock feeder corn stover is a necessity. It furnishes a rough feed which is much cheaper than hay and superior to oat straw. With the small farmer it is more a question of economy. The foregoing expressions are those of an Illinois farmer who doesn't believe in leaving the corn fodder out in the field all winter. On the subject of harvesting he has the following to say through the columns of The Prairie Farmer:

We may safely say that in cutting for stover allow the corn to stand as late as possible without losing the greenness of the leaves. The advent of the corn harvester has greatly facilitated, or rather will facilitate, the gathering of the fodder. In some cases last year the harvester worked very satisfactorily, while in others it was discarded for hand cutting. We have no doubt, however, of its future efficiency. These machines cut one row as fast as the team walks and tie the stalks in a neat bundle very convenient for shocking and handling either in feeding or shredding. There seems, however, to be some danger of the bundles molding inside. The shocks should contain 10 to 12 hills square of stalks, and, if intended to stand for some time, should be tied with tarred string; otherwise ordinary binder twine will do.

There are various contrivances for cutting corn by horse power. The most successful we have seen working was one in operation in Kansas two years with us in the national ideal "free ago. It was drawn by a single horse to say the thing he will," but when he and cut one row by means of knives. It has said it he comes under very strict was operated by one man standing on the platform and collecting the stalks what is said shall not be libelous or until an armful was cut, when he would blasphemous or improper. Colonel In-step off and place it in the shock or upon gersoll, the American apostle of disbe-the ground. It was really a saver of time the time and labor, and therefore successful. have passed half his life in prison.—

The shredder is another machine which will add value to the stover. It enables the farmer to get more feed for the stock and also to have the feed in a more convenient and satisfactory form for handling. By shredding we obtain more feed from the stover while it can be stored in the barn or in stacks and fed as conveniently as hay. Our experience would show that it keeps perfectly when shredded in the fall, which is certainly a much better time for handling it than to be compelled to haul direct from the field during the rough weather of winter. We have found that the ordinary thrashing machine does the work equally as well as a shredder, the only objection being that the corn is shredded and badly broken, and, of course, will not keep if thrown into a bin, especially in the fall. But if the grain can be fed, it certainly makes a rapid and satisfactory way to handle the feed.

### Cotton in Georgia.

The three best varieties as shown by five years' test at the Georgia station are King's Improved, Jones' Reimproved and Hutchinson's Storm Prolific. King's has small boll and small seed, but stood first as to total value of lint and seed. Jones' has large boll and large seed and stands first as to the value of seed product, but second as to value of total product. King's is a very early cotton, rather small plant, and bears close planting. Lowlands, fresh lands, lands with north slope and lands in the northern part of the cotton growing belt should be planted to an early variety. The five year experiments show that the best distance for plants is one foot apart in rows four feet apart, in middle Georgia. The richer the land and the farther south the greater the distance. Commercial fertilizer paid a profit when less than 800 pounds per acre was used; 800 to 1,100 pounds paid expenses, but 1,200 pounds resulted in a loss. It did not pay to divide the amount into several doses, to be applied at different times during the growing season. Bed on all the fertilizer save 50 or 100 pounds per acre before planting and put this 50 or 100 pounds in drill with seed at time of planting. This starts off the young plants till their roots reach the main supply. A mixture of 468 pounds acid phosphate, 86 pounds muriate of potash and 286 pounds cottonseed meal per acre was the best fertilizer used.

### Grass for Lowlands.

Sow the grasses on the rye and cover them with the harrow. Do this as soon as possible after the ground is dry in the spring. Sow timothy, red top and alsike clover. Use four pounds of timothy, three pounds of red top and three pounds alsike clover per acre. These three varieties go nicely together. They all flourish best on low land. The overflow should help rather than harm them, and they mature about the same time. It is somewhat surprising that alsike clover is not more grown when we call to mind its affinity for such situations and the excellence of the hay which it produces.—Prairie Farmer.

### Successful Grasshopper Catcher.

The grasshopper catcher successfully tested by Professor Goff of the Wisconsin state university station consists of a sheet iron shallow trough, 10 feet long

and 2 feet wide, with a canvas back 4 feet high, which extends over and in front of the ends. The trough is nearly filled with a cloth saturated with kerosene, which is also used on the canvas. The machine is either pulled or pushed, and the hoppers, in trying to escape, strike the canvas, fall into the trough and are stupefied or killed by the kerosene. The best results are obtained when the grasshoppers are young and unable to fly.

### Costly Insect Pests.

A statistician calculates that the depredations of insect pests cost the fruit growers of the United States \$200,000,000 annually, while the entomologists say that 75 per cent of this loss can be prevented by the proper application of insecticides.

### Special English Traits.

The intellectual specialty of the English, as we should contend, is their impatience of abstract ideas, their inability to believe that because an idea is sound they are, therefore, bound, even when it is inconvenient, to push it to its logical result. They insist on self government, but are quite content to tolerate monarchy and aristocracy. They hold to religious liberty as a dogma, but tax all landlords indifferently to support an established church. They believe in the equality of citizens and tolerate the most astounding differences in the amount of voting power which is assigned to each, so that a Londoner has scarcely a third of the power to influence laws possessed by an Arcadian or man of Kilkenny.

They swear by the franchise as the sheet anchor of liberty, but do not fret, if they get liberty, because the franchise is a restricted one. Every man one in operation in Kansas two years with us is in the national ideal "free ago. It was drawn by a single horse to say the thing he will," but when he and cut one row by means of knives. It has said it he comes under very strict was operated by one man standing on the platform and collecting the stalks what is said shall not be libelous or until an armful was cut, when he would blasphemous or improper. Colonel In-step off and place it in the shock or upon gersoll, the American apostle of disbe-the ground. It was really a saver of time the time and labor, and therefore successful. have passed half his life in prison.—

### Paul Revere's Tower.

It is saddening for the patriotic tourist after he has gazed with reverence at the towers of old Christ church to be told that he is not seeing the original windows from which Paul Revere hung out his lanterns, but a copy, the real tower having been blown down in the great gale of 1804. However, there are plenty of genuine relics inside—where the vast majority of Boston never goes. There are still the old deep window seats, the balcony surrounding the church, with its supporting pillars and upper arches; the top "slaves' gallery," and the antique pews. The bottom of the ancient pulpit of hourglass shape is left us, but the top was given away by the church officials in 1830. The clock under the rail has told of the fight of the man with the scythe for 150 years; the "Vinegar Bible," prayer books, and silver communion service bearing the royal arms were gifts from King George II in 1733; the huge christening basin came from a parishioner in 1730. The marble bust of Washington against the wall was the earliest memorial erected to the Father of His Country, having been placed in position but ten years after his death.—Boston Traveller.

### A Boy's Sympathy.

A 14-year-old boy went into his mother's presence with one eye black, his lips swollen and a ragged scratch across his cheek, the blood from which he had wiped off with his shirt sleeve. "Nicodemus," cried the parent as he crawled in, "have you been fighting again?" "No," he sullenly grunted. "Then what on earth ails your face?" "Jim Green's ma's dead," he replied. "Well, suppose she is. What's that to do with your disfigured face?" "I seed Jim just now," answered the boy, "and he looked awful sad and lonesome." "Well?" "I didn't know what ter do ter make him bright and happy like, and, feelin' sorry for him, I jest went up and let him hit me a few licks." "Did it help him?" asked the mother. "Help him?" echoed the boy in a surprised tone. "Of course it did. Don't you think it'd make you feel good to bust a fellow that way what had licked you every week for a year?"—Pearson's Weekly.

### Jamaica Folklore Sayings.

Ebery day bucket go da well; one day bottom drop out.  
What costs notin git good weight.  
Patient man drive jakkass.  
One time fool no fool; two time fool him da fool.  
When towel turn tablecloth, dere's no bearin wid it. (Directed against codfish aristocracy.)  
Me dead bog a'ready; me no min hot water.  
When cow tail cut off, God Almighty brush fly fi him. (Apparently another way of saying "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.")  
Spit in de sky, it fall in your face. (A maxim of prudence.)  
Big blanket mek man sleep late.  
Too much sit down broke trousers.  
Shut moat' no catch fly. (A plea for silence.)—Journal of American Folk-

## DREAM MYSTERIES.

MAY BE SHADY MEMORIES OF PREVIOUS EXISTENCE.

Little Satisfaction Found in the Many Explanations Given For the Formation of the Phantasmagoria Which Come to Us as We Sleep.

In a thoughtful, well written article on "Dreams and Their Mysteries," in The North American Review, Elizabeth Bisland reminds us that we are so familiar with the phenomena of sleep that the strangest dreams come as no surprise. She says, truly:

"Prove that you have the hypnotic power to make a man feel pain or pleasure without material cause; that you can force him to believe himself a soldier, say, or a woman, or that he is three feet high, or two persons at once, and he will gape upon this occult mastery with awe and wild surprise—he who every 24 hours of his life, with no more magic potion than healthy fatigue, with no greater wonder working weapon than a pillow, may create for himself phantasms of delusions beside which all mesmeric suggestions are but the faintest of dull commonplace."

Because people are afraid of being thought superstitious with regard to dreams there has been an unscientific avoidance of the whole topic, which is no less superstitious and puerile, the consequence of which foolish revulsion has been that one of the most curious functions of the brain is still in a period of universal investigation—left unexamined and unexplained. Some dabbling there has been in the matter, but so far no tenable explanation has been offered of those strange illusions of sleep with which all mankind is familiar. The results up to this time of this dabbling are for the most part of little more value than the contents of the greasy, well thumbed dreambooks that formed the only and dearly beloved library of eighteenth century milkmaids and apprentices. The greater portion of such labor as has been bestowed on the subject has been mainly directed toward efforts to prove the extreme rapidity with which the dream passes through the mind, and that it is some trivial outward cause at the moment of rousing from slumber, such as a noise, a light or the like, which wakes the brain to this marvellous celerity of imaginative creation.

The general conviction that dreams occur only at the instant of the awakening shows how little real attention has been bestowed upon the matter, since the most casual observation of "the dog that hunts in dreams" would show that he may be chasing the wild deer and following the roe in the gray kingdom of seeming without breaking his slumbers. He will start and twitch and give tongue after the phantom quarry he dreams himself pursuing. But given the truth of any one of these assertions, still the heart of the mystery has not yet been plucked out, since it is not explained why a noise or a gleam of light—such as the senses are quite familiar with in waking consciousness—should at the moment of rousing cause the brain to create with inconceivable rapidity a series of phantasmagoria in order to explain to itself the familiar phenomena of light or sound.

It is broadly asserted by many that the memory retains each and every experience which life has presented for its contemplation, but this is hardly true. It makes to a certain extent a choice and chooses oftentimes with apparent caprice. To demonstrate the truth of this, let one endeavor to recall the first impression retained by his childish mind, and it usually proves to be something extremely trivial.

A lady, interrogated as to this, declared her first clear memory was a sense of the comfort to her tired little 2-year-old body of the clean linen sheets of the bed at the end of the most perilous and adventurous journey, and of whose startling incidents her memory had preserved nothing. Again this capricious faculty will seize on some few high lights in a vivid picture and reject all the unimportant details. As a rule, however, it is the profound stirrings of the emotions which wake the memory to activity. A woman never forgets her first lover. A man to the end of his life can recall his first triumph.

Miss Bisland believes that we inherit many of the memories that come to us, waking as well as sleeping. Every one has felt many times in his life a sense of familiarity with incidents that have had no place in his own experience and has found it impossible to offer any explanation for the feeling. Coming suddenly around a turn of a hill upon a fair and unknown landscape, his heart may bound with a keen sense of recognition of its unfamiliar outlines. In the midst of a tingling sense of emotion a sensation of the whole incident being a mere dull repetition will rob it of its joy or pain. A sentence begun by a friend is recognized as trite and old before it is half done, though it refers to matters new to the hearer. A sound, a perfume, a sensation, will awaken feelings having no connection with the occasion.

In sleep the brain is peculiarly active in certain directions, not being distracted by the multitude of impressions con-

stantly conveyed to it by the live senses, and experiments with hypnotic sleepers prove that some of its functions become in sleep abnormally acute and vigorous. Why not the function of memory? The possessions which during the waking hours were useless, and therefore rejected by the will, surge up again, vivid and potent, and troop before the perception unsummoned, motley and fantastic, serving no purpose more apparent than do the idle, disconnected recollections of one's waking moments of dreaminess, and yet it may hap, withal, that the tireless brain, forever turning over and over its heirlooms in the night, is seeking here an inspiration or there a memory to be used in that fierce and complex struggle called life.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### THE CLIFF RUINS OF COLORADO.

A Region of Especial Interest to Students of the Prehistoric.

The cliff ruins of the San Juan and the Mancos have been the center of attraction, have been viewed from all sides, and their wonders have been told and retold to the world time and time again. Scientific men have visited the region, have penetrated southwestern Colorado and have considered that section a place of especial interest, because the cliff and cave dwellings are probably the oldest in this strange land, being the first built in that mysterious journey southward of a great but unknown people. For 20 years the prospector has followed the San Juan river and gazed with careless unconcern on the rough and broken walls, so full of interest to the archeologist.

But the mind of the prospector has no room for curios, and he has no time for archeological investigation. He sees only the glitter of the gold in the sand, and thinks only of the time when he shall have made his stake. In November of 1893 hundreds of gold hunters rushed madly into the canyon north of the Navajo mountain, traveled 300 miles over bleak, desert tablelands, suffering terribly from the cold, hunger and the long, wearisome journey. In a few days they had staked off all the available land for 60 miles up and down the river and then returned home without having obtained so much as a color of gold, and today have nothing to show for it but the stakes.

It is one of the most wildly picturesque and beautiful regions in the world. The bleak old Navajo mountain rises abruptly and towers like a grim sentinel over the surrounding mesas, while in a canyon gorge more than 3,000 feet below its base the Rio San Juan appears like a silver thread. The canyon is several miles wide, and a descent can be made to the river only by a precipitous trail, but as the river approaches the great Colorado the canyon becomes more narrow and the wall more perpendicular, and when it merges into the Grand canyon it is scarcely more than a deep, dark channel.

A few miles from the Colorado river, where the canyon is not more than 800 or 1,000 feet from wall to wall, and where the walls are perpendicular and smooth, on the right wall are the pictures of seven warriors with bows drawn to the last notch, while across the river on the opposite side are the pictures of seven antelope, apparently in full run to escape the hunters. These pictures are well executed and are in the most inaccessible places. Evidently the artist had to be lowered from a ledge hundreds of feet above the picture and held suspended while he performed his tedious task. There are many places in the mystic southwest where such paintings are to be found.—Denver Field and Farm.

### A Preparation For Padding.

Very many persons would like to know how to pad sheets of paper so as to make tablets, but do not understand the proper composition for padding on the edges. The following recipe is vouched for by competent authority: Glue, 4 pounds; glycerin, 2 pounds; linseed oil, one-half pound; sugar, one-quarter pound; aniline dyes in sufficient quantity to color. The glue is softened by soaking it in a little cold water, then dissolved, together with the sugar, in the glycerin by aid of heat over a water bath. To this the dyes are added, after which the oil is well stirred. It is used hot. Another composition of a somewhat similar nature is prepared as follows: Glue, a pound; glycerin, 4 ounces; glucose sirup, about 2 tablespoonfuls; tannin, one-tenth ounce. Give the compositions an hour or more in which to dry or set before cutting or handling the pads.—New York Ledger.

### A Trick of the Profession.

As two eminent physicians were strolling arm in arm along the boulevard one of them bowed to a lady who crossed their path.  
"A patient, eh?"  
"Oh, not a serious case. I attended her lately for a pimple—a mere speck on her nose."  
"What did you prescribe?"  
"Prescribe? Nothing at all, though I absolutely forbade her to play the piano."  
"The piano? For a pimple on the nose? I don't see that."  
"Ah! I ought to tell you, perhaps, that my rooms are just below here." —La Libre Parole.