

Stock.

Early Breeding of Heifers.

A correspondent writing to the Country Gentleman says:

I believe the God of nature understands this matter as well and even a little better! If nature did not intend these animals to breed young, why were they so created? It is all right to assist, defend and protect nature, but whoever undertakes to annul or override nature's laws makes a mistake. The safest rule to adopt is to allow heifers to breed young, and then take good care. They will generally come out all right. One great source of abortion among heifers is allowing those in calf to run with those that are not. The latter ride the others when in heat, and thus injure them. Heifers that breed young generally make the best cows at maturity. If a little heifer has a small bag when she calves it will increase with age, and when she is at middle age she is altogether better than one that is kept back until she is a cow before she breeds. One three year old before she breeds may do well the first season, but never does well again. The young heifer will begin small and do best at maturity. These conclusions are arrived at after more than fifty years' practical experience. I have known a heifer to drop a healthy calf three days before she was twelve months old, and had no unusual trouble, and was well and healthy as any cow. I am the owner of a cow that dropped her first calf at seventeen months old, and was always small of her age. She will soon drop her twelfth calf. She has always done well and never needed the aid of a veterinary surgeon.

Wool and Mutton.

The sheep that combine the two products of wool and mutton are the most profitable for sheep husbandry in the South. The merino sheep and their grades are the best for these purposes. The increase in the consumption of mutton is far greater than that of other kinds of meat. This will be seen by referring to the statistics of the number of sheep slaughtered in the large cities yearly. The increase in number for a few years past is far greater than can be accounted for by the increase of population in such cities. Take, for instance, the city of New York. The increase was from 1,228,530 sheep slaughtered in 1875, to 1,769,598 in 1880, an increase of 541,068, or 44 per cent. in five years. The increase in other cities has been about the same. The average price of mutton has increased for several years, and, if sheep do not increase with the demand, it must go still higher. There is also a change in another respect in relation to mutton, as well as other meat animals. Medium sized carcasses are now preferred to overgrown ones. One of the largest purchasers in the Boston market told me that he would pay as much per pound for a lot of lambs one year old, that would average 80 pounds, live weight, as he would for a lot averaging 120 pounds, each lot to be equally well fattened. A lot of merino lambs, one year old, will easily weigh 80 pounds, and matured wethers 100 pounds. The value of the pelt is so much higher than the merino and their grades are sold at as high a price, live weight, as any breed in all the markets in this country.—Industrial Review.

Shearing Lambs.

Wm. Brown of the Ontario experiment station in Guelph, Canada, says, in an article contributed to the Country Gentleman, that from experiments on foot at that station, most undoubted evidences are gathered to show the necessity—not the possibility but the necessity—of clipping lambs once and all other sheep twice every season. He continues:

Let us sketch what may ere long characterize our northern sheep-herding. Lambs come in March, and receive, with the ewes, all the necessary care in housing, food and good management. Plenty of suitable food and accommodation, four months on milk, with extra food in house and on pasture, will make a very independent lamb by the middle of July, when turning on the best pasture prepares for shearing about the 1st of August. If the breed is a medium-wooled one, such as the Shrops, which we take as an example, we will have a close coat three inches in length, that weighs three and one-half pounds, which under any market conditions, will fetch two cents per pound more, in any breed, because it is lambs' wool. There is a rapid re-clothing of the shorn lamb, which by the middle of September acquires a thicker and warmer coat than it would have had without clipping; the animal has thriven better through the warm weather, is heavier than the average of his kind with the first wool on, and every way better prepared to stand the coming winter. Then the proper class of wintering in liberal feeding, with unconfined housing, will produce another fleece ripe for harvesting by the middle of April. Early clipping now is more important than at any other time of the animal's life; the vigorous growth of a well-done shearing makes a heavy, rich fleece even as early as March 1. In the coldest, dry weather between January and April, the sweat-wet wool is evidence of well-doing, and its removal a matter of both relief to the animal and a means of increasing the weight of mutton, if for the May market, and of adding to the vigor, size and health of breeding stock. Wool grows as rapidly on a well managed flock in early spring as in summer, so that by August 1st the

shearing is again in possession of a dense pile of 3 1/2 inch wool, that will clip 4 1/2 pounds. Ewes with lambs at foot might need ten days' housing with open doors, after spring clipping, but nothing more. It is the food that supplies heat, and the damp weather that does harm, not the frost and the snow.

Cattle Raising.

As one by one the great cattle ranges of this region become the abode of settlers it is made apparent that a time is not far distant when there must be introduced a radical change from our present method of raising beef. It will be many a year, of course, before the great grass-covered hills of this region shall have been claimed by the settler, but cattle are not favorable to remaining on the hills the year round and in the summer season especially they prefer the low lands where they can find shade—and plenty of water. The cattle raiser of the future must therefore prepare for a change from his present methods. Cattle will have to be fed more and kept more immediately under the supervision and care of the owner. The business will be robbed of some of its "romance," perhaps as the jovial "cow-boy" will to some extent lose his occupation or at least will find his sphere more circumscribed. The annual "round up" will exist only in his recollection. Already this new order of things is being introduced in Texas as will be seen by the following from the News:

The process of cattle growing in Texas, says the Cincinnati Commercial, is undergoing a quiet transformation. It is becoming the custom for cattle raisers to purchase their ranges and inclose them in barbed-wire fences. The ranges may consist of from 10,000 to 100,000 acres. There is an effort to improve the stock also by the introduction of blooded animals. The proprietors of the ranges find it to their interest to produce better cattle than the wild Texas or Spanish steer. The beef is better and more of it, and it commands a higher price. At the rate the process of improving stock is going on, the genuine Texas steer of pure blood, and abounding in viciousness of temper, will, in a few years, be as scarce as buffalo.—Yakima Signal.

Blood Will Tell.

Aside from all questions about "fashionable pedigrees," "line-bred animals," "alloys"; aside from all questions about that shade of color, more or less hair on the legs, etc., there is a direct practical common-sense value in what is known as improved stock—value for the "common farmer" as well as for his rich neighbor. No one can go into a region in which none of the heavy draft-horse breeds have been first introduced and find horses equally well suited for heavy draft as are those of any one of the leading draft breeds. Nowhere among common cows can so many large milkers be found as among Holsteins; nor so many cows giving milk of great richness as among the Jerseys or Guernseys. Hereford, Fotted Scot, or Shorthorn cattle are better for beef-making than are any common or "native" cattle of the country. The same comparison can be made as to sheep and hogs. There is very much in the skill of the feeder who fits animals of these breeds for show; but these men will tell you that there is as much or more in the animal. The most skillful feeder in the world cannot fatten a Jersey into the marvellous form of a first-class beef animal, or make a Merino rival a Southdown in roundness and fullness of body. On the farm where this is written there are steers and heifers pure-bred, and also those with only two or three crosses of pure-bred bulls, which have been cheaply and simply reared, but which are far and away better than cattle in the same pastures which have less or no "improved blood." There are colts which have not cost \$10 more than would have been necessary for the rearing of a "scrub" animal not worth one-third as much. The average farmer does wisely when he says he cares very little whether the bull he buys has six or sixteen crosses; whether these be fashionable or unfashionable. He may not be foolish if he claims that he does not care whether the pig or lamb he buys be registered or not, but he is unwise and clearly standing in his own light if he says he does not care what the breeding be; if he thinks one breed is as good as another, and "no breed at all" as good as any. Nor is it necessary that he should pay large prices. Because a wealthy man chooses to pay \$10,000 for a road-horse is no reason why a farmer should be content to drive a slow, unsafe, dangerous brute. Because a "fancy breeder" pays thousands of dollars for a bull is no reason why a farmer may not have a bull of the same breed which he can get for one or two hundred dollars. There are thousands of farmers who, as yet, seem to "care for none of these things." If, perchance, this paper comes into the hands of such a one, let us urge him to carefully and honestly study the display of stock at a great fair, and making all the allowance for high condition, honestly ask himself if it be true that he has "just as good stock at home."—Breeder's Gazette.

For Sale, Cash or Trade.

An old fashioned Grover & Baker sewing machine, in good order—the works having been recently sent to San Francisco and put in first-rate order. It is the best machine for general family work. Produce will be taken in exchange for it. Enquire at this office.

Lost.

Some time last summer, a nice brocha shawl, which fell from a carriage while driving in the vicinity of Salem. A handsome reward will be paid for the return of said shawl or information of its being found.

The Dairy.

How an Iowa Dairyman Milks.

The following from the Dairy, contributed by an Iowa dairyman, shows what absolute cleanliness means: "It is said that it is as hard to be clean as it is to be good. Well, I think it is not hard to be good, even for a dairyman, if he only does as he would be done by, and just as easy to be clean. This is my method of doing it: At five o'clock I am in the cow-stables. The feed prepared the night before is put into the feed-boxes, which are first cleared of all remnants of former food; and, if sour, they are scoured out with warm water and a broom. While the cows are eating they are thoroughly carded and brushed, as well as any well-kept horse is, and all over from head to switch. The udder is sponged, if necessary, and wiped with a clean towel, and not a dungy rag. The gutters are then cleaned out, and the stalls, a common road broom being used to finish after a broad scraper, which draws the manure down to the trap-doors into the cellar. The floor and the gutters are then littered well with sawdust, when we have no straw. For fifteen cows this takes an hour. Then I go to breakfast. At half-past six the cows are milked, and each milker has overalls and an apron made of striped ticking, with which he can milk in his Sunday clothes and slippers, if he likes; and any lady may go in with a silk dress on and not hurt it. As the milk is drawn it is strained at once into the deep pails which stand on the platform and are kept covered; the milk pails have strainers, and a double strainer is kept in the deep cans, so the milk goes through three strainers. But this is not really necessary, as I would cheerfully drink a glass of milk direct from the cow as I milk it. But out of consideration for my customers who buy my butter and milk I put the milk through three strainers. As soon as the deep pails are full they are closed and carried to the milkhouse and handed to the person who sets the milk in the pool or the creamery, or, if it is put into shallow pans, strains it once more. Now, there is nothing hard to do about this. It is so easy after having begun it and got into the way of it, that it would be hard to stop it. And I don't see how it is easier to be cleaner than we are in our dairy."

A Cure for Kicking Cows.

Two correspondents of the Western Stock Journal give their methods of curing kicking cows respectively as follows:

A year or two since I got in trade a handsome three-year-old heifer, one of the most vicious kickers I ever saw. One of my men who milks tried various devices without effect, and finally took a common garden hoe, passed the end in front of the off hind leg (the right leg behind), and behind and above the gambrel joint of the left hind leg of the heifer. Then sitting down on the right to milk, he put the handle of the hoe well up under his left arm, and began milking. The heifer could not stir either hind leg, and after one week she could be milked safely without fettering, and proved to be a valuable and gentle animal. Of course she was tied in the stable like the other cows, but on being turned out to grass could be milked anywhere without trouble.

The annoyance of having a full pail of milk kicked over by a vicious cow is, to say the least, exasperating. Having had considerable experience with such animals, trying every expedient I could think or hear of, I at last hit upon a device that proved effectual in the shape of a milking stool so constructed as to shield the pail from the kick. Take a piece of plank two feet long and ten inches wide; bore holes and put two legs of suitable length at each end. Put a "da board" (or perhaps it might be more properly called a "kickboard") at one end, of height and with at top correspond to the pail, with two pieces nailed on each side back to the seat board to strengthen and keep it in position. This device will not keep a cow from kicking, but you will save your milk every time.

Cloth Turns Butter White.

The Dairy says: "The cause of print butter turning white by lying in a cloth, is said by an authority (?) to be 'the effect of the acids used in bleaching cloth; also that it can be avoided by the use of the thinnest make of muslin or cheese cloth.' This explanation will be very unsatisfactory to the dairyman who is troubled with his print butter. Acids are not used in bleaching. The agent made use of in bleaching is chlorine gas in combination with lime, and the thinnest muslin is bleached in the same way as thicker goods. It is also necessary to remove all traces of the chlorine as soon as the goods are bleached, to save the fibre from being destroyed by the chlorine, which is remarkably erosive in its effects. So that this explanation is none at all. But white goods are, like everything else, adulterated with paste and white clay, terra-alba, and the alkaline effect of the clay would cause butter to turn white, just as impure salt, having lime in it, and consequently chloride of lime would also do it. If the cloths are washed and thoroughly rinsed from soap, and the salt used is pure, there will be no change in the butter which comes in contact with them."

Capital Advice.

An "Iowa Farmer" talks in this sensible way in the Dairy to the man whose cow "holds up" her milk: "You get

mad and pound her ribs with the three-legged stool, and again her eye—always looking sidewise at you—changes and an expression of determination and obstinacy, but yet perfect placidity too, fills that eloquent organ. It is no use. You give it up and let in the calf, and the cow then turns and looks you full in the face, with an air of triumph which is equal to a grin, if an eye can grin, and a cow's eye can. No, it is no use putting things on her back, or twisting her tail, or pounding, or coaxing her. When a cow 'is sot, she's sot,' and there's an end of it. If you have trained her so badly that she has learned this trick, the best way is to humor her, and let in the calf. But I never failed yet to get the better of the cow in such a case by muzzling the calf, and letting it bunt and bunt while I milked? But the calf must be tied, or it will gaily make a dive under the cow and overset the milker and the pail too. The right way is to train the cow first; by never letting her know it is to suck when a calf by removing her from the dam before she has sucked and then when she is a cow by never letting a calf suck her. A cow so trained never, in my experience, held up her milk."

Memories of the Plow.

I shall never forget the halcyon spring day that grandfather told me to scour the old plow and get ready to learn the mysteries of rhapsody. I took a brick and cleaned that old mold board with the same eager delight and thorough faithfulness that Ben Butler bestowed on the burnishing up of the Massachusetts almshouse. What a thrill of ecstasy this frolicked within me as I slipped the loop of the single line about my wrist, reached up to the handles and yauped "g'lang." Grandfather followed in silence. I felt as glorious as Private Dalzell when he gets into the newspapers, and with unutterable feeling I chirped, "Dear grandpa, you needn't never work any more. I'll run the farm and you and grandpa can spend the money and—" We were going down an incline, so when my pride quickly straightened the old plow shot out of the ground and jerked me clear over a straddle of the beam. The horses stopped and grandpa kindly remarked: "Ye mustn't set down to rest so airy in the mornin', Lenny, if you're goin' to run the farm." I felt as bad as the Star Router who pleaded guilty to conspiracy, and had to take it back, plead not guilty and be discharged. Grandpa fondly sat down on a stump and watched me pull and tug to drag the old plow and two horses backward to plow up the skip. After I pulled my arms out of socket, wrenched my back and was ready to start, grandpa wiped the moisture from his eyes and cooed softly: "Ye kin save a good deal of time an' gruntin' by turnin' the horses an' makin' them drag the plow run' for skips like that un." I felt so grateful I wanted to let him go to the house for a jug of butter-milk. We came to a little swell in the ground and the old plow started down deeper like an artesian well auger. "Bar down on th' handles," yelled Old Business. The horses thought he meant them, and they just straightened out till their bellies kissed the ground; the plow started for China, struck a root, the plow clevis busted, the horses shot forward and I rose over the plow at the end of the plow line, like Gillyroy's kite. Grandpa picked me up tenderly, dusted me off with a sprout, then sent me to the house for a clevis and a mattock to dig the old plow out.

I started next time with humiliation and an angry ancestor. The old plow seemed possessed. It tried as hard to evade the land as St. Louis wet grocers do the Downing law. "Push th' handles from the land!" shrieked my red hot instructor, as the plow shot out again. The horses knew the misery wrapped up in that shriek, and supposing it referred to them, started on a trot, with yonrs truly a-skiping and a-hopping, and a-puffing, and bellowing "who-o-o-o-o," like a fog-horn. The plow found its affinity, an old stump, a crash followed, and I was thrown nearly out of the township. It busted the old stump, and dear grandpa arrived just in time to greet the bees that swarmed out. It was awful, the way the horses plunged and kicked, and dear grandpa battling bees and trying to unhook the traces. "Lem, Lem, you young rascal, come hyar!" But I concluded to faint dead away first. He got the team loose and they took for the house, kicking like the whisky element in the Iowa Republican party at the third resolution. Darling old grandfather started for me just a clawing bees from his shirt and pants, jumping, yelling murder, and spitting white, with enough prodding insects around him to sting "the rascals out." Much as I loved dear grandpa's society, I concluded not to wait. I came out of that faint and started down the homestretch like a modern office-seeker. Grandpa was after me, slapping his old hat lively, and whooping "Holy Moses," etc., etc. For the first half mile we gained on the horses, but as we neared the house our wind began to fail. Grandma and the red-headed hired ran to meet us, and the hired girl outran grandpa. I dodged her but grandpa ran right into her arms. When I got stopped grandpa was hugging the hired girl, grandma was broom sticking them both; and the trio were screaming and dodging, and squashing bees. When the round dance broke up dear grandpa was too overcome with exertion and bee-stings to return to his professorship in our agricultural college out in the field. He sent me out alone, full of apprehensions and fresh buttermilk.

Fascinating old plow! Memory runs through a clothes-wringer as thy skeleton outlines come rippling down the

furrows of time. Thou wert ever a creature of impulse and idiosyncrasy. Still, I followed thee, caroling the symphony: "Gee, gee there! Haw, now! haw! Consort your old sides, I'll maul the hay out of you." Then grandpa would spring from his ambuscade in the fence corner and fill me full of animation and pain. Ah! as the plowshare of time encroached on the land of to-morrows, turning the to-days into yesterday, as the furrow falls back into the broken past, my spirit is tired and wearied with the task of being, and longs to sink into the invisible arms of rest. Fascinating old anatomy wrecker! Thou art superseded by the invention of the steam-plow, just as I have been by the superior tactics of modern politicians. Let us lie down in the furrow together, old playmate, and let the noiseless share of Time cover us over with the falling of the years.—Missouri Republican.

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