

HANDLING RAMS AND MATING

Let us suppose that the ram has been selected early in the season; that he has been chosen to correct the chief defects in the flock; that he is just the ram you need. It is easily possible to lose advantage of the service such a ram can render by mating him wrong and handling him carelessly.

First, let's take up the A B C's of ramology. So many men neglect their rams entirely. They winter them with a bunch of calves, never once thinking it will injure them to feed them wrong. Just so they pull through till the coming of the grass they are satisfied. A ram should be fed with the greatest care, for he is far more important than any sheep of the flock, writes R. B. Aruckle in the American Sheep Breeder. The rams should have a large run if possible, with water convenient that is clean and pure. He should be fed a little oats once a day for a week before turning him to the ewes, and it would be best to keep this up during the season if he is to have heavy service. Select forty ewes for each ram. Don't turn two and three rams into a flock together. You will have advantage of best points of every ram, and one ram will probably be worked to death.

If you have two rams you have ewes suited better to one than the other. Your big, strong ewes, with coarse bone, should be bred to the smaller, neater ram and vice versa.

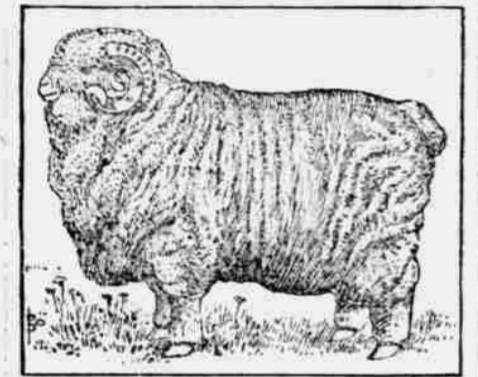
If possible turn ram in for one day and night and then take him out for a day, turning him in that evening late.

Mark his brisket with some venetian red which has been stirred into stiff grease. You may thus keep a record of the breeding of your ewes. Some prefer taking rams from ewes during day and turning in each night. This is a splendid plan if the ram is kept in a cool shed and fed well during the day.

This plan will pay well, and, though not practical where the flock is large and labor scarce, it is worth striving for.

When the mating season is over the rams should be taken promptly from the ewes and fed grain once a day. The rams will probably be run together and are sure to fight. Ram fights are dangerous, often proving fatal. You may save all trouble by yoking your rams together in pairs, using short pieces of rope, which must be tied around their necks with knots that won't slip. When you yoke a pair together mount the fence and prepare to see some fun. They can't hurt each other, but, my, what funny capers they will cut! If you use pains in handling your rams you will be repaid a thousandfold.

A Burwell Beauty.
The accompanying illustration, taken from the American Sheep Breeder, shows one of the Burwell flock of Vermont. He has a fine form, good size and is well covered with a very dense



A BURWELL LEADER.
Breed. Mr. Burwell has always been a careful breeder and has furnished some of the high priced Merino rams for the Australian and South African markets, and many of the best sheep in western flocks trace back to the Burwell flock.

Draft Horses Pay.

In proof of my assertion that draft stock is more profitable I would simply say this, that in my neighborhood there are no less than thirty draft stallions in service (exclusive of our barns) within a radius of eighteen or twenty miles, and our farmers find for the product a ready sale from the time the weaning is taken from its mother's side until it is a grown animal. Through the months of the midwinter buyers and speculators are scouring the country seeking these good draft colts, paying for sucklings from \$100 to \$150, and Ohio feeders are in our vicinity every week seeking those from thirty months to four years old and paying extra prices for the best ones, some selling as high as \$300 and even more. Nearly every farmer can use two mares on his farm, however small, with as much profit as the same number of geldings and save the help of one man. These mares will perform all the labor that a pair of geldings will on a farm, at least as much as any one man cares to pile up or get over in a day, and raise a pair of colts besides, and when these colts are given just a trifle extra care they will bring at weaning time \$100 each or even more.—J. M. Frisinger, Decatur, Ind., Before Convoy (O.) Institute.

The Best Way to Keep Hay.

Nearly every haymaker considers his method for stacking or housing the best. A Nebraska farmer writes that last year he built a large hay shed 40 by 60 feet, with tight roof, but no protection to the sides or ends. The hay was spread loosely under this covering, the stacks being about ten feet wide. Instead of building up on a stack at a time the hay was spread daily over the whole surface of the three stacks. In this way the hay cured out as nicely as if it had been left in the field under hay caps. The idea seems a good one.

BUMBLEFOOT.

A Disease That Is the Bane of the Poultryman's Life—The Cure.

Bumblefoot is noticed mostly in fowls that are fat, and in heavy varieties is attributed by some to jumping from high roosting places, but a writer in Western Poultry Journal has known very bad cases to break out in flocks which were accustomed to roosting on flat surfaces and where all conditions were seemingly perfect, although undoubtedly the trouble arises from bruises of the feet either by stones in scratching or from jumping. Cases have been known where the corn formed on the underside of the foot, covering a surface measuring three-quarters of an inch and when forcibly removed pulled with it a hard white pus of the same length. Treatment, if taken in time, is simple and effective, and consists in keeping the bottom of the foot soft either by placing the fowl on straw or softening the swollen foot by the application of vaseline or some carbolic antiseptic. Proper treatment consists in first washing the affected foot, removing any foreign substance, and if on examination the foot seems soft and likely to contain pus open by making an incision with a sharp knife and syringe the wound with the antiseptic, one part, and water, fifty parts, binding on it also an ointment consisting of one part antiseptic and forty parts vaseline. An excellent remedy also consists in binding on the diseased foot a small piece of salt pork, which will soften it in two or three days, when the corn may be removed and the pork again applied to heal up the wound. Unless treated bumblefoot will pass upward through the leg of the fowl affected and lead to swelling, great soreness and gangrene or abscesses. The trouble yields readily to the above treatment and will, if treated in time, save the fowl.

To Get Lots of Eggs.

A. F. Ancier of Earlville, N. Y., gives the following rules for producing heavy egg returns: In the morning feed a mash composed of ground corn, oats, wheat, clover and green bone, just what they will eat up clean, and later throw into the litter a little wheat or millet for which they will have to scratch. At noon give steamed clover with middlings, at night cracked corn, wheat and barley, all they will clean up at once. Never feed more than they will eat immediately. Suspend a head of cabbage in the pen for them to pick at during the day. You will be surprised at the amount of green food they will eat during the winter season. A most excellent green food for all kinds of fowls is Dwarf Essex rape. Sow the poultry yards to rape in winter and when the snow is off give the fowls free access to it and your eggs will practically all be fertile.

The Season's Fertility.

Nothing we can add will throw one ray of light on the season's fertility of eggs-for-hatching topic, but the reader may have faith enough to read of a few instances that we will mention even after we make the above admission, says American Poultry Journal. Those who are among the poultrymen report low fertility. In some western yards the fertility has been high all season, but to balance this comes the report from down east that over half the shipments are failures. Every season has its good and bad hatches and yet no statistician has had the colossal nerve required to gather data on the subject. Lately we noted that a shipment of eggs from Scotland hatched better than 40 per cent. This is remarkable, though the eggs were extra well packed.

For Quality Eggs.

The day of the market poultryman is dawning, for now the big egg buyers demand eggs by the dozen instead of by the case. Buying by case means accepting good, bad and rotten; buying by the dozen means that eggs are candled and poor ones not paid for. This aids the poultryman who desires to work up a high class demand for a strictly fancy product. The largest buyers of eggs now demand quality before quantity, and they pay good, liberal margins over the market price to get what they want. Clean, fresh eggs are what they demand, and they soon cut from their lists the ones who forward the inferior stuff along with the good.

THE OSSETINIANS.

A Race of the Caucasus Mountains With a Georgian Dialect.

In the highest parts of the Caucasus mountains, around the Kasbeek region, there is a tribe, very tall and handsome, which speaks its own peculiar dialect of the Georgian language and has its own peculiar customs, differing in many ways from those of the Tscherkesses, Armenians, Circassians and other tribes that dwell in the same country. It is the tribe of the Ossetinians.

Like the rest of the Caucasus tribes, they have recognized Russia's authority. But they adhere to the claim that they are not descended from Asiatic races, like the other tribes, but that their ancestors were German knights who had gone to the crusades and who, after the disastrous end of the last crusade, had been driven into the wild valleys of the Caucasus, whence it was impossible for them to win their way out and homeward owing to the vigilance of the Moslem foe. So at last they settled down and took wives among the Caucasus mountain women, who have always been noted for their beauty.

It is a strange fact that the Ossetinians understand the science of brewing malt liquors, and they are the only ones who drink beer, the other tribes preferring Asiatic liquors.

TRAGIC IN ITS BREVITY.

The Story of the Duel Between Hamilton and Burr.

The story of the Hamilton-Burr duel is tragic in its brevity. The little party of five—the principals, their seconds and the surgeon—was on the ground not long after sunrise. The preliminaries were soon arranged. As Pendleton, Hamilton's second, gave him his pistol, he asked, "Will you have the hairspring set?"

"Not this time," was the significant reply, and then the men faced each other. According to the best authorities upon a disputed subject, Burr fired at the word. At the report, Hamilton started forward with a convulsive movement, reeled, involuntarily discharging his pistol into the foliage above him, and fell headlong. Burr, with an expression of pain upon his face, sprang toward him, but Van Ness, his second, seized him by the arm and hurried him down the bank and into their boat.

Hamilton, being lifted up, revived for a moment and gasped, "This is a mortal wound, doctor!" Relapsing again into unconsciousness he was again revived by the fresh air of the river. "Pendleton knows," he said, trying to turn toward his friends, "that I did not intend to fire at him."

At 2 the afternoon following he had breathed his last.

Monster Bowl of Punch.

In 1694 Admiral Edward Russell, commander of the English Mediterranean fleet, entertained 6,000 people in a large garden in Alicante, where he served the largest bowl of punch ever brewed. It contained twenty gallons of lime juice, four hogheads of brandy, one pipe of Malaga wine, twenty-five hundred lemons, thirteen hundredweight of fine white sugar, three packages of toasted biscuits, fifty-one pounds of grated nutmegs and eight hogheads of water.

The whole was prevented from dilution in case of rain by a large canopy, which spread over a marble fountain bowl which held the punch. The punch was served by a boy, who roved about the basin of the fountain in a boat built for the purpose and refilled the empty cups.

Two Scotch Stories.

A Scotch schoolmaster in Banffshire years ago had strong views on the subject of dress. In the day when crinoline was the rage a girl came to school with a very extensive one, which much exceeded the space between the desk and the form on which she had to sit. The teacher, seeing this, said to her, "Gang awa' home and tak' off thae girds (hoops) and come back to the school as God made ye."

Another rough and ready dominie was examining his boys in a catechism and asked if God had a beginning. "No," said the boy. "Will he have an end?" "Yes," he replied. This was followed instantly by a buffet on the side of the head. "Will he have an end now?" "No," said the boy, and the master was satisfied.

THE WATWA OF AFRICA.

A Curious Tribe, Low Down in the Scale of Humanity.

A hunter of big game in Africa gives a description of a tribe of natives whom he found there, the Watwa. "These natives," he says, "live in the swamps, their staple article of diet being fish and flour made from the seed of the water lily, although during the rains they grow patches of cassava root and sweet potatoes at the edge of the swamp. They smear their bodies with mud to protect them from mosquitoes and are extremely dirty and evil smelling in consequence. They are very low down in the scale of humanity and have a bad reputation among tribes living on the high ground, which reputation they uphold during our visit. We engaged several Watwa natives as carriers, but they only came to see what they could steal. One day I shot a reed buck in sight of the camp and left two Watwa to carry it in while I went after a hartbeest, but I never saw either men or buck again. It was no use following them into the swamps, as they knew every inch of the ground and water. They had small canoes hidden everywhere, and immediately they crossed a stream they sunk the canoe again where they alone knew where to find it. Our boys were afraid to follow them, as they used poisoned arrows and sometimes set poisoned stakes in the tracks leading to their haunts."

DAME JULIANA BERNER.

She Was a Fifteenth Century Authority on Fly Fishing.

The first printed English book on angling was Dame Juliana Berner's "Book of St. Albans," which appeared about 1450, and contained a chapter entitled "A Treatise on Fyshynge With an Angle."

Fly fishing must have been practiced much earlier than this, as nothing but a gradual evolution could account for the complete list of flies for the fishing months of the year which it gives.

To Dame Berner belongs the honor of first telling that the salmon could be caught with the fly. She says: "Also ye may take hym, but it is seldom seen with a dubbe at such times as when he lepith in lyke fourme and manere as ye do a trout or a grayling." Her knowledge seems more complete than could have been that of the original inventor, so that the time when fly fishing originated in British waters must remain uncertain.

Dame Berner's flies will kill trout today, and her twelve were the foundation of those of which Izaak Walton said quaintly in 1653: "Thus have you a jury of flies, likely to betray and condemn all the trouts in the river."

HE WAS A REAL FARMER.

Hence He Couldn't See the Poetic Side of Farm Life.

"Oh, yes," a man in the hotel lobby was overheard to say. "I'm a real farmer now. My farm only costs me about \$75 per month now, so you can see I'm getting along." Then the man was heard to comment upon farm labor.

"It's all right to talk about the poetry of farm life," he said, "but if farm life is poetry I want the prosiest sort of prose in mine. Is there any poetry in greasing harness? Do you find any rhyme and rhythm in milking a double jointed, back action cow twice a day? Well, I guess not."

"But there's the scenery," his companion interjected, "and the smell of grain."

"Yes," said the amateur farmer, "and the chiggers, and the red bugs, and holes in the fence, and rats in the seed corn, and the potatoes sprouting. And if you are through plowing for awhile and haven't anything better to do you fix the wheelbarrow for recreation, or you can see that the pen is made hog proof, or that the water trough doesn't leak too much. Then if everything else fails and it's too rainy to do anything else you can get out a second-hand kit and fix the crupper on the harness or nail strips of boiler plate on the feed box so that crib eater of a plug won't have too many splinters in him when he dies. Oh, you can bet I'm too much of a farmer to look at the poetic side of it. I'm a realist farmer; that's what I am."—Dallas News.

TOBACCO SALARIES.

A Custom of the American Colonies Before the Revolution.

Before the Revolution, ministers of the Anglican church in those American colonies where that church was established by law were remunerated "in kind" instead of in money. Maryland gave an incumbent forty pounds of tobacco a year for every tithing man in the parish, whether churchman or dissenter, white or colored. These terms were handsome enough to secure the pick of the clerical market. In Virginia the stipends represented a fixed and unvarying quantity, by weight, of the manufactured leaf. These stipends were rather beggarly in quantity. In a bad year even the "sweet scented parishes," where the minister's salary was calculated on a high priced and exceptionally fragrant tobacco, yielded only about \$500 a year. The parishioners sometimes refused to induct a clergyman unless he would consent to take one salary for serving two parishes. In 1753, when the price of tobacco had greatly risen, the house of burgesses passed a law fixing the cash equivalent of debts payable in tobacco at one-third their true value, thus wiping out two-thirds of the incomes of ministers. Patrick Henry made his first fame in defending this law when a test case was brought in behalf of the injured clergymen.

A Dead Moose.

When a bull moose lies dead in the forest he looks like some strange ante-diluvian animal, with his square prehensile muffle and horns spreading laterally, a peculiarity which he shares with the prehistoric Irish elk and the nearly extinct European elk of later times. The huge form tells of strength and swiftness, and withal the still dangerous gleam of the eye, glazed in its last stare, bids the hunter pause and feel almost guilty of a crime in the destruction of so much that is grand and weird, a feeling very different from the sentiment supposed to attend the slaughter of a deer. But the triumph of mastering the wariest and bravest animal in the woods by fair still hunting and by grimly sticking to the track for many a weary mile amply atones for any regrets.—Century.

Sneak Thieves in Churches.

An old sexton was discussing the amount of stealing that is done in churches. "Scarcely a day passes," he said, "when the church is open without some distracted woman coming to me bowed down with grief because somebody has stolen her purse. There are certain contemptible thieves who prey on unsuspecting women who pray so hard that they forget to look after their pocketbooks. The thief watches until the woman is deep in prayer and then leans over, grasps the purse and sneaks out."—Philadelphia Record.

Came In Handy.

"The weather man said it would rain today, and I'm glad I carried my umbrella."

"Why, it didn't rain at all today."

"Of course it didn't, but I met the weather man on the street, and I used the umbrella to bang him good and hard."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Quite Probable.

The Publisher—The insolence of these authors! Here's Spiffles demanding to see the illustrations before he writes the story for them! His Partner—Absurd! First thing one knows they will be asking to have the illustrators read the stories before they draw the pictures for 'em!—Brooklyn Life.

His Exercise.

"Excuse me, softly," remarked Pen-dennis curiously, "how is it you always wind up your watch immediately after dinner?"

"For the benefit of my health. You see, my doctor has recommended me always to take a little exercise after dinner."

The man who trusts to luck to make him rich is generally a strong believer in bad luck by the time he is forty-five.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

THE AFTERNOON NAP.

Modern Conditions Killing the Siesta Habit in Mexico.

There are people in Mexico City who take their afternoon nap every day, and are greatly benefited thereby, but their number appears to be growing less year by year. Whether the siesta is beneficial or not, or whether in this high altitude it is a necessity for many persons, as is claimed by some, its death knell as a general custom seems to have been sounded since the city adopted its modern enterprise and push. Many old residents will tell you of the time when a person in the city of Mexico would have been considered almost crazy if he neglected his afternoon rest, but gradually, with the advent of the railways, the street cars and the electric lights, came the inevitable sleeplessness which is one of the most noticeable characteristics of modern civilization.

There are several supporters of the siesta idea in this city who express regret that the custom appears to be passing away. These persons, who are themselves devotees of the practice, claim that it is a healthful and nerve restoring habit and that if it were indulged in systematically by the people of the United States and other progressive countries there would be fewer cases of nervous wrecks for the newspapers to report. "Early rising and a short nap after dinner" is what these people advocate, claiming that the best work of most persons is performed in the morning.—Mexican Herald.

FIRST USE OF TEA.

An Ancient Legend Ascribes It to a King of China.

By whom or when the use of tea for drinking purposes was first discovered is lost in antiquity. It is spoken of as a famous herb in Chinese literature as far back as 2,000 years B. C., at which time its cultivation and classification were almost as thorough and complete as they are today. One of the ancient legends says that its virtues were accidentally learned by King Shen Nung She, the Chinese monarch who is also known as "the divine husbandman," who, the record says, flourished forty centuries ago. He was engaged in boiling water over a fire made of the branches of the tea plant and carelessly allowed some of the leaves to fall into the pot.

The liquid which he expected to come from the vessel simply as sterilized water was miraculously converted into an elixir of life by the accidental addition of the tea leaves. Soon after it became highly esteemed in all the oriental cities and was used as a royal gift from the Chinese monarchs to the potentates of southern and western Asia.

This same King Shen Nung She not only earned the title of respect by which he was known through the discovery of the virtues of tea, but because of being the first to teach his people how to make and use plows and many other implements of husbandry.

WAIT FOR AN APPETITE.

You Should Never Eat Simply For the Sake of Eating.

A prolific cause of chronic indigestion is eating from habit and simply because it is mealtime and others are eating. To eat when not hungry is to eat without relish, and food taken without relish is worse than wasted. Without relish the salivary glands do not act, the gastric fluids are not freely secreted, and the best of foods will not be digested. Many perfectly harmless dishes are severely condemned for no other reason than they were eaten perfunctorily and without relish and due unsatiation.

Hunger makes the plainest foods enjoyable. It causes vigorous secretion and outpouring of all the digestive fluids, the sources of ptyalin, pepsin, trypsin, etc., without a plentiful supply of which no foods can be perfectly digested.

Wait for an appetite, if it takes a week. Fasting is one of the saving graces. It has a spiritual significance only through its great physical and physiologic importance. If breakfast is a bore or lunch a matter of indifference, cut one or both of them out. Wait for distance and unmistakable hunger and then eat slowly. If you do this you need ask few questions as to the propriety and digestibility of what you eat, and it need not be pre-digested.—Exchange.

THE PENGUIN.

It Is Awkward on Land and a Gymnast in the Water.

A kind of penguin, the adelle, is a laugh provoking bird. Adelles are most inquisitive and at times are in such a hurry to follow up a clew that they will scurramble along the ice on the belly, pushing with their legs and using their flippers alternately like the paddle of a canoe. They get over the ground at an astonishing rate, and it is hard work to overtake a penguin when it takes to this means of locomotion, especially when it doubles. In the water the penguin is perfectly at home, diving and steepchasing in grand style. It can jump clean out of the water and pop down on the ice exactly like some one coming up through a trapdoor on the stage and dropping on his feet. The penguins collect in enormous numbers and are sometimes seen marching about like a regiment of soldiers in Indian file, all acting in unison.

A much larger penguin, the emperor, weighs sixty or seventy pounds and stands well over three feet high. It possesses the most extraordinary muscular powers in its flippers. When presented with the end of the skee stick the emperor gives it such a smack that one's hands tingle. At the same time it utters an angry guttural exclamation.

BOY OF THE REGIMENT.

With His Dying Breath He Asked Garibaldi For a Coffin.

When Enzo Ferretti entered actively into the Italian war of independence he was just seventeen. He left Parma secretly, deserting, as it were, his father, mother and family to fight for his hero, Garibaldi. He walked over the Apennines without a penny in his pocket and, arriving half dead at Genoa, concealed himself on one of the ships bound for Sicily. When at his destination he emerged and gained the nickname of the "boy of the regiment." From that time for some months he fought until the day for rest came. He was shot in the head and carried to the hospital in a dangerous condition. Everything possible was done for him, but it was evident that he was troubled, and at last it came out that he could not die happy because he had never seen his hero. "I have fought everywhere and sought always," he exclaimed, "but I have never succeeded in seeing him. How can I die never having caught a glimpse of him?"

Another preoccupation was that he feared he might be buried without a coffin. Morning, noon and night his cry was, "Let me have a coffin!" The very day he died, by a fortunate chance, Garibaldi arrived at the hospital. Having heard Ferretti's story, he stooped and spoke to him. The sick boy's expressive face lighted up and he exclaimed: "Now I can die happy. Oh, general, let me have a coffin!"

Protected the Judge.

After the jury in a Texas case had listened to the charge of the court and had gone to their room to deliberate upon the verdict, one of the twelve went right to the podium by saying: "That thar Pike Muldrow order be convicted an' gen'ral principles. He's bad as they make 'em."

As the hum of approval went around a weakened little juror said, "I heard that Pike giv it out that he'd go gunnin' fur us, if we sent him up, jes' soon's he got out, an' fur the judge too."

"We must protect the judge," they agreed, and the verdict was "Not guilty."—Detroit Free Press.

A Peculiar Ornament.

Berlin has probably one of the most peculiar ornaments for a reading room that has ever been seen in a similar position in a civilized country. This is a gravestone which stands, large and massive, in one corner of a small room. It is not only a gravestone, but is in its legitimate position at the head of a grave. The history of its location in the house is interesting. It was not put up in the house, but the house was built around the stone. Its original position was in the burial grounds in the churchyard at St. Hedwig's.

How Could He Help It?

He—Do you think marriages are made in heaven? She—I don't know. Perhaps they are, but I'd be satisfied with one made in—er, that is, of course, I wasn't thinking what—oh, Charlie, do you really mean it?—Chicago Record-Herald.

Nothing Definite.

Her Mother—Mr. Sloman has been coming to see you for quite a long while, Maude. What are his intentions? Do you know? She—Well, I think he intends to keep on coming.—Philadelphia Press.

LOGGERHEADS.

This Name Is Given to Spme Turtles and Other Animals.

The giant turtles which are found along the Atlantic coast and frequently in southern waters in great numbers are known as loggerheads. They commonly attain a weight of 1,600 pounds, are rapid swimmers and are often seen far from land, floating asleep upon the waves.

Carnivorous by nature these huge tortoises feed on crabs and fish, especially on a large species of conch, which they break open with their massive jaws. The flesh of this terrapin is leathery and oily, with a strong smell of musk. Young specimens are more palatable and are often on sale in the markets.

A duck, as large as our goose, which is native of the shores of Tierra del Fuego and the Falkland Isles is also called loggerhead, from its seeming stupidity and helplessness.

In the West Indies this name is also given to two or three sorts of fly catchers.

Hose of Olden Time.

In the very long ago hose were not stockings as now worn, but made long and were often drawn up even to the waist, and, oddly enough, had pockets in their sides. We read, moreover, that in the time of the Tudors and Stuarts they were of great variety, both of material and color, and for such as could command the luxury were richly trimmed and costly; they were often called "nether stocks."

Useless Labor.

"Don't be afraid of making me angry by telling me your candid opinion of my verses, old fellow. Criticism doesn't make any difference with me."

"I know that, my dear boy, but the trouble is that it doesn't make any difference with your verses either."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Singular and Plural.

"Funny! There was a time when the barbers used to speak of my hair."

"You mean before you began to get bald?"

"Yes. Now they speak of my hairs."—Philadelphia Press.