FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

GOOD STOCK.

Mr. T. B. Terry tells how his son started with common cows, that is, such as could be picked up at a low price in the fall. No extra money was put into the business, except to purchase a pure-bred sire. He has raised some calves every year from the best cows. A record has been kept of what each cow gave, so as to know which were the best. As the half bloods came into milk the original cows were sold off, from time to time, the poorest first. The oldest cow of his raising is now five years old, and probably about at her best. The others are younger and not up to their best yet. This 5-year-old gave 7,427 pounds of milk the first year, as a 2-year-old. She started in fresh as a 3-year-old and was only dry 17 days before she gave 8,163 pounds the second year and over 9,000 the third as a 4-year-old. This season, a 5-year-old, she has started out better than ever, decidedly, giving actually 59½ pounds of milk in 24 hours and 56 8-10 pounds average per day for a week, 21 days from calving. The calf that grew up into this cow was sold to a man for $2.50. When he came for her she was not doing well, and he made a change, paying $3 for another one, a little older.

Mr. Terry concludes:

"Good friends who keep common stock and think you can't afford to improve them, I want to say to you that the whole cost of this improvement in money has come back in this one cow, and all other choice animals have cost nothing. There may not be any others that will quite come up to this one, but there are several probably that at 5 years old will give 50 pounds of milk a day or more. Any-one of them at 2 years old gave, or will give, about twice as much as ordinary dairies of full grown cows average, taking all there are in a county. Doesn't this pay? What a chance for the young men who read this, who are now getting perhaps no more than 3,000 or 4,000 pounds of milk from a cow in a season. But it will take something more than merely buying a pure-bred sire. Yes, he must be a good individual, as well as have a good pedigree. The calves must be raised without at any time being fattened. They must be fed food that will make them grow steadily, but not such as will cause them to take on fat. They must be properly fed when giving milk, and warmly sheltered and kindly treated. You must use your brains a little more, not going along in the old easy, rather thoughtless way. But, my, think of the difference in income, when you get about three times as much milk with very little, if any, more feed used. Oh, what a chance there is for the boys now, along such improved lines of dairying."

USING DAMAGED FEEDS.

Bleached hay or straw has not the feeding value of hay or straw having its normal color and strength. Bleaching, caused by exposure to weather, robs hay of its sweetness and succulence, leaving a sort of dead roughness possessing comparatively little feeding value. This loss through exposure to the elements likewise very materially injures grains, extracting the soluble compounds contained in them and rendering them almost devoid of nutrition.

Just now many questions are being asked as to the advisability of feeding grains injured in the manner indicated. The answer to those questions must be general rather than specific, as so much depends upon the degree and also upon the nature of the injury that no answer can be given that will meet the needs of every case. It may be said with safety,however, that wheat ot with safety, however, that wheat or other grain that is badly musted or moulded is much injured for feeding. Such mould is quite injurious when fed in large quantities. Of course any process that will tend to remove mould from it will lessen the injury, but no after treatment can make such grain a first-class food again. Second, if the grain is simply badly wrinkled with the wet and discolored, its feeding value for stock would not seem to be lessened. Third, if the wheat is small and the grains so diminutive and uneven in size in addition to the discoloration, it still makes excellent food for live stock. It has a large amount of bran relatively, and this makes it a safe food when fed alone. Damaged wheat may be fed to sheep without being ground. For cattle and swine it ought to be ground. If such wheat has in it oily seeds of weeds, its feeding value is properly improved rather than injured. The oil in the seeds is slightly laxative. But it would be easily possible to have too much of this element for the best results.

POULTRY NOTES.

Feeding sunflower seed gives a brighter luster to the plumage.

For eggs secure hens from a good laying strain.

As far as possible keep birds of a size and disposition together.

No more than fifty fowls should be kept in one room together.

Curds, squeezed, dry and crumbly makes a good turkey feed.

Pekin ducks is the best breed to keep when there are no ponds.

Too much and too rich food is often the cause of apoplexy.

Good foraging is a great help to moulting hens and to growing chickens.

A dry dust bath is a valuable aid exce,lent egg producer.

To prevent egg eating make the nests reasonably high and dark.

The quality of the egg depends upon the character of the food supplied to the hens.

Cooked food fattens quickly because it is more completely digested.

Wheat is rich in material for growth and stimulates the egg production.

Skimmed milk to which is added rye flour is good for fowls suffering from bowel trouble.

A hen wants quiet while incubating, that is why stolen meats yield the largest returns.

Hens will never eat eggs if they have plenty of broken bones, ground oyster shells and clam shells.

Boiled oats mixed with coarse ground corn meal is claimed to be an excellent egg producer.

Well fed pullets lay much earlier than those allowed to go to roost without a well-filled crop.

A chick that is continually chilled never amounts to much because vitality is used up to resist abuse.

No other product of animal or vegetable life contains substance exactly like the albumen and yolk of the egg.

The application of sulphur sprinkled upon the fowls while roosting or otherwise with a pepper box will destroy vermin.

SHEEP DESTROY WEEDS.

Of the 600 weeds and grasses growing in the Northwest, writes Prof. Thos. Shaw, it is estimated by those that have made a study of it, that sheep will eat 576 of them, while horses consume but 82 and cattle only 56. The fact is, sheep prefer many kinds of weeds to grasses, and weedy fields and horse pastures are improved by turning a small flock of sheep into them. When sheep devour the weeds they do not charge anything for the work. On the other hand, they pay the farmer for the privilege of pulling the weeds. They turn the weeds into mutton, fresh, juicy and crisp. A sheep's stomach is the most perfect receptacle that was ever made for form of weed life. No weed seeds weeds. It is sure death to every retain the power of resurrection after having been buried in that living sepulchre, the stomach of the sheep.

SALTING IN THE CHURN.

This is practiced by many butter makers and especially by farmers. The butter granules are allowed to reach the size of a grain of wheat, the salt is then added and the churn slowly revolved. It will not take the salt long to become thoroughly incorporated in the butter. The maker will soon be able to estimate the amount of salt required for any one churning.

SMOKING SOLDIERS.

Is smoking going out of fashion with officers in the Army and Navy? The number of high-placed officers in both services who do not smoke is at least notable if recent statistics on the subject are reliable. It appears that the majority of Naval officers are content, like the French and the Russians, with an occasional cigarette. Of course there are exceptions. The Army has no officer who is such an inveterate smoker as the late General Gordon, who was miserable unless he had an ample supply of cigarettes. Thus among non-smokers we find Lord Roberts, General Sir Redvers Buller, General Sir William Butler, General MacKinnon, and General Gatacre. Sir William White says the smallest possible quantity of tobacco supplies his simple needs in the way of burning incense to My Lady Nicotine.

A HARD TASK.

"And you say you would die for me, George?"

"Die for you! Yes, a thousand deaths."

"You are a noble man, George."

"My darling, you do not know me yet."

"Well, dearest, I do not wish you to die for me, but I will tell you what you can do for me to show your affection."

"What is it, my darling? Shall I pluck the stars from the cerulean dome? Shall I say to the sea, 'Ha! ha! cease to flow, for my love wills it'? Shall I tell yon bright and inconstant moon that is glinting the hill-tops with her light that she must not shine on thy face too roughly—ha?"

"No, George, no," she smilingly said. "I do not wish you to attempt such impossibilities. All I ask of you is this——"

"Yes, my darling."

"All I ask of you is this—don't call again."

THE KING'S HOROSCOPE.

The reports of the continued improvement in the King's health have created the greatest satisfaction throughout India. Certain Hindu astrologers predict another fifteen years' life for His Majesty. It now transpires that several predictions were recorded long ago foretelling danger to the King between June 21st and 28th.

AT THE POST OF DUTY.

Things happen at sea—things fraught with deadly peril to all on board—of which the ordinary passenger knows nothing at the time; never gets to hear of perhaps. In the dead of night, when he is snugly tucked up in his berth below, death may come and take a runaway knock at the ship without his being one whit the wiser. The danger is known only to the officers; they see it, realize that an appalling disaster may result, and grapple with it quietly, secretly. For at such critical moments it is vitally essential that the passengers should be allowed to retain their sense of security, lest they may break into a mad, unthinking panic.

Who knew, for instance, on that dark night at sea, when the great Cape liner was heading up for the English Channel, and her hundreds of passengers were at rest in their state-rooms, that a terrible element of destruction had laid hold on the heart of the ship? They slept, those passengers, unconscious of the danger; ignorant of the life-and-death struggle which was being waged up there on deck. If one or two happened to be disturbed by something trailing along above their heads, they probably turned round in their berths without giving it a second thought. And yet if they had known it was a fire-hose!

Fire; the most appalling, the most terrifying word that can be whispered at sea.

It had broken out in the hold amidships. Smoke was oozing in sluggish wreaths from the hatches. The cargo down there was smoldering. And, at any moment, that molder might burst into fierce, ravaging, devouring flames.

The captain, cool in the presence of danger, prompt to think and act, had mounted with steady step to the bridge and taken charge. The firm-set face of him had looked down upon many scenes of devastation and terror when his strong, ruling hand had made itself felt and quelled the panic amongst the seething, struggling mass below. And now, in this sudden and startling emergency, he had the same resolute, masterful grip of the situation.

The ship's officers of every grade were at their posts. Away aft the purser was on guard at the head of the saloon stairs ready to reassure any timorous passengers who might catch the alarm and induce them to return quietly to their berths. The doctor—the "father" of the ship, by virtue of his gray hairs—had slipped out on deck and made his way forward, for at sea men do not pause to count the cost when called upon to face danger, and his services might be needed at any moment. There was no noise, no fuss, no confusion. If an order came from the bridge it came in the usual calm firm tones of command, never once raised above the ordinary level.

Grouped around the burning hold, where the lanterns swayed with the roll of the ship, the men, headed by one or two officers, were steadily fighting the fire-fiend. They had got the hatches off and were pumping streams of water down upon the heated cargo. But that was not enough. Blinded by the smoke, not knowing where the fire was seated, they were fighting in the dark. It was necessary to grapple with the danger at closer quarters to get out the smoldering bales before they burst into flame. Someone must go down—down there into the foul, stifling air of the hold, the scorching heat.

And he was ready; a young fellow in the ship's uniform, the uniform of an officer. He had bravely pulled off his coat, and was binding a wet towel around his mouth and nostrils, while they fixed a sling at the end of a rope to lower him into that black, reeking cavity.

Up there, in the darkness of the bridge, the captain stood and looked on, perhaps, with a sudden tightening of the heart, though no trace of it was visible upon his hard-lined face. It was the fourth officer who was going down; and the young fellow, though the relationship was never acknowledged on board ship—it was always captain and fourth officer—was his own son.

Armed with a lantern, he got into the sling, and was lowered into the unseen depths of the hold. And there, working with feverish energy, he pulled the cargo about until he got at the smoldering bales, and attached them to the tackle which had been let down to him. One by one they were hauled up on deck and tossed into the foaming sea. Not until his work was done, and he had cleared out every smoldering bale, was he drawn up himself—scorched, blackened, dripping with water, but with a ghastly whiteness showing through the grime on his face. No sooner did his feet touch the deck than he collapsed—fell in a huddled heap before they could stretch out a hand to his assistance.

The doctor pressed forward and took charge of him. With limp and trailing limbs, he was carried down below, and laid in a bunk. The deck was tidied up, the men quietly dispersed. The routine of the ship went on as before.

The captain was still on the bridge. The danger might not yet be wholly past; and his post was there. Something, it may be, was tugging at his heartstrings, dragging him below to his boy's side; but he stood firm. The safety of the ship, the lives of the passengers, were committed to his charge. There lay his duty.

In the bright sunny morning, when the passengers strolled up on deck, there was nothing to indicate the peril they had escaped during the night. The captain's face, perhaps, was a little more deeply lined and a shade graver than usual. They noticed, too, that as he paced the bridge he frequently turned a glance aft, as though expecting someone. And presently, as he saw the white-haired doctor coming along the deck, he quitted his post for a moment, and met him apart.

"Well?" was all he said.

With hands thrust into his pockets, his face stern and firm-set as ever, he listened while the kindly old doctor explained to him that there was little hope of saving his son's life. He took the blow without flinching.

They were now in the channel, with shipping on every side. His place was still on deck. Without a word he turned and went back to his post on the bridge. His usual imperative words of command rang out to the bustling crew.

Of such stuff those that go down to the sea in ships are made.

RUSSIA IN ASIA.

Japan May Attempt to Check the Great White Bear.

The steady but gradual expansion of Russia across Asia is constantly giving rise to reports that Japan will attempt to check the great White Bear in its designs upon China. The present reason for alarm in Japan is the occupation by Russia of Manchuria. To be sure, Russia has not added Manchuria to her map yet, but as the most important branch of the Trans-Siberian Railway is built through Manchuria, running down to Port Arthur, so well called the Gibraltar of Asia, it is not at all likely that the Russians will vacate the Chinese province.

When the Trans-Siberian Railway was first projected the Pacific terminus was to be Vladivostock. But in consideration of the fact that that harbor is full of ice for several months of the year, it was deemed advisable to find a terminus further south, so Port Arthur, the great stronghold at the extremity of the Lao-Tung peninsula, was by one of those fine strokes characteristic of Russian diplomacy added in 1898. It is, apart from its value as a terminus for the great railway, a point of great strategic value, and since its occupation by the Russians has been more securely fortified than ever.

A RUSSIAN GARRISON.

A garrison of 15,000 troops is kept there, and near at hand are 8,000 more, not to mention the troops whose especial duty it is to guard the railway lines. Two years ago, when it was announced that Japan was ready for war Russia quickly mobilized at that point 32,000 troops within a short time, and it would have been perfectly easy to add very considerably to that number in a fortnight.

The march across Asia has not been made without strife, for at every few hundred miles there are met savage tribes of many different races and creeds, but the railways had to be built and the people were conquered. The most remarkable thing, however, has been the almost perfect control Russia has been able to exercise over the conquered tribes. In a manner they have become without much difficulty integral parts of the great empire, for while they embrace many vastly different tribes, of vastly different characteristics, beliefs and customs, they are after all only parts of the great Slav race. This, no doubt, explains the Russian success in Asia.

UNIQUE HOTEL RULES.

Following are the rules and regulations posted in a Western hotel:

Board, 50 cents per square foot; meals extra; breakfast at 6, supper at 7.

Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiter; guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-raising flour for lunch.

Not responsible for diamonds, bicycles and other valuables kept on the counter, they should be kept under the safe.

The office is convenient to all connections; horses to hire, 25 cents a day.

Guests wishing to do a little driving will find hammer and nails in the closet.

If the room gets too warm open the window and see the fire escape.

If you are fond of athletics and like good jumping, lift the mattress and see the bed spring.

Baseballists desiring a little practice will find a pitcher on the stand.

If the lights go out, take a soda—that is light enough for any man.

Any one troubled with nightmare will find a halter in the barn.

Don't worry about your paying your bill; the house is supported by its foundation.

London has 24 centenarians, 19 of whom are women.

WANTS FRUIT AND BACON

MEDICINE HAT MERCHANT ON A VISIT TO ONTARIO.

On the Lookout for Shipments to Western Assiniboia and Alberta.

Richard Taney of Medicine Hat, Assiniboia, is at present visiting Ontario. Mr. Taney conducts a large general store in the Northwest Territories and does some business with Toronto houses. His mission in Ontario at present is to arrange for the shipments of apples, peaches and pears from this section into the far Northwest. In addition he will make an effort to induce the Canadian pork packers to ship into that region immediately east of the mountains a line of bacon especially adapted to the demands of that distant part of the world.

"I have been in the Northwest now a dozen years in the mercantile business," observed Mr. Taney, "and during that time I have taken a great deal of goods out of the Province of Ontario. Of course for most of my regular stock I am supplied at Winnipeg, but I have been buying fruits and packing house products in this section for years. Of late, of course, the demand for this line of merchandise, as well as all others, has increased out of all proportions to our facilities in Western Assiniboia and Alberta. The Columbia River district is filling up so fast the stock is hardly unloaded from the trains before it is started overland for the consumer. We have been behind with all our orders for the simplest necessaries of life in those districts most of this summer.

SMALL PACKAGES NEEDED.

"I am more particular just at present, of course, in getting stock into my house, but I have made a personal trip to Ontario province for the purpose of inducing some of those who ship fruit to me to give us the line of stuff we require in that section. We can't use the barrel goods to advantage. They are too bulky and cannot be sold in the original package to advantage. What we want is smaller packages. Not over one bushel and the half bushel packages are the best for the trade. We can command a third more for the stock put up in this form than any other way. If the shipper can get $2.50 for a barrel of apples I believe he can get $3.50 for the same quantity of apples put up in smaller packages. The cost of the smaller packages is, of course, larger, but the profits are in proportion. Then, too, the proposition of refrigeration enters into everything that is shipped to the Northwest. This fruit is not disposed of before cold weather. In that way we get a much better figure for it, but it must therefore be a sound article, such as we are capable of carrying in cold storage for several months. The same fruit that is placed on the market for daily consumption will not do for this trade. Our fruit must be packed green and above all it must be sound. For instance, our trade can handle only that line of peaches that has been carefully thinned in its earliest growth. Of course, every fruit grower thins his peaches, but for the Northwest trade they must be thinned unusually early and unusually well. Then the fruit is sounder and very firm. It will keep a long time if properly packed. It may be a surprise to some people to know that we frequently expect to keep some of this fruit a year. It goes up the Columbia River country into the extreme Northwest. There the people crave fruit to an extraordinary degree. In transporting this fruit a barrel is too heavy for the best results. The peaches ordinarily are better packed than the apples and we use a hundred barrels of apples to one box of peaches.

WANT FAT BACON.

"The matter of bacon I will see the packers in reference to. Our trade demands the heaviest fat goods the market will afford. It must be corn fed and heavy. The lean article does not answer the purpose in the extreme Northwest. It does not contain the heat qualities which the severe climate demands. I know some farmers feed their hogs split beans in order to produce the so-called English breakfast bacon line. It gives the bacon a very lean streak. Now it is the reverse of that we require. We want a very fat bacon. The demand for this section in all lines of merchandise is something enormous. In a settled community the extraordinary demand cannot be realized. A line of freighting outfits are in Medicine Hat every day handling overland loads at one and two dollars a hundred pounds for freight."

CHURCHES FOR SALE.

In Denmark, parish churches can be put up to public auction like any other chattels. Two have just been sold on the Island of Morsoe. They formed part of the estate of a bankrupt feudal proprietor, and without any sentiment or fuss were just disposed of under the hammer. A post-office receiver bought one for 30,000 crowns. The bargain had more to recommend it than some would think, seeing that the proprietor has tithing rights over the parishioners.

The largest cut diamond in the world is that belonging to the Rajah of Maltan, in Borneo. Its weight is 376 carats.