

AGRICULTURE

A Well-Arranged Smokehouse.

To make a smokehouse fire-proof as far as the stove ashes are concerned is not necessarily an expensive job; all that is required is to lay up a row of brick across one end, also two or three feet back upon each side connecting the sides with a row across the building, making it at least two



FIREPROOF SMOKEHOUSE.

feet high. As those who have a smokehouse use it nearly every year, that part can also be made safe from fire by the little arch built at the point shown in the illustration. The whole is laid up in mortar, and to add strength to the structure an iron rod or bar may be placed across the centre of the bin and firmly imbedded in the mortar, two or three rows of brick from the top. Of course the rear of the arch is also bricked up. In most cases less than two hundred and fifty brick will be all that is required.

Swedish System of Cream Raising.

In dairying as in all other kinds of business, losses at each and every point must be guarded against. Cream raising is one of the points where serious loss occurs many times.

Now what is the Swedish system of cream raising? It is simply setting the milk at or near the temperature at which it is drawn and quickly reducing it to forty-five degrees. Milk when drawn is at the temperature of about ninety-eight degrees, and the nearer it is to that temperature when set, the better the result will be. But if it is not allowed to fall below ninety degrees, before setting, the results will be satisfactory, if prompt and proper reduction of temperature of the milk is produced.

It must not be understood that all, or practically all the cream, cannot be raised if the milk is allowed to drop to a lower degree than ninety before setting, for it can be done. But in such practise it may be necessary to cool it to a lower temperature and perhaps a little longer time allowed for the cream to come up.

By "practically all the cream" is meant all but a trace of butter fat and in fact all that is of any practical value for butter. Some of the very smallest of the butter globules are of no practical value, and they are the last to come up.

Failures to secure all the cream by the practice of the Swedish system, or attempt to practise it, have resulted only when it has been improperly practised. And the most common cause for such failures has been the lack of proper reduction of temperature. Many seem to think that if the water is at forty-five degrees, that is all that is required. Now the water in which the cans of milk are set may be at the start forty-five degrees, but as soon as it has equalized temperature with the milk its power for cream raising has been expended, and it cannot accomplish more in that direction. The only thing then to be done, is to either change the water or put in ice. It would be better to do either a short time before the two fluids equalize temperature. If ice is used, it is of course better to put enough of it in at the start to reduce the milk to forty-five degrees.

The Swedish system of cream raising can be practised in any kind of a sheet metal can, the diameter, or width of which, is not too great—about eight and one-half inches should be the limit of diameter for a round can, or width of one oblong in form. But for cans of the latter form, a width of seven inches is practical, while round cans of the usual height, twenty inches, would not be convenient to clean, of a less diameter than eight and one-half inches.

The cans may be set in a common box or tank made water tight or even in a half section of a barrel.

The item of ice is anything but a serious one so far as cost is concerned, and there is no excuse for a farmer not to store it. There is no denying that, as a rule, the Swedish custom can be more properly practised if ice is used than it can be without it. With its use there will never be any trouble in getting all the cream between milkings and in fact in a much shorter time than that limit—say three to five hours. And when a vessel of very small diameter or width is used, it can even be accomplished in two hours. To test the truth of this statement fill a glass jar with milk just drawn, and set it in a vessel containing water and plenty of ice broken fine. If the milk is from a cow fresh in milk you will be very apt to see a distinct cream line in forty minutes and have all the cream to the surface in less than double that number of minutes. This is an experiment that any one can easily make and it will prove an educating one.

Eggs in Winter.

It is useless to look for large quantities of eggs from the heavier breeds of fowls. Where one wants both eggs and market fowls, it is well to keep more than one breed. An entire flock of uniform colors is more pleasing to the eye, but a mixture is more satisfactory as an all-round flock. Last winter I had a flock of thirty-five hens, ranging from pullets to hens four years old. They were a mixed lot; some Plymouth Rocks, some grade Langshans, a few light Brahmas, and a goodly proportion of Brown

Leghorns and their grades. They had been laying well all summer with scarcely any decrease in egg-production at moulting time as the pullets were then beginning to lay. At the beginning of cold weather their houses were lined with building paper, and six or eight inches of sand thrown on the earth floor. As long as the ground was bare they were allowed to run in the yard, but were kept shut in on cold and stormy days. The feed was a warm mash in the morning, with a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in it. This mash is very easily made. At breakfast time every morning the teakettle is filled with water and put over to heat. By the time breakfast was over the water was hot. It was put into a large pail and stirred with a mixture of bran and middlings, as thick as could be.

On the floor we had a quantity of cut straw and chaff, and into this were thrown four quarts of mixed corn, oats and wheat at about four o'clock in the afternoon, so that the hens could scratch it out before dark. Fresh water, with the chill off, was before them every day. All the meat scraps from the table and the offal of butchering days, bones with some meat on, all went to furnish animal food in absence of insects. Now for results. On no day through the entire winter did they lay less than half-a-dozen eggs, and through January and February the average ran from ten to twelve eggs every day, with occasionally as many as twenty-four. When the snow lay deep on the ground for weeks at a time, and the thermometer hovering around zero, they were kept in their house all the time. The house is sixteen by twenty-four feet, and besides the hens there were two cocks and ten hen turkeys kept in it. With eggs from eighteen to twenty-cents a dozen, it is worth while to "fuss" with hens.

Barley Meal for Cows.

Barley meal constitutes a perfectly wholesome food for milk cows, but is certainly not remarkable for its milk or butter-producing qualities, being better calculated to form flesh than milk. If the grain is on hand it may as well be used as an auxiliary food, but if it has to be purchased it might be advisable to spend the money in bran, peas, oil-cake, wheat and oats, the two latter being the most superior milk-producing grains. As to the best food for butter-producing, we put little faith in rules for feeding, and believe that the health and appetite should be watched carefully, and the food varied in both quantity and quality, according to the evident needs of the individual. The following rations for butter production may serve as a guide, but the observant and intelligent feeder will try what can be done with the foods produced on the place and according to the requirements of individual animals:

No. 1.—Clover hay, 10 pounds; oats or wheat straw, 10 pounds; linseed cake, 2 pounds; bran, 3 pounds; pea or wheat meal, 2 pounds; ground oats, 4 pounds.

No. 2.—Meadow hay, 16 pounds; bran, 8 pounds; linseed meal, 3 pounds; wheat or pea meal, 4 pounds.

No. 3.—Ensilage, 35 pounds; bran 4 pounds; corn or pea meal, 4 pounds; oat chop, 3 pounds; straw, as much as will be eaten.

Mangels, turnips and carrots are all good for milking cows. Three pecks per day may be fed along with any of the above rations, except No. 3, in which ensilage is present, forming the succulent portion of the ration. The turnips should be fed after milking, or else there is danger of tainting the milk.

The Deposed Queen of the Sandwich Islands.



Potatoes as Penholders.

"It is surprising," says a commercial traveler, "how general the use of potatoes as penholders is becoming in hotels. I have seen them in use in great hostleries of the east, whose owners wouldn't hesitate for a moment to spend \$10 for a desk ornament to hold pens used by the guests in registering. The mixture of starch, glucose and water in the potato seems well adapted to take up the impurities of ink and to keep the pen point clear and bright while the alkaloid of the potato, known as solanine, doubtless has something to do with it in the same line. These elements readily take up the tannate of iron, which is the body substance of ink. Chemically speaking starch is the first base of a potato, and sugar or glucose is its second base. Thus is the humble potato finding another way in which to serve the uses of mankind. There is a rather pleasing suggestiveness in a big ten-inch potato when a feller comes in tired and hungry from a long run."

Crushed.

My fiancée is quite a girl;
Three hundred pounds said he,
And never shall I quite forget
The night she sat on me.

Both Sides of It.

Oldbach—Man is never too old to love.
Miss Bud—Probably not, but he gets too old to be loved.

Baby is Dead.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO, CAN.

The baby is dead.

How still it sleeps;

Dear baby is dead;

Its mother weeps;

And the tear-drops fall on her thin, white hands.

Like a summer shower on the thirsty sands;

The hope of a mother lies cold and still.

In that little white coffin near the sill!

And father stands by—

With bowed head—

No grief like a sigh:

Baby is dead.

A wee satin shroud,

Narrow its bed;

The clock ticks so loud,

Baby is dead.

So still the house you can hear your heart beat

The wheels of the hearse sound harsh on the street;

The children tell Aunt, in a room near by:—

They—"Can't make out why a baby should die!"

"Little hands and feet,

All pink and red,

Like a dolly neat,

"Is baby dead?"

A little green mound,

A tiny stone,

In churchyard ground

Stands all alone!

But up in Heaven a new face is seen;

Where never a sigh nor a tear hath been;

And the angels sing to that baby fair,

Till its mother arrives to claim it there.

Sweetest songs of love:

No death—no sin,

In that Home above

Can enter in!

A THRILLING PICTURE

WHICH HAD THE BEST OF IT? THE MILLIONAIRE OR TRAMP.

The Heartrending Story of a Poor Tramp—Left a Fortune by His Brother, and Told to Enjoy Himself While He Could.

The ambulance had brought a man from the railroad yards, where a freight train had cut him up. His bleared face covered



with a stubby growth of beard,

the fumes of liquor on his breath,

the odors from his rags reeking with tobacco—all were

in harmony. Interest in the case

fell at once when it was seen that he

was only a tramp and so the surgeon

was left alone with him when he turned his

head and said in a hoarse whisper: "Done

for this time, ain't I? Yes, I see; stick to

the truth, old man. Been pretty close

before, but I pulled through. Now I'm

going. Nice way to die, ain't it, Doc?

Good enough for a tramp, though. Good

enough for me. Purty price to pay, but

I've had a big time, Doc—a of a time."

A sardonic smile crept over his

bloated face and faded away in a

fixed stare at the cold, white ceiling.

The surgeon was sitting close beside

him, holding his hand. "Got time to

hear it, Doc? I'll be short

—ain't got time to say much, hev I?"

"Goin' fast now. Two lives, Doc, I wanted

to tell you about. Whisky—a drink, Doc,

please." A little more stimulant streng-

thened his tongue and cleared the cobwebs

away from his poor tired eyes. Then in

the shock of the soul's flight from the body

the years disappeared and his voice was

not the voice of the tramp but the voice

of the man that used to be.

"I started right enough. I had ambi-

tions. I was going to be a great man and

a power in the world and all that sort of

thing, you know. I went to college and

studied and worked, and I graduated

pretty well up the

line among my

classmates. My

brother died—he

was ten years older

than I was. On his

death bed he called

me to him and said

he had something

to say to me. He

wanted to give me

some advice. I got

down by his bedside

and listened.

"I am rich,

John," he said. "I

have got a million

dollars—house and

lands and stocks

and bonds and everything. But I've

worked for it, worked, oh, so hard for it

all, worked all my life—slaved—toiled—

almost starved sometimes, John, to get it

all. But I got it and now I am dying—

dying, John, do you hear? I'm dying

and what's all this money now? I've

wasted my life—wasted it hunting

for gold. I've never stopped to play a

moment since I was a boy. I've never

stopped to enjoy life an hour. I almost

forgot I had a family or friends—forgot

there was anything in the world but money

—cut myself loose from all the ties that

ought to bind a man to earth, John. When

I had \$10,000 I thought it was time to rest

but I put it off till I should have doubled

it. When I had doubled I almost decided

to rest, but concluded I could not afford it

till I had \$50,000. When I got that I

was tired and sick but I had big schemes

on hand, John, big schemes which would

make me rich. I told myself that I would

take a long rest when I had worked them

out. So I worked on and on, and my money

turned over and over "GOT ANY MORE LIQ-

UOR, DOC?"

and everything I touched turned to gold. I'm

rich now, John, and ready to rest—and

here I am—dying, dying, dying—do you

hear, John? Dying like a fool without ever

having lived.

"Got any more liquor, Doc? I'm going

soon."

He had been talking fast, spending lavishly

the last of his fuel on his story; it was the

ruddy light of the afterglow when the sun

has already set behind the hills.

He hurried to tell the rest while the surgeon

kept his fingers on the fleeing pulse.

"He told me to enjoy life. He

warned me against a mistake like his.

He advised me to live while I could and

not to wait till too late. Then he died and

I took up life where he left off and I fol-

lowed his advice. But he didn't know what

he was doing—no, he didn't know. But I

gave up my plans, my studies, my prepara-

tions for a life of work. I put them all

away from me—I told myself there was

time enough. I would enjoy life while I

had youth and then would work and do

things as I had planned to do."

He was talking fast and without any

halting now, and the words came burning

from his heart. But his voice grew lower

and lower and the doctor had to bend

closer and closer to catch what he said.

"Enjoy life! Well, I have enjoyed life.

I've had a h— of a time, Doc. I spent

what my brother left me, and squandered

my father's fortune. Away it went! Life,

life, life! I saw it all. Ha! I didn't wait—

no, I didn't wait. Everything there is in

life I tried—all the fun, I mean, Doc—you

know, the fun, the wild living, the wild

joys. And I went down, down, down—to

the bottom—the very bottom where the

snakes and the fiends are. Oh! My brother!

I took your advice. You didn't—know.

I've enjoyed life—I've lived. I'm not leaving

any fortune—nothing. I'm a tramp, Doc, a

tramp—understand? A tramp and—dying

in rags. But—I've lived, Doc—yes, I've

lived. Whisky, Doc—whis-ky—Doc—gi-

me—whis-ky—"

The rest was silence.

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