

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

GOOD CATTLE.

We wish we could impress upon every owner of cattle the importance of the best animals of their kind over the inferior ones to be found in greater or less number in so many herds among the common farmers. Good animals of their kind are not accidents—they are the result of breeding such animals as reproduce their own desirable characteristics. Hence all inferior animals are the result of improper breeding. We remarked last fall the unevenness of lack of uniformity of the herds of grade cattle seen at the fairs. One animal would represent one characteristic, and another something widely different. There was no point to the herd, no purpose shown in the animals making up its numbers. Looking at the herd one would be at a loss to know what the owner was keeping cattle for. This is just the condition of far too many herds as found on many farms all over the country. This all comes from an indifference on the part of the owner as to the value of the best animals over the inferior. There is not an owner to be found but realises the superior value to him of some individuals of his herd over others he is keeping. Yet he fails to put forth the required effort to make his herd of only those made up for the work he has in hand. This is more especially marked in the breeding of animals than in the selection by purchase.

While a well bred steer will make twice as rapid growth as another, and when he is grown is so made up as to be of greater value per pound and one cow will give twice the milk of another on the same feed, yet owners of these animals do not seem to put forth great effort to breed those of the best. We once heard a noted breeder of fine cattle say that he never saw a superior bull in any man's hands, but if he really felt that he ought to have him to use in his own herd he contrived some way to get him. If every owner of cattle felt like that and would give corresponding attention to the quality of the animals he is breeding there would be far less inferior animals kept than is now the case.

Every owner keeps cattle for a purpose. That purpose should be manifest in every animal bred or kept on the farm. With studied attention given to the matter there would not be the wide difference in the merits of animals now seen. The best, the ideals, are worth to the owner several times the value of the inferior. The points of excellence desired should be held in view, and the owner should at every step be working to that standard. There is profit in good cattle.

THE SWINEHERD.

The first 100 pounds of a pig may be the cheapest as far as feed is concerned, but they are much the dearest if we take into account pains and labor of looking after their early existence.

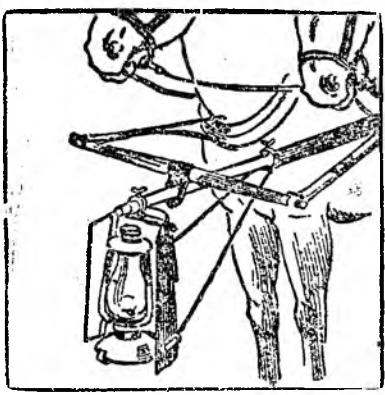
If the young porker thrives well in making the first 100 pounds, nine chances out of ten he will make a thrifty, large and vigorous hog. The troubles that may overtake the little pigs are numerous. A few of the most common are scours, thumps, constipation, mange, or skin diseases, and last, but not least, worms.

If a dam is not in good condition at farrowing time, pigs will not come easily, or they may be the squeaky kind which scarcely ever live more than a couple of days. To avoid this feed (in winter when there is no grass) will made of wheat shorts and oatmeal twice daily, before grain, dry oats in the morning, and dry corn at night. This rich swelling may not be necessary all winter, but it is absolutely necessary from two to three weeks before farrowing. Oil meal must be fed very lightly in the beginning, but can be increased to a handful at a feed. Brood sows, fed in this way will bring forth strong, active pigs, and forceps will not be necessary.

Pigs should be picked up as fast as they come and placed in a box, provided with a warm stone and dry straw in the bottom and a blanket over the top. Do not cover too tight or you might smother them.

If the sow is quiet, you may place them with her as soon as they all get dry; if not it is safer to keep them in a box a day or two, letting them suck every three hours. Provide with fresh dry bedding daily, to avoid losing tails or contracting skin diseases. After ten or twelve hours the dam will require a very thin swill, slightly warmed. The second day a little grain may be fed with the swill; start with a handful and increase each feed. By the end of the week you can have her back to a liberal ration.

Watch the little fellows closely. If they look hungry, give them a little more feed; if fat and contented, they are getting enough. No two sows can be fed alike; use a little common sense and you will get along O.K. Always provide for plenty of pasture; it is the best and cheapest feed. If they are doing very well and look as round and plump as dollars, look out; they are likely to get thumpy. Here plenty of exercise is all the medicine they require. Get after them with the buggy whip, and run them until they are all tired out. Do this twice daily until a little of the fat is worked off.



LIGHTS THE ROADWAY.

While some horses will follow a dark road safely if given a free rein, it is not a safe practice, and the driver does not feel entirely at ease with the reins lying loose in his hand. It is a better plan to provide a light which will enable the driver to see the roadway ahead of his team, and the arrangement here shown seems to fill all the requirements for the purpose. The intention is to utilize an ordinary lantern, and provision is made to clamp it firmly in the spring base. The sides of the holder serve as a reflector to throw the light rays ahead, and a shield to prevent the lamp shining in the eyes of the driver, as in the latter case he would be blind to the road ahead of his team. The support is well braced by means of the rods projecting at the rear, and when the device is not in use it can be slipped from the wagon tongue and suspended from the dashboard or other convenient place.

Scours must be checked at once, or they may get beyond control. Give dam a teaspoonful of copperas dissolved in water in her swill. If the first dose does not check, repeat after twenty-four hours, and it will check them twenty-four out of twenty-five times. If constipation is the trouble, increase the swill and oatmeal until the bowels move loosely.

DAIRY AND STOCK.

Do you salt your horses? Stand by the cow and she will stand by you.

If you chance to have an oil churning never sell it.

A little grain in the manger is a better way of getting the cow to the stable at milking time than to send a snapping dog after her or a boy that will yell and chase her all the way.

Did you ever see a poor, scrawny, uncurried, half-fed scrub of a horse that didn't have a scrub for an owner? Well, if you find a man that has nothing but scrub horses who is not much of a scrub himself, write to the managers of some museum about him. He'll be worth money as the greatest curiosity of the age.

The sheep being a very dainty animal and a lover of a great variety of plants, including many weeds, we find that soiling is an impracticable method to pursue with them. Although they will make good and profitable gains under the soiling treatment, the gains are not so marked or economical as when they roam at large.

THE HIRED MAN.

With a flock of fowl, a good garden, the milk from a good cow, the privilege of raising his own meat and some beside, the use of a good, warm house, beside his salary, what man with a job in the city is getting so much? Not many; and if he is a sensible, appreciative fellow, he will see it, his wife will see it, and they will show their appreciation by looking after your interests. There are men who will not appreciate this, and who will abuse the privileges given, but there is no law compelling one to keep such. And there are good men now hiring farms and growing poorer and poorer each year, who will make first-rate men if working for another man. Such an one is better off by far under the guidance of a good, honest, conscientious man. Treat a man as a man, and if he has any manhood about him, he will not abuse it. Give him a good home and wages and he will give good, honest work for it.

A THOUSAND MILES AT SEA.

In Several Parts of the Earth Ships can get that far from Land.

The question has been asked, is it possible to sail 1,000 miles from land? This can be done at several points. By leaving San Francisco and sailing northward into the North Pacific, a spot is reached where there is no land—not even an islet—for 1,000 miles in any direction. So, too, sailing from the southern point of Kamchatka, southward, ships reach a point equally distant from land of any kind, the nearest to the north being the Aleutian Islands, and to the south the outlying members of the Sandwich group. In the southern Indian Ocean it is possible to sail 1,000 miles out from the southern points of Australia and New Zealand, and still be as far from any other land, and the same may be done in a westerly direction from Cape Horn. Indeed, from this point a much longer distance may be reached, for the southern Pacific, between the Horn and New Zealand, covers a space of 80 degrees of longitude and 40 of latitude of absolutely unbroken sea, making its central point over 1,200 miles from anywhere.

RUINED BY THEIR HOBBIES

AMUSEMENTS THAT WRECKED GREAT FORTUNES.

Passion for Golf Ruined Kenneth Price—Spent Three Fortunes in Horses.

Without counting betting as a hobby—which it is not—170 wealthy people have been driven to bankruptcy, and in many cases to death as well, by a violent passion for one particular amusement. This ranges over anything between deer-stalking and collecting stamps, says London Answers.

Kenneth Price, who died six months after his bankruptcy last year, owed his disaster to golf, his one mastering passion. His fame as a golfer was universal; but he was the son of Gordon Price, the wealthy Scotch ironmaster, who left him the business. Kenneth started

PLAYING THE ROYAL GAME

as a boy, and for twenty-five years he lived solely for golf, playing day and night—literally, for he had his well-known links at Alderley lit by electric arc-lights, at a cost of over \$35,000.

At St. Andrews and all the great golfing centres he spent thousands, staying at the most costly hotels, and practically living on the links. He did the thing well, certainly, for he held five amateur championships, and paid his private "caddie," John Macleod, \$1,500 a year. But an ironmaster's business needs looking after; and as golfing took up all his time, save about ten days a year, which he devoted to business, the Price profits dwindled. And when he found himself insolvent early last year the reason of his bankruptcy was "over-expenditure on golf." He died six months later, at Edinburgh.

It was yachting that brought about the downfall of Elliot Reid, owner of the famous "Myrteia." He owned altogether 153 boats in his career, and for ten years he claimed to have never been out of sight of one of his costly craft. His love of yachting amounted almost to monomania; and though his income was given as \$30,000 a year, it could not keep pace with this expenditure on his hobby. Yet he spent hardly a penny apart from his yachts, for he lived on board his favorite craft—the "Oiney"—having no dwelling ashore; and when she was "laid up" in the mud for the winter, he

STILL LIVED ON HER.

He had an example of every new style of racing-yacht built for him when it appeared, and he bought and sold big yachts almost weekly, giving any price the seller chose to ask, but never getting much for them when he sold them. He talked and dreamed of nothing but yachting, and was a splendid hand at it, commanding all his own boats; and he had every kind of yacht conceivable, except a steam-launch, which was a thing he abhorred.

However, even \$30,000 a year would not stand such a strain long, and at his bankruptcy his yachting expenses were given—truly enough—as the reason for his failure. The yachts were his only assets, every penny of his capital being spent, and they were sold by official order. Elliot Reid committed suicide at Dartmouth a few weeks later, dying absolutely penniless.

No man ever loved horses better, or knew more about them, than Whyte Morley, and they were his ruin, as a hobby. Not by gambling, for he never made a solitary bet in his life; but he spent three separate fortunes.

EACH OVER \$75,000,

in breeding and training horses. He raced to a moderate extent, never gambling, and was very successful, and at Three Elms, his place in Leicestershire, he kept always between forty and fifty thoroughbreds tending them like babies, and paying all his men well. As his income could never have been more than \$5,000 a year, it is easy to see how he "came a cropper."

His luck, in one way, was so good that, after he had spent all his money, he received a legacy of \$50,000, and before that was quite gone, another windfall of the same amount; but he lived and slept with his horses, spending anything up to \$15,000 for a famous race-horse, and Pontifex alone cost him \$10,000.

He was liked by everyone, and always said that he was perfectly willing to ruin himself for the sake of horses. His expensive pets brought him to the Bankruptcy Court at the close of '99; and though he was just able to pay his creditors in full, he was left practically penniless.

HE ENLISTED

in the Yeomanry, as most people know, and died of enteric at Bloemfontein only a few months ago.

The splendid Lennox collection of old china and pictures that came under the hammer a little while ago ruined its owner, who spent forty years and the whole of his fortune on this hobby. Crawford Lennox, who was one of the chief connoisseurs of Europe in this line, lived in absolute penury at his house in Edwars Square, Kensington, during the time he scraped this collection together—one of the finest ever known. He kept it at the Barnard Studios, and though he lived on practically nothing, he had a comfortable income, which he spent solely in purchasing rare and costly things for his collection. He would live on bread-and-water

for a month rather than forego buying a vase or picture that cost anything up to \$2,500; and he spent in this way not only his income, but his capital, which was nearly \$100,000 when he first had it. Most of his time he spent either hunting in odd corners for "finds," attending sales, where he was a well-known figure, or poring over his treasures at the studios. Eventually he became bankrupt; but sometime before he made over the collection to his sister, who did not survive him long, however. His bankruptcy was a hopeless case, and a year afterwards, he died, in extreme poverty, being, as the attending doctor certified,

PRACTICALLY STARVED

to death. On his sister's death the collection was sold, but did not fetch a tithe of what he had spent on it.

What Arthur Griffiths, the famous dog-fancier did not know about dogs was not worth knowing; and though he was wealthy, they landed him in the net of insolvency at last. Considering that he never had less than a couple of hundred at a time, and never sold any, though he often gave them away, this is not surprising, especially as he seldom had one worth less than \$50. The prices he gave for specially-bred dogs seemed limited only by the sums the vendors were inclined to ask, and he several times gave \$500 for one. The famous Massie collie cost him \$1,000.

His kennels at Sutton and Reigate were marvels of luxury and costliness, and the weekly bills for food alone used to run into \$50 for each establishment. He bought, on an average a couple of new dogs every week, sometimes making presents of entire batches to his friends. There are not many dog-lovers who do not know of Arthur Griffiths; and as his expensive hobby brought him nothing in return—he frequently said he would as soon think of selling his own brother as of taking money for a dog—the weight of it broke through his means, and brought him into insolvency. He showed that he had given over \$35,000 for the dogs he then had in hand, to say nothing of the hundreds he had parted with; but when the kennels were sold at the famous Astley sale, they did not fetch \$2,000. Griffiths died in the States, about eighteen months ago.

DOGS OF WAR.

Exhibitions of Their Practical Utility.

Some clever dogs—an Irish wolfhound and some collies—have been for more than three months most carefully and patiently trained by Major Hautonville Richardson in all the varied duties of dogs attached to a regiment in war time, says a London letter.

They are trained to guard baggage, guard ammunition, carry messages from one part of the field to another and await a reply; give the alarm on the approach of the enemy by running into camp without barking, and to do ambulance duty by seeking the wounded in cover or carrying first aid appliances.

Major Richardson has for some time been in Germany investigating the method of training there, and is now giving daily exhibitions in the grounds of the Crystal Palace in connection with the ambulance section of the Naval and Military Exhibition of the practical uses of dogs attached to regiments in war time.

The performance opens with an attack by the enemy, who are repulsed. When firing ceases the dogs begin their work of carrying first aid to the wounded and seeking those who are wounded in cover.

Attached to the collar of each ambulance dog is a small bottle of brandy. On either side of his saddle cloth, on which the red cross is conspicuous, are pockets, one containing bandages and the other necessaries for "first aid," the other a ration of biscuit for the dog himself. Strapped across the back of each is a waterproof sheet for the dog to lie on when guarding baggage or on sentry duty.

The messenger dogs have a waterproof envelope attached to their collars for the conveyance and protection of written messages and despatches.

It is wonderful to watch the dog seeking for the supposed wounded men in the shrubberies and rhododendron thickets of the Crystal Palace grounds, and to note their sagacity and the keen interest they take in their task.

In Germany Great Danes are employed in carrying ammunition; but Major Richardson has trained his own Irish wolfhound for this purpose. The ammunition is carried in two leather pockets strapped across the dog's back. It was strange, indeed, to eyes accustomed to see handsome and gentle Knight of Kerry in the show ring to look upon him as a dog of war. He is a wheaten colored hound and a famous stud dog.

Leno, one of the larger of the other dogs, is a cross between a St. Bernard and a collie, and probably it is some strain of the former breed which makes him so keen in seeking for the wounded and carrying despatches.

One of the Glasgow volunteer regiments is in treaty for the purchase of three dogs.

NOT WITHOUT EXCITEMENT.

You are not addicted to any kind of athletics are you? Athletics? Gracious, man, I earn a good living for a family of seven.

TROUBLE AT DARLEY'S.

It all Arose over a Little Mouse and a Black Beetle.

"Oh, dear," gasped Mrs. Darley, as she rushed out of the house and sank into a garden-seat by the side of her husband.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Darley, as soon as he could remove, with great deliberation, the cigar from his mouth.

"It was a mouse. It ran just across the floor of the dressing-room."

"Did it attack you directly, dear, and did you escape only after a terrible hand-to-hand combat?"

"Now, you are making fun of me, Frank," the little woman pouted, "and I think it is unkind of you."

"I don't intend to be unkind, dear, but you must own your fear of mice is very foolish. Of course, I know that it is a very general fear of your sex, but that is no reason why individuals should not try to rid themselves of the habit of getting frightened into fits every time a mouse makes its appearance. It is a small weak little thing, and—"

Mr. Darley interrupted himself to insert the fourth finger of his right hand between his collar and his neck and to wriggle with his shoulders, while he said:—

"What on earth has got down my back?"

"It's only a blackbeetle, dear," replied Mrs. Darley. "I saw it crawling over your collar."

Darley jumped up and began thrashing wildly about with his hands, and exclaiming:—

"Take it off, Nellie! take it off! Oh, the nasty thing will kill me. Push your hand right down! Oh, dear, I can feel it getting down into the small of my back. Oh, oh! But this is torture! Can't you do anything to help a fellow, instead of standing staring like that?"

"If you don't stand still, dear, I

"Stand still! How can I stand still with a venomous thing like that parading up and down my spinal column?"

With this Mr. Darley threw himself upon the ground and rolled over on his back, while his faithful wife hovered over him, anxiously trying to be of some use. A neighbor, who had called, thought that Mr. Darley was writhing in the throes of an epileptic fit, and, with rare presence of mind, rushed for water, having obtained which he threw it all over Mr. Darley before Mrs. Darley could stop him. The water must have drowned the blackbeetle for Mr. Darley arose, and was about to expostulate with the man who had "brought him to," but his wife stepped between the two men and stopped what might have been a quarrel.

"You had better go to your room and change your clothes dear," she said to her husband.

After he had gone she explained the cause of the trouble to the neighbor, and the latter departed. After Mr. Darley had put on dry clothes he came downstairs and said:—

"Did I understand you to say that you saw that blackbeetle crawling over my collar, and never said a word about it?"

"Why dear," replied she, "I did not want to interrupt your discourse on woman's fears of mice, and I knew that nothing was to be feared from a little blackbeetle. It is a small, weak little thing, and—"

"Oh, of course—just so!" snarled Mr. Darley, as he walked off in a huff, without waiting for his wife to finish her sentence.

"What inconsistent creatures men are," soliloquized Mrs. Darley, as she watched her husband's form disappear round the corner.

DID MRS. CHEESEMAN SMILE?

Mrs. Cheeseman, arrayed in her best gown, was sitting for her photograph.

Your expression—pardon me—is a trifle too severe, said the photographer, looking at her over his camera. Relax the features a trifle. A little more, please. Wait a moment.

He came back, made a slight change in the adjustment of the head rest, then stood off and inspected the result.

Now, then. Ready. Beg pardon—the expression is still a little too stern. Relax the features a trifle. A little more, please. Direct your gaze at the card on this upright post. All ready. One moment again—pardon me. The expression is still too severe. Relax the—

Jemima! roared Mr. Cheeseman, coming out from behind the screen and glaring at her savagely, smile, confound you! Smile.

MILITARY CYCLISTS.

The decision of the War Office to send nearly a thousand Volunteer cyclists to the front is a striking instance of prejudice overcome. Fifteen years ago the idea of a military cyclist was treated with mild derision. Now, however, there are from 10,000 to 15,000 Volunteer cyclists in Great Britain; at the beginning of 1898 they only numbered 3,400. It is interesting to notice that other countries are beginning to regard the bicycle as a serious item in modern warfare. The French Minister of War has decided that two companies of regular soldier cyclists shall be formed.

Dashaway—Stuffer must be dead. Cleverton—Why? Dashaway—I invited him to dine with me at seven, and it's five minutes past.