

*Orange, Prairie of
Grand Prairie Grand Prairie, Texas 1895*

TEXAS FARM RANCH

AND SUBSTITUTION

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RAILROAD MEN AND SALOONS.

In the contest mentioned below by the Farmer's Voice, the traveling public will take the side of the railroad companies. At the Illinois State Liquor Dealers' Association at Springfield last week the Secretary urged a complete boycott of the Alton road because it forbids its men to drink liquor or visit saloons whether on or off duty. As we understand it,

this rule is in force on all the principal railroads. That it is a wise rule the public will agree, whether the liquor dealers approve of it or not. Railroad-riding is a ticklish business at best. A train speeding along at forty miles an hour depends for safety upon the cool, calm brains of those who have charge of the road. A mistake of drunkenness, or weariness and nervousness caused by dissipation while off duty,

may hurl the train to destruction and slaughter many people. No well regulated business establishment will permit its help to drink liquor in business hours or to carouse out of business hours, for carousal unfits men for work. It is the duty of railroad men, their duty to the railroad and duty to the public, to keep themselves in proper trim for alert work. The liquor business is unusually impudent when it

demand the exposure of human life on railroads because if the men are allowed to drink the saloons few pennies; and any business attempts to reason will likely be patronized by roads, as we it will be and so.

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Orchard and Garden

Edited by Dr. A. M. Ragland, Pilot Point, Denton Co., Texas, to whom all communications for this department should be addressed.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

American Horticulturist, in a recent issue, advocates spraying as a necessity to the production of merchantable fruit, and suggests that in neighborhoods where fruit growing is only a side issue, and each farmer has only a small area planted in fruit, the owners of such orchards form a club, and employ some enthusiastic young man to undertake for a stipulated price per acre, or per tree, to furnish apparatus and chemicals, and spray trees and vines at proper intervals. In this way the work will be well done, and at the proper time. Such a plan would be most effective, and once inaugurated would give such satisfactory results that provision would be made for it annually.

FALL PLANTING OF FRUIT TREES.

The great majority of people postpone tree planting until spring. In this latitude, it is safe to say, that more trees are planted in March than any other month in the year. While it is true that trees and plants, transplanted in the spring, sometimes grow off well, especially when favorable conditions prevail, yet in seasons when an early drouth follows the planting, before the trees have time to strike their roots deep enough to obtain necessary moisture, they often wither and die.

To avoid this always possible cause of failure, planting in the fall (in November and December), in North and Middle Texas, is advised. A tree planted in the fall while dormant, so far as the growth of body and top is concerned, is not so as to root growth. The formation of rootlets that are to perform the function of supplying the elements of growth derived from the soil, as well as moisture, goes through most of the winter months, with possible exception of times of extreme cold, when the soil is frozen to a great depth. Now this development of root growth is absolutely necessary to prepare a tree for vigorous and healthy growth when warm weather starts the sap to flowing, and it stands to reason that a tree planted in the fall, so that this preliminary root growth occurs while the top is dormant, will be in a much more favorable state to make a rapid, vigorous growth, than if planting is delayed till the time of sap rising is at hand. Another reason for fall planting is that one can give more time to proper preparation of the soil to receive the trees. In the hurry of spring planting many will do the work in a slovenly way that forbids failure, or a poor struggling growth for one or more years. Another good reason in favor of fall planting is, that you can get pick and choice of the nurseryman's stock of trees, and as he is not so much rushed with orders, he can and will give greater care to filling your order. Again, when one waits till spring to buy trees, he will be sure to find them short of some favorite variety that you want. So on the whole we can come nearer getting just what we want, and the best grade of stock, by ordering and planting in the fall than at any other season of the year. Now we know a great many will not, for one cause or another, accept the advice to plant in the fall, but those who do will never have cause for regret.

Prof. T. V. Munson, of Denison, Tex., places Orchard and Garden under obligations for a basket of choice grapes, consisting of two varieties, produced by crossing the native Post Oak Grape, (*Vitis Lincoecumii*), with finer cultivated sorts. The Fern, a large black grape, of excellent quality, equal to the celebrated Mission grape, grown so extensively in the Rio Grande valley, a cross between a large berried Post Oak grape found growing in the woods near Denison by Prof. Munson, pollinized by either the Triumph or Catawba. Mr. Munson thinks most likely the Triumph was the pollinizer. The lateness of ripening, after the bulk of grapes are gone, makes this a very valuable grape for Southern markets. The Marguerite, he second variety sent us, is a cross between the Texas Post Oak and the Herbemont. It is very juicy and sweet, and the bunch of good size, berry medium, color black, ripening about the middle of September. It is the latest good grape for the region of North Texas, and its Herbemont blood should make it very successful all over Texas, even down to the coast region. We do

not regard it as equal to Fern as a table grape, but it will prove to be a most valuable addition to the vineyard.

A letter received from Prof. Munson relative to these grapes will be found in another column.

Dr. A. M. Ragland: We have on our place very fine, large, yellow persimmons, and there are quite a number of young trees along the bayou, also coming up around the place where the seed have been thrown. Now, I write to ask you if we can successfully graft the Japanese persimmons on those young trees? We also have a number of trees of the bitter pecan. Can we graft the good pecan into these young trees? Please reply through TEXAS FARM AND RANCH and oblige.—MRS. A. O. MAGEE, Alief, Texas.

Replying to Mrs. Magee's questions: 1st. There is no difficulty in grafting the Japan persimmons on native stock. Most of our nurserymen have found them to succeed better grafted upon native stocks than upon their own roots. The root system of the native is much better and will bear transplanting far better than the Japanese upon its own roots does.

2d. Pecans may be and are successfully grafted, but are a little harder to get a union between scion and stock than other trees commonly grafted. However, with proper care, the pecan can be successfully grafted.

The planting of pecans is advocated with a great deal of zeal every fall and winter; but so far not a single paying orchard, planted as a commercial venture, can be pointed to as a proof of the success of pecan culture.

We shall probably be told that Col. W. R. Stuart, of Ocean Springs, Mississippi, had such a pecan grove. We are ready to say that he came nearer having a pecan grove of commercial magnitude than anyone else we have in mind, and he made money for several seasons before his death from this pecan grove; but he had only a few trees, comparatively speaking, and made money by selling pecans at \$1 to \$2 per pound. So that 50 to 100 bushels would make a comfortable income. But, of course, no one planting a commercial orchard, to come into bearing at ten to fifteen years of age expects to get more than \$1.50 to \$2 per bushel, and when the expense of gathering, polishing and preparing for market is off the price will dwindle to a net result of \$1 per bushel, or less.

Now we do not write thus to discourage men of ample means and leisure from embarking in this enterprise, but rather to warn those who are limited in means that they will have to wait years before a paying profit accrues from such an investment. We occupy a kind of middle ground on the question of pecan culture as an investment. Where a farm has a body of land lying on a creek bottom, broken or irregular in contour, so that it cannot be cultivated in farm products with satisfaction, we recommend the planting of pecan trees, which will give shade and by and by produce paying crops of the same nuts. Again, along the long dusty lanes between prairie farms we would set pecan and walnut trees, and so produce shade that would be inviting to the tired, wayworn traveler on hot summer days. Trees planted, say forty feet apart, would afford a goodly supply of nuts when they reached a bearing age, and would occupy only half the ground they would if set in a regular grove, as half of the space for their support would be furnished by the public highway. Adopting such a plan of planting, a farmer would go on producing his ordinary farm crops, cultivating the trees that fringed his farm on four sides, and when they became productive would find the amount of their value added to his income with the least possible sacrifice of available land and time in their production. We are not unmindful of the fact that Mr. F. A. Swinden, of Brownwood, Texas, has the largest pecan grove in the world, and has provided a system of irrigation to supply necessary moisture to develop the trees and assure proper maturing of the crop. We are assured by the owner that in a few years more this grove of several hundred acres will begin to pay large dividends. We hope he may realize all he expects from his large investment in pecan culture. Up to this writing his venture is an experiment, and cannot be rated an absolute success till it begins to pay dividends.

BOTTOM FACTS.

NATT STEVENS.

My article entitled "Bottom Facts" has brought me three responses; one from a nurseryman, saying that it does his "business an injustice in its condemnation of the practice of their cutting off the tap roots by tree plows in plowing them up" and "cutting the top back afterwards." I said nothing about why this was done. Time and again, in TEXAS FARM AND RANCH, have I questioned the propriety of nurserymen thus cutting off tap roots of trees at all—or any other roots for that matter—on digging them up, and not one nurseryman—or any one else—has ever given a respectable answer to the request. Still they practice this continually, and only tell us that the two things must be done to insure the tree to live; and now it is hardly fair for "Nurseryman," as he signs himself, to answer the "negative" of the original question at issue, as that belongs to him. The two other inquirers want more "bottom facts" on the same subjects, to-wit: "What is nature's requirements for roots of a pecan tree?" Generally one straight long tap root reaching far down into the subsoil, and the tree is at first dependent upon that one root. After it is cut off, at one or two years old, it becomes like a stick stuck in the ground, and it must start another before it can grow; and if it fails to do it the tree dies. I bought between thirty and forty pecan trees from a "nurseryman," thus shorn of their tap roots, and set them out five years ago, and none of them lived one year. At the same time I got and set out thirty more pecan trees with their whole roots on, and these are the ones that are living and growing to-day, and the soil of both lots of pecan trees where planted was the same. The fact is, my friends, that if trees did not want roots on them at first—and tap roots, too—they would not at first grow them; and often when tap roots are wanting they fall afterwards to grow any, and the trees die, or, unsupported by any tap root, they die or are blown over by the winds! Tap roots are both for support and for getting food and moisture from beneath the top soil, and many a cut root tree has failed to receive moisture from the top soil simply because the soil is dried out and no roots long enough to reach below it. Now, if I have not sifted "bottom facts" enough, please tell us wherein, and I will try to tell you more; but you must try to get some one else to answer "why it is necessary for nurserymen to cut tap roots at all on digging up trees to make the tree grow?"

Forney, Texas.

INSECT PESTS.

J. W. STUBENRAUCH.

A writer asks in a recent issue of TEXAS FARM AND RANCH as to whether the "Harlequin" or "Calico-back" bug could not be killed by spraying, etc. This bug, often very numerous, only sucks the juice of plants. Any poison applied to the leaves of said plants, cabbages, turnips, etc., will not reach, and can, therefore, not have any effect on them. Yet we have very well succeeded in keeping them in check by curtailing their food supply. They first appear in spring on turnips that are allowed to stand over and go to seed. They multiply very fast, and by the time cabbages are planted, they take to them in preference to almost anything else, doing great damage to them. In this, like many similar cases, prevention is better than a cure.

Turnips, cabbages, mustard or collards should never be allowed to stand over and seed, if one wishes to be rid of this pest. Cabbage time over, say middle of July, every vestige of this crop, stumps and all, should be destroyed by thoroughly plowing the ground. This leaves nothing for the pest to subsist on, and as a rule they disappear in a short time. We find that this mode of procedure also keeps in check the cabbage worm to some extent. Collards, to stand over summer, should never be planted, as they hardly ever amount to anything. Besides, they only serve as food to perpetuate this, one of the worst enemies of the garden. Hand-picking into a pan of soapsuds with a little kerosene, is about the only way to keep them from injuring the crop when present. The eggs of this bug, usually a dozen or so in a colony, on under side of leaves, are easily seen and destroyed.

Birds in the orchard do not appear much of a blessing in friend Robinson's case. A man of Mr. Robinson's enterprise deserves to succeed. Once more the writer would admonish him,

since the birds are, with him, so very destructive and numerous, that he plant around his orchard a border, say, of two trees deep, of ever-bearing Hix mulberries. They bear soon, make a most valuable timber tree, and give him one of the best wind breaks one can wish for, besides feeding his birds. There was a time in the writer's history when he also thought the birds were trying to destroy all the fruit. Happily, we found a good remedy in berrying the birds. Who will try this remedy? There is no patent on it.

Mexia, Texas.

SOME LATE GRAPES.

T. V. MUNSON.

In walking through my vineyard today, I came upon some clusters of the Fern and Marguerite grapes overlooked at the time the crop was marketed, in early part of September, and I thought you would like to see the condition of these remnants after having passed through unusually severe September drouth, and the ravages of birds and insects, so I send you by express a small basket of them.

The Fern, a hybrid of a fine native Post-oak grape found by me in the woods near Denison, in 1883, known as No. 1, and the Triumph, or Catawba, No. 1, being exposed to pollination from both, but most favorably to Triumph, yet the character of vine and fruit take mostly after Catawba, has a very strong, healthy vine, ending the climate about equally with Herbemont, but enduring cold much better. The Fern ripens early in September, and ordinarily hangs in fine condition long into October here at Denison. It went to market here with Mission grapes from El Paso and sold equally well at same price, and gave splendid satisfaction as a table grape. It will endure shipping equally with Delaware or the Tokay. On long pruning it bears heavy crops.

The Marguerite is a hybrid of my Post-oak grape No. 2 and Herbemont. It ripens about a week later than Fern, and hangs in fine condition into October. These are the latest good grapes of any among my productions, and about a month later than Herbemont generally. They prolong the grape season in the South through the very season that heretofore we had no grapes, and I am sure will be eagerly sought when their merits are known. They both are exceedingly vigorous, resist the Texas summers to perfection, and are almost exempt from fungus diseases, especially so the Marguerite.

Denison, Texas.

STRAWBERRY NOTES.

JAMES NIMON.

The delightful rain of October 7th ends the unprecedented September drouth, and neighbor Munson, who has a mania for note making (not promissory notes), suggested that it would be well to carefully inspect the strawberry plantations and make note of how the different varieties compared in their ability to withstand such a crucial test as the past two months had been. I give below the notes made for the benefit of your readers:

Lovett—Not a single plant alive.
Brandywine—About 50 per cent dead. This is a new and very promising variety; plant very vigorous and healthy, and I am surprised to see it suffer so badly.

Bubach—Badly killed in spots; will average a loss, perhaps, of 50 per cent.
Gandy—very badly injured; at least 75 per cent of plants dead.

Michel—Where the rows were kept narrow, and not allowed to mat too thickly. Average loss, 25 per cent. Wide and thickly matted, nearly all dead.

Crecent—about same as Michel.
Annie Laurie (new)—Total failure.
Greenville (new)—Not more than 25 per cent of plants dead; very promising.

Parker Earle, a native Texan, which seems to possess the power to resist drouth better than any other variety grown here—loss, not more than 10 per cent, except on a small patch that has produced three good crops, and was still in such healthy condition that it was thought worth preserving for another year. On this the loss is about 50 per cent.

Among a large lot of unnamed seedlings, we find those that are seedlings of Parker Earle—pure or in part—stand the drouth equally well, and in one or two cases even better than the parent plant. So evident is this that I am thoroughly convinced that by careful selections for a few generations, varie-

CAUTION WITH THE GUN.

Coleman's Rural World.

This is the season of the year when caution in the use of firearms is necessary for many persons who seek the woods in search of game. The use of firearms by experienced hunters makes them more careful year by year; it is the new class of shooters and hunters who need to be cautioned, and the following rules in handling guns are enjoined upon them:

1. Never in excitement or in fun point a gun towards any human being.
2. Never carry it so that if accidentally discharged it would endanger the life of a dog even.
3. Always think, when walking, which way your gun is pointed, and if a companion is in the field with you, no matter how near and how temptingly the game appears, do not shoot until you know just where he is, and that a stray shot may not probably strike him, for one little pellet is sufficient to destroy an eye forever.
4. Never get into a wagon without taking the cartridges from the gun.
5. Never get over a fence without either taking the cartridges out, or placing the gun through the fence on the ground, so that if you fall or the fence breaks, it cannot be discharged.
6. Always carry the gun half-cock.
7. Never let the hammers rest on the "plungers," or pieces which strike the cap.
8. Never try to close it when the hammers are down.
9. Never get in front of it yourself. If you see you are about to fall, drop the gun so the muzzle will be from you. Occasionally a cartridge will stick after it has been fired. A stout thin blade of a knife will generally extract it; if not, remove the other cartridge, and then cut a straight stick and poke it out from the muzzle, but even then don't place your body in front of it, but content yourself with using the hand.
10. After firing one barrel, take the cartridge from the other and examine the wad over the shot to see that it is not loosened by the concussion, as it very frequently is, which would produce a heavy recoil, and if it gets up the barrel will burst the gun and likely take a hand off besides.
11. Never take hold of the muzzle to draw it toward you, nor set it up, when, if falling, its muzzle should be toward you.

Finally, follow all these suggestions, and be self possessed, and the fields will afford you sport without danger.

Hoard's Dairyman: The trade both in Europe and in the United States need to keep their eyes open in regard to the tricks and devices of the Chicago commission houses that deal in filled cheese. Word comes to us that certain houses in Chicago are branding their Illinois filled goods "Wisconsin Full Cream Cheese," and have gone so far as to have railroad receipts made to show that the cheese were from some station in Wisconsin. Slowly these men are digging a mine under their feet that will take them in bodily one of these days. Hoard's Dairyman desires simply to say to some of these Chicago firms that just as soon as these and other swindling operations of theirs can be fairly established, that it will publish their names squarely and unequivocally to the trade of this country and Europe, and every buyer of cheese in both countries should get a copy of the paper containing the expose.

A NEW AND VALUABLE WORK.

IRRIGATION FARMING: A handbook for the practical application of water in the production of crops. By Lute Wilcox.

This work was recently issued from the press of the Orange Judd Company. The author is Mr. Lute Wilcox, of Colorado, a practical man who has spent the greater portion of his life in irrigation work, and is recognized authority on the whole subject of irrigation from a practical standpoint.

This book is primarily written for Western farmers and farms, but is equally valuable to farmers in the South. The concluding portions of the book give a review of the common law of irrigation and a glossary of irrigating terms. The other chapters, each based on the best experience, practice and science, are on the following topics: Advantages of irrigation, relation of soils to irrigation, treatment of alkali, water supply, canal construction, reservoirs and ponds, pipes for irrigation purposes, flumes and their structure,

duty and measurement of water, methods of applying water, irrigation of the garden, irrigation for the orchard, the vineyard and small fruits, wind mills and pumps, devices, appliances and contrivances, sub-irrigating and subsoiling.

Altogether it reflects much credit on both author and publisher, and the wide reading that is already assured for it will accomplish much good in developing not only the "arid region," but other States as well.

12 mo., cloth. Price, postpaid, \$2.00.

AN IMMENSE CHICAGO HOUSE.

Chicago is a city of big enterprises. State street outranks any street in any city of the world in the number of its mammoth retail establishments. So commanding is that of Siegel, Cooper & Co. that it is known in Chicago as "The Big Store." The floor space is measured in acres, the number of clerks by hundreds, and the annual sales by millions. In a legislative inquiry by the State of Illinois last winter, Mr. Cooper was singled out and summoned before that body. He made it clear that the crushing out of the smaller merchants was inevitable and that the people got an immense benefit in lower prices from the big establishments where organization and vast capital reduced the cost of retailing and cheapened the price to consumers.

We suggest to every reader of TEXAS FARM AND RANCH the wisdom of examining carefully Siegel, Cooper & Co.'s "ad" in another column and write a letter ordering goods or asking for a catalogue. Be sure and mention TEXAS FARM AND RANCH when you write.

John Bauscher, Freeport, Ill., poultry breeder and seedsman, has out an elegantly illustrated combination catalogue and guide, containing, besides descriptions and prices, much valuable advice about fowls and garden work. Price 10 cents. It is well worth the money.

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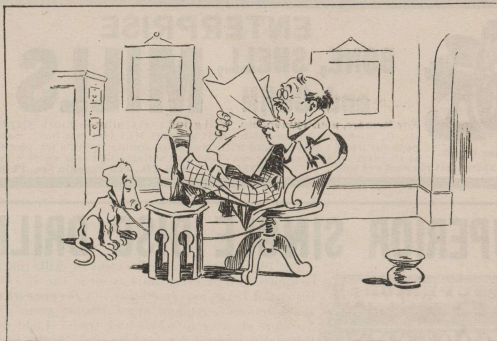
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WHILE AT 1.

Be sure to visit the exhibit of TEXAS FARM AND RANCH, there inspect the articles we offer as premiums, and besides interest you. Come and see us.

A REVOLUTION INDEED.



1. I've tied that dog to the chair and don't believe he can run away again.



2. What is this? A revolution in Cuba?



3. Great Heavens! I wonder if Spain will be overthrown?



4. It was.

Correspondence

A TRIP TO ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

Editor Texas Farm and Ranch:

My trip to Atlanta was neither pleasant nor profitable, for I tell you I have got all the glory, or fun, or pleasure out of traveling through poor sand hills, red hills, pine forests or pine thickets. I never like to look on the dark side of the picture, but for the life of me I could not find anything very bright along the route, though I looked with both eyes wide open. It is true that I saw much that was amusing—saw thousands of acres of land so poor that it would take at least five men to raise a small sow, and one silly fellow said that they had to put guano under a man when he was buried, or he could not rise on the judgment day. But I am not prepared to believe all these stories. But I must confess that it puzzles me to know how men—I mean farmers—can live, and labor under such disadvantages. But I suppose they do live, as I did not see any dead ones. Another mystery to me was, how such countries can support such splendid cities unless they—the cities—are like the farmer's cow which he said supplied his family of eight persons with all the milk and butter they could use and then sucked herself and kept fat. Another thing that astonished me



was that the only hogs I saw on the trip were razor-backs. I had not seen one for so long a time that they were a real show to me. I tried to photograph them on

my mind, so that I could never again forget just how they looked. It is, however, utterly impossible for me to draw a pen picture of them, but I am aiming to make arrangements to have one photographed, full life size, and the picture framed, to have on exhibition at our next State Fair.

Much of the corn that I saw along the route will yield from nothing to ten bushels per acre. Much of the cotton from perhaps one hundred to three hundred pounds of seed cotton per acre. Of course some one living over in that country will jump on me with both feet and declare that all the cotton grown in the world was grown in Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, but I want to tell that fellow right now that it will take at least three men, with capacities no greater than mine, to believe it.

I left Waxahachie Tuesday morning, and reached Atlanta about 12 m., Thursday. When we landed I went as straight as a nigger could conduct me, to a hotel, got dinner, and then set out to hunt up the Farmers' National Congress. I was told that it was out at the Exposition grounds. I took a rapid transit car and was soon whirling three miles out to the grounds. I paid my 50 cents at the gate and walked in. I saw posted on the outside this sign: "Look out for pick-pockets;" but I did not find any after I left the gate. I wish to say just here that that is one of the most unpleasant features in traveling—your pocket is being picked all the time, from the time you leave home till you get back. As soon as I was fairly inside the grounds, I began to look for some one to tell me the whereabouts of the Congress. I inquired of the first man I met, but he could not tell, and the next, and the next, and so on, till at last I found a man on the same errand, and we two together at length, found another, and we three set out full of hope and wandered over the grounds for about three or four hours and learned at last that the thing had been there, but had gone back to the city. We three then passed out of the gate free of charge, bought tickets, took the rapid transit, and in course of time again reached the city, and after much inquiry learned that the thing met that night in the Chamber of Commerce. It was at last found; but I want to tell you right now that the game was not worth the ammunition. I attended its meetings closely, watched its proceedings carefully, and to my astonishment, chagrin and mortification, learned that this institution, which proposes to meet and deliberate in the interest of the great agricultural and stock-raising industry of the country, was being manipulated by and in the interest of ring politicians. I found partisan schemers

and tricksters getting in their work in the interest of their parties, and that, though it wears the high sounding name, "Farmers' National Congress," there were but comparatively few actual, living, breathing farmers present, and the few that were there kept in the background. The programme appears to be very fair, but the published programme is only a sort of blind, and is only carried out as a mere pastime. The tricksters get in their work in the resolutions. The whole thing seems to be cut and dried, ready for the occasion, and it is my opinion that many of our Southern farmers have "caught on" and have withdrawn from the thing in disgust, and you can set me down on that side as one of that crowd.

It was pleasant to meet such men as Hector D. Lane, the man who has labored so faithfully for the cotton farmers; M. Brigham, Master of the National Grange; Will B. Powell, of Shadell Stock Farm, Pennsylvania; Jeff D. Wellborn, many others, and of course I had a good time; but when I attend another National Farmers' Congress, it will be one in fact and not in name only. Of course there are newspaper editors who are "in the swim" that will give me "hall columns" for what I have written. If the parties who do so will send me a marked copy of their papers I will "speak out in meetin'."

However, I feel repaid for my trip. I saw the historic Liberty bell, and contrary to the assurance of some newspapers, satisfied myself that the one on exhibition is the real and original, and not a fraudulent imitation. I also saw a great war ship search light of 70,000 candle power, and many other things interesting and instructive, and some that make one tired.

UNCLE SNOT.

IRRIGATION GOES.

WICHITA, FALLS, TEX.

Editor Texas Farm and Ranch:

The letter recently published in TEXAS FARM AND RANCH from the pen of Mr. Marshall, on "Irrigation for Texas," has created a great deal of interest in this portion of Texas.

Col. W. W. Flood, of this place—a gentleman well known throughout the state—has returned from Garden City, Kansas, and Greeley, Colorado. After reading the letters of Mr. Marshall he became interested and desired to go and see for himself. On his return the writer asked him what he thought of irrigation, and if he found things as represented by Mr. Marshall in TEXAS FARM AND RANCH.

Col. Flood replied, saying: "It is a success both in Kansas and Colorado, and the statement made by Mr. Marshall are not overdrawn. I fully endorse all that he has written on the subject of irrigation."

The best evidence that can be given that Mr. Flood believes in irrigation for this section is, that after visiting Garden City and Greeley, he is now arranging to give us a practical illustration of it right here in Wichita county, by putting in a wind mill plant. He has also taken quite an interest in the proposition to irrigate the Wichita valley. It is evident that the space devoted to the subject of "Irrigation for Texas" during the past few years by TEXAS FARM AND RANCH is beginning to bear good fruit.

JOHN HOWARD.

MORE ABOUT SORGHUM.

KINGSTON, TEXAS.

Editor Texas Farm and Ranch:

As no subject seems to be exhausted until every big and little fellow has shed the rays of his big or little light upon it, and inasmuch as TEXAS FARM AND RANCH affords the best medium for every fellow to display himself for all he is intellectually worth, I wish to avail myself of its columns to deliver my mind of about twenty-five years' observation on sorghum as a feed, and its tendency to kill cattle etc. This subject has been weighing very heavily on my mind of late, and seeing so much in the papers about it, I wish to give vent to my pent up feelings on the subject.

My first observation was when I was a boy about 12 years of age. Corn was scarce, but sorghum was plentiful. My father put eleven average yearling hogs in a small pen to keep them from depredating, and it was my job to give them water and green sorghum. I was reminded severely many times that I was not feeding enough sorghum, but the hogs continued to grow thinner and more clamorous all the time until finally they got so slim they crawled out

through the cracks of the pen, and I have waited until now to vindicate myself about the amount I fed those hogs, for I know I fed them plenty. But I have tried feeding the ripe tops to hogs with good results, and I always feed green sorghum as an adjunct with other feed through the summer, and as such have no complaint to make, I have no evidence that it alone will fatten a hog. As feed for horses and cattle I esteem it highly, either green or cured as fodder. I have known horses to do good farm work and thrive on sorghum and a very sorry pasture.

I have known cows to improve surprisingly in their milk on a few feeds of sorghum. Not long since I was milking a good cow. I was giving her a good ration of green sorghum, tops and all every night, and she was responding liberally in milk, about three gallons per day, when one day she found her way into a patch of second growth sorghum, and swelled up and died in about half an hour. The next day her calf, about six months old and in fine condition, was taken sick and swelled to frightful proportions. It had been running in the sorghum patch all the time. I poured hot water on it, and bathed its spine freely with turpentine, and it finally recovered.

My mind has been considerably swollen over this subject, and if Uncle Snot sees this he will swell his neck and say, "little black spider."

F. M. BATES.

THE BANNER COTTON COUNTY.

WAXAHACHIE, TEXAS.

Editor Texas Farm and Ranch:

In view of the fact that the present cotton crop will be much shorter than has been heretofore reported, I thought it would not be amiss to inform you of the prosperity of the queen of the black belt. Waxahachie is flourishing as is no other town in this district. She has received up to date 16,765 bales of cotton, and her banks are paying out to farmers something like \$20,000 a day. Brick stores are going up on all sides. Tom R. Anderson says she will double her population in two years; whether this prophecy will come true or not it is only necessary to say that time proves all things and we hope to see his prophecy come true.

D. M. THRASH.

EXPERIENCE THAT COUNTS.

MCKINNEY, TEXAS.

Editor Texas Farm and Ranch:

When I penned my article on the sorghum question I expected to get a pelting from the man who started the racket, and perhaps I was a little too severe in the presentation of the facts in the premises. Uncle Snot says there is no squabbling over a matter that every farmer has the right to settle according to his environments. That some sections of the country, especially when drouths prevail, a little black spider appears in the head of the sorghum cane of the second crop, and perhaps causes constipation of the bowels,



as Mr. Payne, of Wise county, conjectures and philosophizes in his late article. He says forty-five years experience in feeding hogs in Texas on sorghum cane in the green state, as the cheapest, best, and altogether safest food yet discovered by nine-tenths of the swine raisers and breeders in Texas, "is no test at all." And after solving the problem to his satisfaction, and a scattering few others, makes the very strange utterance: "Will some one who is able, give sorghum a fair test as hog feed?" According to such reasoning, every man in Texas who differs with his precious ideas, must necessarily be a novice, and therefore, must not be accepted as authority. Capt. Wm. Rhea, of Collin county, informs me that he has fed sorghum to his hogs in summer, in connection with wheat, bran mash, soaked barley and corn, and never had any trouble in fattening his hogs for the packeries. And when considering the fact that Capt. Rhea is one of our large grain raisers, and owns one of the largest black land farms, located at Rhea's Mill, in Collin county, and one of the most successful hog raisers in Texas, surely his opinion ought to have some weight as to the merits of sorghum as a valuable accessory in the feeding of swine. Besides Mr. Wm. Kerr and Mr. Buchu Cam-

eron, the former just beginning to establish a reputation, as a breeder of Es-land China hogs, and the latter gentleman extensively engaged in raising pork for our packeries, both of Collin county, and worthy members of the Texas Swine Breeders' Association, do not hesitate to say that they feed sorghum "in summer, and have no trouble to fatten their hogs in the fall." In fact, I cannot find a single swine raiser of either large or small pretensions, who is not in favor of using sorghum. Until something can be found that can be raised in Texas, that will prove more valuable as a green food for raising pork, there are but few, in my opinion, who will quit feeding it.

OLD COTTON PLANTER.

FROM THE COAST.

LIVERPOOL, TEXAS.

Editor Texas Farm and Ranch:

Liverpool is at the head of navigation on Chocolate bayou, and in Brazoria county. Before the Santa Fe railroad was built Liverpool was quite a town and distributing point for all of Brazoria county east of the Brazos river; but with the advent of the Santa Fe through the country steamboating ceased on the bayou and the trade turned to the railroads. It is about fourteen miles from Liverpool to the bay, and at the Liverpool drawbridge they have eighteen feet of water. The country is rapidly developing into an agricultural and fruit growing section. The land is very fertile and is well drained by the bayou, which has 20 foot banks at low tide. The Clear Lake, Arcadia (Central Texas Railroad projected) will cross the bayou a mile or so below the Liverpool drawbridge, and will open up a very rich country along its route in Brazoria and Matagorda counties, a country well suited to general farming, growing of rice, tropic cane and fruit. The projectors of this road contemplate making Arcadia the company headquarters, and its shops, roundhouses, etc., will be located there. To those contemplating planting a pear orchard this fall and winter I desire to give a pointer, and that is this: Procure your trees from the nursery nearest the place of planting and buy from reliable parties. The LeConte pear does best where propagated from cuttings and for the coast country, plant no grafted LeContes, even if on the LeConte root. The experience of a number of our pear growers in the coast country is that the LeConte does better where grown from cuttings than any other way. In purchasing Kieffer pear trees, if not grown from cuttings, get those that have been grafted on LeConte stocks, and you are all right. As LeConte and Kieffers are not grown from the cuttings except in the coast country of Texas, Louisiana and Florida, purchasers should be careful to order only of the coast grown trees for the coast country, as no others seem to give satisfaction. I believe it would be wise to buy other varieties only when grafted on the LeConte stock, as that seems to be the most hardy and vigorous grower and will stand any amount of wet or dry weather without the slightest damage.

The Japanese varieties of plums and persimmons do well anywhere on the Texas coast, and are very profitable. The strawberry crop promises to be very large and fine this year. If the season is favorable throughout as at present, Alvin, Arcadia and Hitchcock will be able to make up a train load a day throughout the next season.

ALF. H. H. TOLAR.

SOLOMON CRITICISED.

POWDER SPRINGS, GA.

Editor Texas Farm and Ranch:

IN TEXAS FARM AND RANCH of the 7th of September, under the head of "Sunshine No. 1," taken from Farm Machinery, the following quotation occurs:

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."—Solomon. We omit the first verse as the next two below will suffice our present purpose. "A man cannot be unhappy unless he thinks so; he cannot be happy unless he thinks so; he can think himself into perfect happiness, or he can think himself into abject misery."

Our views on these verses are simply these: A man cannot be unhappy unless he is really so; neither can he be happy unless he is really so; and neither state can exist without a cause. The idea that a man can think himself into perfect happiness or into abject misery without a cause, is preposterous in the extreme. God Almighty controls cir-

cross. Just ahead will be found closer investigation, and the purchasing public will seek the cattle on the farm where they were bred. The breeding of the bull that sired the cattle will be scrutinized.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." Prepare now by the purchase of a first class bull, for the transition is near at hand when the trade will pass out of the dealer's hands into that of the careful and reliable breeder.

PROSO MILLET—PAINCUM MILIATENSIS.

T. J. Olsan, in Omaha World-Herald.

There is raised in my birthplace, in Central Moravia, very successfully for a long time, an agricultural plant, the "Proso Millet." Its native home is Eastern India, from where it has been brought many ages ago to Moravia, where it is raised since as an article of food and also for feeding purposes. It is an annual plant and belongs to the sorghum family. A great deal is exported from this place to other countries, where it does not grow so well.

We further raise in my native country wheat and sugar beets, which bring the best profit, as the land is very high up, an acre being sold for as much as \$700, and rented for \$30 or \$40 per annum. On account of this nothing cheap would pay to raise there. The soil and climate would correspond to ours here in Nebraska. Proso millet furnishes a great part of food for the house, as when the seed is deprived of its shell, it may be prepared into a diversity of palatable dishes. No pantry in that land would be complete without plentiful supply of Proso millet.

Poor people cook or bake it with milk and better classes make all sorts of puddings, porridges and mushes, richly flavored and seasoned with spices, sugar, almonds, raisins, butter, eggs, etc., according to taste and ingenuity of the cook.

Ordinary unhulled seed may be fed to horses, but in smaller rations than oats. It does not contain oil, as our millets here.

Ground, in large quantities, is fed to cattle, especially with milch cows, and it is a very good feed for growing pigs, as well as for fattening purposes. It is a delicacy for all poultry, and there is no food equal to this for egg-production.

Threshed straw makes very good food for all cattle, is very soft and rich in nutritious principles and has abundance of leaves, which do not break into dust by handling and threshing, as is the case with many other fodders. I do not exaggerate when I say that Proso millet straw is equal to the best hay, as it contains large proportion of proteins and carbohydrates.

If raised for green food, it yields large crops and pays well to raise for hay.

Last winter I imported some seed and have raised it on my seed farm here in Seymour park, two miles south of the site of the State Fair, and the result was very flattering. One pound of seed sown produced one and one-half bushels of seed, or about fifty bushels per acre. One of my near neighbors bought from me one pound of seed last spring and has sown it on highland, whereas I had it sown in low land. He was still luckier than me, as he has raised two and one-half bushels of seed from it, and even his straw was longer than mine.

I have sown it in a dry, freshly broken field, on the 20th of May last, and have harvested it on the 24th of July, so that it required only sixty-four days to mature from the day of sowing. At the same time, when I have sown it, there was sown on a neighboring field the ordinary kind of millet, which was scarcely heading out, and about eighteen inches high, when I have harvested mine, which was forty-five inches high on the average.

Proso millet is sown when there is no more danger from freezing, as it is very sensitive to frosts, as is corn. It grows very rapidly, that it smotherers all the ordinary weeds, but itself, it never acts as a weed in the fields. It must be harvested before it is entirely ripe, for fear of falling out. After harvest the field may be plowed shallow or disk harrowed, and the seed that has fallen out sprouts up and yields fine pasture or hay, and in the absence of early frost it may mature once more. Seeding requires one-half bushel, or mostly three pecks, per acre, for seed, and a little more if sown for hay.

When it gets only a very moderate amount of moisture the crop is assured, and as I have noticed on my neighbors' field it stands the drouth better than ordinary millet.

It requires soil about the same as sugar beets, corn or wheat, and this

must be well cultivated. It exhausts the soil about as much as wheat. Frequent change of seed is required to assure good success.

I rest assured that not only Nebraska but many other States will find Proso millet a very useful plant, and that it will soon occupy an important place among the cereals. Our advanced and industrious farmers may yet find a good many other good uses for this plant, and it will surely soon become a necessity in our markets.

I have sold most of my crop this year, having only a few bushels left for sale. For my own seedling I will order new seed from Moravia, which I want to do every year and soon intend to raise it in larger quantities.

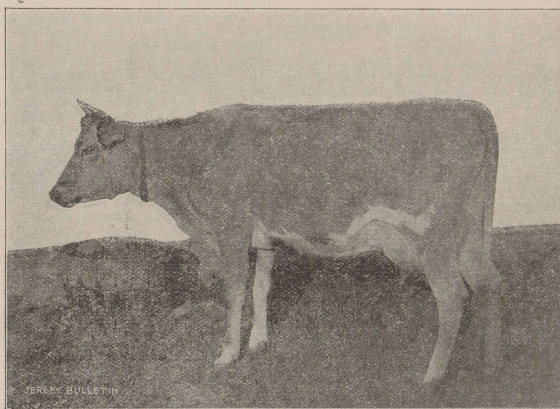
Try to raise this little immigrant, it is very modest in its requirements, much more so than corn, and a good deal more certain.

TRANSFERS OF JERSEY CATTLE.

The following is a list of Texas Transfers of Jersey cattle for week ending September 24th, 1895, taken from the report of the Secretary A. J. C. C.

BULLS.

Bimberg 39992—W B Montgomery to W W Wofford, Cheapside.
Bob-Stay 41830—Mrs W T Hill to Mrs E C Smedes, Huntsville.
Chas Rosenberg 41392—F C Carter to C Rosenberg, LaGrange.
Croton's LeRoy 40772—J J Fowler to W H Perkins, Daingerfield.
El Caporal 41698—J A Pryor to H Ehlers, LaGrange.
LaMar's Crown Prince 38335—D A



BLOOMFIELD DUCHESS 95108. Owned by Mrs. V. G. Kidd, Sealy, Texas.

Sanders to W W Wofford, Cheapside.
Lord Landseer 24228—C W Howard to S T Howard, Quanah.
Lynchburg 33606—P W Hudson to J J Smith, Brownsville.
Roger Pogis 29927—C R Bell to T C Ogilvy, Palestine.

Ruminator 41746—W W Lipscomb to B Suetenrichs, San Antonio.
Tony Rex Pogis 40640—H J Mitchell to R C Campbell, Winnsboro.

COWS AND HEIFERS.

Alaysia Ogdena 64770—W B Montgomery to A W Terrell, Austin.
Beauty Lee 102825—Mrs W T Hill to T Robinson, Point Blank.
Irby C 99604—Mrs E C Scott to D F Colquitt, Daingerfield.
Lady Ethel 107819—A Stockbridge to W H Johnson, Winnsboro.
My Mossie 65518—Nancy Ann 66710—M Ellis to S B Hopkins, Dallas.
Ruth Darling 10144—D A Sanders to W W Wofford, Cheapside.
Tea Set 100052—Mrs W T Hill to Mrs E C Smedes, Huntsville.
Tea Spoon 99707—Mrs W T Hill to T Robinson, Point Blank.

BLOOMFIELD DUCHESS 95168.

The last daughter of Duchess of Bloomfield 2d 12250, 17 lbs. 4 7-16 oz., she being the result of a cross between Tormentor 3533 (sire of 33) and Duchess of Bloomfield 3553, 20 lbs. 1/2 oz. in seven days and dam of three or more.

Bloomfield Duchess has for sire, Fancy's Harry 9777, about 25 in list, he being sired by Lord Harry 3445, and out of Landseer's Fancy, 2876, 29 lbs. 1/2 oz. in seven days, 936 lbs. 14 1/2 oz. in one year.

She was bred by Dr. Wm. Morrow & Son, and was just three weeks more than two years old when the

picture was taken. She is rather small, but perfectly formed, and has the shape and general make-up of a good dairy cow. Her udder is much larger now than when photographed—is rather long for beauty, but runs up well behind and out in front; her teats are good and milk veins prominent; she is milking now from 24 to 28 lbs. daily, testing 5.4 per cent. fat. We think she will go in the list with this, her first calf, and propose trying her when the weather gets cooler. Her ration is and has been light, and no grain at all two months before calving. Bloomfield Duchess came in profit June 19, 1895, giving me a bull calf.

Prairie View Jerseys are the best money could buy, and they are a fine little bunch of heifers (none over three years old). They represent the blood of Prince of Melrose, Tormentor, Fancy's Harry, King 2d, Marjoram and three Sir Charles, Mary Lowndes and Prince of Warren cows and to cross on these the finest bred Combination bull in Texas; his individuality is equal to his breeding. His dam is Paradise 82082, 17 pounds, 11 ounces; sire, Recorder 29239.

SMALL FARMS.

The advocates of small farms, especially under irrigation, meet the objections to such system vigorously, and are ready to show in detail how not only rural society must be better off, but also how the individual farmer may thrive when few acres and not broad areas constitute the holding. The editor of the Southwestern Farm and Orchard,

vests in a ten-acre farm of the best land and near a town. Let us presume that he gives double the price per acre, and that he pays cash down. His \$3000 will then be invested as follows:

Ten acres at \$100.....	\$1000
House, buildings, fences, etc.....	1000
One horse, plow, tools.....	200
Two cows.....	150
Hogs and poultry.....	50
Cash on hand.....	400
Total.....	\$3000

To cultivate ten acres he will need no help, and his only outgoings will be nothing, as against \$500, which the eighty-acre farmer has to pay out.

"All he has to do is to make wages out of his farm—and he must be a poor farmer if he cannot do that. Moreover, he has a great many advantages over the large farm holder at the very start. He has ample money to stock and run his farm until it becomes productive, whereas, the other man will be bound to get into difficulties even before the first year is out. In one case you will have a large farm, heavily mortgaged, and poorly cultivated; in the other, you have a small farm free of encumbrance, and cultivated to the highest pitch. Comparing the two farms, acre for acre, the small farm has four times as much labor, and eight times as much money expended upon it. It is by no means a reckless prediction to say that the small farm will probably produce more than the large one. It is almost certain that at the end of five years the man on the eighty-acre farm will, after so many years of a hard life, find himself still hopelessly involved in debt, while his neighbor on the ten-acre farm, although he may not, and ought not to expect to make a fortune, will have lived well, and be the possessor of a beautiful home, which should always keep him out of debt.

"We now come to the practical question as to whether a farmer can make a living out of a ten-acre farm under irrigation. Many farmers are so accustomed to quarter sections that they cannot realize how it is possible to do with such a small lot as ten acres. Their idea is that one may, with good luck, make money off eighty or 160 acres, but that ten acres cannot be made to produce even a living. Now, I do not propose to go into any imaginary calculation of how a man can raise \$1000 an acre of asparagus, or \$800 off peaches or oranges, or \$1 a head from 1000 head of poultry. I have done too much practical farming myself to be misled by any such blooming nonsense. I shall base my calculations upon very conservative estimates, and upon a method of farming which I believe will appeal to the common sense of every practical farmer.

"My first point is, that the small farmer should raise everything he needs to eat, except groceries, and this he can do if he raises the right kind of crops and keeps cows, hogs and poultry. One cow is no good on the farm, for every cow has or ought to have its dry season. Two cows, therefore, should be kept, and they will not only produce food for the family, but there will be surplus butter to sell and skim milk for the pigs.

"An acre of alfalfa, well cultivated and attended to, will produce four tons of hay during the year, which will give a daily ration of twenty-two pounds. Three acres will, with the assistance of the other crops referred to later on, keep two cows and a horse, and one horse will do all the work on a ten-acre farm. If the alfalfa is soiled during the summer, it will also go much further than if all is cut for hay, and it will be found in actual practice that three acres will give all that is needed for the cows and horse and leave a good deal over for the hogs.

"Two more acres should be set out to orchard, consisting mainly of winter apples, peaches and plums. For the first two or three years, corn, beans and vegetables, or food for the cows, may be raised between the rows of the young trees, which should be set out not less than 24x21 feet. The house and buildings will occupy half an acre; the vineyard a quarter of an acre, and the rhubarb and asparagus beds an eighth of an acre each. This, with the house, makes up six acres in permanent crops.

"The remaining four acres should be divided into two equal parts and farmed in the following rotation: One year one acre should be very heavily manured and laid out as a vegetable garden;

a vigorous New Mexico journal, presents the case as follows:

"Ninety-nine farmers out of a hundred make the mistake of taking farms that are too large for the capital at their disposal. They just select the largest and cheapest tract of land that they can pay a deposit on, and trust to good luck to pull them through. In nearly every case they would do better to take a smaller and better piece of land that they could buy right out without any mortgage, even if they had to pay double the price per acre. The dearest land is often the cheapest in the end.

"Let us take the practical illustration of the farmer who is a good worker himself, and has a wife who understands cows, poultry and farming life in general. Let us suppose he has a cash capital of \$3000, and there are not so very many farmers who can lay their hands on more than this. He is offered and accepts eighty acres at \$50 per acre, and pays a deposit of \$1000, letting the rest run on mortgage at an interest of 6 per cent. By the time he has built himself a home, fenced his land, or purchased teams, etc., he will not have much over \$500 left on hand.

"His yearly outgoings will be about \$500.

"That is to say, he must every year sell produce to the extent of \$500 before he has a cent over for himself and family. If he should have a bad year, he may find himself utterly unable to pay interest on his mortgage, or to hire help. In the event he will run in debt, the cultivation of his farm and orchard, (if he has one), be neglected, and what little he does produce he will often have to sell at a sacrifice to meet the pressing needs of his household.

Now let us take the case of another farmer similarly situated, but who in-



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TEXAS FARM AND RANCH is the official medium of the organizations given below:
State Horticultural Society—E. V. MURSON, President, Denton; E. L. HUFFMAN, Secretary, Fort Worth.

State Swine Breeders' Association—W. H. PRINCE, President, Denton; A. A. FITZGER, Secretary, Dallas.

Texas Trotting and Pacing Horse Breeders' Association—M. C. HILL, President, Dallas; S. B. HOPKINS, Secretary, Dallas.

Texas Jersey Cattle Club—J. D. RYAN, President, Waskom; W. R. SPAN, Secretary, Dallas.

State Farmers' Institutes—R. F. BUTLER, Organizer, Waxahatchie.

A TROLLEY car was recently held up in the city of Chicago, and the passengers robbed. The robbers escaped. Chicago is bound to lead.

THERE was an error in the advertisement of Harry Brothers in last issue of this paper. They make cisterns and tanks from 100 gallons to 100,000 gallons capacity, and larger, even, than that.

MR. S. M. COULSON, of Dallas, who has just returned from the Pecos Valley, New Mexico, brought to our office some apples grown near Roswell, consisting of Missouri Pippin, Ben Davis, Jenetting and Lawver. In size, color and physical perfection we have never seen better, and rarely any equal to these.

We had a pleasant visit from Mr. F. J. Olsan, horticultural editor of the Hospodar, the Moravian agricultural paper published at Omaha, Nebraska. Mr. Olsan is traveling in the interest of his paper, is a professional florist, and is a gentleman of observation and discretion, as is shown by his enthusiastic praise of Texas. On another page is an article from Mr. Olsan on "Proso Millet," copied from the Omaha World Herald.

SOME of the resolutions of the Farmers' National Congress indicate that the astute political blackleg has been tampering with the organization an getting in his work on the unsophisticated, and even using the farmers as cat's paws to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. Uncle Short returned from the recent session of this august body at Atlanta, suffering greatly from fatigue. He considers himself a victim of the Farmers' National Congress, and is disposed, after he rests awhile, to kick out of the traces.

THE FAIR.

The agricultural exhibit of the Texas State Fair this year falls short of any previous year. Dallas county makes an exhibit, which aside from the fruit exhibit made by the T. & P. railroad, which has been on exhibition for several years, is not at all full, and does not do the county justice. Col. Cole, who had in hand the decoration of the booths, made a fine success of his part of the exhibit, but claims that it is not at all what he had planned and hoped to have accomplished, because he had not sufficient material at hand to carry out his designs. It is a matter to be much regretted, that the farmers do not seem to take that amount of interest in this department that they should. This should be made the fullest and most complete department of the fair, for not only the cities, but the world depends on the farmer for existence. The soil and climate of our state are propitious and the farmers are, in some respects, wide awake and progressive, but in the matter of gathering together the results of their labor and making a grand show to the world of these products, they seem to be very indifferent. Only one farmer and fruit grower in the state has had the enterprise and courage to make an exhibit—for we are told it takes courage and money as well as enterprise to do so. The horticulturists have entirely ignored their department with one exception. This is a remarkable oversight upon their part. Aside from other reasons, they lose the finest opportunity for advertising their business. There must be some cause for this of which the writer is ignorant.

The one progressive farmer who has brought his products and displayed them at the fair, is Mr. E. W. Kirkpatrick, of McKinney, Texas.

Mr. Kirkpatrick makes a very extensive and complete display of the products of his orchard, farm and garden, supplemented by a beautiful show of canned fruits, pickles, preserves, jellies, catsups, butter, lard and hams, nuts and flowers. "What one man can do another may," an old proverb, which, like many others, is true, in a modified form. What one man can do another may, if he has the energy, industry and pluck to make the effort. Every year Mr. Kirkpatrick has the enterprise and State pride to gather up these results of his year's labor and bring them to Dallas, that the outside world may know what can be done in Texas. It is a pity that there are so few like him. That part of the Exposition building set aside for the display of farm products and progress ought to be filled, every inch of it; but it is not. There are more side shows, cheap jewelry stands, and bogus opticians, with numerous other fakes, than there are farm exhibits. A State Fair, with the agricultural features eliminated, will be only a big show for the amusement of the people, with one of its most important educational features lost sight of.

This has been a most successful crop and fruit year, and one reasonably expected to see a wonderful display from field and orchard, and the disappointment is proportionate to the lack of interest shown.

Mr. W. P. Eason alone represents the market gardeners of this vicinity; but he has a splendid assortment of vegetables—almost every variety which will grow with us, in large quantity and of finest quality—cabbage, Irish and sweet potatoes, onions, radishes, snap beans, squashes, turnips, beets, carrots, cucumbers, cantaloupes, okra, egg plants, pea nuts, and red peppers in endless varieties—all grown in the sand near South Dallas, during our late drouth. Of course Mr. Eason irrigates his garden. The exhibit was tastefully

arranged and very appetizing to look upon.

The Texas Experiment Station has a fine exhibit at the Fair, in charge of Prof. Clayton, Agriculturist of the Station, assisted by Mr. A. M. Ferguson, a post graduate of the A. & M. College. The exhibit embraces: Cotton, 34 varieties; corn, 63 varieties; sorghum, 15 varieties; field peas, 30 varieties; wheat, 81 varieties; oats, 56 varieties; rye, 4 varieties; barley, 7 varieties; cultivated grasses and forage plants, 104 varieties; native grasses, 50 varieties; sweet potatoes, 50 varieties; Irish potatoes, 50 varieties; onions, 20 varieties; millets, Kafir corn, Jerusalem corn, broom corn, and hundreds of other products.

These exhibits are not shown as samples of successful farming, but to illustrate the effects of different processes of fertilizing and cultivation. The cotton is shown in the stalk with open bolls, neatly mounted and framed. The grains and grasses are shown in the entire plant, mounted, and separately in the seed. The effect of fertilizers on potatoes is shown in graphic diagrams placing the results before the eye of the inspector in easily comprehended shape. There is also a collection of injurious insects, in glass, and insecticides used in destroying them, with a collection of fungicides used in spraying and otherwise treating trees, vines and vegetables. There is also an exhibit of the chemical analyses of a pound each of corn, cotton seed, pea vines and meadow hay, showing the carbohydrates, protein, fat, fiber and ash of each respectively, separately, in glass. No amount of theoretical composition can bring the facts so plainly to the mind as the constituents of the various feed stuffs separated so they may be separately seen, weighed and compared. Persons interested in stock feeding should study this collection, and take the facts home with them.

The poultry show at the Fair is immense. The individuals are too numerous to count. This year they numbered up into thousands, and seventy-five feet of hall room has been added, and everything is full. It is probably the largest show ever seen south of the Potomac, or west of the Blue Ridge. The character of the exhibit shows the progress continually made in this important industry, and excites wonder at the great perfection to which poultry breeders can bring their art. There is also a rare collection of pigeons and pets which are the great attraction for ladies and children, who go into ecstasies over the beautiful feather and form of the pigeons and the cuteness of the prairie dogs, Guinea pigs, rabbits and other rare, attractive, curious and cute creatures with and without feathers.

HOGS AT THE FAIR.

The following is a list of exhibitors at the Fair, and their stock.

TEXAS.

A. T. Murchison, 42 Berkshires.
B. F. Wedel, 14 Poland Chinas.
D. A. B. Floyd, 10 Poland Chinas.
J. A. Blain, 14 Poland Chinas.
J. A. Sanders, 38 Poland Chinas.
J. A. Kuykendall, 5 Berkshires.
W. R. Cavitt, 65 Essex.
Ford & Sons, 15 Poland Chinas.
H. E. Singleton, 41 Poland Chinas.
J. R. Herndon, 16 Poland Chinas.
H. Watt Smith, 15 Berkshires.
Ed L. Oliver, 5 Berkshires.
C. A. Zumburn, 4 O. I. C.
A. M. Prather, 9 Poland Chinas.
J. D. Loftin, 4 Berkshires.
Penn. Mayes, 1 Berkshire.
M. Lothrop, 22 Berkshires.
Harris & Hardin, 32 Berkshires.
J. D. Gray, 30 Berkshires.
Natt Edmondson, 8 Duroc Jerseys.

OTHER STATES.

Sunny Slope Farm, 57 Berkshires and Poland Chinas.

E. W. McIlhenny, 20 Poland Chinas.
W. J. Miller & Sons, 14 Poland Chinas.

Mansur & Wiley, 48 Poland Chinas.
Harry Taylor 40 Essex.

A. L. Sullivan, 65 Poland Chinas.
A. G. McFadden, 58 Poland Chinas.
Samuel Pike, 10 Poland Chinas.

J. R. Campbell & Son, 20 Poland Chinas.

A large number of swine having been exposed to disease, were excluded, and removed from the Fair Grounds.

NOT DANGEROUS, BUT DISGUSTING.

Recent events indicate that for all practical purposes the War of Secession is at last over. Those who fought in that memorable struggle laid down their arms thirty years ago, but the camp followers, "wagon dogs," and blood thirsty hordes who fought by proxy, or with their mouths, have kept up a noisy fusillade from places of safety until very recently. In fact, some of these mock-heroic jackanapes are even yet loth to give up the bloodless and brainless struggle. But their number is few and their names are "Dennis." They are without influence or effect other than to contaminate the air with a faint smell of a neglected tinea capitis. There are still some papers, and some of them agricultural papers that ought to be superior to sectionalism—that misrepresent the South, through either ignorance or malignity, it matters not which. They declare that "Northern men in the South are ostracised," and that they must "leave their politics at home if they would avoid trouble." They certainly are not so ignorant as these sentiments would indicate. If a spade is really a spade and not a pitchfork, these editors, and others who proclaim these falsehoods, are simply liars, unworthy of serious thought. With all men who are not liars and blatherskites, the war is as if it had never been. Northern men are in the South by thousands, and as a rule, are more prosperous than the natives; they do as they please in politics and religion, and make as much noise over their convictions as any other people. They are in the towns and on the farms and ranches, and smile at the ridiculous statements mentioned above.

CORBETT and Fitzsimmons, and Brady and Julian, and the Florida Athletic Club have declared the prize fight off, but the daily papers will not have it so. They are still burdening their pages with column after column about the probability of "pulling it off" at some time or some place. It is too good a thing for these papers, to be dropped; it makes the papers sell and hence the public must be plied, ad nauseum, with fistic probabilities, and the words and acts of the ruffians who have recently become notorious.

Bob Painter, who represents Meade county, Kansas, in the State Legislature, is a farmer and stock raiser. After giving a glowing account of the prosperity of his section, and his interviewer asking him about immigration, he said:

"Well, as to that, I will say that while we are always glad to see good people moving into our country, there is no effort being made, or inclined to be made, to get a boom up. We have a good thing, and we know it. We have caught onto the right system, and so far as I know we have enough people. It is better to have a small number of people, all prosperous, than to have a large number of people in indifferent circumstances. It is not a question of how large our population is, but how prosperous they are."

was declared a free and independent republic.

At the battle of San Jacinto, April 21, Sam Houston, with 700 brave men, entirely destroyed Santa Anna's 1500 veteran soldiers. Santa Anna, the Mexican President, was taken prisoner. He was promised his freedom if he would never take up arms nor use his influence against Texas in her war for independence. Santa Anna was released and all the Mexican troops were withdrawn beyond the Rio Grande. For a while Texas was left in peace.

In September, 1836, Sam Houston was elected President. Houston showed great wisdom in calling into his cabinet Stephen F. Austin as Secretary of State. Austin's first work in his new office was to prepare instructions for the Texas minister in Washington.

The government had its headquarters at Columbia. Austin labored constantly for three days and nights in a room without fire. A severe cold followed, from which, on December 27, he died.

The difficulties that Houston and his congress had to deal with were numerous. The public debt amounted to \$2,000,000. Mexico had by no means given up her claim to Texas, and was constantly threatening another invasion. But war in Mexico prevented this, and Texas was free from further danger.

Lamar followed Houston. During his administration the capitol was removed from Houston to Austin.

During Jones' administration Texas was annexed to the Union. President Jones gave way to the first Governor of the State of Texas, J. Pinckney Henderson. When Mexico saw that in spite of all her efforts, Texas was about to become one of the United States, she became very angry, and began war again, but was conquered, and was forced to acknowledge herself conquered. Governor Pease was a warm friend to education. He recommended the Legislature to set aside a permanent school fund and to establish a state university. The first public school in the state was opened in San Antonio in 1854.

On November 6th, 1881, the capitol and many valuable state papers and relics were burned. In 1882 a temporary building was erected at the foot of Capitol Hill. In 1881 a general election was held to locate the State University. Austin was selected. On University Hill a beautiful building was erected. The University opened in 1883. Its faculty is one of the finest in the United States.

On March 2d, 1885, the corner stone of the new capitol was laid with all due ceremony. The dedication took place in May, 1888. The edifice is one of which any state might be proud. It is built of native granite. The capitol is heated with steam, lighted by electricity, and provided with every modern convenience.

Long may the flag of the red, white and blue wave over our land that is a free and independent state.

Alvin, Texas.

Dear Aunt Sallie and Cousins: My friend is spending the day with me and we will write to you. I live in the country and have some good times. I love to read the Cousins' League very much. Well, I can do any kind of work. I work on the farm or any kind of housework. I can pick two hundred pounds of cotton in a day. My father does not take TEXAS FARM AND RANCH, but some of my friends around do, and I love to read it very much. I will exchange any song that I have for "Lovely Mattie." I am not going to school myself, but my sisters have been going; they are learning very fast. I would like to correspond with some of the girls of the League very much. I must say good-bye to you and the cousins. I remain your loving niece.—ELLA SULLIVAN, Nacogdoches, Texas.

[The League is a jolly band of young folks who furnish much pleasure for its friends. They are always glad to see a new face.—AUNT SALLIE.]

Dear Aunt Sallie and Cousins: I wish to join your happy band of boys and girls. I have been thinking of writing to the League for some time, but never could get up enough courage to do so till now. My brother takes TEXAS FARM AND RANCH and we all think it is a good paper. I like to read the Cousins' League very much, and the Household also. I am a great lover of books. I have read various kinds of books, and as it would take a great deal of space to tell them all, I will not undertake it; but I believe of all the books

I ever read, "Ben Hur," by Lew Wallace, and "To East By Way of West," by Bishop Marvin, head the list for me. Well, as I have spent such a pleasant evening, with your permission I will call again; so I bid you and your valuable paper much success.—THOMAS R. SEELY, Davilla, Texas.

[Since the ice is broken, Thomas, it will not be so hard for you to come again. Both books you mention are highly entertaining and instructive.—AUNT SALLIE.]

Dear Aunt Sallie: I have been a reader of the Cousins' League for some time, and now I come forth hoping to join your happy band. Cousins, I am very fond of reading. I have read nineteen or twenty books since Christmas, but I will not try to mention the names of them all. I am now reading a book by the name of Torpedoes; or Dynamites in Society, written by Mary Richardson Lesene. It is very interesting. The characters that I admire most are Alden Rees and her mother, Lou Aldeman, Enla Morton. I like Miss Alcott's works best of all I have read this year. Little Men and Women and Joe's Boys are my favorites. I am also very fond of Eight Cousins, and Rose in Bloom. I will ask a few questions:

What three Ex-Presidents died on the 4th of July?

When was the Mississippi river the western boundary of the United States?

Where is the Cradle of Liberty?

For fear my letter is getting too long, I will close. Your little unknown friend.—JENNIE SMITH, Alvin, Texas.

[You must not read too rapidly. You cannot retain, or digest what you have read. Miss Alcott's works are all good, pure and wholesome for young people.—AUNT SALLIE.]

Dear Aunt Sallie: As I have had so much pleasure in reading the letters from the little boys and girls, I thought I would see if I could be made welcome in your happy band. My father takes TEXAS FARM AND RANCH, and I think it a very nice paper. I have been reading the League for a good while, but have never made any attempt to write before. I live three miles east of the town of Nacogdoches. I have been going to school this summer. My school is out now, but will commence in three or four weeks, and I will sure be glad, for I dearly love to go to school. I have two brothers and two sisters. I can do any kind of housework and work on the farm sometimes. I would like to exchange songs with some of the cousins. I will send to any one The Blind Child, and The Boys Won't do to Trust, for Sweet Marie, and Poor Little Bessie. I would like to correspond with any of the girls of the League. I remain as ever your niece—IDA KIRKLAND, Nacogdoches, Texas.

[By this time you are busy in the school-room, and I hope you will do your best.—AUNT SALLIE.]

Dear Aunt Sallie: I am a little West Texas girl, and want to join your happy band. I have about 40 pets, and every one of them are wild cats. I have a brother that can hunt. Well, for fear I am writing too much, tell all the girls howdy! and all the boys sewah. Give my love to all.—MABEL SETTLE, Fisher, Texas.

My! What strange pets! Do they never bite or scratch you Mabel? Write and tell us how you feed them and pet them.—AUNT SALLIE.]

Dear League: Here I come again, although "Cousin" Albert Hurt thinks the "dear girls" write so much. I liked his letter very much, if he did give the girls a round-up. Some of them needed it very badly, I think, for talking about the boys so much. I think he has shown the girls that a boy, even if he is afraid of the girls, or hasn't any brains, can beat them writing a letter. Give us another letter like that, Mr. Hurt; we will "wear the shoe if it fits." I have a good joke on Cousin Ethel Pearce; but I guess I won't tell on her this time.

Cousin Ray Hilmer's proposition did not meet with the success it should have done. I wish the League would discuss books instead of pets, and how old they are, their teachers' names, and so on. Perhaps they are not fond of reading, and if not, of course a "book discussion" would not be interesting to them.

Cousin Rudolph Bollier, I was amused when I read your letter—this part of it: "I have never read Texas history, therefore I do not know much about great men." I didn't know before that all

the great men were natives of Texas. Of course Texas has her share; but so have several other States of this great Union. I guess you were joking; now, weren't you? Don't think because I live in Arkansas that I don't know anything.—EMMA JEFFREY, Livingston, Ark.

[Rudolph stepped on your toes, did he, Emma? Well, you are capable of defending the fair name of your State; however, I do not think Rudolph wished to convey the idea that Texas claimed all the great men.—AUNT SALLIE.]

Dear Aunt Sallie and Cousins: Rap-a-tap; please open the door and let me look at all the sweet, happy faces this evening. I have written twice, but failed to see my second letter. As the third time is a charm, I write again. I guess the reason I do not see my other letter in print, the wastebasket has just opened its big mouth and swallowed it up. Never mind, Aunt Sallie, I will not get mad because my sorry letter was not printed. My school will open this month.

Aunt Sallie, why don't you just have your photograph printed where they have those little songs? Don't you think that would suit better and be more appreciated?

Aunt Sallie, you have had so many nice invitations, I am almost ashamed to make a step toward inviting you; but I will do so. Come and stay twelve months. You ought to have had the invitation when we had lots of little chickens.

I want to go to the Fair at Calvert. I went to Ray, Robertson county, Texas. It is thirty miles from Bryan. I have an uncle living there.

My grandmother will be eighty-two years of age this coming October. I hope to live that long; don't you, Aunt Sallie? Ah, how many nieces you have who are not akin to you.

Do you ever grow any pretty flowers? Well, I will close with one wish to the cousins and five to Aunt Sallie.—LOUIS R. HIGGINBOTHAM, Bryan, Texas.

[Agnes, you are very kind, and I would enjoy visiting the cousins. Think of it, if I should accept all their kind invitations I would rarely ever be at home. I should like to live as long as grandma if I could be well and useful.—AUNT SALLIE.]

Dear Aunt Sallie: Will you admit me into your League? One of my friends takes TEXAS FARM AND RANCH, I like so much to read the Cousins' League and the Household. Our school is going on, but I am not going. One of my friends, Ima Roberts, and myself, are going off to college the 8th of September. My father is a Methodist preacher. I guess this will be the last year we will be sent to this place. Some of the cousins spoke of books as a subject to write about. I have read many good books, but have never read novels. I like to read poetry. I have read Lalla Rookh, Evangeline, and have started Lucile. I have also read Scottish Chiefs. I think it is the best book I ever read. I think it is just beautiful where Lady Helen braided the golden tresses of Sir William Wallace in these words, "God armeth the patriot." But for Lady Mary Scotland would never have been freed. I guess this is long enough for the first time. If it escapes the waste-basket, I will write again. With much love to Aunt Sallie and the cousins—ELLA ROWLAND, Lacey, Ark.

[Your letter is late appearing, Ella, because it had to await its time. I will be glad to have you write again.—AUNT SALLIE.]

Dear Mrs. Buchanan and Cousins: Will you let me in? I have been a reader of the League for a good while, but have neglected writing before, but will write to-day. My papa takes TEXAS FARM AND RANCH and thinks it a good paper, and I do, too. I am fifteen years old. I live on the farm and like it very well and I can do as much in the house as any of the girls, if I am a boy, and work on the farm, too. I never have seen a letter from here. People have wrong ideas about our state, thinking it is a bad country. It used to be bad, but it isn't now. How many of the cousins are Happy-hammers? I am. I write to the children's department in the Houston Post, and that is what we call it. I am going to school now and I like my teacher. He can teach German, and I am going to study German. There are a good many Germans around us. I will not tell all I can do; nearly all of

the cousins tell everything they can do. I do not see why they want to tell it, for they nearly all do the same anyhow, but I tell you I can do as much as any of you.

[This little cousin has no name. Isn't it sad? Nor any home—sadder still. At least he or she forgot to say who he or she is, or where he or she dwells. So I cannot tell you anything more than this cousin is forgetful. Let us hear who you are.—AUNT SALLIE.]

Dear Aunt Sallie and Cousins: I like to read the cousins' letters very much and would like to join the League, as it seems like a happy band. Miss Ida Duncan please write again, as you write such a nice letter. Mr. Albert Hurt, we all want you to write again. Would like to know if all the boys are like you. I go horse back riding every day and enjoy it very much. Another thing I like is going to Sunday School. I wish the girls would tell what kind of times they have. I have a nice time wherever I go, and I go to church, Sunday School, singings, parties, and certainly enjoy them all. I can do any kind of house work, and I work in the field some, too. I will close by asking correspondents of both sexes. I will write again. Love to Aunt Sallie and all the cousins.—LULA CALHOUN, McKinney, Texas.

[That is right, Lula, get all the pleasure in life you can, provided, always, that you seek such pleasures will make others, as well as yourself, happy, and such as will not affect your modesty and purity.—AUNT SALLIE.]

Dear Aunt Sallie: As I have never written to the cousins I thought I would write. My father takes TEXAS FARM AND RANCH, and I enjoy reading the Cousins' League very much. Papa runs a saw mill. I have one brother and three sisters. I am a little girl thirteen years old, and am the youngest of the family. We live about eight miles from Lindale, and one mile from Sabine river. I have been staying at Grand Saline with my sister, going to school. Our school is out now and I am at home. I will close, hoping to find this in print. Your little friend.—CLAUDIE ANSLEY, Lindale, Texas.

[Your letter is very nicely written, Claudie. I expect ere this you are again in school, studying hard, I hope.—AUNT SALLIE.]

Dear Aunt Sallie: I have been reading the cousins' letters and have desired to join the happy band. My dear mother and father are dead. I am the only child. I have a pleasant home with my dear grandparents. I feel that I never can reward them for their kindness to me. My grandmother takes TEXAS FARM AND RANCH, and I enjoy reading the cousins' letters very much. I have a piano and can play. Some of the girls are talking about their pets, but I have none to talk about except a dear little cousin twenty-three months old, who is dearer than any other pet could possibly be. My age isn't under fifteen nor over sixteen. I would like to correspond with some of the girls and boys my age. With much love to Aunt Sallie and the cousins!—CALLIE THORNTON, Stephenville, Texas.

[You have dear, good grandparents as I have cause to know. I am glad you have joined the League and hope to hear from you again.—AUNT SALLIE.]

Dear Aunt Sallie: Please may I be a cousin, too? It is a pleasure to read so many nice letters from all over the South in the Cousins' League and in the Household. A half grown cat came to our house a while ago, and it was very wild at first. Whenever we ate, it would lie out on the porch and howl, now, now. So we would ask it when it wanted its supper, and it would say now, now. Then we told it that it must wait till we got through, and we named it Nebuchadnezzar. I am curious to know how many letters the cousins receive who ask for correspondents. So I ask you cousins to write to me, and I will promise to answer every letter, and tell you something funny about Nebuchadnezzar. Afterward, I will write to Aunt Sallie and tell how many letters I received. We had a few nice watermelons this year, but the wolves ate more of them than we did. Very truly your cousin.—MAIDENS LUSBY, Taylor, Texas.

[By all means write us more of Nebuchadnezzar, if his name has not suffocated him, he is now nearly grown. I hope you may find a number of pleasant correspondents among the cousins.—AUNT SALLIE.]

Poultry

On a farm but one variety of chickens should be kept; more than one breeds confusion and tends to mongrelism.

Pure drinking water is as important to fowls and animals as to human beings. Most diseases come by water routes.

With good stock, clean and comfortable quarters, pure food and water, and plenty of green forage, you will have eggs and increase. Upon these few things hang all the law and the prophets concerning poultry.

Ducks are but little trouble, and remarkably free from disease. They are also the best of all table fowls. We have always maintained the superiority of the flesh of the duck over that of all fowls and animals.

Renewing the hen's nests occasionally is a sanitary precaution that should not be overlooked. Old nesting material should be collected on some convenient altar, and burned as a sweet-smelling offering to the god of disease, that he may be mollified and stay away.

Poultry raising is followed by a greater number of people than any other industry, except that of routine household duties. Everybody raises fowls who has ground enough for a hen to wallow in. Eggs are a necessity to comfortable living, recommended by their excellence and cheapness.

Many people, especially farmers, refuse to give their fowls proper attention, because, as they declare, they do not pay for feed and care. If these people would keep a strict account of every egg or fowl, used or sold, they would find that they have been guilty of cheating their poultry of their just dues.

Hens are good weed destroyers, and it is well, when the condition of the garden will permit, to turn a lot of them into it. They will devour weeds and grass, and institute a diligent search for every seed on the surface, and will scratch up those that are buried and put them where they will never germinate.

SUNSHINE AND EGGS.

H. B. GEER.

True, the sun is a good ways off, but not so far that we cannot utilize its rays for the increase of egg production if we adopt the right method.

Cold weather, dark and chilly hen-houses are inconsistent with good laying. Hence we must gather up the sunshine and turn it into our hen-houses as a radiator to warm up the interior, and make the hens believe that it is summer time all winter.

A southeastern exposure and plenty of windows are necessary to good laying in the winter time.

Bank up the base of the outside walls to the henhouse. Build a second wall if necessary, four to six inches back, and enclosing the inner wall, and carry the second wall up several feet, packing the space between the two walls with any convenient material. Do this to insure protection from the wind, and to make a good mild temperature inside at night while the hens are roosting.

Put the windows in the south front so that the sun will shine in where the fowls are fed. Then scatter straw and grain in there, and let the hens scratch and work away in the sunshine. Such work soon keys them up to the laying point, and keeps them in good health. Have a windbreak to the northwest placed so that when the hens come out of the house they will not feel the keen edge of the north wind, but can sun themselves beside protecting walls. Little things of this sort tends to health, comfort and prolific laying.

Nashville, Tenn.

OPINIONS DIFFER.

Western Farm Journal.

"Fowls with black legs are the best for roasting, while those with white legs are the best for broiling." was an English opinion expressed nearly forty years ago.

It would hardly match the idea of yellow-legged fowls for all table purposes, at the matter from an un-
pointed we believe both American ideas nor an opinions born from or have any substantial high to base their de-

cisions. For instance, we have the black Langshans with black legs, the Light Brahmas with yellow legs, and the Dorkings with white legs, and in these three breeds we have, undoubtedly, the best table fowls—especially for roasting—that can be found in the entire list.

English epicures say our Plymouth Rocks are too coarse grained—and the entire American class are condemned on account of their yellow skins and legs. They are ideal with us for these very reasons.

The French, too, are partial to the white skinned birds, and in such breeds have given us some excellent material. The Houdans, for instance, have no superiors in any variety or class for table use.

Broiler raisers of New England find a poor home market for other than yellow-skinned birds, while in New York there is very little distinction made in that direction.

So are some of the markets prejudiced for color in eggs, some preferring the brown eggs and some white. But these matters of taste do not act as criteria of excellence.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF FARM POULTRY.

Albert F. Firestone.

The profit derived from improved farm poultry comes, first of all, from their increased size, therefore, in improving poultry you should have two objects in view. The first is, "Egg Production," the second is "Size," and keeping such stock and in such numbers as will allow the profit resulting from the sale of the surplus to pay for the labor of caring for them. In climates not extremely cold, a plain, comfortable house should be constructed that will accommodate, without crowding, one hundred fowls. It may be built with a small outlay of from fifty to one hundred dollars, and a flock of this size, provided their sleeping quarters are kept clean and wholesome and they are allowed a wide range, may be kept healthy without much hard work. Of this number, twenty-five will easily raise a liberal supply of young chicks for a large family, besides furnishing them in addition and abundance of good, fresh eggs the year round. This will leave seventy-five, whose products will be for market, and the greater profit will be realized if they be of some non-sitting breeds or crossed with some non-sitters, so that they will concentrate their strength and energy in egg production, for, unless one has favorable market facilities, there is no profit in selling live chickens.

Well fattened hens sometimes bring a reasonable price, but as a rule, unless the seller is well posted in such matters, the prices accorded the farmer, after transportation and commission fees, are so low that he finds it would have been better if he had kept them for home use.

Good, fresh, brown eggs fetch a good price in the market at any time. The price varies with different localities, but in the summer season we can get ten cents per dozen, while in winter and the greater part of fall, the price rises to a greater extent. If the food is raised for the flock on the farm, the expense of keeping is reduced to a considerable extent. If a large family be liberally supplied with fresh eggs and first-class poultry, that in itself should be considered as equivalent to the food supply of the rest.

I have experimented with a flock of one hundred hens, and the profit on them was \$1 per hen for eggs alone; besides this I raised some three hundred young ones, most of these being sold at home to the hotels, restaurants and groceries. Caring for one hundred fowls of course entails some extra work, but the money they bring in will justify the housewife in hiring a helper, who can do the drudgework about the poultry yards.

No Risk

in Vacuum Leather Oil. Get a can at a harness- or shoe-store, 25¢ a half-pint to \$1.25 a gallon; book "How to Take Care of Leather," and swob, both free; use enough to find out; if you don't like it, take the can back and get the whole of your money.

Sold only in cans, to make sure of fair dealing everywhere—handy cans. Best oil for farm machinery also. If you can't find it, write to VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.



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From all leading varieties of thoroughbred poultry. Pit Games specialty. Price list on application. Stamp if convenient. B. F. CARROLL, Blooming Grove, Texas.

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Early hatched Brown Leghorns, White and Barred Plymouth Rocks, Black Minorcas, Langshans and Pit Games; also some old fowls of the best breeds, and EGGS FOR FALL HATCHING. Finely illustrated 36-page catalogue free. Address H. B. GEER, Nashville, Tenn., or GEORGE BRON, St. Mary's, Mo.

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CHALLENGE WIND MILL & FEED MILL CO., Batavia, Ill. TEXAS BRANCH, DALLAS. Cor. Pacific Ave. and Austin St.

WHY WE ARE PEA-CRANKS.

Prof. W. C. Welborn, in Southern Farm Gazette.

Gen. Lee, the president of the A. & M. College, rather prides himself on being a cow-pea crank, and on the fact that he has a number of other cow-pea cranks working under him. On the college farm peas are to be seen on every idle piece of land. Every acre of corn also grows peas; all the outland is sowed to peas as soon as oats are harvested, and even the land that grew corn for ensilage was, every acre of it, this year, sowed in peas in August, and has a very fine crop. In the horticultural department a row of peas is grown between the strawberry rows in late summer.

Here are some of the reasons why we are pea-crankers:

First, an average acre of pea vines gathers from the air 80 pounds of nitrogen, worth as a fertilizer 12 cents a pound, or \$9.60. When these peavines rot on the land this fertilizer, in the form of saltpetre, goes into the land for the benefit of succeeding crops. As has been explained before, no crops except peas, beans, clovers and other pod-bearing plants have the power of getting nitrogen from the air. Oats, corn, wheat, cotton, and in fact nearly all of our crops must depend on the nitrogen already existing in combination in the soil. They must depend on the soil for food, while the peas depend chiefly on the air.

Second, The pea possesses advantages over every other restorative crop. They can be planted from April to August, on any kind of land—wet or dry, rich or poor, well prepared or poorly prepared—with a certainty of getting a crop. The different varieties mature all the way from two and a half months to six months from time of planting.

As food for stock, the value of both the hay and the grain is well known to every Southern farmer. Prof. Tracy, in one of his bulletins, has well said that it will make more food in a shorter time than any other crop known to the Southern farmer. I believe the average farmer does not fully appreciate the cow-pea because it is so easily and cheaply grown. He is inclined to think something else brought from a distance better. Certainly, when it is remembered that each acre of peas brings to the soil from the air \$9.60 worth of fertilizer, equal to an application of 1000 pounds cotton seed meal, we will more justly value this easily and cheaply grown crop. Even when we cut the crop off for food the roots and stubble still contain large amounts of nitrogen taken from the air, and the manure made from feeding the crop is worth nearly as much for fertilizing as the crop itself.

OUR GRASSES.

Farmers' Review.

Grasses are, of all vegetable growths, doubtless of the most importance to man. They seem to be almost universally diffused over the globe, being non-existent only at the poles. The fact that the cereals are all members of the grass family, will make it more easy for our readers to comprehend the great service to mankind rendered by the grass family. In their variety they supply the varied forces necessary to build up the animal body, namely the bones, muscles and fat.

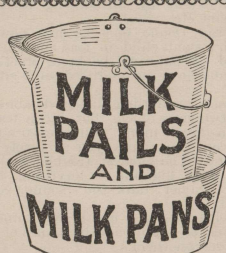
The number of individual species in the family is probably not yet accurately ascertained. As early as 1825, scientists had agreed that there were at least 812 species. Other and more recent writers give the number as in excess of 1800. Speculators, judging the grasses growing in the unexplored regions of the earth by those in sections of the earth already known, judge the number to be not less than 3200.

There is great difference in the appearance of grasses. Some would never be recognized as grasses at all. An example is our Indian corn, one of the most valuable of all grasses. Also there is great difference between the grasses in different zones. The tropical grasses sometimes grow to such height that they assume the appearance of trees. Some of them of the species Bambusa, attain a height of sixty-feet. The leaves of grasses in the tropics are broader than those of grasses native to the temperate zones. Sorghum is an example of the tropical grasses, and bamboo, one of the giant grasses.

Among our grasses may be named Indian corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, rice, broom corn, sugar cane, millet, and a long list of cultivated grasses, like timothy and red-top. The list is simply too

long to be enumerated in its entirety. We need not call the attention of the reader to the immense commercial value of the grasses. What is the immense corn crop of this year worth to agriculture? How much all the pasture and hay in the United States alone?

GOLD DUST.



can be kept clean and sweet with Gold Dust Washing Powder. There is no soap, washing compound or cleanser that so thoroughly cleans milk pails, cans and other dairy accessories. It cuts the obstinate grease that will accumulate and lightens very much the work of keeping the dairy clean and sweet.

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is the greatest aid to hard-worked women. Invaluable for every kind of cleaning. Cheaper and better than any soap. Large package costs but 25c. at all grocery and general stores.

GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER has an additional value to the farmer for destroying insects. Send us your name and address and we will mail you an important booklet containing recipes for making kerosene emulsion for spraying crops and trees and livestock.

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From Texas Claude, one of the best sows of the great World's Fair Sweepstakes Claude. From sows of noted strains. Stock registered. Prices to suit the time. Address

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W. H. PIERCE, Denton, Texas, breeder of large English Berkshires. Two boars, each winning 1st in class, 1st and 2d in sweepstakes, and stood head of 4 herds, winning 3 1st and 1 2d. Another is full brother to sire of sweepstakes sow at World's Fair. Pigs from these boars and sows of equal blood for sale.

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My Berkshire Herd contains the direct offspring of nearly all the prize-winning boars at W. Fair. My Poland-Chinas are of best strains. W. L. FOSTER, Shreveport, La.

Willis E. Gresham, Burrton, Kansas. Quality Herd Poland-China swine. 1 pair World's Fair. Stock all ages. Correspondence invited.

Walnut Spring Stock Farm. Breeder of registered Poland-China hogs. Rorer Wilkes, by George Wilkes, at head of herd. Pigs for sale. M. R. KENNEDY, Taylor, Texas.

Bell County Herd of Poland-China swine. Pigs for sale at all seasons. Stock the best. Come and see me and be convinced. A. W. PARROTT, Holland, Texas.

J. I. Richardson, RAY, TEXAS. POLAND-CHINA SWINE. PIGS FOR SALE. Write for prices.

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FRAZIER & ANSELL, Kopperi, Texas, breeders of registered Duro-Jersey Swine. Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

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Berkshire Swine. Pigs by BARRON DUKE. The Valley Farm, established in 1887 offers for sale registered Jersey Cattle and Berkshire Swine of the most popular strains.

Orders can be filled at once. Address HARRIS & HARDIN, Terrell, Texas.

Large English Berkshires

Of all ages, from the very best imported and home bred prize winning boars and sows. We have sold many of the best Berkshires in Texas. Can do it now. Also La. Brahmas, Bronze Turkeys and B. Leghorns. Free catalogue of 81 pages, and other valuable information. Prices low.

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Gold Medal Herd Berkshires, '93. And all the English Champions of late years. Young sows in farrow. Boars and spring pigs for sale, as well as a few choice fitted animals suitable for showing. Prices low, to make room for new importation of English winners for '95 on the way. Champion stock Dorset sheep, St. Louis and Springfield, Ill., '94.

METCALF BROS., East Elma, Erie Co., New York.

GREAT AUCTION SALE IMPROVED CHOICE WHITE SWINE from the "World's Champion Herd". See them at your own Express Office. Buy them at your own price. Pay for them in your own time. All bids by mail. Close Nov. 11. Catalogue and Particulars from WILLIS WHEAT, Salem, Ohio.

Turkey Creek Poland-China Swine. Choice stock for sale in pairs and trios not akin. Correspondence solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Last Look, Jr., No. 11168 G. R., at head of herd. G. E. KUDY, Taylor, Texas.

Farmers, Spay Your Sows, Mares, cows, and gip-dogs with Howsley's Spaying Mixtures. No knife—no no deaths. Easy to use, and absolutely safe. Price large bottle with syringe, \$3; small bottle \$1, syringe 25 cents extra. Large bottle spays 20 to 50 head of sows. Write us for testimonials and particulars. Corresponding office, New Orleans, La.

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AUCTION SALE

Pure Bred Holstein-Friesian Cattle THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31,

At 1 o'clock, p. m., at farm, 1 mile west of CORDER, MO. Corder is on line of C. & A. Railroad, 60 miles east of Kansas City, and 4 miles east of Higginsville, on the Missouri Pacific Railroad. Over to the sale and judge of the cattle by personal inspection. This is the best herd of Holsteins ever offered at public sale in the West. It is a Dispersion Sale, consequently every animal in the herd will be offered. Having sold at public auction, last May, forty-six head of the original herd of 100 head, those offered now are the "tops." This will be an absolute clearing out sale and should be attended by every one wishing to purchase first-class Holsteins at their own price. Lunch at 12 o'clock.

TERMS OF SALE: Six months with note with approved security, without interest if paid at maturity, on all sums over \$50; under \$50, cash. Two percent off for cash on sums over \$50. Stock bought in installments by Texas buyers will be kept on the farm until after frost in Texas. Address all communications to COL. J. T. JOHNSON, Auctioneer. W. F. WHITNEY, Mexico, Mo.

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Ship Your Hogs and Cattle to Your Home Market. WRITE FOR MARKET INFORMATION. G. W. SIMPSON, President. W. E. SKINNER, General Manager.

CEDAR VALE HERD POLAND CHINA SWINE.

One breed, the best of the breed, and the best bred for the South. All ages; pairs and trios not related. Boars in service. Double Wilkes, Honest Dave C. Merritt Wilkes, and Shade Park Victor, combining blood of all the leading strains. H. E. SINGLETON, PROPRIETOR, Lebanon, Collin County, Texas.

Send for a description of THIS FAMOUS BREED, two of which weighed 2806 lbs. First applicant from each locality can have a pair on time and an agency L. B. Silver Co., Cleveland, O.

SOLD 1673 O. I. C. HOGS FOR BREEDING PURPOSES IN 1894.

Anthrax, Black Leg, Splenic Fever, etc., cause stock owners very heavy losses, which can be surely avoided by PREVENTIVE VACCINATION. It is simple, harmless and inexpensive. If particulars are desired write to Pasteur Anthrax Vaccine U. S. & Canada Company, Ltd., 369 Broadway, New York.

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Governed by gravity weight valve. No springs to rust. No float to stick in the mud and let out tank of water. Has the right sized drinking cup—not a large, double drinking cup to hold a lot of hot, filthy water before a fresh supply comes down. Valve seat is in body of water and acts as a lock-out. Can be set to water two pens at once, and can be attached to a tank or barrel in ten minutes. Works successfully in winter. Retail price \$3. We pay express. Fountain sent to any address on trial. Price will be remitted by express agent if satisfactory. It costs nothing to try. Send for one. Agents wanted in every locality. Order through implement dealer or Stock Fountain Co., Lake City, Ia.

Waters 30 to 150 pigs daily

Household

Edited by Mrs. S. E. Buchanan, Dallas, Texas, to whom all communications for this department should be addressed.

CHAT.

We all rejoice with you, dear Mrs. Canfield, in your new treasure and happiness. May the little girl be to you all your fondest hopes and imaginings picture her future to you. Don't let your new love lead you to forget the old loves of the Household who are always glad to hear your voice.

Shariot M. Hall takes us through pastures new in her "Wanderings in Bookland." How she finds time to read so much out of the usual path awakens our curiosity. We are glad to have her seek these new paths and lead us through them, since, without her aid we should find them.

Mary Morris takes us with her on a most delightful trip to Copano Bay, along the Gulf coast. Many of us will wish we might have been there to enjoy the beautiful water views, the fish and oysters, and more than all, the companionship of the sweet girls and bright boys.

Barcus replies to Uncle Snort, and says he thinks Alexis has the right view of the other subject in hand. We cannot quite agree with him. We dislike tobacco immensely, and would be glad if it could, with alcoholic drinks, be forever banished from the face of the earth. We believe the use of it is ruining many thousands of our boys and young men, making wrecks of them mentally and physically. One has only to walk our streets and find the proof of this in the hundreds of pale faced, puny, stunted boys, with only vigor and sense enough to puff a cigarette or ride a bicycle. The first is a necessity, the last a pleasure. On the other hand there are hale, strong men, in middle life and old age, who seem to have gone through life unscathed, using tobacco in some form from early youth. While we cannot admit that it is a nice habit, we do not believe it is one-tenth as bad as whiskey drinking and the other vices Barcus mentions.

Mabel Clair writes us a cheery little letter to let us know we are not forgotten. We hope to have her come often than she has done in the year that has passed.

Really, Matilda, we had no idea that while we were having such a delightful time talking books, you were standing outside feeling neglected and dissatisfied. So many tired, overworked women came in and told how much they enjoyed the discussion, and how glad they were to get out of the ruts of baking and brewing, washing and ironing, etc., that we shook heads all round, until we found ourselves shaking our own heads in a congratulatory way, thinking we had done just the right thing; but alas for human vanity! We really fear there is more danger of the death of the Household, naturally, if we stick to the bare necessities of life, without any trimmings. It's trimmin's that relieves the dead monotony of bonnets, dresses, houses, hedges, even hearts and hands. So let us continue to trim our hearts and heads with good reading—even a good cookbook will furnish good reading along its lines.

AFTER A SEASON.

MABEL CLAIR.

I haven't been in your midst since spring, though I have seen my name several times, with some kind word of encouragement from the able pens of our many contributors, which I assure you I appreciate very much, and which proves to me, though absent, I'm not forgotten.

It seems to me our band of contributors is one held together by the mighty hand of friendship, in which Mrs. Buchanan is the center, and which may only be broken here to be united in heaven.

Stella's death was quite a shock to us all, Mrs. Vanderhoef, and when I read her last letter to the Household, and then read the account of her death, I felt that I had lost a very dear friend, and the chorus to the song, "Dear Old Stepstone," as it floated out on the evening air, made me unusually sad.

There are many sad and sombre clouds in life, but youth should not know them; a sad, melancholy youth deepens the shades in the evening of life, for "by much sorrow the spirit is broken," and we sadly learn in the autumn of life, "there are no birds in last year's nest."

I think it best, like Minnehaha, to

enjoy our youth while it is with us.

Something was said some time ago about a badge for our department. I think it would be nice to make a badge of ribbon about an inch in width of red, white and blue. On the red piece have printed in gilt letters, "Household," on the white your nom de plume, and on the blue, which will be next to the drapery, the day of the month and year you joined the Household, if you remember; if not, leave it blank. It can be fastened to the lapel of the coat or dress with some dainty pin.

As for the picture, which has been asked for a number of times, and which appears before you this week, I'll slip away while you are gazing at it, for I have nothing to say.

Pittsburg, Texas.

A COMPLAINT.

MATILDA.

Mrs. Buchanan and the Household: Will I be admitted if I write of anything except "St. Elmo," "Tribby," and others I have and have not read? I want to make a complaint. Is this chain of books, books, books, endless? Is it going on without a break until the Household dies a natural (?) death?

As *TEXAS FARM AND RANCH* is a farm journal and is, of course, as eagerly perused by the wife as the "worse half" himself—if she be an equal in interest as regards home and all it implies, then why should not she have something in her favorite department besides a continuation of St. Elmo and others. With the exception of Mrs. Mittie B. Jones, Mrs. J. B. Gay, and perhaps a few others, what have we had for at least three months, except books? How many will voice my sentiments when I say I am tired of it?

Personally I want more of the sisters who are competent to write on household matters, to do so, and send some tried recipes, for we of this band who are incompetent to perform a great many of the every day duties of our home, not for want of physical ability, but a lack of teaching. It's not always the strength, but a "know-how" that accomplishes the most. I dearly love to read, and enjoy a good book as much as any one, but the one-subject system grows monotonous.

Will some one please send a tried recipe for pumpkin pies, as their season is coming on? I make them, but they lack that mellow, "pumpkin" taste I think they should possess. Also, would like to have explicit directions for soda crackers.

With your permission I send general directions for a juicy chicken pie:

As we are a small family, I can make one chicken do nicely for two meals, by preparing over night as for frying. Soak in pretty salty water and at breakfast fry the most desirable pieces; change the remainder into fresh salt water and put away for pie at noon. When I go about dinner I put on chicken in about a quart of cold water to cook while I prepare the crust, which I make as biscuit, except use an extra pinch of soda and butter, in place of lard, if I have it. When the chicken is partially tender lift out and divide into two parts, putting juice back on stove where it will remain warm. I usually bake pie in a pan in which it will be about two inches thick; put in bottom of pan one-half of chicken, season to taste with a little pepper and a small lump of butter; a sprinkle of flour makes the juice thicker. Roll out a crust large enough to cover chicken.

After it is on make a few cuts in it, put in the remaining chicken, season, etc., and another cover for top crust, a hole in the middle to bottom of pan, pour in about a gill of the water in which it was cooked, cover with tin lid close, and put in stove to bake. Now is the time to look after your juice, if you fear there is hardly water enough in which it was cooked to cover pie at least one inch, make it sufficient by the addition of hot water; add a generous amount of butter and put it where it will begin to boil by the time the pie is brown (after it cooks awhile with the lid I remove it). At that stage pour your juice over pie and put back in oven for a few minutes or until it cooks into it and becomes somewhat thick. One's own judgment must be used as regards seasonings, amount of water used, etc. And, of course, a whole chicken, or as many as one wishes to put in a pie can be used, but I think a pie better not to make it thicker than two or three inches, so if one wants a big pie make it in a big pan. In making any kind of a pie, I put very little water in it until it is brown, and then add my prepared

juice boiling hot, and my pies are always "juicy," provided I have plenty of juice to pour on and it is surprising what a quantity it takes. Put most of the butter in the water to be poured on as it makes the crust "crusty."

I must, before I go, speak a few words of commendation of others than I have named in this band. A great many write good letters, but spoil it to some extent by introducing favorite authors, etc.

Lorna Doone tells us just how to teach a small child to read and understand. What could be more practicable, and have the merit of being effectual?

One of my darling blue-eyed babies is just two years of age, but I can teach her a great many things even now. She can say thank you as nicely as anyone. The greatest trouble is, she uses it in handing us anything, but even then her "thank you" sounds very sweet.

Well I must give up these commendations, as I can't call the names of all who deserve them.

Aunt Snort, can't you keep Uncle Snort at home long enough to poke him a little with the broom stick for poking fun at you so much, in that mean, hateful way he has. I know you have to see after things while he is away so much, and then not even get a "thank-you" for it. I declare I would not stand such as that from my "snorter." But I expect when he gets a long beard like Uncle Snort's he will want to write for *TEXAS FARM AND RANCH* (for he is stuck on it, sure), and I will catch it, too, and I guess I will think it all right, but I don't feel that way now.

Mrs. Buchanan I admire your chat on "Some Little Things" very much. Why don't more of the sisters make suggestions of a like nature, then all would be more or less benefited. Some people, no doubt, would sneer at the idea of using old dressskirts for making coverings for the bed, but according to my notion they make the most desirable covers, being soft and almost as limp as a blanket. The best part of light weight pants, after they are ripped and washed, put together in strips or blocks (on the machine, as it is quicker) put to a lining of cotton checks and tacked with carpet warp at intervals of three or four inches make the best of coverings to be put on top on very cold nights. One can appreciate them at that time as at no other.

Say, Sallie Higgins, did you ever get to attend that "Naid Society," or did your household cares prevent? Call again and tell us something about the "proceedings," if you did.

Mrs. Vanderhoef come again with your good, practical letters.

Also Mrs. Ford, who does not fail to bring some good theme with her each time.

It is best to go, unless I knew for certain I would get in.

Vernon, Texas.

WANDERINGS IN BOOK LAND.

SHARLOT M. HALL.

"O for a book and a shade nook, eyther indoors or out; With the green leaves whisp'ring overhead, And the sweet breeze cryin' about, Where I make reads all at my ease, both of the new and older. For a jolly good books whereon to looke is better to me than golde."

Several weeks ago I noticed that one of our young people, in the Cousins' League, asked where he could get Mrs. Custer's books. I believe that Harper Bros., New York, can supply them all at lowest prices.

In my "book land" wanderings I have found a volume of poems that deserves to rank with them as a bit of American, or rather Western American, history. This is *The Feast of the Virgins and Other Poems*, by H. L. Gordon, a Minnesota poet. The principal poem, as well as most of the minor ones, is founded upon a custom of the Sioux Indians and is full of descriptions of their life and ceremonies. It is as thoroughly American as *Hiawatha*, and it lacks the fascination of that peculiar metre it is almost more true to the life it depicts. The book is beautifully bound, printed on fine paper and well illustrated.

There is another book that I came across this summer which will some day be a landmark in the history of our national growth: Capt. John G. Bourke's, *In the Apache Country*. He is not a sentimentalist and he does not have to get his information at second-hand, consequently he tells some truths about Indian agents and departmental blunders that do not often see the light of day. Incidentally he gives a fund of information about some odd corners

of our country and the Wards of the Nation that reads as easily as a summer novel.

And speaking of novels, I have found a new-old one that is a genuine relief in these days of "pastels," "etchings" and "studies." It is, *A Princess of Java*, by E. H. Hutchinson, and is full to the brim of romance, action and brilliant coloring. It is almost historical in its fidelity to Javanese life and customs—its tone is the highest, and when the book is done one can shut one's eyes and almost see the beautiful tropical island with its strange fruits and flowers and birds, and stranger people.

I have been gathering some notes lately about my favorites in the book world, and I think some of them may be new to others as they were to myself. Several years ago I read that *Hiawatha* was not really so original as was once supposed, and now since I have read that grand old Finnish epic, *Kalevala*, I see that the American poem is scarcely more than a translation, with a change of characters somewhat, but with nearly the same scenes and action. The *Kalevala* is the national poem of Finland and is so old that little is known of its origin. It has been sung by the folk-singers for centuries, and passed from lip to lip as a precious national heritage. It was not unknown in English at the time Longfellow wrote his poem and as soon as *Hiawatha* appeared William Howitt, an English writer, pointed out the origin of the strange metre over which critics were raving. Longfellow, himself, in later years did not deny his debt to the Finnish poem, and there are many verses that read almost line for line the same. Sweet a singer as was our beloved Longfellow, he did not scruple to borrow from other lands and did not always acknowledge his borrowing.

The little poem *The Mother's Ghost*, included in the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, is taken bodily from an old Danish ballad which Sir Walter Scott had translated years before and included in the appendix to the *Lady of the Lake*. As Longfellow does not add a new thought to the poem and alters the words very little it would have been better taste had he given some credit to the Danish original if not to the older translation.

I never take up my Byron without reading *The Corsair*, and a few days ago I learned that that glorious but grand character was drawn from life, the original being the Scottish Earl of Bothwell, lover and last husband of the unfortunate Queen Mary.

Few readers of *Ivanhoe* have not laid their hearts at the feet of the beautiful Jewish Rebecca, yet perhaps not many know that her original was a beautiful American girl who lived and died in Pennsylvania. She was an intimate friend of the betrothed wife of Washington Irving, and it was he who told Scott about her and suggested her as a character in *Ivanhoe*.

I want to say a few words about our new magazines, "The Dollar Trio," so much talked of in literary centers. In point of age McClure's comes first, then Munsey's and the *Cosmopolitan*, each at one dollar a year. Never were three dollars better invested, for if they are a little lacking in the stately dignity of *Century* and *Harpers'* they are infinitely brighter and more timely.

Aqua Priu, Arizona.

A HAPPY MOTHER.

MRS. LUCY CANFIELD.

Dear Household: Will you receive me again into your circle, or have I been forgotten during my absence? I come this time with a song upon my lips, one that should touch a responsive chord in every heart. That sweet song is of "My Baby." Was ever there a woman with soul so dead that it would not thrill to its inmost recesses, when first a dainty little bundle is laid in her arms, and she whispers to her heart, (for she is timid this young mother), My baby, my little baby. How much is expressed in those two short words only a mother knows. It means a full surrender of her heart to the little one, and it means a life of love, devotion and sacrifice spent in the service of her child.

How sweet their little faces are only a mother knows. We peep into their blinking little eyes, and there we see the sunshine of our existence fresh from the portals of heaven, it seems. We look at their little open mouths, and are tempted beyond our strength to close them with a kiss despite the scientists.

The little fingers, so soft and delicate, yet stronger than the strength of many

About Bees

I am coming with a question to-day, which I wish you or any of the bee keepers would answer through your valuable paper. The question is as follows: Not long ago I was walking with a bee keeper among his bees, till we came to two colonies, which he called Italian bees. They must have been pure Italian bees, they were so yellow. I have never seen any like them. I have some called Italian bees, but they are not half as yellow as these. I asked him where he got them. He answered that he had ordered the queen, but refused to tell where from. Therefore, I ask you or some bee keeper where I can get such a queen, and what would it cost, and oblige.—LOUIS MATULA, Breslau, Texas.

[J. N. Colwick, Norse, Texas, or Mrs. Jennie Atchley, Beeville, Texas, can furnish pure Italian queens. Customary price is 50 cents each for untested, and \$1 each for tested queens.]

HOW MUCH HONEY?

Field, Farm and Fireside.

It is not uncommon to hear young beekeepers ask how much honey their bees ought to make in order to be considered as "doing well." This question and some others are answered by Wilder Grahame, in American Gardener. He says:

We could hardly expect as much from a small swarm as from a large one, or from an early as a late one. Then, too, bees working at a distance of one or two miles from the hives may expend as much labor over fifty pounds as those in a more favorable locality would over twice that amount. Indeed, there are bees so unfavorably located as to be doing extremely well if they gather supplies sufficient for themselves. Such bee-keeping of course does not pay, if long continued. One or two seasons of this sort, however, should not be taken as conclusive evidence against the business or location.

The size of the apiary has much to do with the amount of honey required to render it profitable. One that may be tended to almost wholly in odd moments that would otherwise be unemployed may produce a less quantity than one so large as to require considerable time that cannot be spared without being an expense item. Under some conditions five or ten pounds of surplus might cover all the expense of its production.

Even twenty pounds of comb honey per colony is not to be despised, when we consider that it is made wholly from a product of nature that costs us nothing, and would otherwise be wasted. Even with nothing but their own supplies to the credit of our bees, we could well afford to keep one or two colonies for the sake of the superior fertilization afforded our fruit.

At this season it becomes quite an important item as to how much is required for the safe wintering for the bees themselves. Authorities differ, varying from ten to twenty-five pounds per colony; much depending on manner of wintering, the winter itself, and the size of the colony. In northern climates I would much prefer the greater amount, and if the wintering is to be done upon the summer stands, I would insist upon it. Bees wintered indoors require less stores than outdoor colonies; perhaps a third less. This, I think, is the chief advantage of indoor wintering, except, perhaps, where winters are very severe. There are several advantages in the outdoor process. Probably the majority of professionals, however, winter indoors.

Too many people have an idea that, while only the best honey will do to market, anything that the bees will eat is enough for them. The first part of this idea is right, the second is wrong. Probably the greatest winter danger to bees is from dysentery, and that is usually caused by improper food or a cold hive. Of the two causes I consider the first most common. When the autumn honey flow is limited and much space remains unfilled, the bees undertake to patch out their stores with the juice of decaying fruits, etc. This is totally unfit for them, and particularly fatal during the fall and winter. The vicinity of elder mills is an undesirable location for an apiary, on that account. The pomace is very injurious to them as a winter food. One should be careful, too, what artificial food is given to them in the fall. Save dubious material you want cleaned up till spring, when, if not absolutely poison-

ous, it usually will not injure them. Of course, nothing questionable may be given them while the sections are on.

The very best bee food for winter is pure white honey. That seems to contain the least indigestible matter. Next to this comes pure honey of a darker shade. If artificial food be necessary (do not skimp them to avoid feeding), use pure granulated sugar syrup. This is the best at any time, but so much of successful wintering depends upon good food that one should be especially particular in the fall feeding. One may at times have other material quite as unobjectionable as this, but where one is in doubt, the advice of an experienced apiarist should be sought before using it.

She: "Can a woman join a labor union?"
He: "By marrying a poor man."
—Town Topics.

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It has been well said, "Electricity is the steam in the human engine which keeps it going and regulates its movements." As a curative agent for the ills that flesh is heir to, the oldest and most successful is that of Dr. Geo. A. Scott's, whose advertisement of his Electric Belt appears in this issue. Dr. Scott's Electric appliances have now been sold for over seventeen years, which is a guarantee in itself of their valuable medical properties. The doctor informs us that over 80,000 cures have been made since its introduction, and the cheapness of the article makes it well worth a trial from every sufferer.

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Cousins' League

Edited by Mrs. S. E. Buchanan, Dallas, Texas, to whom all communications for this department should be addressed.

THE PRIZES.

By an oversight, the name of Alice Dunlap, of Milican, Texas, was omitted from the published list of contestants for the cash prize offered by TEXAS FARM AND RANCH, August 24th, for the best sketch from Texas history.

Unfortunately for Alice, and also for Lena Furlow, of Grand Canle, La., their contributions are barred because of their length. The articles were limited to 1000 words; theirs run up into the thousands. Both are excellent, and exceptionally well written. Lena Furlow's, without a correction, and so evenly and gracefully written as to appear almost like copper plate. It is very trying to decide upon the merits of the articles contributed, but as "neatness in penmanship, spelling, and grammar, as well as composition, will influence the award," as I announced:

I find that Jno. W. Criddle's comes first in all these essentials. John is only twelve years of age, and claims to have written his sketch entirely unaided, which I believe. So John is entitled to the first prize.

The second prize, I think, belongs to Maggie Bentley, of Thornberry, Texas, who has also written without any help, never having submitted her MS to any one for correction or advice. Maggie is fourteen years of age.

I wish very much every one of the bright and interesting girls and boys who entered the contest could have a prize. They deserve some recognition for their effort, and we hope that each one will be successful in some future contest.

The Cousins' League is improving every week, and I am exceedingly fond of my large family of nieces and nephews who come to my assistance in making the League interesting. I hope those who failed to win a prize will not be discouraged, but remember, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." The difference in the matter and style of the writers was not so great as the difference in neatness, punctuation and spelling. These were the minor points which turned the scales in favor of the fortunate winners. Remember this, little friends. The sketches will appear from time to time in the Cousins' League until each one has been published. Let us hear from you again, cousins, one and all.—AUNT SALLIE.

AUSTIN.

PRIZE ESSAY.—MAGGIE BENTLEY.

Long, long ago, when little was known of the country now designated as the State of Texas, a little group seated around the fireside of a little Missouri home were relating wonderful tales of the far-away Texas land. They listened with sympathy as they were told of the cruelty endured by the returning traveler or adventurer, from the hands of the treacherous Mexicans or hostile Indians; then talked of the beautiful country and climate, and reasoned there was but little cause to prevent it from becoming a prosperous country, if settled by industrious people. Just here a plan began to form and rapidly developed in the mind of one present. Why could not he, Moses Austin, be the founder of a colony? He soon arranged home affairs and started out to see what could be done.

At this time Texas was ruled by an appointed governor from Mexico, the capital being San Antonio. Austin soon reached his destination. Instead of encouragement from the governor, he was haughtily received and told to leave immediately. Poor, discouraged man! must he see his cherished hopes overthrown? As he started down the street he met his warm friend, Baron Bastrop, of New Orleans. Being a man of rank and wealth, he had much influence over many with whom he came in contact. He soon persuaded the governor to read and examine his petition, which he did and readily sanctioned.

Everything now seemed to point to success, and he started for home in bright spirits. Alas, for such hopes! When friends turn foes, food becomes scarce, and bitter cold weather sets in, then the way is hard. Is it strange then, that when he did reach home, it was only to die? On his dying bed he begged that his son Stephen might carry out his cherished plan, which was cheerily complied with. Now comes a

little sketch of the "Father of Texas," as Stephen F. Austin was fondly called.

Virginia claims him as her native son, although Connecticut and Kentucky proudly base their claims on the ground that he received his education from them, but rightly we may call him ours. He was a man of great learning and polished it wonderfully by travelling. Soon after the death of his father he went to New Orleans, where the grant of land was legally transferred to him. As he offered several inducements to colonists it was but a short time until a colony was ready to follow him as their leader. Several misfortunes happened to them, but what else could they expect when settling a new country? Hardships must be expected, for they are sure to come. But, as the case ever is in this world, there is so much to make us happy, if we but search for it, that clouds of grief and disappointment fly before us. With such a fatherly teacher and example they were sure to prosper. It is said he never married, but gave his life to his colonists. What an unselfish love he must have had, and how all must have loved him. The little colony soon grew to be a large one, and was not the only one within the bounds of the present Texas. Other contractors brought large numbers of people until tiny settlements dotted the prairies and woodlands. Texas no longer was a wilderness, but a living and growing country. In the very midst of these months of prosperity, there fell a shadow of trouble.

A revolution was taking place in Mexico, and consequently, the effects would be generally felt. Texas had previously been connected with Coahuila, but wished to separate. It had several worthy reasons for so thinking. Finally she concluded to send Austin as a commissioner with a memorial to present to the President. As usual, the city was all confusion. He asked to be heard, but was told more weighty subjects engrossed their attention. He was kept for nineteen months in prison, not being allowed the common necessities of life.

At length he was brought out and told to read his memorial. Santa Anna, the President, listened with profound interest, and so pleased was he that fair promises were made for Texas.

Austin was still kept as a prisoner; the reason is unknown, but the most probable is that, as we all know, the Texans were a superior class of people to the Mexicans, and he wished Austin's advice on certain questions. At last he was released, and when he returned home what a welcome he received. Having been gone from them two years, they were delighted to see him. All turned to him as a father, for help. Following him and other great and good leaders, their beloved country, though through death and danger, was once more freed from tyranny.

We who love and study the great deeds done for our liberty, fail to comprehend the cost. Ah, if we could only realize more fully the hardships undergone for our sake, I know our lives would be less bitter.

Our Texas is a republic now with virtuous Sam Houston as president. There were many difficulties to overcome, caused from the late war, but with such men to direct they were sure of success. Austin was chosen Secretary of State, his work being to prepare instructions for the new minister at Washington. He worked in a room of the government headquarters for three days and nights without a good warm fire.

A severe cold was caught, and gradually he grew worse until his death, which occurred in the month of December.

The news of his death fell like a blow upon the heads of the people. But why lament? Had not he been a faithful servant to his country and people? And will not he reap his reward in the realms above? My pen fails to express, and my mind to comprehend the happiness there is in heaven.

Thornberry, Texas.

CYNTHIA ANN PARKER.

PRIZE ESSAY.—EDNA SPANGLER.

Parker's Fort was built in 1833 by the Parker family and relatives. They were originally from Tennessee, but were attracted to Illinois by its celebrity as a wheat growing country. But they soon became dissatisfied with the freezing winters and the severe cold. So they resolved to seek a home in the genial clime of Texas. The Parker family were noted for their honesty and courage. They selected for their home

a beautiful, healthy, and fertile tract of land on the Navasota river.

The colony consisted of thirty-three persons. The fort was conveniently arranged for repelling an attack from the savage Kiowas or Comanches. The fort stood on a beautiful hill near a rippling, sparkling spring of cool water. The colonists lived in peace and prosperity for three years.

The newly risen sun was shedding his brightest rays over the happy home, birds were singing their sweetest songs, gay flowers sparkled with dew like diamonds over the vast prairie of unending green, when suddenly, like a volcanic eruption, five hundred blood-thirsty Indians appeared only a few hundred yards from the fort. Merry, romping children left their play and ran screaming to their mothers; brave men seized their guns and hastened to defend the fort.

But the deceitful demons raised the white flag as a token of peace, and said they only desired a good camping ground and provisions. Before their feigned hunger could be gratified the cruel monsters, with a terrific war whoop, rushed to the fort and with their axes and tomahawks began battering down the doors and walls of the fort; thus beginning one of the most horrible tragedies ever known in Indian warfare with Texas.

Two fiends, after killing her husband, overtook Mrs. Parker fleeing from the fort with her four children, and compelled the terror stricken mother to lift her little daughter, Cynthia Ann, age nine years and her son John, age six, up behind two mounted Indians who galloped away with the little captives and Mrs. Parker, with her two little ones was driven back to the fort. The few that escaped death, seeing the Indians in possession of their homes, fled to the wilderness.

This miserable little party of eighteen concealed themselves in the dense timbers of the river bottom until they could start to Fort Houston ninety miles distant, near the present town of Palestine. Only two of the women were fortunate enough to have shoes. This made their progress very slow over the rough, uninhabited country. They failed to obtain any food from the fort, and almost starved on their journey of six days—only capturing two polecats and two small turtles which were cooked and eaten.

The Indians beat a hasty retreat to their hiding place in the Wichita mountains. They traveled until midnight, then halted to hold their usual war dance to commemorate their horrible victory at Fort Parker. Early next morning they hurried their retreat, fearing General Burleson with his brave "Minute Men" would overtake them and inflict vengeance upon them for their inhuman crimes.

Cynthia Ann and her brother were held by separate bands. Thus separated they gradually forgot the language and customs of their own people and became as Indians.

John Parker grew to be a man among the wild, uncivilized youths of his tribe. He accompanied a band party of Comanches down the Rio Grande into Mexico. Among the captives was a beautiful Spanish maiden with whom John Parker fell desperately in love. They were soon engaged to be married and the wedding was to take place at the nearest Indian village. As the cavalcade moved slowly onward John Parker was prostrated with a severe attack of small-pox. The Indians could not tarry long so decided to leave him alone in that vast wild to die or recover as fate decreed.

The maiden refused to leave him and begged of her captors to allow her to remain with him. From her tender, loving care he soon recovered. Shortly after, John Parker and his beautiful Juanita were married and settled on a stock farm in the far West, where he soon became a celebrated stock king.

Large sums of money were offered by the sorrowing relatives for the recovery of Cynthia Ann Parker, but all in vain. For five years nothing could be learned of her, until Col. Len Williams on a trading tour among the Comanches on the Canadian river accidentally heard of a white maiden with blue eyes who had been adopted into an Indian family. He visited the family and was allowed to see the white girl, but he could not persuade her to speak. He told her of her friends, but she made no reply; whether she had been ordered by the Indians to keep silent, or had forgotten the English language, he could not tell. For five years she had not seen a white face. Col. Williams offered to buy her, but they said, "All the

goods of the white man could not ransom her." She was soon after married to a great chieftain named Peta Nacona to whom she was devoted.

When the Texans under Gen. Ross attacked and defeated the Comanches, this same brave chief was killed while trying to escape with his wife and little ones. The two sons fled; one, Quannah Parker, became chief of that tribe. Cynthia Ann with her little daughter, Prairie flower, were captured and taken to her uncle who gladly welcomed her. But she was not satisfied with civilized life and tried to escape. She sadly mourned for her absent sons. She finally became reconciled with her new life and was able to do some household labor. And slowly, it seemed, memories of her childhood days returned to her. But in 1864 she and her little daughter died.

Goliad, Texas.

A SKETCH OF TEXAS HISTORY.

PRIZE ESSAY.—JENNY SMITH.

Texas was explored in 1684 by DeLeon and LaSalle, the latter intending to found a French settlement at the mouth of the Mississippi, sailed by it unawares, and landing at Matagorda Bay, built Fort St. Louis on the Lavaca. LaSalle made many other attempts to find the Mississippi, but was finally killed by one of his men. With no wiser ruler the little colony soon perished. The Indians attacked and killed all but five. On this the first European settlement in Texas rested the claim of France. The Spaniards afterward explored and partially settled the country, establishing missions at various points. These did not prosper, however, and the region was populated mainly by roving bands of Indians.

In 1797 Philip Nolan obtained permission from the Spanish commander to enter Texas for the purpose of catching wild horses for the American general in Louisiana. While on his trip Nolan was keen enough to make a good map of the country, and open trade with the Indians. On his second trip he was killed by the Spaniards. E. P. Bain took his place.

The Americans were promised if they would surrender that every one should be sent home in perfect safety. They gave up their arms, but instead of the promise being kept, the poor prisoners were carried from place to place, sometimes in heavy irons, until all had perished except Bain.

After this the Mexicans never were known to keep their promises to a surrendered army.

In 1820 Moses Austin, a native of Connecticut, obtained from the Spanish authorities in Mexico a grant of land, but soon afterward died. His son, Stephen F. Austin, took up the work and carried out the plans he had so fondly cherished. Austin's colony prospered. Emigrants from the United States were encouraged, and in 1830 there were 20,000 Americans in Texas.

In 1825 the land between the Navasota and Sabine was granted to Hayden Edwards, who, in October of the same year, with his family and a number of men, arrived at Nacogdoches, where they went to work with much energy and determination. Scattered here and there over Edwards's land were settlers who had come before he received his grant. These parties claimed immense tracts of land. Some of them were lazy, worthless Mexicans, while many others were criminals from the Neutral ground. It is easy to see what trouble followed. The Mexicans would claim the settlers' homes. Edwards appealed to the Mexican officers, but they always decided in favor of their countrymen. The unjust treatment of Edwards's colony caused Texas to rise in her youthful vigor and throw off the Mexican yoke, and in 1835 Texas was driven to declare her independence. The first regular battle of the revolution was fought October 28th, near the mission Concepcion, about one and one-half miles from San Antonio. The Texans won the victory. The Mexicans had sixty killed and a large number wounded. The Texans had one killed and one wounded.

When President Santa Anna heard of Coss's surrender at San Antonio he was wild with rage and vowed he would never rest until Texas should be humbled to the dust.

One of the bloodiest scenes that history records was the storming of the Alamo. In that desperate struggle the noble Bowie, Travis and Crockett fell—three names that must live for centuries.

On March 24, the last tie that bound Texas to Mexico was severed and Texas

giants to lead their mothers through paths of purest joy, or keenest suffering. The faintest little sound from their lips stirs the mother's heart more than the songs of many birds. In the wee small hours when you take them in your arms to still their little cry, as only a mother can, how sweet it is to feel them nestle down in perfect content. A smile of joy flits over mother's face even though her eyes are heavy in sleep. I say again, was there ever a mother who did not feel thus, though in an intensity of degree, that mere words cannot express.

Heaven bless the little babies; they are frail and delicate, yet how strong—Truly they are monarchs of all they survey.

Just a few short weeks ago a sweet little fairy entered our home, and took captive the hearts of her papa and mamma. At once she demanded a full surrender of our love, and we meekly surrendered. It seems to us no baby girl, for she is the sunshine of our home. So plump and bright a little maid is not seen every day as our little girl. So many years, (nearly twelve), had we waited for her, that hope had almost left our hearts, that we would ever kiss the sweet little lips of our own baby, but at last she came, we pray, to gladden our hearts until the grave closes over our heads.

My friends, pardon this rhapsody, but remember, I am a woman with a mother's heart, and never, as I said nearly one year ago, had the word mother entered my life, either as child or mother, until my baby came. She opened up these spring soles closed, and the pure waters of mother love burst forth in all their strength. Long years have I looked at other mothers as they fondled their little ones to their hearts, and turned my eyes away lest they see the longing in them. Years have I asked the Good Father for one little ewe lamb, one baby girl, and after so long He has given her to me. God grant I may not love her too well. She came in our middle life to comfort our declining years. I am going my little one in my arms and ask if the Household will not rejoice with me, and accept Miss Carrie Canfield as a member of our family.

Sisters, my letter-to-day is of a subject as old as creation itself, yet it is new to each mother, and I feel every mother in our circle will understand me and rejoice with me, and say with me as I utter the words from my heart, "God bless our babies."

Canfield, Ark.

REPLIES TO UNCLE SNOT.

BARCUS.

Mrs. Barcus says she thinks you were right in your criticisms on my article of 28th inst. It was too close range to discuss the matter with her. And Uncle Snot is offended? I like his grit, and hope he will come to the front and defend the tobacco habit. Using tobacco is a filthy habit at best, and the use of one stimulant leads to another. I think there should be as much, if not more, courting done after marriage than before, and how can a man whose breath is impregnated with the stench of tobacco and the amber oozing out of each corner of his mouth, dropping down upon a shirt that was once white, expect his wife to kiss or fondle him? Let us hear from Uncle Snot how it sweetens the breath, whitens the teeth and aids you physically, mentally or morally. That is one great trouble we have in teaching our children not to use whisky, tobacco or play cards, gamble or swear: their father, grandfather or some near relative does it. The child thinks it proper, or father would not do it; and the mother hates to teach her child that the father does not do right. "My father uses tobacco, drinks whisky and runs horse races," says the boy. Can I shift the responsibility of teaching them that those things are morally wrong? Shall I, from timidity or dislike of my father's sins, let them use those stimulants and gamble, drifting into bad society, going from bad to worse, perhaps die a drunkard or be sent to the penitentiary? No! I tell them plainly that no Christian gentleman should do so. I regret that it is a fact that many good men and women use tobacco. They got into the foolish habit when young, and it became a second nature, and takes a man of moral courage and decision of character to stop the use of it. Young people are hero worshippers, and perhaps, dear reader, you are the ideal man or woman of some young soul who thinks he must use slang, drink whisky, swear, chew tobacco, or do whatever you do, to become great like you.

Uncle Snot has side-tracked me some-

what; but, in my judgment, Alexis has the original question down about right. Mrs. Buchanan, I will pay you a visit during the fall. I am coming to buy some of Uncle Snot's fine hogs, if he will guarantee them not to use tobacco. Copland, Texas.

OUR TRIP TO COPANO BAY.

MARY MORRIS.

Were we to go into detail, the account of our trip and six days' vacation at Copano would be as long as the story of the world. We can say truly that most gentlemen, kind and honorable young men than the five of our party it would indeed be difficult to find. Each one seemed to do everything in his power to increase the pleasure of all, and especially were they considerate of the comfort of the three young ladies and their chaperone, notwithstanding the fact that two of the boys had each two sisters in the party.

We had two wagons fitted out. In one was stored our provisions, both for man and beast, our cooking implements, bedding and baggage, and a number of "sundries." This, our "baggage car," was driven by the one "culud pusson" we attached to our party covered wagon, had back of the spring seat long boards along the side for seats, securely fastened at each end of the wagon. These were comfortably cushioned with portions of our bedding. Under them were stored numbers of small but necessary articles in boxes and grips, and on the floor between was spread a piece of matting the length of this, our "passenger car."

We bade adieu to Goliad on Monday, at 5 p. m., and turning our faces steadfastly toward the southeast, we traveled onward. Crossing the bridge that spans the willow-arched San Antonio river, we entered the hot sandy lanes of that historic but desolate old Mexican town, La Bahia; passing slowly by wretched huts and patches of dry corn, gazing at the white old mission where brave Col. Fannin and his unfortunate soldiers spent their last night on earth, and out upon the sandy slopes where they were marched to an ignominious death. Accursed spot! Truly the words of Benton, as recorded in Texas history, have proven prophetic. No fruitfulness enriches the soil whereon the foul deed was done. "Sterile and set apart" it has ever been, "shut in by the walls" of an alien tongue. Great, solemn live-oaks "stand like Druids of old," keeping watch and ward over the ground made sacred by the blood of heroes.

Looking northward from La Bahia, Goliad presents a very pleasing picture, with its tall courthouse, the Fannin monument, its old rock buildings gleaming white against the green of many live oaks, its church spires pointing heavenward, its handsome residences and the many neat white cottages scattered over the surrounding green hills; and to the southeast, as far as the eye can reach above and below, stretches the long line of cool green river timber. After leaving La Bahia, we are out on wide grassy prairie that stretches on for ten miles when it terminates at the Little Sarco creek. This we reached a little while after sunset. Here we ate our supper, which was already prepared, and quenched our thirst, regretting as we did so that we had no dishes to wash, since we had a large pool of water so convenient and just the right temperature for that purpose. Twilight came on softly, but not darkness, for the moon followed close upon the departing rays of the sun; so, "after halting but a short time, we took up the line of march again," "passenger car" ahead.

Passing only a few miles of sparsely timbered post oak country, we were out again on another and a wider prairie, which stretches away almost to the town of Refugio, which is situated nearly thirty miles southeast of Goliad.

Traveling at a moderate rate, sometimes riding, sometimes walking along the hard level road; how we enjoyed that long beautiful night! Away on all sides reposed the seemingly boundless prairie, with not a tree or shrub to cast a wavering shadow—naught to mar the glorious light of the moon shining down upon us, while out on the cool

night winds was borne the voice of song—

"Far away beyond the starlit skies
Where the love-light never, never dies."

But, despite the pleasantness of it all, we were growing weary, and when at last, at 3 a. m., Refugio was reached, not a light shone from any window as we drove through the streets of the sleeping village; silent, save for the occasional barking of "fists," as our wagons passed them.

We stopped at the town pump and refreshed ourselves and teams with its cool water. Then turning eastward down the street we left Refugio, passing as we did so the park, in the midst of which stands the King monument, sacred to the memory of gallant Capt. King and his murdered men, whose bones were left to bleach on that wide prairie, in the terrible days of Mexican tyranny. We beheld it with a feeling of reverence akin to awe as it gleamed so light and still in the moonlight, with the tall grass waving serpent-like about its base.

Four miles east of Refugio we came to a creek, inappropriately called the Melon, as its waters are not at all pleasant to the taste. Here we fed our horses and staked them out to rest while we, on pallets spread in the shade of shaggy Anaquas, lay down for a short nap. All of us, excepting two boys, who remained awake in order that we might get an early start when daylight came. They made a fire, and the Texans' proverbial "pot of coffee," and watched until exactly 5:30, when they aroused us in a most unceremonious, not to say heathenish manner.

Our feelings at the "getting up time" can be better imagined than described, but then we should all willingly accept some bitter with every sweet. We ate a hasty breakfast, "washed down" with black coffee, or Melon water, as the tea was too securely packed to find easily. At 6 o'clock sharp, on Tuesday morning, we faced about southeast again, and, as the boys expressed it, "pulled for the shore." For the first mile or two we walked—while it was so delightfully cool—the boys with their guns over their shoulders, brought down a fat partridge or plover when the opportunity offered.

Some miles beyond the Melon we reached what is called, in this Coast country, "hog-wallow" land, but we decided that if hogs had ever wallowed there it must have been a long time ago, for the ground was dry, and despite the long grass we could see numerous cracks, especially across the road, large enough to furnish concealment for large rattlesnakes.

But on and on, hump-e-ty-bump, we went, laughing and talking, and impatient to reach the coast—through walls of mesquite brush, now and then interspersed with grassy glades, in which deer (no doubt) often grazed. Bye and bye we saw the coast clouds hovering over us, and knew we were nearing our journey's end, so, with renewed energy, hastened on. Presently, and at 9:40, a "sudden turn in the road" brought us, where beautiful Copano bay spread out in all its glory before our enraptured sight.

What shivers went up from that front wagon! Down upon the beach we wandered to and fro, or stood entranced. Memories of childhood swept like a sweet, sad song over my soul.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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another should be moderately manured and planted to potatoes, either sweet potatoes or Irish potatoes, according to which does best. Either of these crops will, at the prices ruling here, with intense cultivation yield a sure return of \$200, and if care is taken in preserving them there will never be any difficulty in selling them during the winter, while the acre in vegetables will not only provide sufficient for family use, but there will be a considerable surplus that may either be sold or fed to the cows and hogs.

"The following year these same two acres should be seeded to winter wheat, followed (the same summer) by a corn crop. After a vegetable crop there should be no difficulty if the wheat is sowed in drills and horse-hoed, in raising forty bushels to the acre. I have myself raised sixty-four bushels on land that had been under the following rotation: First year, cabbage, manured with sixty tons barn-yard manure per acre; second year, potatoes, with no manure; third year, sixty-four bushels of wheat with no manure. This was on a twelve-acre field; no garden plot.

"Two acres of wheat will provide flour for the family, bran for the cows and grain for the poultry, and the corn which follows will give all the corn bread the farmer can eat, and still leave fodder and grain for the cows and horse, and food for the chickens.

"With such a farm a man will get all the milk, butter, bread, fruit, vegetables, pork and poultry he can eat. His expenses will be, say \$25 for taxes, and whatever he may need to spend for clothing, groceries and other incidentals. To meet these outgoings he ought to have, after supplying his family, at least 400 pounds of butter, which in the vicinity of a town should be worth \$100; 300 dozen eggs, from fifty laying hens, worth at twenty cents a dozen, \$60; potatoes, \$200, and with the sale of rhubarb, asparagus, surplus vegetables, pork poultry and fruit, he must be a pretty bad manager if he cannot collect enough more to raise his yearly sales to \$500, with the items already enumerated.

"A small farmer with not too much land on his hands can often make a few dollars where the other man will spend it. For instance, he can in many localities, profitably raise strawberries, or he can sell to his neighbors who have no time to grow such things, cabbage plants, sweet potato cuttings, spare vegetables, honey, and many other little things which amount up at the end of the year.

"I am quite confident that a man who is an expert gardener and a hustler could double his income; but I am presuming that my farming friend is neither one nor the other. I am only talking of a man who is an industrious farmer and attends to his business. And, by the way, it will be seen that this sort of a farm does not entail any real hard, exhaustive work. It is all light work, but it must be attended to every day if the farm is to be a success.

"The days have passed for large farms. The farmer of the future will be the man who cultivates highly a small tract, and who lives on and not off his farm.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Please give me some information as to the relative value of different feed stuffs, such as ear corn, corn meal, and cotton seed hulls, meal, etc., for fattening cattle. Or send me the address of some one who can give the required information.—C. H. COOKS, Bodcan, La.

ANS.—Write to your State Experiment Station for bulletin on stock feeding. They will send you one if they have any on hand, or tell you where you can get the information desired.

Will you please give me instructions as to the system adopted for raising Irish potatoes by irrigation, as this is the only way we have of growing them here. I would like to get the system they adopt at Colorado, as I believe we get the finest potatoes from there. You can give me this information by letter or through TEXAS FARM AND RANCH, but I want the mode of cutting, planting, cultivating and irrigating more especially about the mode of irrigating, as I think they do not do well with too much water. Whatever expense this may cost you, I will cheerfully pay. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain—W. J. RUSSELL, Lampazos, Mexico.

ANS.—First flood and thoroughly saturate the soil and plant as soon as the soil is in condition to plow and pulverize. Plant in furrows and turn a good ridge upon the seed, and after planting, and just as the first plants begin to show, harrow down with a slanting toothed harrow. The next watering should be after the plants begin to bloom. On moist soils no further watering will be required; though if the

plants begin to wilt and turn yellow under steadily hot and dry weather, more water must be used. Land for potatoes should be selected with a gentle slope that will accommodate an even flow of water, and should be prepared by thorough plowing, harrowing and rolling. In Colorado the usual plan is to cut seed in two places and plant 18 to 24 inches apart in three and one-half foot rows. The soil should never be permitted to become entirely dry, as that will stop growth, and one such check will spoil the crop.

Please give me some hints on building a smoke house, a brick oven, how it should be ventilated. Is there any reason why meat should not be smoked in damp or rainy weather and why it should be smoked in dry weather only.—Z. B. VANCE, Waco, Texas.

ANS.—Whether built of wood or brick a smokehouse should have a dead-air space between the inner and outer walls, with ventilation top and bottom. Small grates inserted in walls near the ground, as is usually done, are ample. No special provision need be made for escape of air at the top, as it is difficult to make it too tight; but there should be openings for the escape of air. A furnace or stove outside, with pipe to carry smoke to the interior, is a good arrangement. A smokehouse should be built with a view to even temperature and exclusion of light. We know no reason why meat should not be smoked in wet weather.

VETERINARY.

When veterinary advice is desired by mail and without delay, Dr. Folsetter (Dallas, Texas) should be addressed directly, and one dollar enclosed to secure prompt attention. Queries addressed to TEXAS FARM AND RANCH for publication will be answered, each in turn.

Please give me an information for curing a bloody wart on a horse and oblige.—J. P. NEDELMER, Stillmore, Texas.

ANS.—Secure your horse so that he will be quiet, either by throwing and tying him or by any other means that may suggest itself to your better judgment. Then with a sharp knife dissect it out carefully. There is no occasion for cutting deeper than the skin goes, as all warts are growths of the skin. If it bleeds much a hot iron may be applied to the point where blood issues from, or, if situated so that you can apply a bandage and lint cotton to it, do so. When it has stopped bleeding apply dry lime dust to it once or twice a day till well.

I have a mare that has a barbed wire cut just above the hoof on the outside of the right fore foot. It has cut four months ago; healed up on the outside, except a small opening about the size of the point of my little finger; has a hard knot on foot and hair and hide seem diseased over it; hoof has begun to grow off and I fear it will be badly affected. The mare is four years old, very large, and limps when on hard ground. What must I do for it? Can it be successfully cut out?—L. L. REEVE, Vernon, Texas.

ANS.—A great deal can be done in the way of improving a foot that has become deformed by being cut on barbed wire, but it requires skill and experience to both put it in the best shape and keep it growing so. The quarter of the foot that is cut inclines to grow faster and more perpendicular than the other quarter; consequently it should be kept pared down and hollowed out on the inside as near like a normal foot as possible, and kept growing so. If it does not heal up apply a little caustic (nitrate of silver) to the raw spot and then apply carbolic vaseline to it. After it is all healed up if the horse is still lame, then apply a cantharidine blister to it.

I have a standard bred stallion, brought to Texas about a year ago, and last winter had the acclimation fever. His ankles all swelled to large proportions, but as the fever passed off the swelling subsided in the ankles, leaving a little of the left hind foot still swollen. The swelling feels as though it contained a soft pulp or watery substance, and the horse is somewhat lame in that foot. Can you give me a remedy? Also, a remedy for the cure of big-head in horses?—JNO. MCILLIAN, Winsthorne, Texas.

ANS.—Give your horse six drachms of Barbadoes aloes and four drachms of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a half pint of hot water, and drench him with it, in his mouth. Do not put it in his nose as some smart people do. This will physic him. After his bowels have quit acting freely, give him one

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drachm of iodide of potassa dissolved in a little water and sprinkled over his oats or bran once a day for twenty-five or thirty days.

Please tell through your paper a remedy for hogs when they quit eating, hold their heads down and thump in the side every few seconds. I have had hogs that way before and lost a large per cent of them.—Z. B. VANCE, Waco, Texas.

ANS.—Give your hogs a drench of one-half ounce of turpentine well shaken up in four ounces of oil once a day for four doses.

AUCTION SALE OF THOROUGHBRED STOCK.

Of late years public sales of thoroughbred stock, especially hogs, have become quite popular, and would undoubtedly be more so if it were not for the traveling and other expenses connected with attending them, which, in many cases, amounts to as much as the stock purchased.

Mr. Willis Whinery, of Salem, Ohio, has originated and put into practice a plan that does away with the objections mentioned, and still retains the desirable features of an auction sale. He issues a descriptive catalogue accurately describing each animal. Bidder sends in his bid by mail, bidding on any animal or more that he is in need of. If your bid is successful, the stock will be shipped to your express office, and if as described you settle with the express agent for it. You make no mistake bidding on this stock unless you bid so low as to fail to get it.

His offering consists of 300 head improved Chester White Swine and a large invoice of Holstein and Jersey cattle and several hundred head of thoroughbred poultry.

The swine offered are of various ages, and it is perhaps the largest sale of thoroughbred hogs ever made by one individual or firm. This is perhaps the largest herd in existence of thoroughbred hogs, and its fair record is unexcelled, having won largely at the World's Columbian Exposition, and later achieved the title of "The World's Champion Herd" by winnings at the best fairs in the United States. Many World's Columbian and state fair winners and their descendants are offered in this sale.

The Jersey and Holstein offerings are of first quality and the poultry of the best leading varieties. Mr. Whinery has held three sales on this plan which resulted satisfactorily to himself and customers, and he announces this his fourth sale in this issue.

Bidding opens October 21; closes Nov. 1, 1894. Send for catalogue giving full particulars.

Mention this paper when writing.

SLAUGHTER SALE—PIGS.

Twenty-five thoroughbred Berkshire pigs six months old, fine pair, prepaid to any Texas railroad station, for the small sum of \$20, for next thirty days. They must be sold. Don't write me, but send money. I will move then to Corpus Christi. All are entitled to register. Now is your time.—W. A. CLARK, Hugo, Bell county Texas.

Write to J. T. Miller, Terrell, Texas, for SHEETLAND PONTIES.

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I have for sale a choice lot of pure bred Angora Goats at \$25 per head in pairs; \$20 per head in lots of 5 or more, graded f. o. b. Address J. P. DEVINE, San Antonio, Texas.

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30 head high grade Jersey Cows, 30 Heifers—bred—look like thoroughbred. Come and see or write, HALBERT & AMES, Starkville, Oscelott County, Miss.

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WORLD'S FAIR JERSEYS.

LITTLE HARRY 8808, heads the Clover Nook herd. He was used on the World's Fair herd. Took a ribbon in the show ring. Had two daughters in the great test. Alteration stood third, and Little Goldie thirteenth, out of 75 cows in the test. Every daughter in milk but one is in the 14th list. Choice young stock for sale at fair prices. SAM N. WARREN, Spring Hill, Tenn.

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Standard bred mare, 16 hands high, 7 years old, sired by Fayette Wilkes, trial 2:23½; dam by Hambleton Mambrino 540, and as good to 4 dam. This is a very fine, stylish mare, chestnut, sound and all right.

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circumstances, circumstances control the mind of man, and when the mind of man is formed, matured and put into execution this produces or constitutes the man—good or bad, as we understand it—and the above quotation from Solomon, when correctly interpreted, means nothing more or less.

As to the woman alluded to further on down, being on the bridge weeping on account stated, no same woman ever did such an irrational act.

A man can't make a principle, but can only exercise or improve that which he possesses and this is his limit. It is said in Scripture "the heart is desperately wicked above all things; who can know it?" A. G. McKENNEY.

[And after all is said and done, a man can't be happy if he thinks he is miserable, nor vice versa. We all have seen proof of this. If one thinks he is happy or thinks he is miserable, that thought is sufficient cause. The wisdom of Solomon has stood the test of ages. He never said a truer thing than "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Christ affirmed the same truth, and all the sophistry of moralists will fail to shake it.]

HOW IS THIS?

I read an article in the Dallas Morning News several days ago on "early fall plowing," and after reciting the benefits to be derived from early fall plowing, the writer states that late fall plowing is detrimental to succeeding crops.

Now, if I had read this article in TEXAS FARM AND RANCH I would accept it as authoritative, but as I consider the proper source of such information is only through the columns of a first class agricultural journal, such as TEXAS FARM AND RANCH, I will ask your opinion in the matter. Do you think it would be hurtful to a sandy loam, or sandy land, on which grows post oak, black jack, hickory, red oak and blue jack, to plow it broadcast any time between October and March, and then let it lie until spring? And in addition to this, what would be the best time to sow or drill cotton seed to fertilize this same land? Your views on this subject will be duly appreciated, and probably be beneficial to your subscribers in this portion of Northeast Texas.—JNO. McMILLAN.

[If a leading object is to turn under vegetable matter for the benefit of the soil, early plowing is best. Otherwise, if early enough to catch the frozes of mid-winter, that is about all that is required. Somewhat depends, also, on character of the soil—that which compacts easily if plowed early, may be better planting time become as if it had never been plowed at all. It will not hurt the land you describe to plow it whenever it is in condition, and you are ready to do the work, except in mid-summer, and when the surface is unprotected.]

SHORT CORRESPONDENCE.

TEXAS FARM AND RANCH: Please find enclosed \$20, for which send one sewing machine, and also one copy of your paper. Ship machine and paper to this address: J. P. McDonald, Meridian, Texas. I received the machine you shipped me all right; well pleased with it; will send you another order in a few days. So hoping you will ship it soon. Yours truly.—JAMES L. HAMM, Meridian, Texas.

Editor TEXAS FARM AND RANCH. Dear Sir: Machine came to Red Rock all o. k. about two weeks ago, and has now been thoroughly tested, and can for a truth say that it is one of the neatest and best sewing machines ever made. I know whereof I speak, for we have tried others. We never forget to show it to our neighbors, and they are beginning to find out that they need not pay from \$45 to \$60 for a first class sewing machine. You can now begin to look for more orders for machines from this part of the country. Many thanks to you for your liberality.—P. A. HANSON, Red Rock, Texas.

As I see nothing from our country in TEXAS FARM AND RANCH, and being a subscriber, I think it one of the best papers published in Texas. So much is being said about sorghum for hog feed. I can say that the man that condemns it got up wrong; that's all stuff. Philip Payne, you had the wrong breed of hogs. I feed my hogs on sorghum cane; they are all right. Have a mud hole for them to wallow in in summer. Berkshire and Poland Chinas are the hogs to have. We all feed sorghum to our hogs up here; have good hogs, too. As

this is my first, I will say no more for this time. Success to TEXAS FARM AND RANCH.—J. B. COTTELL, Comanche, Texas.

Would like information from readers of TEXAS FARM AND RANCH in regard to feeding cotton seed meal to poultry. Will parties having actual experience with same give results. Should it produce any injurious effect please mention, also state how it should be fed, if fed at all.—BYRON SMITH, Kyle, Texas.

We have had good rains in Travis county; everything looking up. The farmers have had a lesson they will not soon forget. The late medicine is the best they have ever taken. Keep them out of politics and they will soon be all right, and would not take a thousand dollars for my own experience. Find one dollar for subscription; pardon neglect.—D. A. TODD, St. Elmo, Travis county, Texas.

I have in my scrap-book a clipping from a fruit paper which reads as follows: "When setting fence posts, set the top end in the hole and the butt end upmost. By setting the butt upmost the capillary or passage of water from cell to cell in the wood is more completely broken off, and there being less of moisture the posts will last many years longer." Some of your readers may have tried it. Others would if they knew it. If you think it is worthy publish it; otherwise consign it to the waste basket and oblige.—A SUBSCRIBER, Galveston, Texas.

PROGRAMME OF THE TEXAS WOMAN'S COUNCIL.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27.

11 a. m.—Religious services, with sermon by the council chaplain, Rev. Mary C. Billings, of Hico.

3 p. m.—A temperance rally. Addresses by Mrs. S. J. Sweeney, Mrs. Lucy Knowles and Mrs. Mary Webb. A platform meeting will follow, participated in by able speakers.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 28.

10 a. m.—Reception of delegates, annual reports, appointment of committees, etc.

2 p. m.—President's annual address, Dr. Ellen Lawson Dabbs, Ft. Worth. Address on "Women in the Professions," by Dr. A. L. Astor, of San Antonio.

"Women in Song," by Rev. Mary C. Billings, of Hico.

"Physical Culture," by Mrs. Blanche Meeks Fallon.

"Dentistry as a profession for Women," by Carrie M. Stewart, D. D. S., Fort Worth.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29.

10 a. m.—Election of officers; discussion of topics of preceding afternoon.

2 p. m.—"Recreation for All a Feature of Home Life," by Mrs. Eugene Rugg, of Alvin.

"Is Co-Operative Housekeeping a Success?" by Mrs. S. L. Trumbull, of Dallas.

"The Training of Boys," by Mrs. M. M. Jouvenat, of Sherman, President Board of Lady Managers Grayson County Horticultural Fair.

"Hygiene in the Home," by Mrs. S. E. Buchanan, editor Household Department, TEXAS FARM AND RANCH.

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 30.

10 a. m.—Reports of Committees, discussion of topics of preceding afternoon.

2 p. m.—"Hamlet: A Personality," by Mrs. C. A. Harrison, of Sherman.

"The Usages of History," by Mrs. V. O. King, of Austin.

"Shakespeare and Modern Isms," by Mrs. C. Everitt, of Denison.

"Women's Clubs," by Mrs. Ellen Blair Krum, of Gainesville.

Paper of Chautauqua work, furnished by the Chautauqua club of Fort Worth.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31—GENERAL MISCELLANY.

10 a. m.—Conference on work for ensuing year, discussion of topics of preceding day.

2 p. m.—"Woman Before the Law," by Miss Abbie Hill, of Houston.

"The Late Tendencies in Fiction," by Mrs. Drew Pruitt, of Fort Worth.

"Effects of Early Environments and Associations," Mrs. W. J. Hamlett, of Alvin.

"The Importance of Women Forming Civic Clubs for the Purpose of Sanitation. Tree Planting, Street Cleaning, Libraries," etc., by Mrs. Macdonell, of Houston.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

10 a. m.—Meeting of officers and

committees-elect, discussion of topics of preceding afternoon.

2 p. m.—"Daughters of the Texas Republic," by Mrs. Rebecca J. Fisher, of Austin.

"Late Evidence of the Maybrick Case, and Need of Organized Effort for the Release of the Prisoner," by Mrs. Virginia Quitman McNealus, of Dallas.

"Daughters of the American Revolution," Mrs. C. C. Barnard, Moline, Illinois.

"Buckner Orphans' Home," by Mrs. Bobbie Buckner, Westerfield.

SATURDAY, NOV. 2.

Chrysanthemum display—open all day.

10 a. m.—Unfinished business.

11 a. m.—Laying of the cornerstone of Texas Woman's Building. Address by Rev. Homer T. Wilson, Fort Worth, Texas.

2 p. m.—Kindergarten Needs in Texas," by Mrs. Harry Keller, secretary of the Dallas Kindergarten Association.

"The Mistakes of the New Woman," by Miss Nannie Harrison, of Salado, Texas.

"The Religion of the Teacher," by Miss E. White, of Tyler, Texas.

Schools as Depicted by Charles Dickens," by Miss Jeannette M. Goldberg, of Jefferson, Texas.

"Literature as a Factor in Education," by Mrs. S. F. Culberson, of Midland, Texas.

The meetings will be held in a large tent pitched on the site of the proposed Texas Woman's Building on the main entrance of the State Fair grounds.

On Woman's Day fifteen per cent. of the gate receipts will be given by the fair to the Texas Woman's Building.

AN EXPENSIVE EVIL.

Good Roads.

Good roads, like charity, should begin at home. People everywhere are beginning to realize that good roads have a cash value. Properly constructed highways not only add immeasurably to the pleasure of the people but to their profit as well.

The farmers who have for many years been organizing for the purpose of securing better and cheaper railroad transportation for their marketable products, are now becoming awake to the fact that a great reform is needed right at home. An unnecessary and very expensive evil has been permitted to exist at their very doors. They have been wasting much valuable time and horseflesh in getting products to market. They have learned that it costs more to haul a load to the station a few miles away than it does to have it transported from the station to the faraway seaboards.

This is along the line of profit. In the way of pleasure they have suffered an immeasurable loss. Because of poor

roads they have been more or less isolated from the world and deprived of the priceless advantages that come from association. The farmers' sons, unable to readily get to and from the villages, have gone to the villages and cities to remain. So have many of the daughters. The lack of society has been a blight upon rural life, robbing it of the flower of its youth. The same would be true of cities to a great degree if there were no good means of getting about.

The farmers are going to do better, and the merchants in all the country towns will, if they are at all wise, gladly do their share towards making good roads.

The good roads town catches the trade.

A good road is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. And besides, it pays.

The man who wants to find fault doesn't usually have to spend a great deal of time in looking for it.—Somer-ville Journal.

"What in the world shall I do with the baby, John? She's crying for the moon."

"That's nothing. Wait till she's eighteen and she'll want the earth."—Exchange.

Hoard's Dairyman: It requires a certain degree of intelligence to know that we need knowledge. Successful dairy farming is not so much a question of capital as it is of intelligence. Go on to any one of the first-class dairy farms in any state, where everything gives token of thrift and prosperity, and you may be sure that the owner is using well trained brains in his business. He is not complaining about the times.

PILES Instant relief, final cure in a few days, and never returns; no surgery; no salver; no hospital. Remedy mailed free. Address: C. J. MASON, Box 519, New York City, N. Y.

TOP SNAP Extension Rib **BUY-CYCLES** Extension Rib **GUNS** Extension Rib **POWELL & CLEMENT CO.** 100 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

GUNS LARGEST STOCK IN AMERICA **CHILDESS ARMS CO.** 545-547 Main St., Kansas City, Mo. Catalogue containing 100 illustrations sent for 4 cents postage.

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FOUNDED 1883. The most successful college on this continent. For full particulars address the Secretary, **JOS. HUGHES, M. E. C. V. S., 2537-2539 State St., Chicago, Ill.**

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Guaranteed the Best \$5.00 Blanket in America.

114 size 72x84 inches, weight 5½ lbs. These blankets are made from choice selected stock, warranted all wool, both warp and filling, beautiful borders, 3 colors, white, gray and scarlet, medicated, worth \$7.00.....\$5.00.

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MEN'S OVERCOATS \$5.00. The celebrated Washington Beaver Overcoats, colors, blue and black, warranted not to fade, all sizes, usually sold for \$12.25. Our price \$9.00.

MEN'S SUITS. Boys' all-wool knee pant suits, sizes 3 to 12 years, dark and medium shades, usually sold for \$3.50. Our price \$1.95.

MEN'S SUITS. All-wool blue and black chest-breast suits, single and double breasted, usually sold for \$12.50. Our price \$8.50.

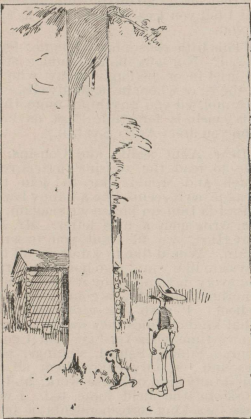
BOYS' REFRESH. Boys' Blue Cloth Reefers, cassimered, velvet-collars, warm and convenient. Usually sold for \$5.00. Our price.....\$2.10.

Entrust us with your Tail Orders. You'll not regret it.

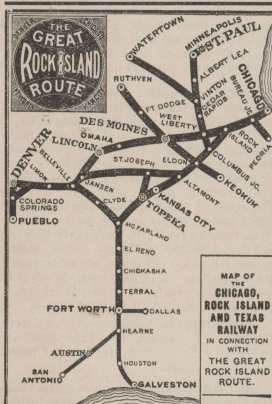
Ladies' Bonnet Cloth Jacket. rough effects new mandarin sleeves, wide box fronts, is satin lined, storm collar, in black and navy. Value.....\$12.00.

Real Flush Double Capes. silk lined throughout, Thelut trimmed storm collar \$8.25. Value.....\$15.00.

The Man, the Wind, the Tree.



"I think," said Mr. John O'Pake,
"I'll cut this tree and it will make
Five thousand feet of good pine plank
As good for cash as any bank."



This map shows a modern "up-to-date" rail-
road, and how it has its own lines to the
principal large cities of the West. It is the

"Great Rock Island Route,"

And has double daily fast express train ser-
vice from Texas as follows:

No. 2 Lv. Fort Worth.....10:40 a. m.
Ar. Kansas City.....8:20 next a. m.
No. 2 Lv. Fort Worth.....8:10 p. m.
Ar. Kansas City.....5:25 p. m.
Ar. Chicago.....8:25 next a. m.
Ar. Denver.....7:25 a. m.

Through Pullman Sleepers and Free Reclin-
ing Chair Cars.

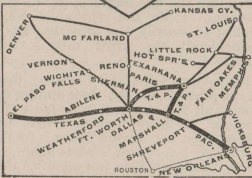
Dont overlook the fact that Train No. 2
saves you a whole business day en route to
Denver or Colorado Springs.

Your local ticket agent will probably want
to sell you a ticket via the Rock Island, but if
he dont—insist until he does.

J. C. McCABE, G. P. A.,
Fort Worth, Texas.



"I think," said he in boyish glee,
"That I kin so chop down a tree
'till it will tumble down kerrup
'st where I said I'd make it drop."



OFFERS THE PUBLIC THE BEST PASSEN-
GER SERVICE BETWEEN

TEXAS, THE EAST and SOUTHEAST.

CANNON BALL TRAIN

23 hours to St. Louis.
32½ hours to Chicago.
34 hours to Cincinnati.
33 hours to New York.

Limited Evening Express

HAS BEEN QUICKENED
8 HOURS TO ST. LOUIS AND THE EAST
4 HOURS TO MEMPHIS.
1 HOUR TO NEW ORLEANS.

ONLY TWO DAYS BETWEEN

Texas and New York.

Pullman Buffet Sleeping cars to
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Offering Choice of Routes to
ATLANTA, G.A.,
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NEW ORLEANS,
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Greatly Reduced Rates.

For tickets, rates and further information,
call on or address your nearest ticket agent,
L. S. THORNE, GASTON MESLIER,
3d V.-P. & Gen. Mgr., Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

Texas TO THE WORLD!

The greatest commonwealth in the universe,
whose soil teems with the products of the soil,
and whose laws, constructed for the advance-
ment of man, throw wide open its gates to the

People of the United States

and bids them enter for the purpose of invest-
ment and settlement.

CAPITAL
and LABOR

alike have equal advantages, and thrive
under a good and just government, control-
ling the richest section in the world.

Texas in 1893

produced for home and foreign
consumption.

1,848,333 BALES OF COTTON,
3,424,441 BUSHELS OF CORN,
24,595,169 BUSHELS OF OATS,
6,553,575 BUSHELS OF WHEAT.

and made a correspondingly large record in
the production of other staples. The Present
Year is the most successful in its history and
far exceeds the figures above.

This great state is reached direct from St.
Louis, Cairo and Memphis by the

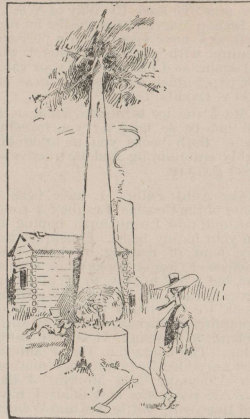
Iron Mountain

WHICH RUNS
Route, 4-DAILY TRAINS.4
From ST. LOUIS.

And double daily service from
CAIRO AND MEMPHIS.

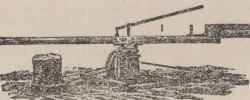
For full particulars concerning Texas, and
for copy of pamphlet setting forth the won-
derful achievements of its soil, address:

H. C. TOWNSEND,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.
St. Louis, Mo.



"I think," said he, "this tree will go—"
Just then the wind began to blow
And made that tree turn gently back,
And John O'Pake he heard it crack.

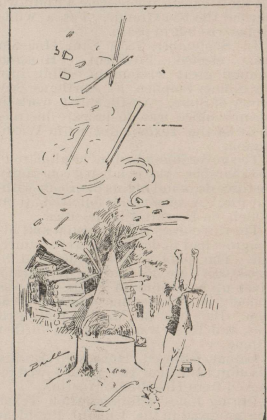
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Kansas City Hay Press Co., Write for prices.
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IMPROVED
HUNTER HAY PRESS

Well Made of the Best Material,
PRICE LESS, but Press guaranteed to do as much or
more work than any other horse-power full circle press made.
For proposition, please send press open its merits, write manufacturer,
MERIDIAN MACHINE SHOPS, P. O. Box 1, Meridian, Miss.



"I think," said John O'Pake, "I'll go
and bag my head. I did not know
It was unlucky in the least
To cut trees when the wind was east."

DONT GET LEFT THE KATY FLYER A NEW FAST TRAIN



FIRST CLASS SERVICE TO ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE.



A LAME EXCUSE

You'll have if you fail to see
the COTTON STATES and
INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
to be held in Atlanta, Ga., Sep-
tember 18 to December 31, 1895. If you missed the WORLD'S FAIR
this is your chance to make good your loss. Extremely low rates
will be offered, and you can't afford to miss it.

The COTTON BELT ROUTE is the direct line to Atlanta, and is the
only line running two daily trains composed of Through Coaches,
Free Reclining Chair Cars and Pullman Sleepers from Arkansas
and Texas to Memphis without change, where direct connections
are made with through trains to Atlanta via three different routes.

WE HAVE GOT { A Descriptive Folder giving a short sketch of each Building
and other points of interest. It is also a comprehensive
Railroad Guide.
You can have it free by writing for it.

S. O. WARNER, Gen. Pass. Agt. Lines in Tex., TYLER, TEX.
A. A. CLISSON, Trav. Pass. Agt., FT. WORTH, TEX.
E. W. LABEAUME, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Farm Machinery

MACHINERY AND IMPLEMENTS AT THE FAIR.

One has only to visit the Fair to understand what an important part agricultural machinery and implements play in the business industry of the State, and, what is more, to realize that Dallas is the implement center of the great State of Texas. The implement and machinery department of the Fair seems to be but an assemblage of the machinery and implement dealers of Dallas in one place where their wares can be inspected with less trouble and expense than usual.

On all sides you see almost any and every style and kind of implement, machine or vehicle for the use of mankind in the pursuit of wealth and happiness, and exhibited by Dallas firms. The Fair but emphasizes the fact that Texas uses and appreciates machinery, and that Dallas has become the hub—the center of distribution—from whence any and everything can be obtained.

Space will hardly admit mention of all the exhibitors. If you go about hunting for the best you will be puzzled when you have done to tell where and with whom you have seen it.

You will linger long over the fine display of the Keating Implement Co. They show everything a man can need in the way of threshing machines, grain harvesting and cleaning machinery, haying tools, plows, etc.

Emerson Manufacturing Co., successors to Emerson, Talbot & Co., have wagons, buggies, standard cultivators, mowing machines, and a variety of implements, enough to keep you busy for a full day inspecting their display.

The Parlin & Orendorff Co. have a full line, from a fire extinguisher to a threshing machine.

The Oliver Chilled Plow Works make an extra good exhibit of plows, as do the J. I. Case Plow Co., whose general agent, S. H. Shannon, is all smiles as he exhibits the full nickel plated plow which did service at the World's Fair.

B. F. Avery & Sons, of Louisville, Ky., have a fine exhibit, ranging from a handsome carriage to a disk harrow.

W. H. Hatch, implements and wagons.

The Advance Thresher Co., with their threshing and cleaning machinery in full operation.

The Eagle Manufacturing Co., a complete line.

D. M. Osborne & Co., a full line of harvesting machinery and general implements.

The Mansur & Tebbets Implement Co., the Southern Rock Island Plow Co., the Texas Moline Plow Co., all vie with one another in the completeness of their exhibits.

Hunter & Booso are here with their engines, wind mills (the famous Ideal and the Irrigator), the Duplex grinding mill for wind, horse or steam power, and a Jumbo irrigation pump run by a 16-foot wind mill.

The Challenge Wind and Feed Mill Co., James E. Ludlow, State agent, have a full exhibit of wind mills, pumps and grinding machinery.

The Star and the Fairbanks wind mills are finely displayed by their Dallas agent, Mr. C. Chamberlain.

The American Well Works have wind mills, pumps, deep well steam pumps, well drilling machinery, etc.

The wind mill exhibit of the Aeromotor Co., Fort Worth agency, is very full and complete.

Munger Improved Cotton Machine Manufacturing Co. exhibit a complete modern cotton gin in full operation. Their gin exhibit fully demonstrates that if you build up to modern methods you can wear your store clothes while you operate your gin, and customers will bring their cotton to you just for the fun of seeing how well it is handled.

TEXAS FARM AND RANCH readers should come to the Fair and see how readily they will find everything that is needed in the machinery line for making the farm laborers light. Come while you can get the advantages of cheap railroad fares to lighten expenses and of this concentration of Deas dealers and their exhibits. But if from lack of time you cannot come now, you can still find just as full an assortment by coming to Dallas any time, and you will find a most complete State Fair exhibit on display the year around.

Texas requires the best of all kinds of machinery, and Dallas is the distributing headquarters for a great share of the best.

J. M. Vance, of San Antonio, the

State agent for the De Laval Separator Co., has an exhibit of De Laval Separators, the inspection of which is well worth a journey here to any one interested in dairying. He has machines large enough to handle the milk for a large butter factory and also those small enough for the use of the man who keeps but two or three cows. Come and see what complete machines he has for taking the cream from milk. Why, the dairy maid has all the sport of spinning a top while caring for the milk of a ten or fifteen cow dairy. You will find his exhibit at Jersey headquarters.

Houston Cypress Cistern Co. shows a model cistern with ornamental top and base. It is worth seeing. It is with the Texas Car exhibit.

H. B. Utter Manufacturing Co., of Rockford, Ill., H. B. Utter, President, in charge, well drilling machinery, pumping jacks, Turbine water wheels, sorghum mills and evaporators.

Siox City Engine and Boiler Works, Sioux City, Iowa., feeder for threshing machines, B. Gidecumb, agent.

Kingsland & Douglas Manufacturing Co., of St. Louis, cotton gins, cotton presses and cotton handling machinery.

H. McK. Wilson & Co., of St. Louis, dairy supplies and separators.

It was impossible at the time of going to press to get a full list of displays of implement, machinery and vehicle dealers, but these will be represented in our columns next week.

A mouldy looking wayfarer knocked at the back door of a humble dwelling in the suburbs the other morning and inquired of the woman who answered the knock:

"Do you want your piano tuned today, ma'am?"

"Land sakes!" she replied. "We haven't any piano."

"Perhaps the frescoing in your parlor needs touching up a little," he suggested.

"There ain't any frescoing in the parlor."

A look of deep melancholy settled on the face of the tourist.

"I am very sorry," he said, "by doing this kind of work for the best people I make my living. I was hoping I might be able, by the exercise of one of my callings in your tasty cottage, to earn my breakfast—"

"Lord love you, come right in!" cordially exclaimed the woman, opening the door wide. "You're a fraud, and I know it, but you've got talent, and I admire talent wherever I meet it. How'll you have your eggs—hard or soft boiled?"—The American.

TEXAS FARM AND RANCH. Kind Sir: The machine you sent us was received in good order, we are highly pleased with it, and think it an excellent machine. Accept our thanks for machine and paper. We remain, yours respectfully.—MR. AND MRS. T. T. COOPER, Comanche, Texas.



DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums. New scientific invention, different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet. WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Offices: 1182 Broadway, New York.

Louisiana Red Heart Cypress Cisterns.

1,000 gallon cistern.....	\$17.25
1,500 " " " " " " " "	19.50
2,000 " " " " " " " "	22.50
3,000 " " " " " " " "	28.75

We make over 200 different sizes of cisterns and use only the best materials. Complete price list mailed upon application.

HOUSTON CYPRESS CISTERN CO., Office and Factory Post of Main St., HOUSTON, TEXAS.

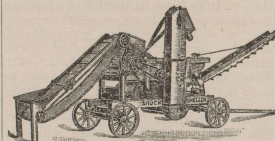
COTTON GINNING : OUTFITS

With all the latest Improvements, and up-to-date in every particular.

FOR CATALOGUES AND PRICES ADDRESS: Howard F. Smith, Houston, Texas. Barbour Machine Works, ANNISTON, ALABAMA.

PEERLESS FEED GRINDERS.
Old Reliable
Absolutely Guaranteed
Will grind to any desired degree of fineness. Far Corn, Oats, Etc., and do more of it than any mill on earth. Write for prices and answer. There is MONEY IN THEM. Quality Best and Prices Right.
JOLIET STROWBRIDGE CO., Joliet, Ill., Farm Machinery, Carriages, Windmills, Etc.

THE ORIGINAL SHUCK SHELLERS.



Shuck corn with or without the shuck, ready for the market. For Farm, Warehouse or Elevator use. Send for catalogue.

Kingsland & Douglas Mfg. Co., ST. LOUIS, MO.



Lone Gulch Ike—Why didn't Bill carry his district at the last election? Arizona McNabb—His gun wuz out o' order.

THE "CYRUS ROBERTS" SHUCK SHELLER
The "Cyrus Roberts" Cylinder Shuck Sheller is unlike any other, being an Open End Cylinder, which, while permitting a free discharge of cobs, husks, silks, etc., at the same time, by a simple and effective arrangement, that of the screw adjustment for raising and lowering the discharge end of cylinder, the flow can be accelerated or retarded, to suit the varying conditions of the corn. The sliding or telescopic of the steel casing or hull, also enables the operator to further control the discharge by increasing or diminishing the length of the cylinder hull or casing. Our Sheller cleans ready for market and does not crack the corn. Open end cylinder. Easy running. Shells in husk. Shells in all conditions of corn. No chocking with husks and silks. Adjustable, Inserted Steel Shelling Teeth; each tooth giving eight wearing surfaces; easily placed, replaced and adjusted with ordinary wrench on outer surface of cylinder. This Sheller has no equal in doing good work. Complete with Cob Carrier, Feeder, 8 foot Elevator and adjustable Corn Spout. Complete descriptive matter mailed on application.
W. F. Beard, Howe, Texas, says: "It is the best that ever Shelled Shuck Corn in this market." Wells & Bishop, Renner, Tex., say: "It is without an equal in Collin Co." B. M. Godfrey & Co., Whitesboro, Tex., say: "Have never seen a shuck sheller that will compare with it." Write them. We also carry a full line of Hand Shellers, also Powers and Engines for running Shellers. Write us for your wants.

PARLIN & ORENDORFF CO., Dallas, Tex.
Good Enough Sulky Plow.
ORIGINAL, NOVEL, PRACTICAL.

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There is no Landside friction, consequently light draft. It will plow an even depth across corn rows and ridges. It will plow at any depth, and can be set to split cotton ridges. The rear wheel can be instantly raised from the ground when desiring to do so. The boxes on the inclined axles are removable, are dust proof, and are fitted with oil cups, and when once oiled will run a week or two without further attention. It is quickly adjusted for and with any size and style of bottom that may be required.
We are state agents for the celebrated Cooper Farm Wagon and Enterprise Carriage Mfg. Co.'s Carriages, Surreys, Phaetons, Buggies, Road Wagons, etc. Write for prices. When in town come to see us. We have come to stay, and want to get acquainted with you.

Come and see us at the Fair.
TEXAS MOLINE PLOW COMPANY, Dallas, Texas.
E. H. CONIBEAR, Manager.

FEED MILLS.—Sold with or without elevator
Crush ear corn and grind any kind small grain at the same time, mixing in any proportion desired. Use conical shaped grinders. An entire departure from all other mills.
LIGHTEST RUNNING, most substantial, and handiest to operate.
Three sizes: 2 to 6, 6 to 8, 8 to 12 h. p., and one style for windmill use.
At Atlanta Exposition, Col. D-13-34 Transportation and Implement Building.
Make a special 8 to 12 h. p. style for grinding COTTON SEED and CORN with shucks on. In great favor with ginners and large feeders.
N. L. P. BOWSER, South Bend, Ind.

THE "SMALLEY" FAMILY OF "FEED SAVERS"



Ensilage & Fodder Cutters, for hand and power. Root Cutters & Vegetable Slicers, hand and power. Farm Feed Mills for ear or policy drives. Ear Corn Grinders, & Shellers.
"Follow to Lead a Drunkard," says 1905 handbook for stock feeders and Price List mailed free. SMALLEY MFG. CO., Manitowoc, Wis.

Farm and Stock

Ed Garety (colored), Letot, Dallas county, Texas, brought to our office a sample of broom-corn raised in the Trinity bottom, planted between the 12th and 15th of August. After the overflow had destroyed his twenty acres of cotton he planted the ground all in broom-corn, and says he has a fine crop.

One of the worst obstacles Southern farmers have to overcome is the greed for land. Thousands have kept their noses to the grindstone for more than half a lifetime by trying to cultivate all out of doors. They did not, perhaps, want the earth, but they thought they could not get on at all without as much of it as they could pay tax on. The sine qua non for the typical Southern farmer was a fenced field as large as he could plow over with his available force twice during the season, provided that rain fell only at night so that every day might count. And then he wanted at least half a mile of external domain on every side as a precaution against intruders, and to graze his mules on. The result of this sort of farming was enormous crops of weeds, and mortgages, and other things inconvenient to handle. There are some of these broad-minded beings still tickling the earth, declaring that farming is only drudgery, and that there is no profit in it. Time how the so-called land-lords, the hillokes in the graveyard, and came of the farmers. Those that are left behind are in the beaten pathway to the same goal. Thus Nature in her own good time, removes the stumbling blocks and clears the way for farmers who farm, and after while this will be the only sort left. This is the sort the world wants and will have by getting rid of all others by natural means. For a farmer who himself holds the plow, fifty acres is more than he needs. If he has children this fifty acres can be divided up into farms for his children, for he it known that a single working farmer can make more profit from 25 acres than 50, and more from 12½ than from 25. What he really needs, and all he needs, is the quantity of land which he can give the highest culture, and to which he can apply all the skill and science at his command.

THE HOG SHOW.

The hog show at this writing is the largest the first day of the Fair, there are about 1200 hogs on the ground, of all ages and all sizes, from the mammoth black beast weighing more than half a ton, down to the little kink-tailed scuttling, with a death-like grip on the particular dog which is his birthright, all thoroughbreds, and many of them fancy bred, and costing \$100 or more. This is the largest and best hog show ever held in this country, and is proof that Texas will raise her own pork, and perhaps ship hogs and hog products to Kansas and Iowa before the sun crosses the equator many times more. Most of the old Texas exhibitors are on hand, and some are exhibiting for the first time. Some of the veteran breeders of the state are not represented, having their fame already earned. But it is a grand show, containing more fine hogs than the whole state of Texas had a few years ago. Uncle Snort, who superintends this department, is as proud of his department as a pig would be with an extra curl in his tail. There are some animals there, but not recognized as on exhibition, that are interesting as bringing out the contrast between pure bred hogs and the wild and woolly wind-splitters of the woods. We do not know if the proprietor of this menagerie has any other object in view in bringing these scrubs to the Fair. Among these are some of the wild mule-footed hogs from the Indian Territory, fit for nothing but a warning to everybody to avoid them. This aggregation may be permitted to remain on the grounds, but certainly they will not be supplied with quarters. The Fair Association had provided what they thought would be ample quarters for all hogs brought in; but early the first day it became apparent that more pens would be required, and a large number of carpenters were immediately put to work, and several carloads of new lumber was in one day converted into pens for 400 hogs.

"HOGS IN THE FIELD."

G. WHIZ.

Through the columns of TEXAS FARM

AND RANCH I have carefully noticed all given experiences with hogs, and as all seem to be a little differently situated from myself, and none just exactly compare with mine, I will thank you to say a few words and ask some brother reader to answer a question or two.

The first day of May, 1895, I had not an ear of corn. I kept my hogs in a two-acre lot; gave them pure sorghum and clean well water; they lived and did very well until corn was in roasting ear, and then being fed on that with sorghum began to fatten at once. I pulled my corn out of a forty-acre field, in which I had sown peas of four different kinds, namely, Wonder, Clay, Whipperwill and gray Crowder. I then turned my hogs into this field, and they just fattened "out of sight." Ten days ago I took out my meat hogs, numbering one hundred and eighty-two. I left my brood sows, numbering twenty-five, in the field. I have given my pen hogs about two hundred feet square pen room, all the shelled soaked corn they want; good, clean, fresh well water; plenty salt, charcoal and ashes. I have given the sows nothing but the run of the field and pure well water, and it seems to me the sows are fattening the faster; hence:

1st. Do meat hogs do better in a closed pen on corn, or with plenty room and green stuff?
2d. Is it worth the expense to shell and soak corn for hogs?
3d. Is there any danger of them eating too much charcoal?
4th. With whom must I correspond to become a member of the Texas Swine Association?

I will answer the peas, I like the Whipperwill the best, being earlier matured, yielding more and bearing longer on our soil, although I have some Wonder peas in the field that the hogs won't eat up for some time, because they are thirty feet high in the tops of tall scycamore trees.

Thanks in advance to somebody answering above questions.

Eagle Lake, Texas.

1. They will take on fat faster in a close pen if properly cleaned, protected and fed. Some successful pork producers, however, prefer outside feeding to the last. 2. This depends somewhat on circumstances. For fattening we doubt it paying to shell and soak corn, but some think otherwise. 3. They will not. Never heard of a hog "making a hog of himself" eating too much charcoal. 4. Address the Secretary, A. A. Pittuck, Dallas, Texas.

AWARDS AT THE ELLIS COUNTY HOG SHOW.

J. S. RICHARDSON, SECRETARY ELLIS COUNTY SWINE BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION.

Our show held at West End Park, Waxahachie, October 11th and 12th, was a grand success. The attendance and interest was very good. The following are the awards:

POLAND CHINA.

Best boar, 2 years and over, J. I. Richardson; second, W. E. Dunbar.

Best boar, 1 year and under 2, J. I. Richardson.

Best boar, 6 months and under one year, M. D. Robinson; second, C. C. Leatherwood.

Best boar under 6 months old, M. D. Robinson; second, J. C. Simmons.

Best sow, 2 years old and over, M. D. Robinson.

Best sow, 1 year old and under 2, M. D. Robinson; second, F. C. Smith.

Best sow, 6 months and under 1 year, M. D. Robinson.

Best sow under 6 months old, J. C. Simmons; second, C. C. Leatherwood.

Best sow and five pigs, F. C. Smith.

Best herd, boar and three sows: Sweepstakes boar of any age, J. I. Richardson; sweepstakes sow of any age, M. D. Robinson.

BERKSHIRES.

Best sow, 1 and under 2 years old, W. W. Powers.

Best boar, 6 months and under 1 year old, D. V. High; second, D. V. High.

Best boar under 6 months old, Uncle Snort; second, H. A. Butler.

Best sow, under 6 months old, Uncle Snort.

Sweepstakes boar, any age, D. V. High.

Sweepstakes sow, any age, Uncle Snort.

O. I. C. HOG.

Best boar, 6 months and under 1 year old, J. H. Thomson.

Best sow, 6 months and under 1 year old, J. H. Thomson.

Sweepstakes boar, any age, J. H. Thomson.

Sweepstakes sow, any age, J. H. Thomson.

Two coops of Brown Leghorn chickens—First prize, M. J. Moore.

Four coops Game chickens—First prize, George Allred.

One Jersey bull, 8 months old—First prize, and one Jersey cow, with a capacity of four gallons of milk per day and fourteen pounds of butter per week, M. J. Moore.

ABOUT HOG CHOLERA.

A. J. CASHAW.

The experience of a man 80 years old about hog cholera preventive:

In 1861, in improving a new farm, in burning a large log pile, there was a large slab some twelve feet long and two feet wide, and it was where I made my hog pen, on a bank, to fatten my hogs. Once a week I would sprinkle a half pint of salt on the charred trough and fed them corn in the ashes of the log pile. I had about thirty-five hogs, big and little, running in the woods, and fed them on corn, and they got the pecan and acorn mast, and they all died but one sow and two shoats.

Then in 1866 I had a large number of hogs, and in the summer three died with the cholera and one was sick. I put it in a lot by itself in the morning and my wife and girls were washing that day, so I put a half gallon of shelled corn to boil in water and ashes, and a man and family from Pennsylvania were boarding with me at that time. The man said that strong soap-suds would cure hog cholera. I put the suds from that day's washing in a barrel, and the next morning a thick skum raised to the top. I stirred all up and gave it to the sick hog, also the corn that I boiled in ashes. It got well, but it shed all of its hair in a short time, and made a large hog at killing time.

I give my hogs all the stove ashes, and there is some charcoal with them. Sometimes I take ears of corn and sear them in a quick fire and feed it to my hogs to prevent the cholera. Therefore I live with hog cholera, and I give my hogs careful foods and pursly and sorghum feed.

Richmond, Texas.

AFRICAN MILLET.

J. M. RICE.

It is unfortunate that the sorghums, saccharine and non-saccharine are designated as corn, wheat, millet, maize and cane.

In addition to the many varieties that are distinct, there are many mixed varieties.

I have raised many kinds, having eight growing this year, and have grown several others heretofore, so I am familiar with many of them, but I do not claim to be an expert and may not be true to name.

If any TEXAS FARM AND RANCH reader would like a complete description of all cultivated varieties here it would be appreciated by many.

I intended adding African millet and Egyptian wheat to my list this year, as one of your correspondents claimed the African millet and Red Kafir corn was best adapted to Northwestern Texas. Red Kafir was well-known here, and by many is considered our best forage plant. I sent him for a small quantity of seed of the African millet. It was a little surprised to find the seed looking just like the White Kafir, and in its further development to be, so far as a novice could judge, identical with what is grown here by the thousands of acres under the name of White Kafir corn. There are two supposed varieties of White Kafir corn grown here. The above has a black chaff and has almost entirely displaced the other, which was grown at first and has a white chaff. Your correspondent says he received his stock seed from F. Barteldes & Co., and it ought to be reliable.

Now the query is: Have we been raising African millet and calling it White Kafir corn? I have 47 catalogues of this year, and those who have to it to sell say in the description that it grows 8 to 12 feet high, while Kafir corn grows but 4 to 6 feet high.

I am free to say I do not know who is correct, and I would be glad if an authority would tell us.

What we have been raising here as black chaffed White Kafir corn I consider as the most valuable forage plant grown here. In seed it is not any better than the Red Kafir, but it has better fodder.

It is a matter of considerable importance to the public to get the correct name, for there certainly must be much difference in the two described plants, and the tall-growing sorts like the white and yellow maize have been almost dis-

carded here, the stalk becoming woody and the leaves are blown off before the seed is ripe enough to cut.

I have referred to African millet, not knowing whether I have it or not. The seed of the above sorghum came from a seed firm of Augusta, Ga.

In appearance it is much like the taller sweet sorghum, but with rather more leaves and more drooping and slender in form. It has a loose head, with small, flinty seeds, and in some sections might be a valuable forage plant, but here the leaves were largely whipped off before the seed ripened. Kafir corn growing in same plot had scarcely lost a leaf. Fed to stock at same time, the main part of the stalk was rejected, while Kafir was eaten up nearly clean. I hardly think it will be grown here, but I will test it another year.

Winnview, Okla.

CHURNING.

Southern Farm Gazette.

You want the butter to come in the granular state. Stop churning when it reaches this point. Draw off the buttermilk. Use the hair sieve to catch any particles of butter that is likely to flow out with the milk. All dairy supply houses keep these sieves and they cost fifty or sixty cents. After the milk has been drawn off, wash with pure, clear, cold water. This is done by pouring the water in the churn and gently rocking churn for a few minutes. Then draw off the water and repeat the operation until the water comes from the churn clear and uncolored by milk. If done well, your butter ought to be entirely free of milk.

Now spread butter on a butter worker and spread evenly over it a good grade of dairy salt—one ounce to the pound of butter. Distribute with the worker as evenly and as thoroughly as possible, but take care and not work the butter too much. If you prefer, you can distribute the salt before the butter is taken out of the churn. Let the butter stand several hours and then work lightly. If any water stands on the butter and does not seem to work out well, take up the moisture with a spoon, kept for the purpose. Use a barrel churn or one operated on that principle—discard any churn that has any dasher arrangement. Rattles and dashers inside the churn injure and destroy the grain of the butter.

THE FUTURE OF PRICE.

Western Swineherd.

The hog season has opened and judging from the conditions relating to the pork market it would seem that prices are at the bottom. The cause is a decimating herds over a great extent of territory, and from the infected regions everything marketable is being sent out and no attempt made to build up reduced herds. This cannot but be followed by a shortage of hogs six and twelve months hence in many of the best producing regions. According to the government figures the shortage of hogs is considerable aside from the ravages of cholera, and the hurried marketing of immature animals, which will cut the pork yield down considerably. It appears to us that an era of low prices for corn and high prices for hogs is one of the sure things in the near future. The breeders can find little immediate satisfaction in this, but their turn is coming. While the people in the regions of infection will not buy at present, they will be ready buyers just as soon as disease disappears and prices begin to advance. In the mean time the owner of good breeders can console himself with the thought that those he has to keep longer than he would like will be fed on cheap corn.

GRADE JERSEYS.

Southern Farm Gazette.

One of the greatest values attaching to Jersey cattle is the power of the thoroughbred Jersey bull, when crossed on the common cattle of the country, to transmit to his offspring the superior butter quality of his breed.

For practical dairy purposes the grades constitute superior butter cows, and are in every way satisfactory, both as to quantity and quality of butter.

To-day no inconsiderable portion of the wealth of this country is composed of our grade Jersey herds. Year after year, and week after week, car-load after car-load of grade cattle are shipped out to other states. The demand is far in excess of the supply. Speculators ride day and night searching every nook and corner, and purchasing everything to which the slightest suspicion attaches of a remote possible Jersey

ties can be originated that will stand our summer climate much better than those we now have. It is a great mistake in cultivating to allow the runners to spread into a wide, matted row until after the middle of summer. Keep the rows as narrow as possible, and the chances are much better to get through the hot, dry season safely.

Hill culture in this climate is the surest of any. Plant about 12 inches apart in the row and keep all the runners cut off, and plants well cultivated, and you will succeed nine times out of ten. For this purpose it is best to select those varieties with the least inclination to make runners, such as Bubach and Parker Earle. I have one seedling of the Parker Earle that make no runners and can only be propagated by division of the old plant.

Denison, Texas.

CAME AGAIN.

H. M. STRINGFELLOW.

In answer to Prof. Munson's invitation to "come again," and tell the readers of TEXAS FARM AND RANCH something more about the coast country and "the opinions now as to the permanent success of pears, especially the LeConte, peaches, plums, apples, oranges, olives, small fruits, etc.," I will do so most cheerfully.

As to apples and olives, if anybody has planted more than a few for variety I never heard of it. I have stated in private and print often, that, like his grapes, they are of no value in South Texas.

As to Japan oranges, I hold myself responsible for the effort to make them a success, having planted the first about six or seven years ago. They stood perfectly all the cold up to February of this year, when a fall to 8° proved too much for them, and my handsome bearing grove of 500 trees went down. However, I have the comforting reflection that all through the years of their apparent success I not only resisted the temptation to propagate and sell them and make lots of money, but warned the public constantly to risk but few until the Oonshu had proved its value. I am glad to see that he appreciates my efforts to put him in the same enviable frame of mind in case his grapes should prove of no value in South Texas, above the old standard kinds that can be had for five cents. But to proceed.

In peaches the present season has brought to light some excellent seedlings, and several very successful varieties of the Florida Honey and Peento—hybrids. The Waldo, ripening almost with the Alexander, is nearly as large and far superior in quality, and unlike that burlesque on a peach, it never rots on the tree, even in the wettest seasons like the last, or falls of a crop. The trees were apparently in full bloom last spring when the big freeze came and a second bloom appeared and gave a full yield, none of which sold for less than \$1 per bushel. The Pallas, Imperial and Climax are excellent peaches following immediately after.

With plums of the Japan type, we are strictly in it. All the trees of three years and over were loaded to the ground and very few worms.

In small fruits the claim to head the procession for profit with strawberries. The plantings have been greatly extended, fine rains recently fallen, and I am sure the professor will be delighted to hear that the outlook for a large crop next spring is very bright.

Lastly in regard to pears and their permanent success, about which he seems more particularly concerned, I am happy to say that the past two seasons seem to have settled the question beyond a doubt. Evidently the professor, like a great many outside people, has heard startling accounts of blight in this section and especially on my old orchard at Hitchcock. Owing to ill health I sold the place last fall to an old resident fruit grower of Hitchcock, and not liking the lousy shape of the trees, during December and January he trimmed them up very high, taking off very large limbs and a great many wagon loads. This heavy pruning and the exceptionally warm weather of January started a tree full of sap and when the fall to 8° came in February, it caught the trees beginning to bloom. Unfortunately we had had a very severe late freeze the spring before, which caused what many good judges from other states pronounced "frozen sap blight" at that time, and a repetition with still lower temperature last spring brought on another attack this season. Whether it is genuine

blight or "frozen sap blight," one thing has been demonstrated and that is, it neither kills the trees affected or spreads to adjacent ones. These 13 acres of old trees produced almost a full crop of fruit, not a tree was killed and if let alone I have no doubt in another year they will be as healthy as all the other orchards in the country. When I set those trees I had a few left over and I gave them to Mr. Volk, a neighbor who helped me plant. He let them go in grass after five years growth and has done no pruning, and the trees are pictures of health and loaded every year. If this country was subject to blight it seems certain that bearing orchards all around would have been attacked also, but they have not been. I am told that the orchards around Alvin and elsewhere have entirely escaped. After passing through the trying ordeal of the last two years, when blight has been so universal and severe, I think we have good reason to believe that if bearing trees are not cultivated in winter or early spring, and never pruned until in blossom, blight of any kind will be a thing of the past here. I am very grateful to Prof. Munson for giving me the chance to make this explanation and assure an anxious outside public that the question down here is, can not we grow pears, but will they later on bring a paying price?

We are now putting up very extensive buildings at Dickinson and will hold a stock, farm implement, vegetable and art, as well as poultry show on the 10th of November. Then next June we propose to hold our first grand Coast Country Horticultural Fair, to both of which we cordially invite our friends all over Texas. We adopt the name "Coast Country" as used by the Galveston News to designate a strip 75 to 100 miles from the coast, as the same fruits, with the exception of strawberries, that succeed on the coast do equally well that high up. Prof. Munson's restriction to a few miles is entirely imaginary.

And now a few words in reply to his charge that I failed to consider carefully his article and statement as to the list of varieties best adapted to the largest area in Texas. The difference between us is that he left out a strip a few miles along the coast, and I specifically stated "South Texas," meaning to include an area at least one hundred miles wide or about one-third of the state. This is none too wide, for a grower of large experience writes me that he has fruited successfully for many years the four grapes I named, and considers the Niagara and Lindley about the best of all grapes at Brenham. Going up a hundred miles further, Mr. E. C. Campbell, of Alvarado, probably the best known and most successful grower of grapes for market in the state, who shipped large quantities of fine Niagara, Lindley and Catawba this season to the Galveston market, writes me that his first choice of all grapes is the old Catawba for a late grape, this to his own knowledge having succeeded in this country over thirty-five years. His choice for the next most valuable would be Niagara, Delaware, Diamond and Lindley, Moore's Early being good, but cracks badly after a rain. This is the experience of a most successful grower right in the heart of North Texas, who writes that he has tested "40 to 50 varieties." Yet Prof. Munson says the kinds I named are quite worthless for profit in immense parts of the state, where his own ten varieties out of a list of sixteen will likely succeed. Now I want to say right here in the discussion of this subject, I am moved by no ill will to Prof. Munson or his grapes, but simply want the facts to be known for the benefit of fruit growers all over the state. People, many of them with small means, are anxiously inquiring, "what shall we plant for profit?" Owing to long distance from large markets, high rates, big stealage, as well as keen competition, the outlook is gloomy enough as you remarked.

Mr. Editor, with your question "If any one had made any money out of truck or fruit this year, except in large markets, you would like to hear from them." Now if any one will write to the Bushberg Grape Company, of St. Louis, for their excellent catalogue and handbook of grape growing he will see just even five hundred varieties listed, including most or all of Prof. Munson's. The descriptions of all are simply bewildering in their magnificence. He will now consult the market reports of the great cities of the North and East, he will be amazed to find only about eight or ten varieties quoted, and they mostly old standard kinds, the latest addition being the

Niagara, which is always included, and perhaps now more generally planted than any other grape, except Concord. The balance of the long list, including the Brilliant, which is Prof. Munson's best, and has been before the public for ten years, are entirely neglected, except by the amateur. This brings me back to the question, "what shall we plant?" and when without indisputable proof of their superiority over standard kinds, there was any necessity for Prof. Munson to launch thirty-nine new varieties on the fruit growing public, even at a decline from \$1 to 50 cents per vine. Nobody will object to the price if they are really more valuable. I have shown by Mr. Heidenfeld's experience at Beville, sixty-five miles from the coast, that his best, the Brilliant, is of no value there. By what I saw in Victoria that only four out of twenty were of any value there, and they by no means superior or equal to standard varieties, except, perhaps, in health of vine, and longevity which is yet to be proved. In Galveston county, 150 miles further east, the same story, except that I have found one man, Mr. Lowery, who has a Brilliant that has grown well, but he admits that the bunches were exceedingly compact, which is a point of inferiority to its parent, the Lindley. This general experience may safely be taken to apply as high up as Brenham, or at least one-third of the state. Now let Prof. Munson select out of "thousands of letters" he has received, say one dozen or so, from well known growers in different parts of the balance of Texas, which state that the writers have tested his grapes alongside of the popular older kinds, and found them superior, naming the variety and points or excellence. I am sure in these hard times, Prof. Munson wants no man's money without giving him an equivalent, and this method will save intending planters not only money, but disappointment and loss of time and labor. The Professor, at the end of his answer to my criticisms, says: "I am glad Mr. Stringfellow has contributed for the benefit of his peculiar region," etc., and he will, no doubt, thank me for this further suggestion in behalf of the fruit growers of the rest of the state. And now in conclusion, let me say, that after thirty years' actual experience with fifty of the most prominent kinds, and extensive observation in many parts of the state, as well as all of our state exhibitions, except the last, and after conferring with growers from different parts of Texas, it is very doubtful whether any American grape will pay in extensive vineyard culture. The trouble is they all lack what the dealers call "life"; that is, when grown in our hot climate, the berries drop from the bunch very soon. In my life-long search for a market grape, the first requirement was that the berries should hang on ten days. After gathering, the bunches should lie one day to wilt the stems before packing, then say one day to pack and load a car, which is really too little, and four days with the very best time to Chicago, one day to unload and wholesale, which is also too short, and we are out seven days. The retailer needs several days to sell, so we really want for carload shipments, grapes that will hang on the bunch ten days. No American grape that I know of will do this. It was this that led me to make an effort exclusively with the California varieties at Beville, and I am glad to say that the outlook is very promising. I planted two and a half years ago, at the beginning of the terrible drouth; the vines with fair cultivation and no water have made an excellent growth, and I will next June be able to test carload shipments to Chicago. If successful, Beville will offer good inducements for grape growing on a large scale. Mexican labor at 50 cents a day, without board, is abundant; no sparrows, Mexican canaries, or other birds, except a stray mocking bird, to molest the crops. A dry atmosphere, favorable to the health of vines, and rich, high, rolling sandy land. As to earliness, the Herbeon and Lenoir quite ripe before they color at Hitchcock. As all the Japan plums and Waldo peaches are also very successful there, and ripen with the grapes, it will be possible to make mixed carload shipments by refrigerator. That section has one other great point in its favor: the curculio is entirely unknown. Though common peaches and plums have been grown many years, a worm is never seen in the fruit. Next year I will give your readers the results.

Dislike for a bad preacher is no disrespect for the Lord.—Chicago Blade.

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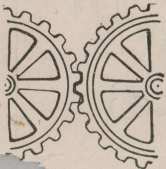
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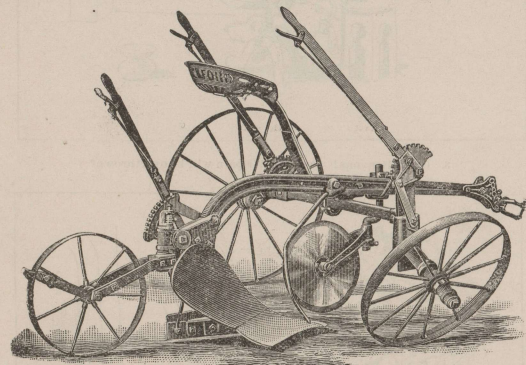
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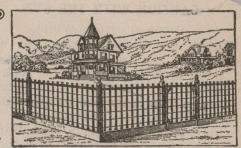


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