St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1891. VOL. XVI.—NO. 9.

WHERE LIES THE LAND?

Where lies the land? I asked, in sorrow drowned—
Tell me, I pray, where the enchanted ground
That knows not weary heart, nor aching head,
Nor wild regret, nor sore and anxious dread,
And I will seek it to earth's utmost bound.
Here my voice faltered—dropped to faintest sound;
A whisper startled me, and, looking round,
I heard an echo mocking me, which said:
Where lies the land?

My eyes then caught a little grass-green mound,
With pure white roses and white lilies crowned,
That sweetest fragrance all around them shed;
And as I looked upon that quiet bed,
Full answer to my question I had found,
Where lies the land?
—Charles D. Bell, in Lippincott's.

LEGEND OF ASH-KE-MUK.

A Story of Indian Life in Muskoka, Canada.

During the summer vacation of 1878, I devoted my leisure time to trout-fishing, and for this purpose pushed away up into the wild, rocky region of northeastern Muskoka, Canada, far beyond the limit of any of my former explorations. In the vicinity of Bracebridge I engaged as "guide, philosopher and friend," an old Iroquois Indian, who knew every inch of the territory over which, if his own account was to be believed, he had roamed for nearly eighty years.

One day as we sat smoking on the bank of a river which my guide said was the Ash-ke-Muk, the old Indian pointed to a spot about twenty feet up the face of a precipice, and said:

"You see that cave? Wonderful thing happened there once; me tell you about it."

I looked closely at the place indicated, and saw, through a tangled mass of wild creepers, what appeared to be a dark hole, some three feet wide and five feet high. John said this was the entrance to a large cavern, the existence of which had been quite unknown to his tribe, formerly inhabiting the fertile plain, until revealed to them by the occurrence of events which he proceeded to relate. I will not attempt to follow the old man's vernacular, but give the legend in his own simple words as nearly as I can.

"A long, long time ago," said he, "when I was a very small boy, my people, a large band of the great Iroquois tribe, dwelt upon the good land, where we stopped last night. Game was plentiful in those days, both winter and summer. The river, then much bigger than now, was full of fish. My people raised much corn, and were contented and happy. Where are they now? Gone! Gone! All gone but poor old John! The white man's rum and small-pox, the white man's ways have swept them from the earth.

"Our head chief, Matchedash, was a great warrior and ruled his people wisely and well. He had no sons, and but one daughter, Minnekoma, beautiful as the morning sun, fleet of foot as a wild deer, with eyes like stars, and hair glossy as the raven's wing. All the young men of the tribe laid their gifts at her feet, only to be rejected. But one brave, Ojetka, would not be repulsed. Far and near he sought for the choicest spoils of the chase and brought them to her wigwam; yet still she turned coldly away.

"Ojetka was a crafty, cunning warrior, and with rich presents bought the old chief over to espouse his cause. All was in vain. Minnekoma's face was hard toward him and she would not listen. Matchedash was much angered, but she was his only child and had great influence in the tribe, and he would not give her away against her will. None could tell why the maiden refused to marry, unless it might be that she had given her heart to a Huron lover; for some time before, Thyendaga, a noted warrior of that tribe, with which the Iroquois were then at peace, had asked her in marriage and had offered her father great wealth in gifts. But the old chief spurned him away, saying that his daughter must wed only an Iroquois; and none of our tribe had seen the Huron since. Ojetka hid his grief and put on a careless air to throw Minnekoma off her guard, but all the time he was on the watch; and one evening, when the sun was low, he saw her leave the lodge and wander slowly away into the forest.

"Even Ojetka dared not be seen to follow or spy upon Minnekoma's movements, so he went off, at first another way, to the woods and then made a wide sweep to strike her trail. Soon he found this and crept along it, sure, slow and silent as a panther. In a little while he came to a clear spot, where had been an old camp, and saw Minnekoma standing there with bowed head, listening. Pretty soon he heard the low call of a pigeon, and then Thyendaga stepped out from the other side, and clasped the young squaw in his arms. Ojetka's heart burned with rage, and softly he drew an arrow to its head, but dared not shoot while the two stood together. Bime-bye, they turned and came straight toward him, and now he let his arrow fly; but the starry eyes of Minnekoma had seen him! Quick as the lightning's flash she bent the Huron down, and the arrow passed over his head. Then, out from his cover sprang Ojetka, and, whirling his tomahawk in the air, sent it fiercely at his rival's breast.

"But Thyendaga, tall and springy as a cedar, strong as an oak, was now ready, and the bright blade whistled by without hurt, and, with his own tomahawk upraised, in three great leaps he was upon his foe. His first blow struck the knife from Ojetka's hand, and the next buried the axe in his brain. Down like a log he fell dead. Thyendaga shouted a cry of victory and stooped down to tear off the scalp, but at that moment was seized on all sides at once by six Iroquois who were returning from a hunt and had come to the place of the fight just as Ojetka fell. Now they bound the prisoner between two warriors, and taking up the dead body, set off to camp, singing the song of mourning as they went. Soon the council was called, and, although it was clearly shown that the Huron had killed in his own defense, he was condemned to die by running the gauntlet. That night he was tied to a tree and guarded by three warriors; but he was well fed, and his legs were left unbound, so that he might be strong and make much sport when the time came.

"All night long Minnekoma watched for a chance to free him, but the guards slept not, and the morning came. Then, when the sun was high, all the warriors and squaws and children went out to the plain to see the race for life. Two lines were formed, six feet apart, with fifty braves face to face in each line. At the top, where the prisoner was to start, were young men armed only with green rods and blunted spears; then came those armed with knives, and at the far end of the line stood old warriors with tomahawks and war-clubs. The prisoner was to run between the lines, every man giving him a blow, and, if he reached so far without falling, the warriors who bore the axes and clubs would surely kill him. The guards now led Thyendaga out, stripped him naked, except moccasins and breech-cloth, and placed him at the head of the lines. He sang no death-song, but looked proudly around upon his enemies.

"The word was given; the guards released him and closed up the gap behind. But the brave Huron, instead of running between the ranks, leaped with one mighty bound clear over the line to his left and flew like the wind toward this cliff. The Iroquois were struck with wonder. No man had power to stir until Thyendaga had got far away; and then, raising the war-whoop, they all gave chase, spreading out like a fan as they ran None had their bows, and even now Thyendaga was beyond the reach of arrows.

"Straight and fast as a hunted deer he leaped along, and when he came to the top of the rock above us, was the half of a mile ahead of his pursuers; but they could see him all the time, for few trees were here. Now he never stopped or looked back, but with a wild yell of defiance sprang far out from the edge of the rock, down, down into the deep waters below. In a little while the Iroquois, all crazy with anger, very much mad, came up. Thyendaga was not to be seen; and they could not get down to the river at this place. Some kept watch on the bank while others ran two miles down to the gap and brought back canoes. Everywhere they searched, but no sign could they find of the Huron warrior; and all then knew that he was lying drowned at the bottom of the deep hole where no line could reach.

"In great shame they went back to the camp, and the squaws and little children made game of them. For had not their prisoner escaped and died without torture? But Minnekoma rejoiced because of this thing; though she greatly mourned for her lover. Every day she walked alone through the rocks and forest, always weeping and calling softly on the name of Thyendaga. None followed or gazed upon her grief, for they said: 'The maiden's heart is sore.'

"Two moons passed away and the leaves were falling, when one day she wandered off to the spot where Ojetka died. Here for a long time she stood, faintly and sorrowfully whispering to the soft wind again and again her lover's name. Suddenly, near at hand, she heard the rustle of leaves and the cooing of a wood-dove, and Thyendaga himself stood before her. No words can tell her joy when she found it was indeed he, and not his spirit, as she thought. Quickly he led her to a safe hiding-place until it should grow dark, and as they went along he told her how, when he leaped that day into the deep waters, he rose again and climbed up the vines into a cave (that one above us), which none but he knew of, before the Iroquois came to the river; and when the search was ended, and the black night came down, he escaped easily to his own people. Also, he told her that his canoe was now concealed down the river, and he had come to bear her off as his wife.

"Minnekoma's heart was melted, and when great darkness fell upon the earth that night, she went with the Huron chief away across the lake to his home. The next day, all the Iroquois warriors looked for her in vain; but with great cunning they tracked the two footprints over bare rocks and through thick woods, to the edge of the water. There they found marks of a canoe, and, lying on the sand, a chief's totem, which Matchedash well knew.

"'The Great Spirit,' said he, 'has saved Thyendaga, and he has borne off my daughter. We will make a new peace with the Hurons, for they are mighty and strong. It is good medicine.'

"So, next moon, he sent the wise men of his tribe with gifts of wampum and tobacco and costly furs to that people; for the old chief greatly loved his child. Thyendaga was now the head of the Hurons, and for the sake of his wife he accepted the gifts, and sent back many rich presents and kind words in return. Then all were happy. There was a long peace, and it was from the lips of Minnekoma that the Iroquois first knew of this cave I have shown you."

Poor old John told this little story with indescribable pathos, and it may be true. He lived for five years afterward, and if ever an Indian deserved to go to "The Happy Hunting Grounds," surely it was he.—W. Thomson, in N. Y. Ledger.

Durable Stuff.

Little Girl—My shoes is always gettin' worn out. I dess the leather isn't dood leather.

Mamma—I'm afraid it is not as good as it might be.

Little Girl—Nex' time we'll ask the man to give me shoes of the same stuff as those teeny weeny ones you got for my dollie. Dollie has worn hers a year.—Good News.

Very Much Like a Bull.

Clerk—I can't make out the signature of the gentleman who wrote this letter Perhaps you can tell who it is?

Employer—Don't bother me. Just write to the man and tell him we can't make out what his name is.—Texas Siftings.

—Customer—"Will you warrant this watch for a year?" Jeweler—"Yes; for ten years, if you wish. (Sotto voce). I am going out of business in six months."—Yankee Blade.

DANGER IN OLD WELLS.

The Means by Which They May be Cleansed of Impurities.

The descent into wells or pits is often attended with serious danger in consequence of the prevalence in these situations of air or gasses not fit to be inhaled into the lungs. It occurs to us that a few precautionary hints on this subject may not be without their use.

When it is thought proper to clean out a well of any depth, or to make repairs upon it, no one should descend into it without taking care to ascertain the state of the air beneath. This may readily be effected by letting down a lighted cadle or lamp to the very surface of the water, or to the ground, if the well be dry. If the flame is not extinguished, after having remained there for at least a quarter of an hour, it should be pulled up, and a heavy weight, attached to a cord, made to descend in its place, for the purpose of agitating the water freely and fully. The light is then sent down again, and if on this second trial the flame is not quenched within ten minutes or so the workmen may descend and commence their labors.

If the light be extinguished, the particular depth at which it ceases to burn should be remarked. Beneath that point a man would as surely and as quickly be suffocated as the flame is quenched. The mephitic air or gas which produces this effect may be of various kinds. Either nitrogen or carbonic-acid gas or sulphureted hydrogen may form the vapor; or, perhaps, it may consist of a mixture of these gases, all of which fail to support combustion or respiration. In the uncertainty which must exist as to the true nature of the gas found in a well on trial with the light, there is but one remedial step to be followed with advantage. This is to alter or renew the air of the well by ventilation. In order to accomplish this, which is chiefly rendered difficult by the great specific gravity of the mephitic air rendering it stationary, a set of planks must be laid across the mouth of the well, so as, with the aid of plaster, to seal it hermetically at all points but two. Over one of these points, or apertures, is placed a small close furnace, formed in such a manner as to derive no air excepting from the well below. Then a pipe of leather, like a common fire-pipe, is fitted into the other hole, and, being of the necessary lenth, is made to descend nearly to the surface of the water. To keep this pipe open, cross sticks or some other contrivance should be used. The apparatus being prepared, a fire of charcoal (or of coal or wood) is kindled in the furnace.—N. Y. Ledger.

SERVANTS IN JAPAN.

A Country Where Hired Help is Not a Source of Trouble.

Japanese servants are excelent, if you choose them with discretion and treat them with the established consideration of the country. There is a universal social compact in Japan to make life pleasant by politeness. Every body is more or less well bred, and hates the man or woman who is yakamsahu—noisy, uncivil, or exigent. People who lose their temper, are always in a hurry, bang doors, swear, and "swagger," find themselves out of place in a land where the lowest coolie learns and practices an ancient courtesy from the time when he wobbles about as a baby upon his mother's back. Therefore, to be treated well in Japan, as perhaps indeed elsewhere, you must treat every body, including your domestics, well; and then you will enjoy the most pleasant and willing service. Your cook will doubtless cheat you a little; your jinrickishaman will now and then take too much sake, the musmu and the boy's wife will gossip all over the place about every thing you do; and the gardener and the coachman will fight cocks in the yard when your back is turned; but if conscious of your own, you can forgive the little sins of others. You can hardly fail to become closely attached to the quiet, soft-voiced, pleasant people, who, as soon as they have learned your ways, will take real pleasure in making life agreeable to you. A present now and then of a kimono to the maids, of toys and sweatmeats to the children; a day's holiday now and then granted to the theater or the wrestling-match, are richly rewarded by such bright faces and unmistakable warmth of welcome on arriving, and of good speed on going, as repay you ten-fold. Respectful as Japanese servants are—and they never speak except on their knees and faces—they like to be taken into the family conversation and to sit sometimes in friendly abandon with the master and mistress admiring dresses, pictures, or Western novelties, and listening sometimes to the samisen and koto as children of the household.—Sir Edwin Arnold, in Scribner.

A Terrible Revelation.

A wife recently gave her husband a sealed letter, begging him not to open it till he got to his place of business. When he did so he read:

"I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know, let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that it was coming but kept it to myself until to-day, when it has reached a crisis, and I can not keep it any longer. You must not censure me too harshly, for you must reap the results as well as myself. I do hope it won't crush you."

By this time the cold perspiration stood on his forehead with the fear of some terrible unknown calamity. He turned the page, and read.

"The coal is all used up! Please call and ask for some to be sent this afternoon. I thought by this method you would not forget it."—Sheffield Telegraph.

Woman, Woman, Lovely Woman!

Esmerelda Longcoffin—I saw you kiss Miss Elderly yesterday when you met her on the street. I thought you and she were at daggers' points. I know she talked shamefully about you.

Birdie McHenepin—I know it, too, but she has grown so old and ugly that I have forgiven her every thing.—Texas Siftings.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Use turpentine and machine oil to polish your sewing machine, and rub briskly.

—Use soft water and a few drops of turpentine and a little sugar with your stove polish.

—Iron rust may be removed from marble by taking one part of nitric acid to twenty-five parts of water and applying it carefully to the spots. Rinse off with ammonia and water.

—Heliotrope Sachet: Two pounds of powdered orris, one pound of ground rose leaves, one-half pound of ground tonka-beans, one-fourth pound of ground vanilla beans, one-fourth ounce of grain musk, five drops of ottar of almonds.

—Scrubbing brushes should be kept with the bristles down and they will last twice as long; common sense will tell you if you stand them the other way the water will run down and soak into the back, loosening the bristles, whether they be glued or wired.

—Beets Stewed: Boil the beets until tender; peel and cut in dice; boil one teacup milk; thicken with corn-starch; add one tablespoon butter; then add one-half cup vinegar; boil; add the butter last; put the beets back into cream and stir; season with salt and pepper.—Detroit Free Press.

—The English like tripe cooked with oysters. Have the tripe boiled until done, cut it in small squares, and mix with twice its bulk of fresh oysters, cover with bread crumbs, pour in a cupful of sweet milk, and salt, pepper and butter to taste, set in a hot oven, and brown quickly.

—White Cake: Two tablespoonfuls of butter, two eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of white sugar, flour enough to make an ordinary batter, half a cupful of sweet milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder; bake in a shallow square tin; make plain frosting and flavor with lemon.—Boston Herald.

—To make sweet potato croquettes, boil six large potatoes until they are just tender, then remove the skins, and mash the potatoes through a colander, add a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, and a dash of pepper. Mix thoroughly, form into croquettes, dip first in egg and then in bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat.

—All fruit that requires paring should be put immediately in very cold water, and allowed to remain until sufficient quantity has been prepared; this prevents the fruit from becoming discolored. Where the fruit is tender and it is desired to keep its shape and color, it may be dipped quickly into strong lemon juice, and when the sirup is made in which it is to be cooked, a little lemon juice may be added. Some cooks use alum water for hardening fruit for preserving, but we do not advise it.—Boston Budget.

—Oyster Soup: Put one quart oysters and one pint cold water on to boil. Skim well and simmer twenty minutes; rub through a sieve; put one quart milk, one slice onion, one stalk celery and one sprig parsley on to boil: melt three tablespoonfuls butter, add three tablespoonfuls flour, and pour on slowly the mashed and strained oysters; add the hot milk, two teaspoonfuls salt, one-half teaspoonful pepper; strain and serve. This is an oyster soup, not a stew, the pulp of the oysters pressed through a sieve being used instead of the whole oyster; so they are put on to cook in cold water in order to extract all the flavor from them into the soup. Butter split crackers and brown in a hot oven. These crackers are to be served with the soup.—Boston Budget.

SUGGESTIONS IN DRESS.

Various Hints on Combinations and Trimmings.

Lace frills to fall over the hands are worn with nice dresses, and nothing can be more flattering to the hands. In making new or remodeling old gowns, use velvet with any thing; then ladies' cloth, faille or bengaline. Combine plain goods with plaids and stripes and vice versa. Make stripes up straight and diagonally, and plaids in the bias. Remember that very slender and tall figures must avoid stripes, and fleshy matrons flee from plaids. Elderly ladies may wear bright colors nowadays, and tone them down with black trimmings. The rough cloths are stylish, but they make one look larger, which is sometions not to be desired; but stout figures are well provided for, as a pointed basque, with the stripes well tapered, give a plump person a stylish air. A bone, on the button side of the front, aids in keeping the center smooth, the bone being the length of those in the darts. Darts close together at the waist line give a long-waisted appearance. A drap d'ete gown having full-topped sleeves of bengaline—which is a silk-poplin, silk and wool in medium cords—makes a very stylish visiting dress; but for every-day wear select a checked or striped cheviot. Soften a rough plaid with velvet sleeves as the only trimming. Try a vest of deep orange-colored cloth in a gown of black cashmere, when remaking it. Velvet covered with silk or metal braiding may trim serge, cashmere or camel's-hair costumes. If you want a very stylish gown of your half-worn black silk, have large sleeves, flat panels, and vest of black silk brocaded with small, single flowers of blue or yellow. If you are buying a new black silk, have a faille Francaise, regence, royale or peau de soie, though a large weave of gros-grain is also returning to favor. Trim with a fine jet passementerie, one of jet and gold or turquoise, or of gold and turquoise. Trim up your cloth dress of last year with black astrakhan for a border, Medici collar, vest and the close part or bottom of the sleeves. The astrakhan cloth is very wide, and one yard does a wonderful amount of trimming.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Overacted.

She (in the background)—I wonder who these people at the other table are. I'm sure it's a bridal couple.

He—Why?

She—Well, they look as if they didn't know each other.—Life.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Miss Frances Power Cobbe, author of many books and one of the ablest of literary women, is, at the age of seventy, hard at work both as a writer and a reformer. She is full of health and vigor, which she attributes to her simple diet and regular habits, and gives much time to the Antivivisection Society in London, of which she is president.

—The Crown Princess of Denmark is famous for being the tallest and wealthiest Princess in Europe. Her stature is absolutely gigantic, being over six feet two, and, so far as her fortune is concerned, she inherited $15,000,000 from her maternal grandfather, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, besides the entire wealth of her father, the late King Charles of Sweden.

—The two portraits of Lord Tennyson are thus described by the Athenæum: Both are busts, bare-headed, life-size, nearly in full face; the eyes are looking slightly downward, and some of the upper part of the head is seen. These are among the best likenesses for which we are indebted to Mr. Watts, rich in all the resources of his palette, his sympathy and skill.

—One lady in Boston has given Mr. Angell, president of the American Humane Society, money to supply every car-driver in Boston with a copy of "Black Beauty." Another lady in New York has done the same for the car-drivers of one of the principal avenues there, and Mrs William Astor supplied all the drivers and stablemen in Newport with the gentle gospel of this fascinating book.—The Student.

—Queen Victoria had two love affairs before she married Prince Albert. Lord Elphinstone, a handsome young Scotchman, was her first flame. Both were deeply in love, but reasons of state forbade a union. Shortly after this Victoria fell in love with Lord Fitzalan, a handsome and dashing young fellow, who, however, seems not to have reciprocated royalty's passion. He attempted to marry a barmaid, and this cured the royal lady of her passion.

—"I notice," said an English Gladstonean now in New York, "that people here speak of the short remnant of Gladstone's life." But when I saw Gladstone last summer he looked as though he had the stuff in him for ten years of work yet, and he can do more business at this time than most men who have not lived half his years. I would not be surprised if the tree-chopper of Hawarden should be a leader in imperial politics till the close of the nineteenth century."

—Old Mrs. Tom Taylor, widow of the dramatist, is one of the finest amateur pianists in London. She is very small and quite feeble, but it is quite wonderful to see her hobble across a drawing-room to the piano and a moment later charm and bewitch every body by the sad, sweet and almost timid melodies she will play. Her eyes are so weak that she could not read the music if it was on the rest, and so she plays from memory, or else improvises, taking her own mood for the theme.

—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher grows more beautiful as advancing years and growing feebleness take possession of her. She sits in a beautiful bay window surrounded by birds and flowers, and dreams of the days when she and "Henry" were struggling along in a little Western village, trying to keep the pot boiling and the sermons written. But those were long-ago days! Every publishing firm in the country has asked her to write the life of her dead husband, but owing to her poor health she has refused them all.

HUMOROUS.

—"Does the cellar leak?" "No. It's had two feet of water in it ever since I've been in the house. Not a drop has got out."—Harper's Bazar.

—"They say I boss my husband," exclaimed an indignant lady. "Then all I can say is that he has a charming boss," replied the diplomat.—Grip.

—"Why, sir, you have not pulled out the bad tooth." "Oh, Signora, how is it possible to extract any thing bad from such a lovely mouth?"—Newcastle Chronicle.

—"But, Carl, how can you drink so much beer?" "I drink it as the reward of virtue, for, you see, I drank milk for a whole year." "You did! and what year was that, pray?" "My first, of course."—Fliegende Blatter.

—"Don't give way to despair, my dear!" said a mother to her son, who was an apothecary, "but rest on hope." "Hope!" exclaimed the son; "hope is life's patent medicine, with which every one is miserably deceived!"—N. Y. Ledger.

—Wasted Effort.—"It was villainous, sir," said the grocer, angrily. "The idea of a big, fat man like you settin' on a basket of eggs." "That's so," was the meek reply. "I might have known I couldn't hatch any thing out."—Philadelphia Times.

—"No, sirree," said the umbrella manufacturer, "I shall not advertise in your paper. I've watched your attitude toward my business. Last summer you predicted seven clear to two rainy days, and I don't consider that friendly."—Harper's Bazar.

—A Secret.—Husband—"You must have told some one of this business, my dear." Wife—"Why, no indeed, John, I never told it to a single person except Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Jones, and I told them they mustn't tell it to any one because it was to be kept a profound secret."—Yankee Blade.

—Florence is a little girl who is just learning to go to church. Last Sunday when she came home her mother asked her what she thought of the sermon. "Ugh," was the irreverent answer, "me sitted an' sitted an' sitted, an' got drefful tired, an' the p'eacher said an' said an' said an' keeped on sayin'."—Washington Star.

—An old Georgia darky, who had a small property, was thought to be dying, and his relatives brought a lawyer to his house and asked him to make a will. But he shook his head and replied: "No, sah; it hain't fur me to mek de will. De Lawd'll tem' ter dat. 'He mek de will, and mayde Lawd's will be dome."—Columbus Enquirer-Sun.

THE FARMING WORLD.

CHEAP LOG RACK.

One That When Properly Made Will Last a Life-Time.

Fig. 1 represents the rear axle and bolster of a low wagon or truck, with an easily-made and cheap log-rack. The rack consists of two bed pieces, A A, running parallel with the reach, 3x6 inches in size and 12 feet long. These are notched one inch deep onto the bolsters of the truck. At the rear end of these bed pieces are three sets of notches to permit of lengthening the gear for longer logs. One set is 8½ feet from the forward end, to permit of drawing railroad-tie logs; the next, 10 feet, and the last at the extreme end, permitting a 12-foot reach, which will allow of loading logs 20 or 21 feet long.

The false bolsters, B, are of the same size as the bed pieces, 3x6, and are notched onto the latter one inch, making the height from top of truck to top of false bolster 10 inches, or just the height of stakes in the truck from which this rack was originally made. Where the stakes are but 9 inches the bolster must be notched an inch deeper; and if 11 or 12 inches, the bolster can be thickened by spiking on a 1 or 2-inch piece on top. This is cheaper than getting a special size for a thicker bolster, as the bolsters are sawed from the ends of the bed pieces, a 16-foot hemlock scantling making one bolster and one bed piece.

The forward bolster is bolted to the bed piece with ¾-inch bolts. These bolts are 13 inches long and drop into holes bored into the truck bolster 3 inches A thread is cut on the lower four inches of the bolts and a burr turned up into the lower bed piece, a 2-inch auger hole having been bored one-half inch deep to receive it without

FIG. 1.

marring the real bolster on which it rests. At the rear bolster the bolts are simply dropped in without burrs, it being necessary to change the length of gear quickly and easily to suit different lengths of logs. The four holes in the bolsters are all the preparation necessary to fit the truck for the rack.

The false bolsters have a slot cut in each end to fit the stakes. This is easily made by boring an inch hole near the end and sawing out the wood at the end. D is a piece of scantling toe-nailed onto the underside of the false bolster, just thick enough to rest on the truck and distribute the weight. C C are adjustable blocks to hold the logs in place. As generally made, very little headwork is used in boring the holes or adjusting the straps, and I know of several log-trucks, used the year around, where this arrangement is about as unhandy and incomplete as can be. A few words and a description of a form of attaching blocks so that they can be placed at any point on the bolster at intervals of an inch, may not be amiss. In Fig. 2, G represents a thin iron strap 1½

FIG. 2.

inches wide and 8 inches long, with four holes, X, near one end, and A 4 inches from X, B 4½ inches from X, and C 5¾ inches from X. Two straps like this are attached to each block, the bolt passing through the hole, X. A common ¾-inch carriage bolt may be used, and it is well to batter the end, after turning up the burr, so that it may not work loose.

Fig. 2 shows how it works in practice. D is the block with strap attached at X. X is bored 2 inches from the bottom of the block. L is the bolster, and when the hole which is bored two inches from the top is directly under X, the hole, A, in the strap is just right for the bolt that passes through the bolster. By shifting the block two inches, or to the dotted line, J, the hole, B, comes right, and shifting two inches farther, the hole, C, comes right to use. The holes in the bolster should be five inches apart, and then by slanting the straps the other way to an adjoining hole, the block will come half way between. With blocks adjustable to changes of one inch, a little chopping away of rough bark will enable the lumberman to secure a log quickly and closely. A carriage bolt with easily-turning burrs proves, in practice, to best for the bolts that must be removed to change the blocks. Spring keys become rusty and bent and immovable, and leather thongs lose out and bolts and blocks are lost in consequence.—L. B. Pierce, in Farm and Fireside.

That Cellar Once More.

Winter is here. The apples, if you have any, and the nuts are in the cellar; and what is the condition of the cellar? There are some cellars that are little protection against frost. Their construction is so faulty that as soon as severe weather comes the fruit and vegetables in them will freeze. The frost gets into the cellar through the top of the walls. But the trouble is so easily remedied that nothing but negligence is accountable if frost does get in. Bank up the cellar. Place corn stalks, stable manure or any thing of the kind around the top of the walls. If neatness is desired—and it ought to be—it is not difficult to make a neat job of it. But, neatness or no neatness, the work should be done.—Western Rural.

Too many hogs should not be allowed to bed together. While some will get too cold, those in the middle will get too warm and are liable to take cold and become diseased.

During the winter, especially, it is very important that the bed for the hogs be kept dry. The foundation for success or failure with pigs is laid before they are born.

Do not force your pullets to lay, but give them their time. It will dwarf them and make the offspring puny.

THE HOG IN WINTER.

Change the bedding regularly.

Feed some clover hay every day.

More corn is necessary during the winter.

Young pigs should take exercise on chilly days.

Oil meal and bran makes good feed for growing pigs.

It is not good economy to feed young pigs frozen slops.

Avoid dust in the beds as well as filth in order to maintain health.

The first six weeks of a pig's life is of the most importance in securing a good profit.

When a hog must be fed until it is fourteen to eighteen months old it is usually fed at a loss.

There is considerable risk in holding hogs for a better price after they are fully ready to market.

A dry earth floor is the best for the sleeping quarters; it is usually warmer than a plank floor.

Salt and ashes should be kept in a box in a convenient place where the hogs can help themselves.

During growth it is quite an item to secure a good development of bone and muscle; when mature, fatten.

It is rarely good economy to allow the boar to run with the other pigs. He is apt to get troublesome.

Even in winter it will be an item to water the hogs regularly. Slop should never take the place of pure water.

Breeding stock should be kept with reference to their use, and this implies having them in a good, thrifty condition.

Oats are one of the very best materials to use in feeding young pigs, especially when they are just beginning to eat.

It is quite an item in breeding to secure as even a lot of pigs as possible. They can be marketed to better advantage.

The hog that is supplied with a good variety of feed will keep in better health and thrift than if confined to any one material.

If stockers are kept over winter, as a rule, it will be better to keep them separate from the brood sows, especially toward spring.

A tight, dry floor will save considerable feed, especially during the winter, when often the ground is muddy or covered with snow.

If hogs are kept to follow the cattle they should not be allowed to bed on the manure pile. Give them a clean sleeping place to themselves.

Lice can be gotten rid of by using a mixture of lard and coal oil, applying once thoroughly, and then in a week or ten days giving a second application.

There is no economy in continually dosing hogs to keep them healthy; good sanitary arrangements with good water and feed are more necessary as well as more economical.—St. Louis Republic.

COSTLY DISCOMFORT.

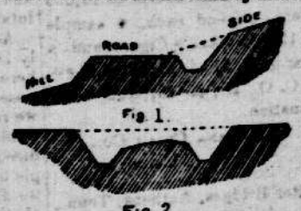
Farmers Who Leave Their Stock Without Shelter Have to Pay for It.

People who willfully leave stock without shelter, exposed to sleet, snow, chilling wind, rain and biting frost, while careful to provide warm, soft beds and clothing for themselves, are hopelessly perverse; their moral sense is dormant. But it may be proper to remind well-disposed persons that great damage comes from exposure to weather far less severe than the severest. Every frost, every chilling wind or rain that gives discomfort lessens milk of cow, growth of calf, flesh and fat of beeves; painful or disagreeable sensations, slight or severe, depreciate and damage every beast subjected to them. I observed the influence of weather on a cow unprotected during a rainy day and two or three frosty nights last October. Her feed remained the same, but the milk diminished nearly half. Properly cared for in warm, dry stable while the unpleasantness lasted, the shrinkage—from which she will not entirely recover—would not have occurred. She would have paid fifty per cent. profit on the feed and labor necessary for her comfort and sustenance, without grumbling. All the Northern and most of the Southern States have, nearly every month of the year, inclement weather, damaging to stock, particularly to cows giving milk. Wind-breaks, a thicket of bushes or a shed should be in every pasture. Sheep don't know enough to come in when it rains; if it turns suddenly cold their wool is frozen stiff. It will be immense gain to the domestic animals of America when their owners find out that slight discomforts are damaging and that the greatest profit comes from the nearest possible approach to absolute comfort at all times.—Hugh T. Brooks, in N. Y. Tribune.

ROAD SIDE DITCHES.

How They Should Be Constructed on Hill-Sides.

Frank Horn writes to the Orange Judd Farmer: Although the importance of side-ditches is generally pretty well understood, yet nine out of ten "road bosses" will, on places where the road runs along a side-hill, or partly cuts into the hill-side, consider it sufficient to lead water across the road by means



of slanting shallow dams. This is very bad practice. Just here it is most important to have a good ditch between road-bed and hill-side (Fig. 1), with fall parallel to the direction of the road. When it becomes necessary to lead the water over to the other side of the road, do it by means of a culvert or bridge of the proper dimension, not by leading it over the road. Where the road is cut through a hill, two ditches are necessary (Fig. 2). In this way a very fair road can be had without aid of gravel.