

HINTS FOR FARMERS.

HOW TO WEAN THE CALF.

ONE of the most important agricultural duties at this season of the year is weaning the calves. This delicate operation requires experience—second-hand experience is much preferable. The writer of this article got his bran new, but would advise all aspirants for the position of calf caterer to halt in their mad career and be content with the enchantment distance lends to the view. I worked at the farming trade all one summer, and know every branch of the art. Weaning a calf is one of the largest branches. I once supposed that it required large quantities of the "milk of human kindness" to wean an infant bovine, but subsequent investigations have proved to me that sour milk answers the purpose better. This is how I became acquainted with the fact—and the calf:—

Shortly after my arrival on the farm one of the barnyard bovines presented her master with a baby ox, a pretty little red and white creature with gazelle-like, innocent eyes, and it immediately elicited my sympathy and watchful care. For two weeks it was never from its mother's side. Then the farmer intimated that the time had arrived to wean it. He enclosed it in a small field where the grass was growing profusely, and brought a pail of milk for it to imbibe.

I never yet learned whether it was a case of malice aforethought or a sense of self-preservation that inspired the farmer to delegate me as tutor to that calf. But as it was such a docile little creature I felt no fear as to the ultimate success of my undertaking. The little animal stood looking at us wonderingly with its soft, patient eyes awaiting our approach. When within a few feet of my gazelle a paroxysm of fear seemed to strike him forcibly and he started off across the field with a white flag of truce flying. I followed, and after circling around for half an hour we corralled him in a fence corner. The pail was then placed before him, but the little creature didn't appear to be hungry; it seemed suspicious of the pail. I spoke soothingly. This calmed his fears. I then gently but firmly pushed his head downward until his nose touched the milk. Great Cæsar! what a prodigious bellow escaped that beast. With one bound the docile, innocent little gazelle landed me on the ground and soaked me from head to foot with milk. In doing so the pail bail became caught on the calf's neck and he went sailing off around the field with his tin-pail muzzle. Occasionally he would run foul of a stump, when a sound like the wail of a hand-organ in a thunder storm was borne to us upon the breeze. You could no more approach the gazelle than you could a will-o'-the-wisp. He would jump, and bellow, cavort and tear around as though there was a full head of steam on and the safety-valve was tied down. Finally he turned a somersault over a stone. This disengaged the pail, and with one more heartrending bellow he started at a Flying Dutchman gait for the next township.

When the calf was recovered the farmer initiated me into the mysteries. I learned that the proper way was, first to catch the calf; get his neck in chancery between your legs; place the pail of milk in front of you; insert one finger into the calf's mouth and gently lead his head down to the milk. Your sleeves should be rolled up; in fact it is just as well not to wear much clothing when you undertake this exercise. Neither is it considered the proper thing to wear gloves during the operation, unless it be a pair made from quarter-inch boiler-plate. I never knew a calf to amputate anyone's finger, where the fingers were properly fastened on.

SAM STUBBS.

A BASEBALL MATCH.



Now smiling nature yields,
For June hath wooed and won;
Through all the pleasant fields
Hath summer's fragrance gone,—
Through all the wolds and wealds,
By the Don.

Two ball nines in a lot
Have played and howled since noon;
And the brooklet hath forgot
Its drowsy, babbling rune,
All in the blazing hot Afternoon.

Two youthful ball nines,—one
The "Morning Stars," who hope

With the "Lilies of the Valley"
Successfully to cope,—
"To knock der tar outer der bloomin' chumps,"
Is their lowly hope.

For the "Morning Stars" despise
The "Lilies of the Valley,"
(Nine bootblacks in disguise,
Who hail from Hoodlum Alley,
And applaud the Stars' muffed flies
Sarcastically.)

In private life the Stars
Peddle the daily "papes,"
Except the battery, who
Pose, with grand-stand scrapes,
With two-color caps, and belts,
In professional shapes.

"Butch Tinker ter der bat,"
"Pete Hooligan on deck!"
"Hey, umpire, hey, how's dat?"
"Johnsing, I'll break yo' neck—"
Catcher and umpire chat
Till one's a wreck.

Butch Tinker pounds the ball,
And starts for first, and lo!
Wildly shout they all,
And howl at the short-stop to throw,
Go it!" they shriek and bawl,—
"Yer GOT to go!"

And several hundred friends
Of each contending one,
Take a hand in, to see
That justice shall be done.
At length the fracas ends—
The game goes on.

And they yell like frenzied wights,
Throughout the afternoon,—
Like fiends at their dark rites;
And so the game goes on,
With intermittent fights,
By the Don.

And now past five it's got,
They have howled and played since noon;
And the brooklet hath forgot
Its drowsy, babbling rune,
All in the blazing hot
Afternoon.

W. J. H.

AROMA is a settlement in New Guinea. The name is derived from fried missionary.

FRIEND (to young artist)—"By jove, Charley, that's a glorious painting! What is it, a sunset?" Young artist (faintly)—"No, it's a sunrise."