

The Kerry Cow.

(W. M. Letts, in The Spectator.)

It's in Connacht or in Munster that
yourself might travel wide,
And be asking all the herds you'd meet
along the countryside,
But you'd never meet a one could show
the likes of her till now,
Where she's grazing in a Leinster field—
my little Kerry cow.

If herself went to the cattle fairs she'd
put all cows to shame,
For the finest poets of the land would
meet to sing her fame;
And the young girls would be asking
leave to stroke her satin coat,
They'd be praising and caressing her,
and calling her a dote.

If the King of Spain gets news of her
he'll fill his purse with gold,
And set sail to ask the English King
where she is to be sold;
But the King of Spain may come to me,
a crown upon his brow,
It is he may keep his golden purse—and
I my Kerry cow.

The priest maybe will tell her fame to
the Holy Pope of Rome,
And the Cardinals' College send for her
to leave her Irish home;
But it's heart-broke she would be itself
to cross the Irish Sea,
'Twould be best they'd send a blessing
to my Kerry cow and me.

When the Ulster men hear tell of her
they'll come with swords and pikes,
For it's civil war there'll be no less if
they should see her likes;
And you'll read it on the paper of the
bloody fight there's been,
An' the Orangemen they're burying in
fields of Leinster green.

There are red cows that's contrary, and
there's white cows quare an' wild,
But my Kerry cow is biddable an' gentle
as a child.

You might rare up Kings and heroes on
the lovely milk she yields,
For she's fit to foster Generals to fight
our battlefields.

In the histories they'll be making they've
a right to put her name,
With the horse of Troy and Oisín's
hounds and other beasts of fame,
And the painters will be painting her
beneath the hawthorn bough,
Where she's grazing on the good green
grass—my little Kerry cow.

Calling the Cows.

The evening sky is all aglow,
The sunlight falls in last caress
Upon the hills and seems to press
A parting kiss. The poplars throw
Their lengthening shadows on the grass.
Bearing their clover-gathered store
Belated bees now homeward pass;
The stir and heat of day are o'er.
But on the evening calm I hear
A bell-like summons ringing clear,
"Co' Boss! Co' Boss!"

An answering note come faintly back,
The tinkle of a distant bell;
From rocky slope and leafy dell
Following many a well-worn track,
The meek-eyed cows come down and pass
Yonder to the milking sheds,
Cropping the sweet and dewy grass
Fragrant with bending clover heads
In calm contentment, one and all
Obedient to the evening call,
"Co' Boss! Co' Boss!"

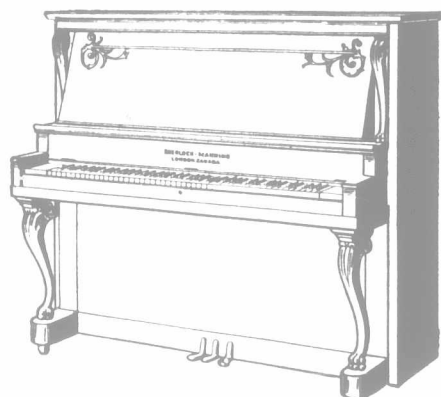
The drowsy bell is heard no more;
The birds and beasts have gone to rest,
Seeking on Nature's loving breast
The balm she ever holds in store.
One by one the peaceful stars
God's acolytes, illumine the sky,
And still I lean upon the bars
And muse on happy days gone by
When I, as evening's mantle fell
Called home the cows from hill and dell,
"Co' Boss! Co' Boss!"
C. H. Stone, in The Vermonter.

Envoy.

A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and so good day!
A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so good night!
A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so good mor-
row!
A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowings! And so good-bye!
—George Du Maurier.

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(NO STREET ADDRESS NECESSARY)

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(Signed) MILTON L. HERSEY, M.Sc. LL.D.
Provincial Government Analyst.

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To be sincere. To look life in the eyes
With calm, undrooping gaze. Always
to mean
The high and truthful thing. Never to
screen
Behind the unmeaning word, the sharp sur-
prise
Of cunning, never tell the little lies
Of look or thought. Always to choose
between
The true and small, the true and large,
settle
And high above life's cheap dishonesties.

The soul that steers by this unfading
star
Needs never other compass. All the far
Wide waste shall blaze with guiding light,
through rocks
And sirens meet and mock its training
gaze,
Secure from storms and all life's battle-
shocks
It shall not veer from any righteous
ways.

—Maurice Smiley.

Even love may ripen into friendship.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1st.—Questions asked by bona-fide subscribers to "The Farmer's Advocate" are answered in this department free.

2nd.—Questions should be clearly stated and plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer.

3rd.—In Veterinary questions the symptoms especially must be fully and clearly stated, otherwise satisfactory replies cannot be given.

4th.—When a reply by mail is required to urgent veterinary or legal enquiries, \$1.00 must be enclosed.

Miscellaneous.

HOMEMADE WINDMILLS.

I am a new subscriber, and am fond of reading the useful hints suggested in the columns of your paper. I was interested in the questions asked about the Homemade Windmill, in the issue of October 19th, which was signed W. J. Y. Would you please, through your columns, tell me how to make a homemade windmill, how to make each part, material of each part, with illustrations? H. I.

Ans.—With so many companies manufacturing windmills and the great proficiency of these mills, we do not believe it profitable to build homemade windmills unless under especially favorable conditions, such as plenty of ready material and abundance of labor, with necessity for extreme economy in husbanding a scanty supply of capital. The following note from a correspondent may be of some value to those contemplating building such a mill:

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Several weeks ago I noticed an inquiry from a subscriber in regard to a homemade windmill for pumping purposes. I built one last winter. It is made of odds and ends that can be found around almost any farm. The stroke is a mower pitman, the main shaft did duty 20 years on a binder, the vane is made of 4-foot lath, the spider is made of rock elm, while the sails were ripped with a lath saw from clear pine fence rails, and are 78 in number; the turn-table is a piece of 24-inch pipe and an old pump casting that fits; the tower is 20 feet high, and built of three pine poles, 6 inches at the small end. The mill can be turned in or out of the wind from the ground. It has stood several heavy windstorms, and pumped nearly all the water during the summer, at a total cash outlay of five dollars. A. H. W.