

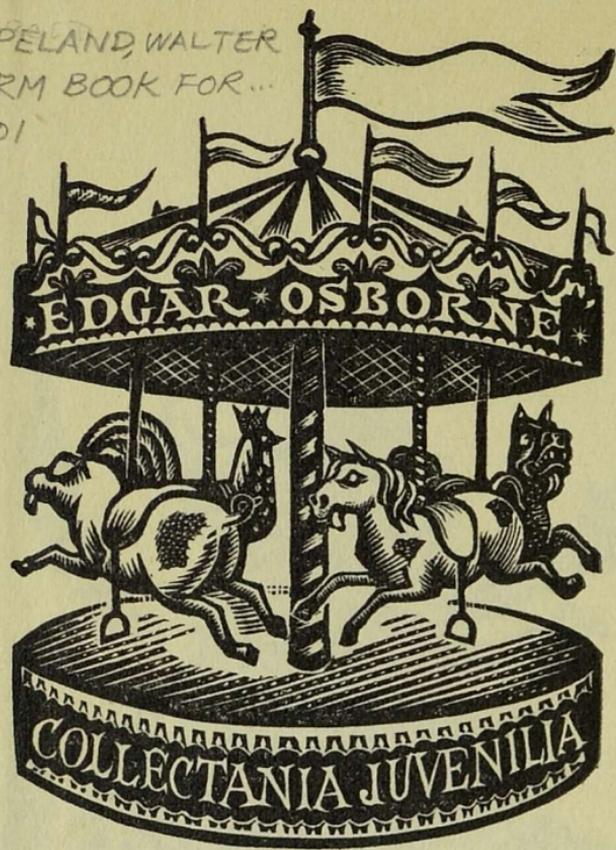
The Bairn-books.



The Farm Book.



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COPELAND, WALTER
FARM BOOK FOR...
1901



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THE FARM BOOK.

By WALTER COPELAND.

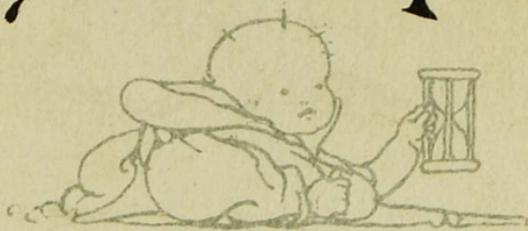


The Milkmaid.

The Farm Book

For Little Ones.

By Walter Copeland.



Illustrated by Chas Robinson.

1901.

London. J. M. Dent & Co

New York. E. P. Dutton & Co.







GOING TO THE FARM.

A VISIT to a farm is full of pleasure to us all, because we like the animals and birds and other things that we see there. Some of us find even more fun at a farm than at the sea-side; so I will tell you the simple story of some little children who went to

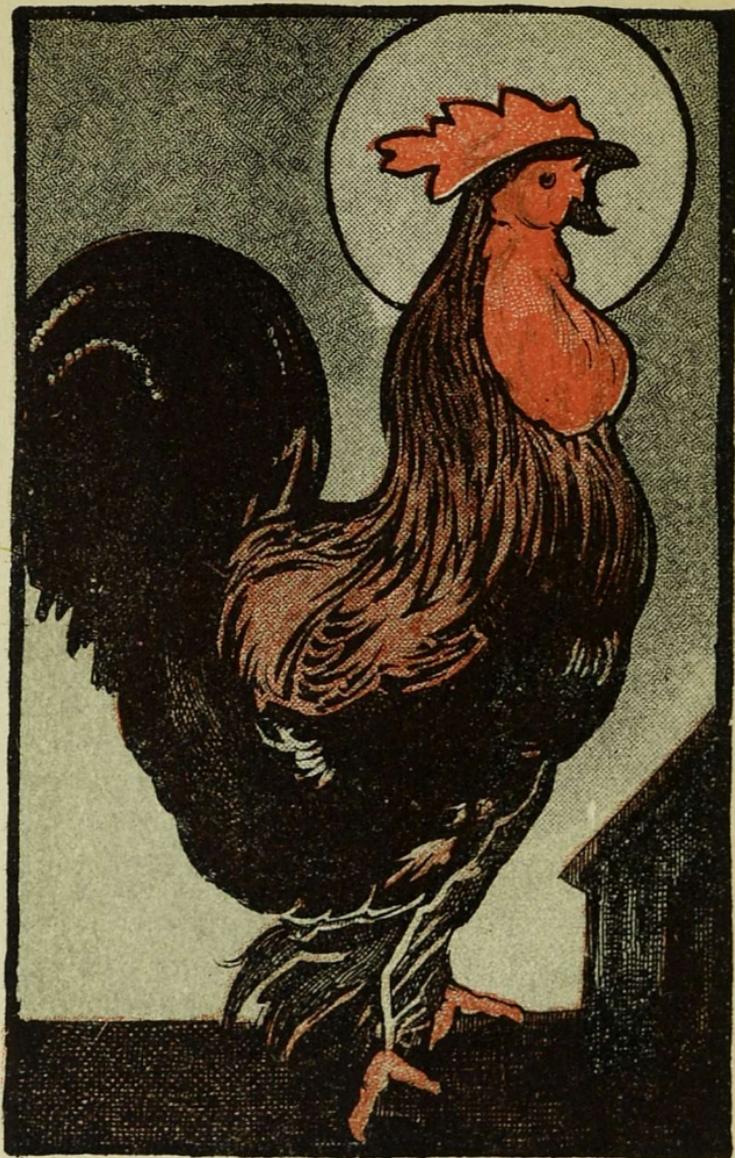
stay at a farm with me, and of all the things which we saw during our visit.

First, of course, I must tell you about the little children who went with me. There was Bob, who was big—he was eight years old—there was Mary, who was little, she was only four, while in the middle came the twins, Dick and Sylvie, who were middling (as we say in the story of the three bears), and they were just six.

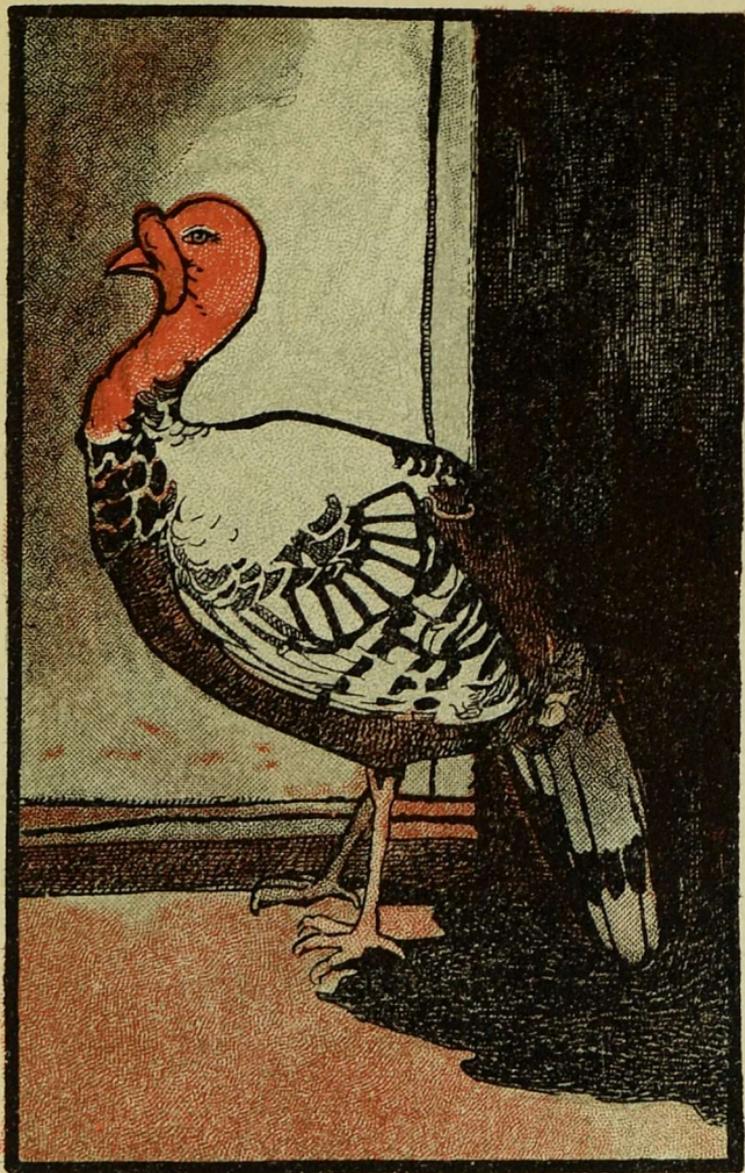
Before we set out to the farm I wrote for the children some lines about a few of the things which we hoped to see, that they

might know what noises the different animals and birds made, and before I tell you any more I will show you the verses, so that you shall know them also. The four little children like to hear these verses read to them, so that they can shout out the noises which the different creatures make as I get to the end of each verse.

O come into the farm yard,
And I will show to you
The cocks and hens and chickens,
And the cock says—
“Cock-a-doodle-do!”



The Cock.



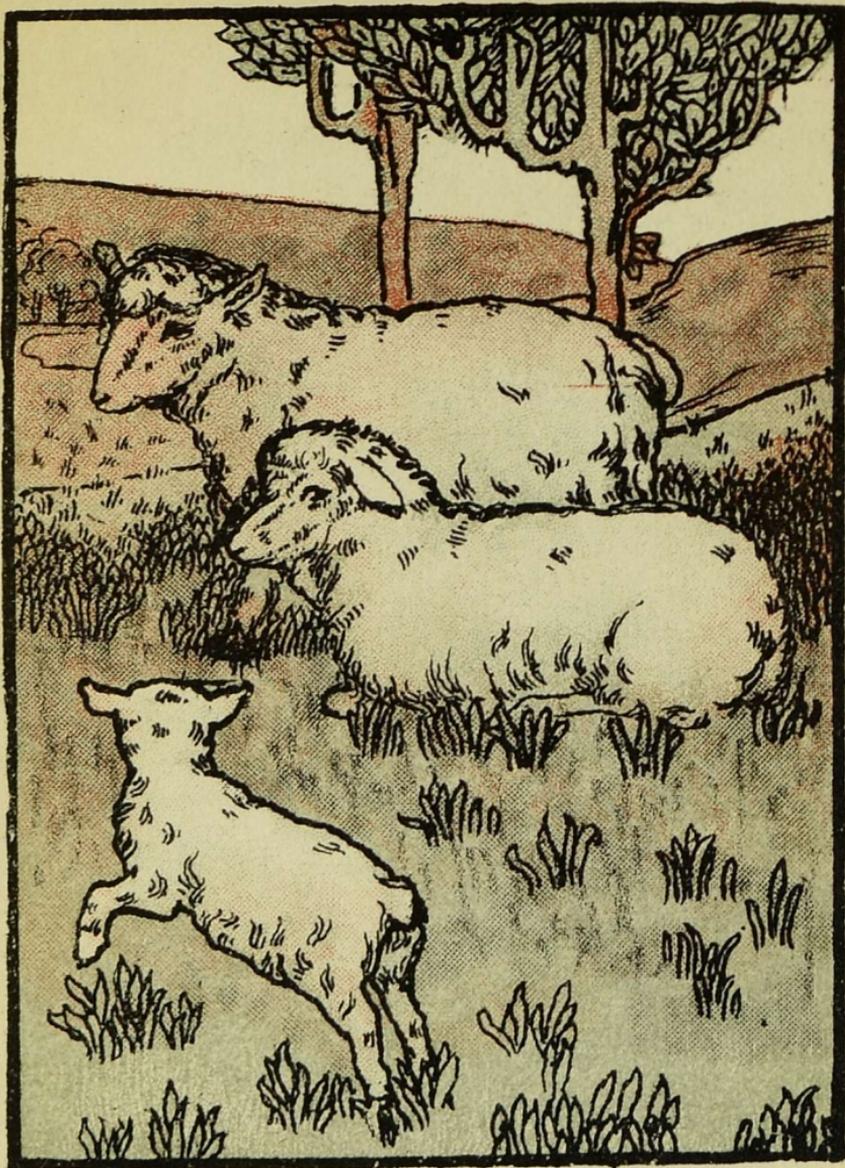
“Gobble-obble-obble.”

The ducks and drakes so snowy,
And some with coloured back,
Are waddling off towards the pond,
And they say—
“Qu-a-ack, qu-a-ack, qu-a-ack !”

The turkey cock with spreading tail
Comes strutting with a wobble
With all his hens behind him,
And he says—
“Gobble-obble-obble !”

The cows are standing near the barn,
All looking out for Sue,
Because its nearly milking time,
And they say—
“Moo, moo, moo !”

The guinea-fowls with mincing gait
We see quite near the stack,



Sheep.

A-scratching all among the hay,
And they say—

“Come back! come back!”

The pigeons fly all round us,
Or perch within our view
On roof and wall and dove-cot,
And they say—

“Coo-coo-coo!”

Now see the flock of woolly sheep,
Each lamb beside its ma,
All nibbling in the meadow,
And each one says—

“Ba-a, ba-a, ba-a!”

And there's the donkey Neddy
Seeking thistles 'mid the straw,
Who tells us when it's going to rain
By crying—

“Haw-ee-aw!”

Now let us go and see the pigs,
That squall and grunt and squeak,
And all the tiny little ones
That cry out—

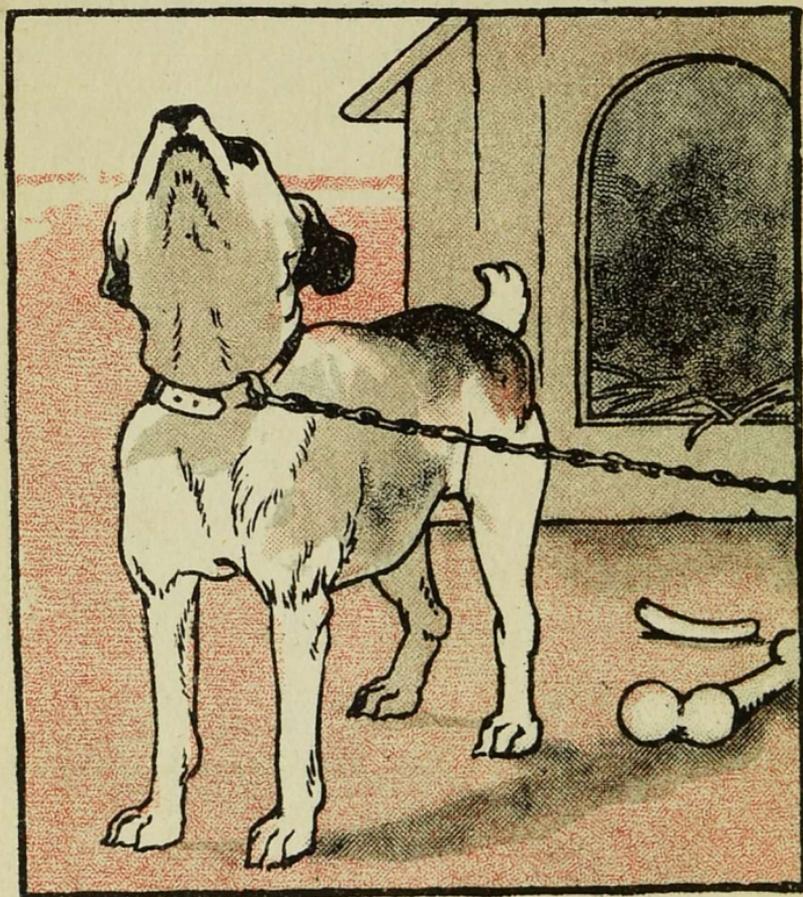
“Week, week, week!”

Then there's the watch-dog Rover,
We'll go and see him now,
And he will wag his stumpy tail
And gladly say—

“Bow-wow!”

Those are some of the noises which we hear as we go about the farmyard and the pleasant fields and meadows around it. When the verses were first read out, Dick at once said:

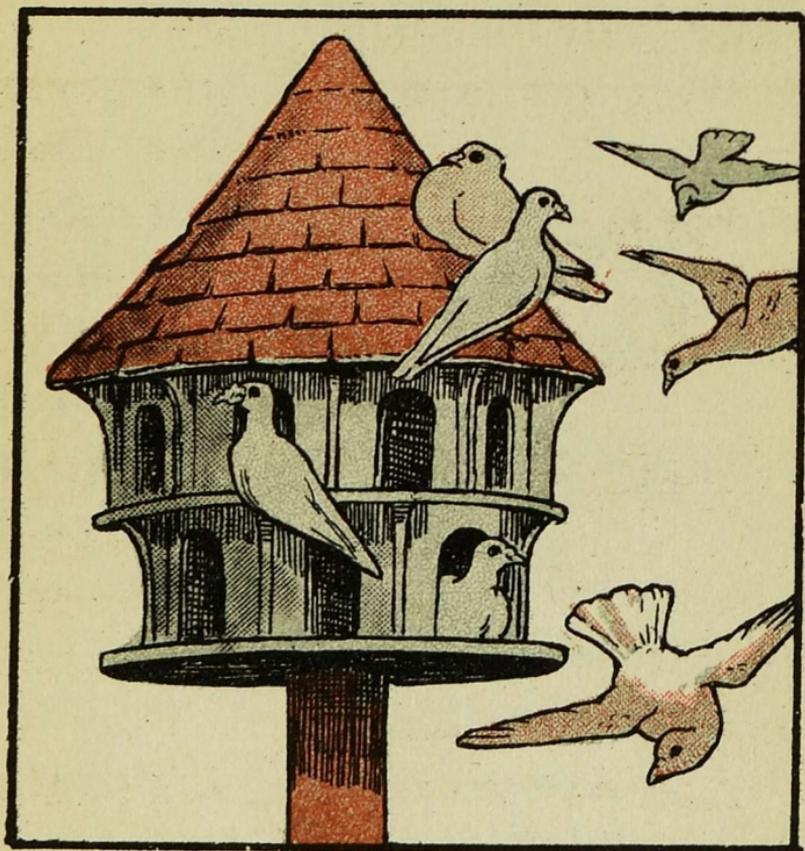
You've left out the horse."



Rover.

Bob (who was big) did not

wait for me to answer, but said :

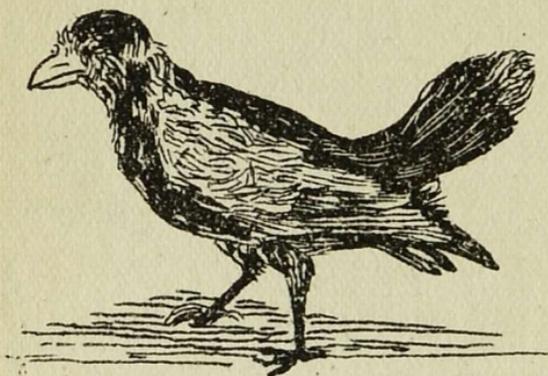


Pigeons round the Dovecot.

“You can’t say what the

horses say, so of course he didn't write it down."

Well, perhaps Bob was right



Rook.

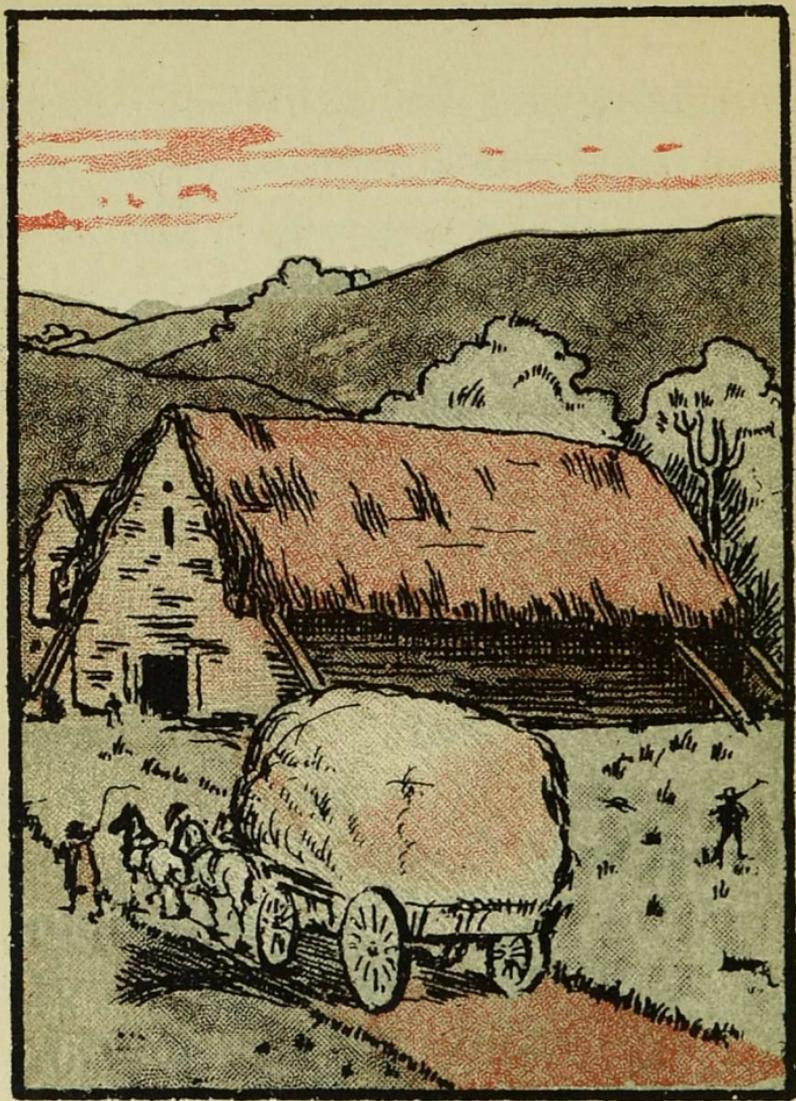
after all,
for I can't.

We say
that a
horse
neighs or
whinnies,
but we

find it very difficult to imitate his way of talking.

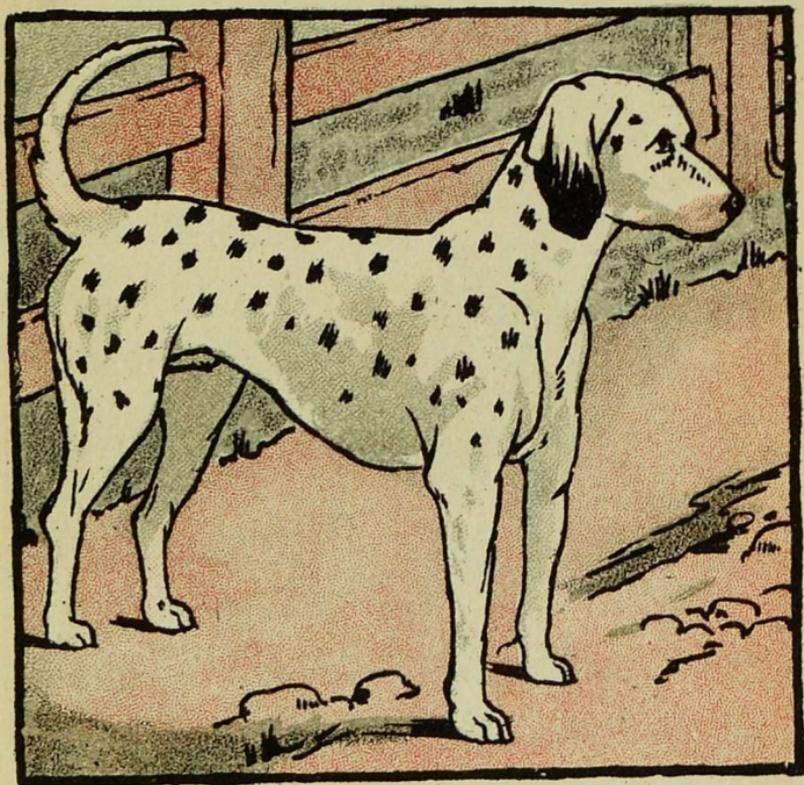
And now to tell you about the farm which we went to see. A puffing railway train took us a long way in the country, through

woods and hills, until we came to a quiet little station with only a few houses near it. The farm house was not very far away, and so we walked along a foot-path across the fields where we saw a large number of big black birds called rooks, who were busy looking about for grubs in one field, and in the next was tall grass. When we got across the field, where there were such numbers of pretty flowers growing in the grass, we came into a lane, in which we found a cart coming along loaded up high with hay, which was being car-



Cart loaded with Hay.

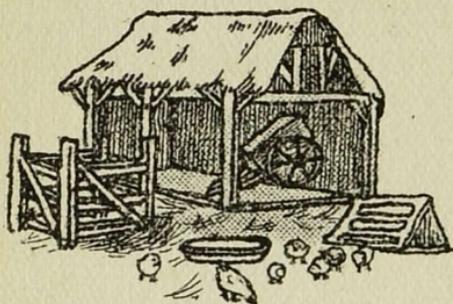
ried from the field where it had been cut and dried to near the



The Dalmatian Dog.

farm where it was being built into great hay-stacks.

Crossing the lane we came to a gate which was at the beginning of our friend's farm, and there, coming up the road to meet us, was a big Dalmatian dog all covered



Cart Shed.

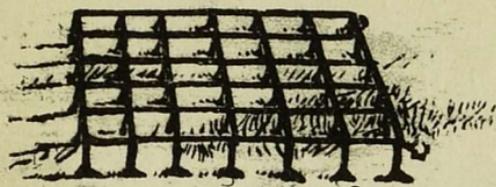
with black spots, which we called a "plum pudding" dog. Mary was at first fright-

ened by Mr. Spotty, but he knew me, so did not bark at us, and he and the children were soon great friends, and went running off together down

the lane that leads to the farm-house. We could see some sheds ahead of us, and Dick wanted to know if they were Mr. Farmer's house, which made the others laugh, for when we got nearer they found it was a funny sort of wooden shed in which the carts are put to keep them from getting wet when they are not being used. Near it we saw a harrow, which is used for breaking the soil small after it has been ploughed.

Sylvie was very delighted at finding near the shed a lot of small fluffy chickens running

about, and would have liked to stay and play with them, only when



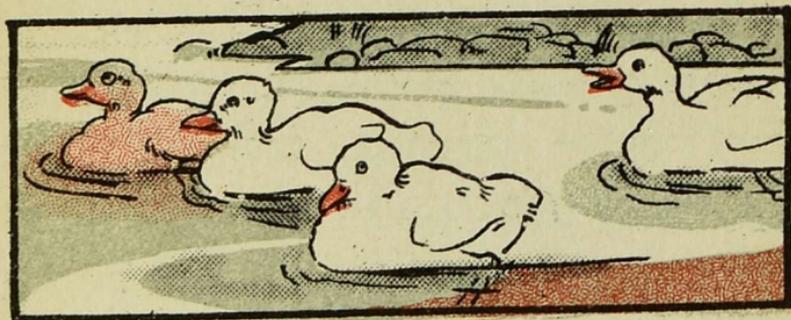
Harrow

she went near, the mother hen spread out her wings

and called "cluck, cluck, cluck," and all the little chicks ran under her wings, and then poked their little heads out through the feathers in a comical fashion. Just beyond the shed we found a pond with more yellow fluffy babies swimming about on it, and Mary called out:

“See the chickens swimming in the water.”

“Those are not chickens,” said Sylvie, “they are baby ducks.”



Ducklings.

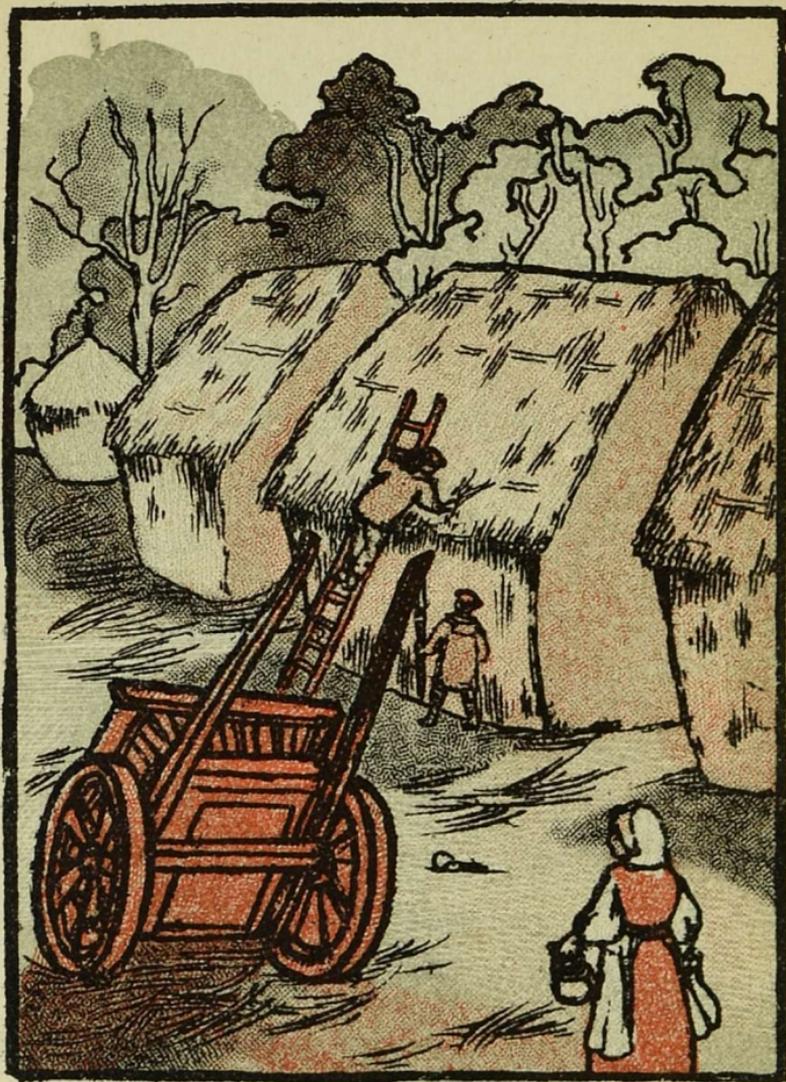
“They are duck’s chickens then,” said Mary, wisely, and I had to tell her that they were, and that we called them ducklings.

Soon Bob, who had gone on

in front of us, came running back to say that he had seen where the men were building the hay-stacks, and we went on to the yard where the great piles of hay and straw, called stacks or ricks, were standing, and new ones were being built. The fresh hay that had only just been dried, and which was being brought along, piled high, on such waggons as the one that we met in the lane, had a pleasant smell.

We watched the men for some time as they tossed great bundles of hay on long-handled forks from

the waggon to the half-built stack, where other men were tossing it about and treading it down evenly, so that it should stand square. When the stacks are finished, they are made quite narrow up at the top, and then another man who is called a thatcher comes along with long yellow straw, which he fixes as a roof all over the top of the stack, fastening it down with string and long sticks. Then when the weather is wet the rain runs down off the straw roof to the ground, and the hay is kept sweet and dry ready for the

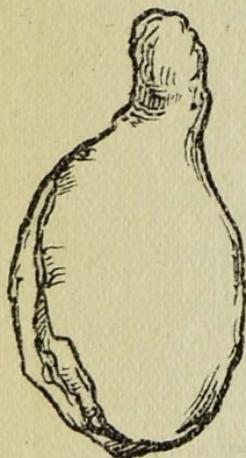


Hay-stacks

horses and cows to eat in the winter.

The children had soon stayed

here long enough, for they wanted to see some of the farm work in which they could "help," and we went on towards the



Ham.



Rope of Onions.

house, but not before we had had some fun with a little fat puppy dog which belonged to the thatcher, and which was sitting on the ground and

looking at his master as if he



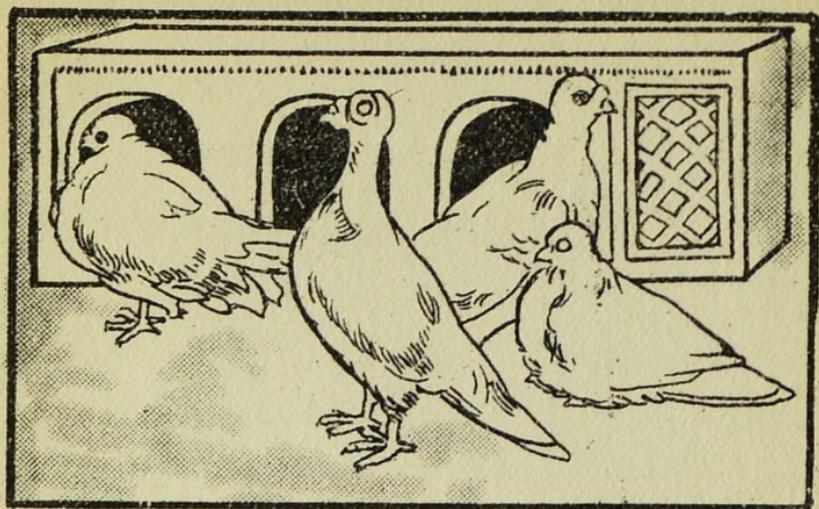
A little Puppy Dog
wanted to be sure that the work

was being done properly. Soon after we had left the stack-yard we met Mr. Farmer, who welcomed us to his place, and told the children that they might run anywhere they liked and see everything they wanted to. At last we got to the farmhouse itself, and found more fluffy chickens and



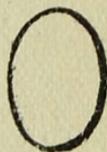
Mr. "Farmer."

ducklings on the grass in front of it, and just a peep beyond of the wonders of the farm-yard itself. In the big farm kitchen, with its great open fireplace, with the hams hanging from the beams, and ropes of onions on the wall, the children got a first glance at farm life, which made Bob whisper to me at once that he had made up his mind "he would like to be a farmer."

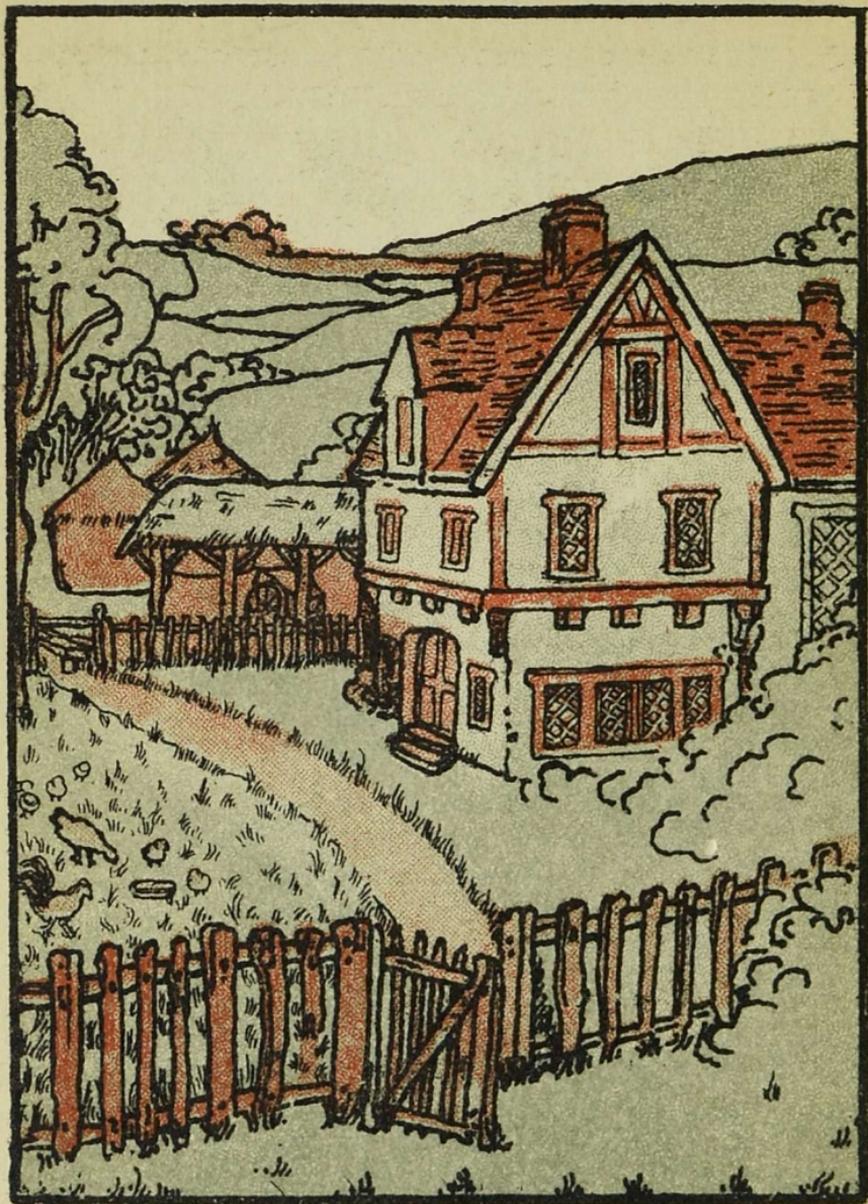


IN. AND ABOUT THE FARMYARD.

EACH hour of every day at the farm showed something fresh to the delighted children, who soon made friends with everybody there, and with most of the

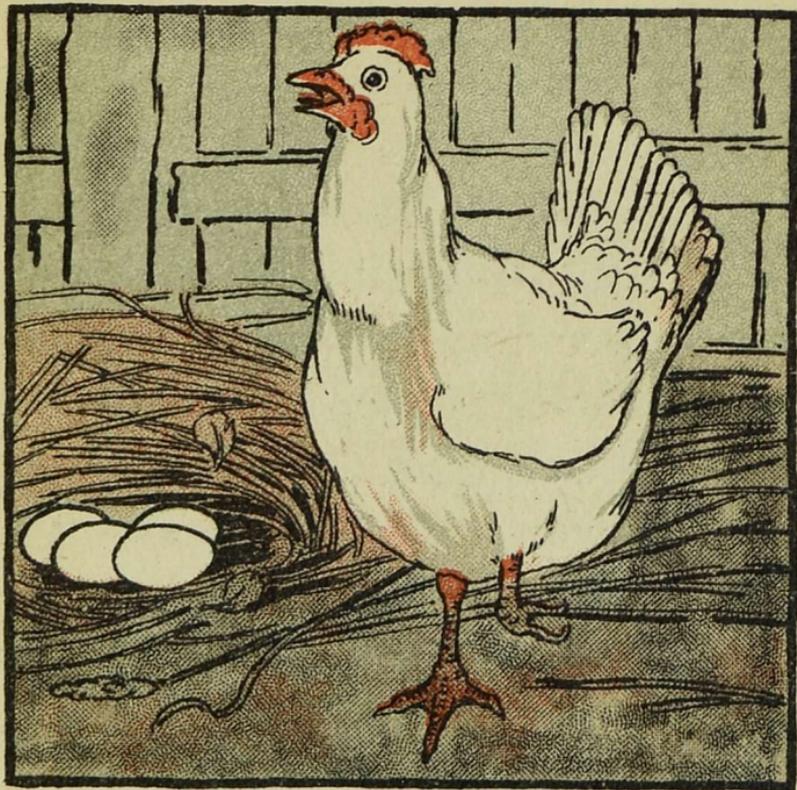


Egg.



The Farm-house.

animals and birds. They would be up as early as they wakened, but



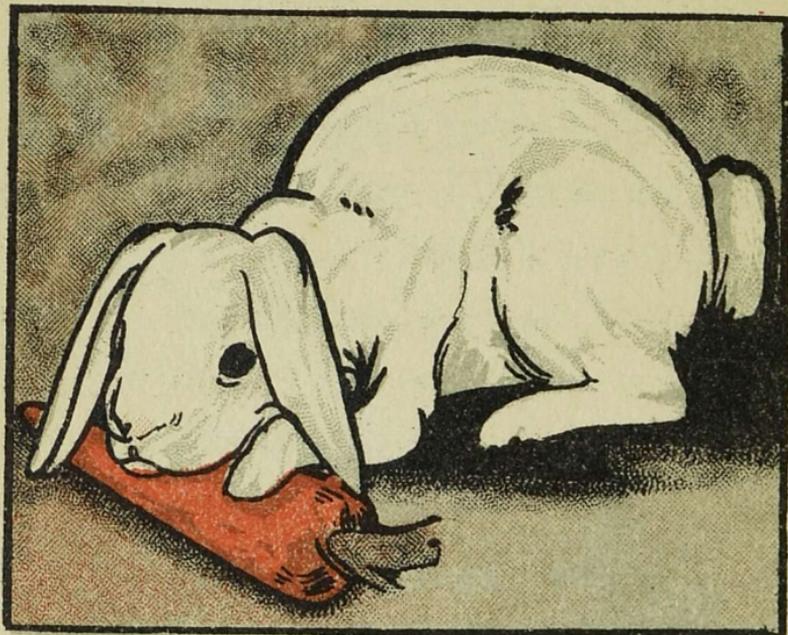
The Hen.

however early they were about, they always found that the farm

men were still earlier. It was a great delight to scamper off into the hen-house and the barn to fetch new-laid eggs for breakfast, and to hunt in out-of-the-way corners where some of the cunning hens had made their nests. But however cunning the hens might be in finding secret places for their eggs, they used to make such a noise, "caw-caw-caw-ca-a-a-aw," as they came away after laying an egg, our little friends soon knew where they were to be found. Then, too, Bob and Dick would try to help the men who were feeding

the animals, from the long-legged young calf, or "baby cow" as Mary called it, to the great big cart horse, and soon by themselves the boys would feed some rabbits which were kept in a big hutch in one of the out-buildings. They used to collect an armful of thistles and dandelions and clover and other green stuffs, which, as they soon learned, the rabbits liked, and then they would go and scatter corn and peas for the pigeons, which very soon would perch on their arms and peck the grain from their hands. We were all fond of these beautiful

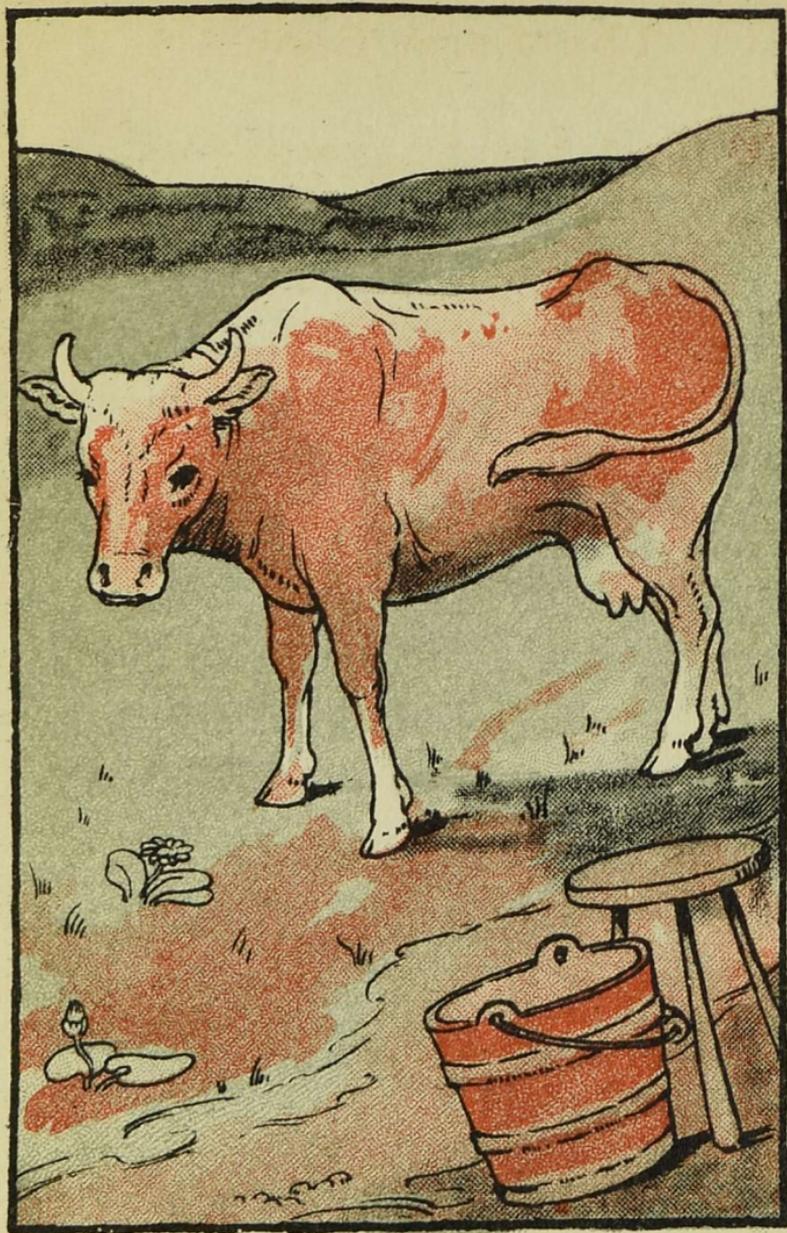
birds, and much amused by the



Rabbit.

tall pouter pigeons, with their puffed out breasts.

Sylvie and Mary, who made it their business to look after the



Cow

eggs, used to go round with Sue, who carried quite a big basket, while they had smaller ones, which they used to fill with the eggs. After breakfast they spent the morning in the barns and lofts and climbing into all sorts of places. They would help turn the handle of the chaff-cutting machine, the sharp blades of which cut the hay up into tiny bits, which were to be mixed with oats and beans and other things, and put in the nose-bags to be taken out into the fields with the horses, for them to eat. Then, too, they helped with another sort of

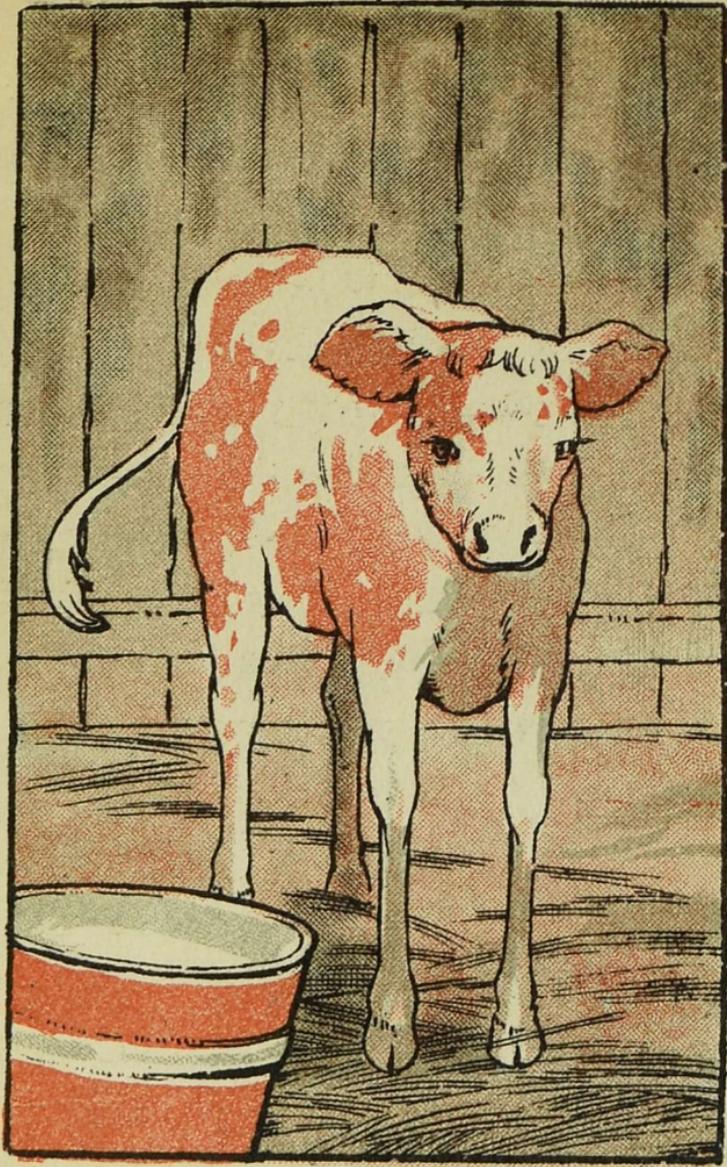
machine for cutting up turnips and swedes ; or they would go off with Mrs. Farmer to the hen-house to see if a fresh brood of chickens was hatching out, and great was the joy of them all when they were told that they might help in carrying the basket in which ten fluffy little chickens were crying "peep, peep," at being taken from their warm nest to the coop on the grass. A great noise was made by the poor mother-hen, too, as Mrs. Farmer carried her along by the legs, for she did not know what was being done to her little ones. Soon we got them to

their new home, and the old hen



Pigeons.

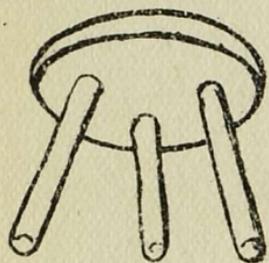
was clucking in the coop and the chicks were running in and out be-



Calf.

tween the bars, while one bold one opened its beak and ran after a butterfly, which was flitting near.

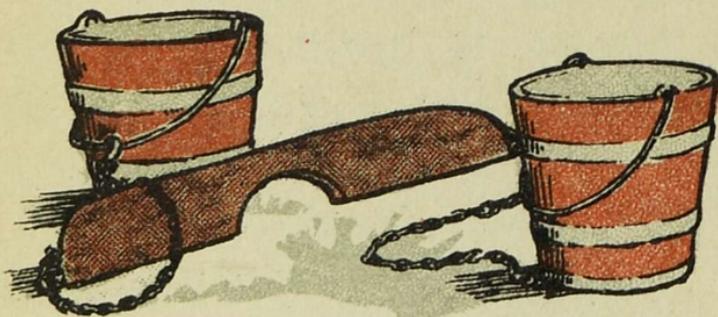
All the little children tried their hands at milking the cows,



Milking Stool.

but found that they could not do it, although it looked so very easy—and was very easy to Sue, who laughed at their efforts. There was much amusement, too, when Dick tumbled backwards off the stool because the cow with the crumpled horn which he was trying to milk, switched her tail

round at him! Then, when the pails were full of the frothy white milk, the children tried to carry them back to the dairy, but



Yoke and Milk-pails.

found that they could not even lift one of them off the ground, while Sue carried two pails at once, swung on a wooden yoke

which rested across her shoulders.

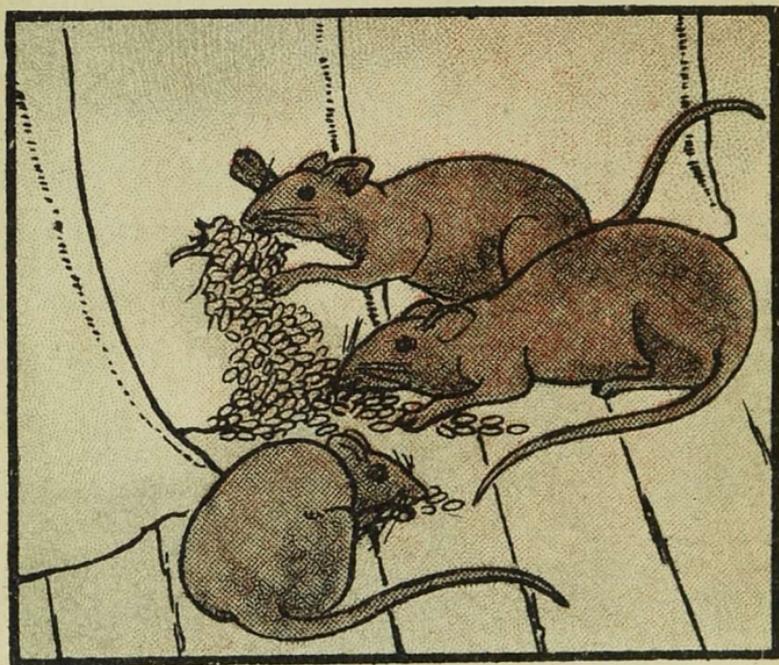
Sylvie and Mary having seen the milking of the cows, wanted also to see how it was that milk was turned into butter, so they went and spent a morning in the dairy with Mrs. Farmer and Sue.

In the dairy sweet and cool,
Rows of pans are brimming,
While their creamy surfaces
Mrs. Farmer's skimming.

In the dairy sweet and cool
Sue's a handle turning,
Little children stand and watch
While the butter's churning.

Bob and Dick went with their sisters, but soon tired of watching the skimming and churning (though they did *not* tire of the spoonful of thick cream which Mrs. Farmer gave them), and they came running out into the farm-yard where they had left me and asked if I would take them up into the barn, as they wanted to see if we could find any rats. We went through many of the buildings, creeping about quietly on tip-toe, and saw quite a number of little mice scampering away down their holes; but it was a long time before we found

any rats, though we did at last get just a look at three of them



Mice.

nibbling a sack of corn that was standing on the floor of one of

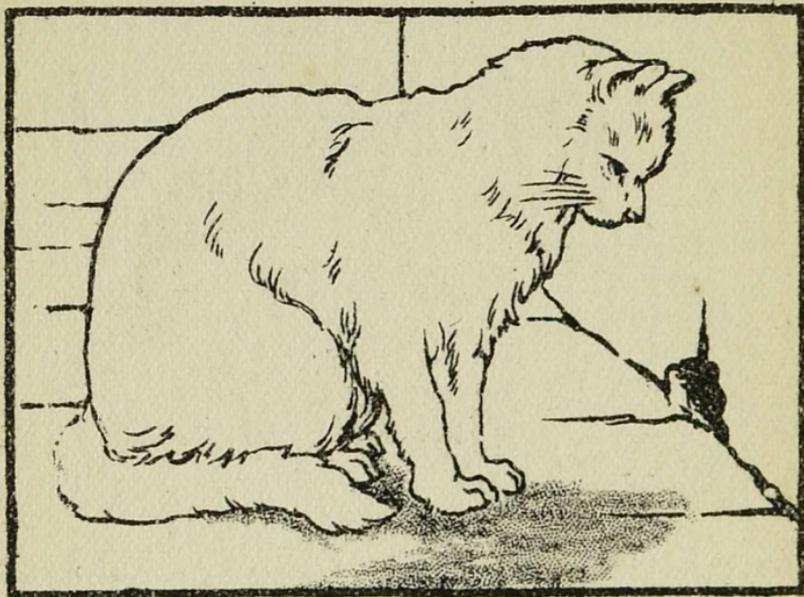
the sheds. The rats soon heard us, and quickly scampered away.



Rats.

As we were going back we met Jack, one of the farm men, with

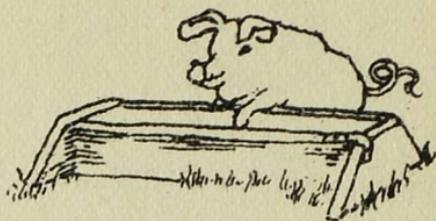
a dead rat which the cat had killed, and then we saw Pussy



Pussy.

herself watching at a hole as though she expected a mouse or rat to come out and be killed.

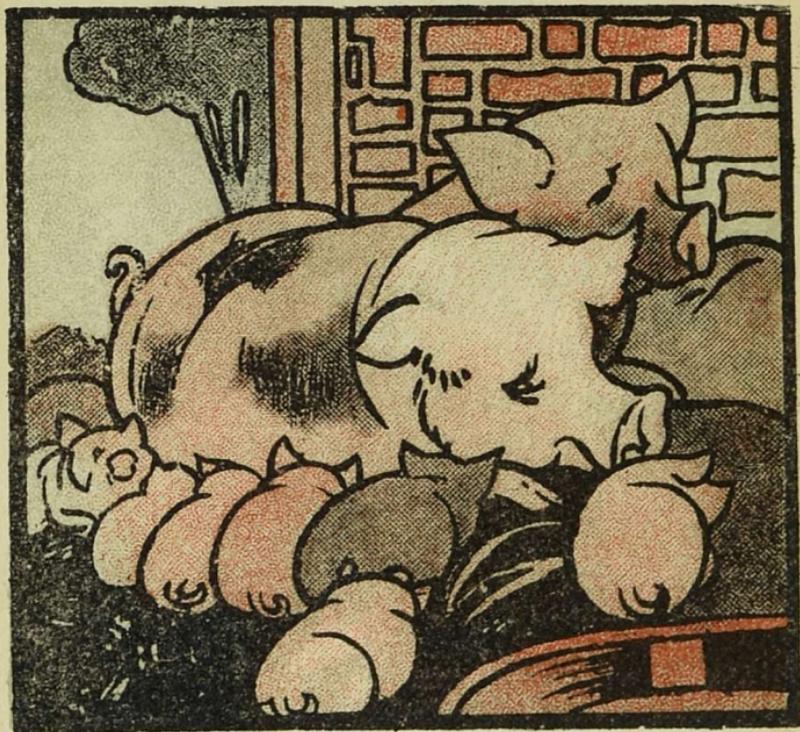
When we again went into the yard we heard a great squalling and squeaking, and Bob cried out excitedly that it was the pigs which were just about to be fed, and off he and Dick ran towards the pig-sties.



Pig and Trough.

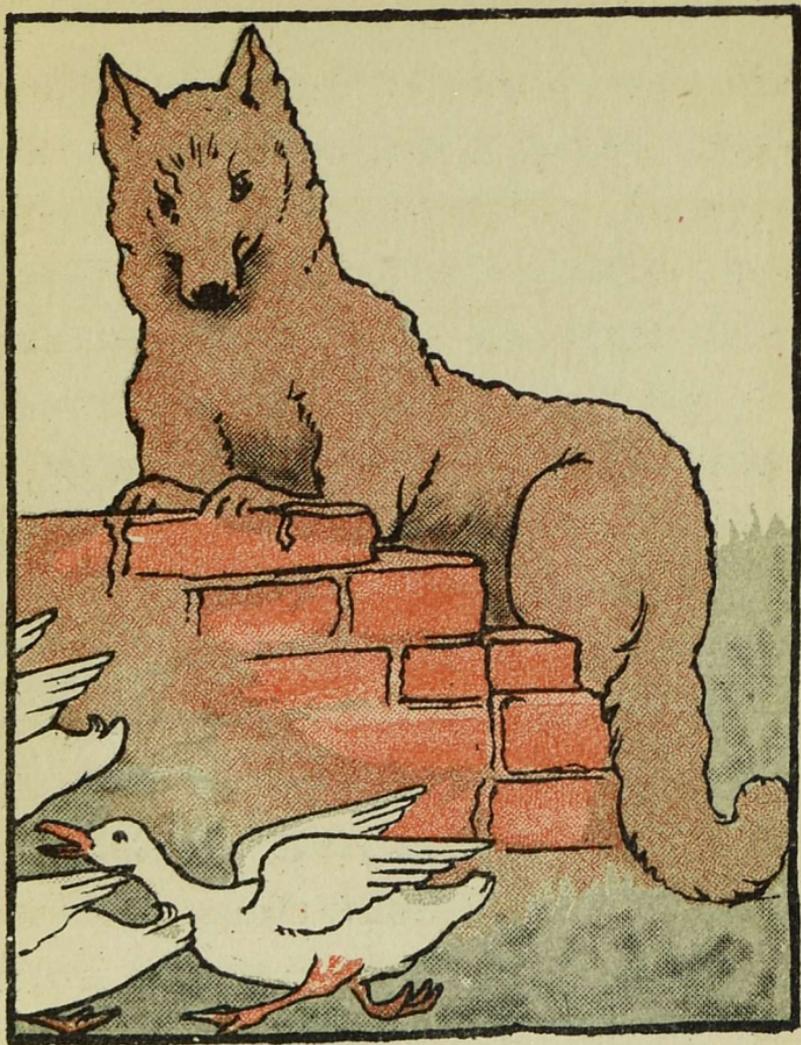
When they got there they found the pigs pushing each other from the trough, each wanting to be the first to get his nose into the food which was being emptied there. When the

trough was full there was then such a noise of sucking as the



Pigs.

pigs pushed their snouts in and drank up the meal and water.



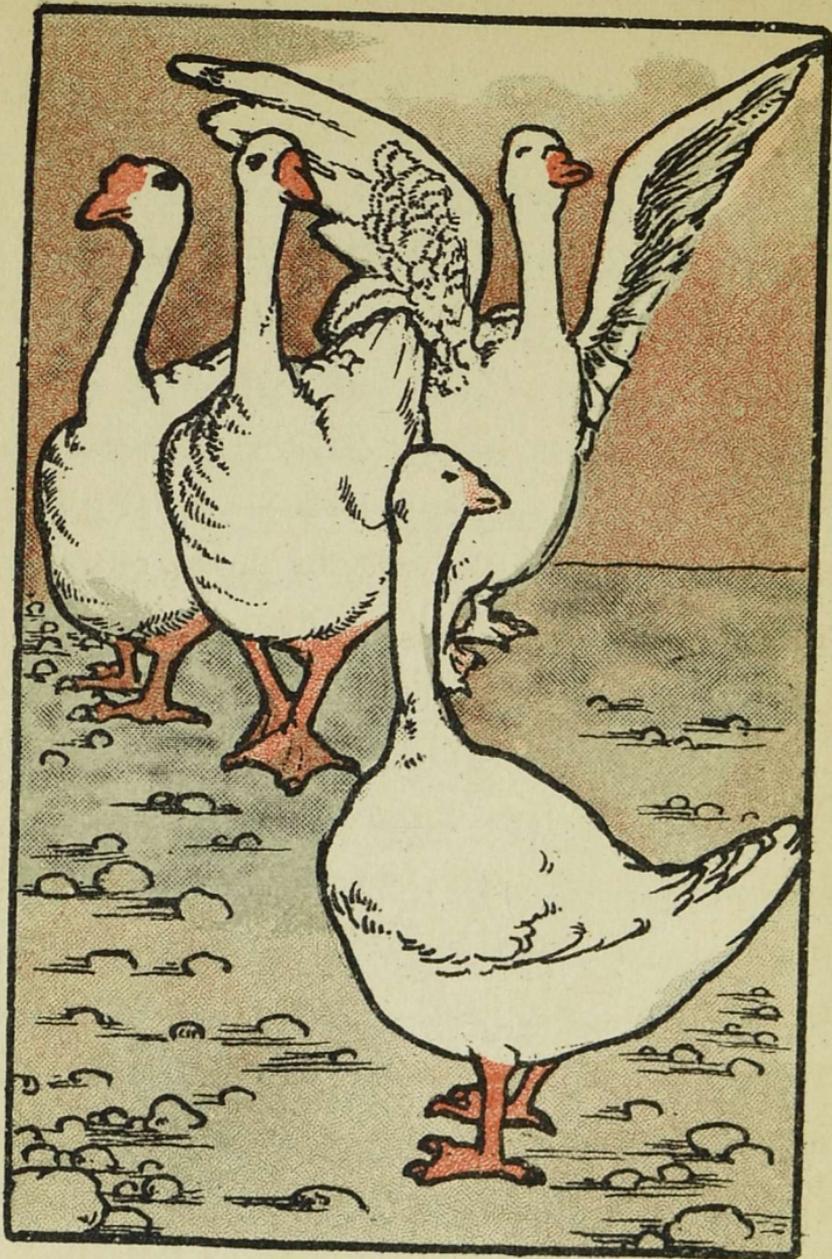
Fox.

All the pigs in this first sty were half-grown ones, and we were all quite excited when the boy who was feeding them said that in the furthest sty we should find a big litter of baby pigs. We did: such a crying and squeaking family with funny little curly tails, all lying about their great, fat mother.

Bob was quite excited when the boy who had been feeding the pigs told us that a big fox had been seen near the farm the night before, having come from the thick wood a mile or so away. The fox had come hop-

ing to catch one of Mr. Farmer's ducks, but the ducks had flown quack - quack - quacking away to a place of safety, and one of the men coming along had frightened the fox, who had to go home to his den without any supper, unless he caught a wild rabbit on his way back.

While we were hearing about the fox Dick had slipped away, and we were just wondering where he had gone, when there was a loud scream from the other side of the yard, and there stood poor little Dick shouting for help because an old turkey cock,



Geese.

with his wings drooped down, his tail spread out like a great fan, and with his fleshy face all scarlet, was strutting near him. We drove off the turkey cock, and Dick was soon all right again, though he never could get over his dislike to the fierce-looking old turkey, while little Mary did not mind him a bit, but would run after him as soon as she would after the little chickens. What *she* did not like was the geese when they stretched out their necks and hissed as she went by.

One morning the children

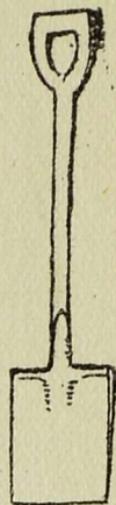
tried to clear up a corner of the yard, sweeping and shovelling the loose straw and rubbish into



Birch Broom.

little heaps, which Bob wheeled off in a small wheelbarrow to the great heap which, at the end of the year, the farmer would have carted off and spread over his fields as manure. They had been busy like this for quite a long time, when Sue called Sylvie and Mary off to the dairy to see the butter-making, which they never liked to miss, and then Mr.

Farmer came along to the two little boys and asked if they would like to go with Jack to the village blacksmith's. You may be sure that Bob left the wheelbarrow, and Dick dropped his spade, and off they went after Jack. They found him standing at the gate of a field calling to a great thick-legged cart-horse which came slowly up to him.



Spade.

“Now, my little masters,” said Jack, “how would you like to have a ride?”

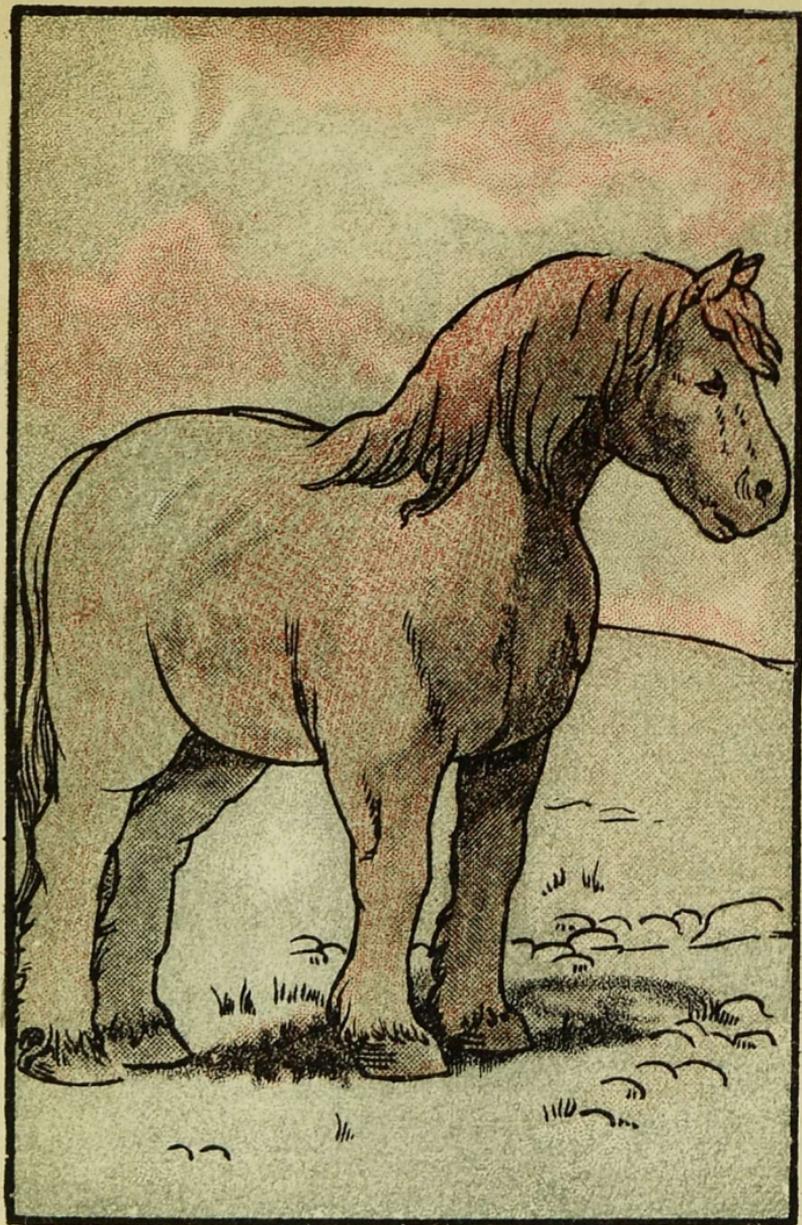
Of course, both Bob and Dick said they would, and so Mr. Carter lifted them up on to the horse's back, fastened a rope halter on him, and started off. The boys



Fork.

were very pleased at having such a ride, although they did not at first feel quite safe. But Dobbin was a steady old horse, and went along very quietly, so that they were not at all frightened.

When Bob and Dick got to the smithy, there were all sorts of things to look at while



Dobbin

Mr. Smith was putting on Dobbin's new shoes. They watched the fierce flames on the forge as the bellows blew them up and made the iron red hot, and then they saw the smith take his long pincers from a pan of water and pick up the iron and put it on the anvil while he hammered it into the proper shape, and all around they saw bits of iron of all shapes and sizes, and in the corner a great heap of old horse shoes, "enough to bring luck to everybody, he should think," as Bob said when he got back to the farm. The boys thought

In and about the Farmyard. 63

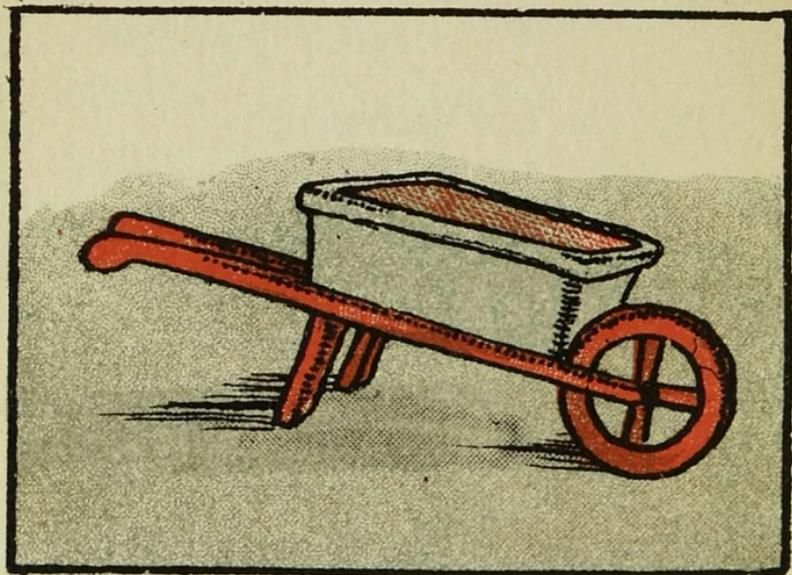
that they would never tire of being in the smithy and watching Mr. Smith and his men at work.

See the fire flaming ;
Hear the bellows roar ;
See the sparks all flying
And falling on the floor.

See the red-hot iron
On the anvil glow,
See the blacksmith strike it
Heavy blow on blow.

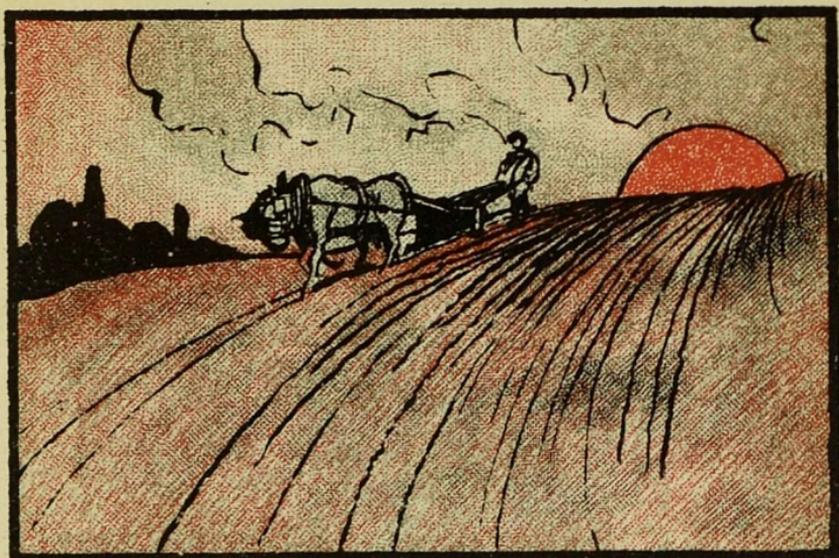
When Dobbin was shod the
boys rode back again to the

farm in high glee, and had much to tell their sisters of all the



Wheelbarrow.

wonderful things that they had seen in Mr. Smith's place.



OUT AND ABOUT IN THE FIELDS.

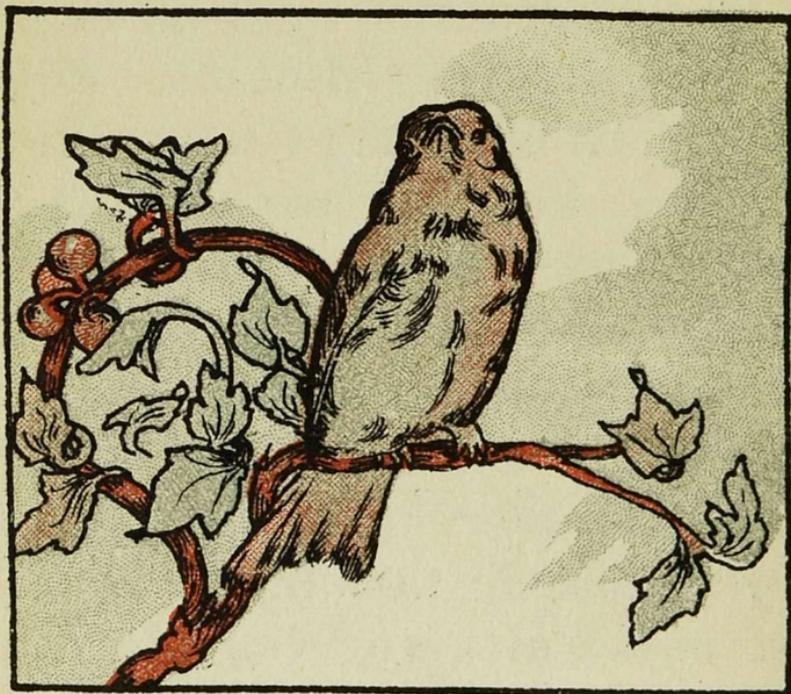
It was not only in the farm-
yard and buildings about it
that my little folks found much
to amuse and interest them;

every day they went out into the fields and meadows, the lanes and copses around the farm where we were staying. Everywhere there was something to please us, and we got quite to look for a pretty Robin Red-breast near the gate through which we passed from the yard out into the farm lands beyond. There the robin was, nearly always, perched on a branch sticking above the hedge as though to welcome us out among the birds and flowers.

And the robin was only one of the many birds which we saw,

and which the children soon knew, both by the colours of their feathers and by their cries or songs. The blackbird with his yellow beak, and the speckled thrush, both of which sang sweetly each day from among the shrubs near the farm-house, were favourites of all, but the little tom-tits, the chaffinch with his bright feathers and his cry of "ping-ping," the big cuckoo, the brown lark who went singing up to the sky, all delighted us in turn, and we used to be very pleased each day that we found a new bird in the neighbourhood.

We got to the farm for our happy stay there on a day in



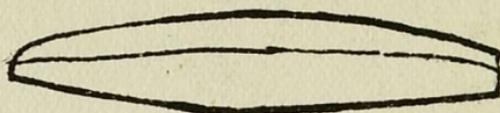
Robin.

June when the hay was being cut, and so, perhaps, I should say something of what we saw



Hay-cutting.

in the hayfield. The day after we arrived Mr. Farmer said he would cut the hay in the field through which we had passed on our way from the station, and where we had seen hundreds and

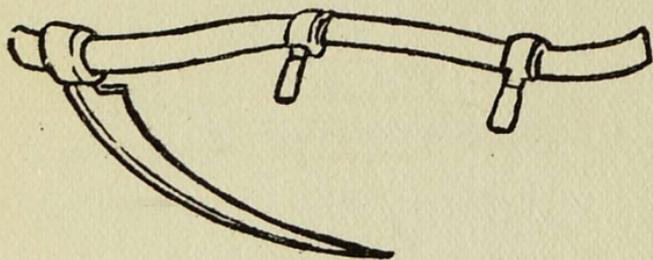


Whetstone.

hundreds of large white ox-eye or marguerite daisies.

Off we went, then, to look at the haymakers. We saw the men cutting the grass with their

great, sharp knives fixed in long bent handles, which we call scythes. We watched them sharpen their scythes on the whet-stones—how pleasantly it sounded. Each swing of the



Scythe.

scythe added much more grass to the row or swathe already down, and as the cutters moved on the men who followed with their

long-handled, two-pronged forks, tossed, or teded, the grass lightly about and scattered it thinly over the ground, that it might be dried quickly by the bright sunshine and the pleasant breeze. Then, as it dried, the



Hay Rake

men and women drew it into long broad rows called windrows, and later, when it was quite dry, it was made up into little heaps called hay-cocks, and then when

the waggon came along, a man stuck the two points of his long-handled fork into each heap, and tossed it on to the load ready to be taken off and built into the stack. When the heaps have gone the big wooden rakes are used to comb the grass so that all the little loose bits of hay are collected together and not lost, and these are made up into heaps and carted off as well.

Of course, Bob and Sylvie and Dick and Mary all had a great



Pitchfork.

deal of fun in the hayfield. They tried to do everything except cut the grass, for they were too young to hold the heavy and curious-looking scythes. They raked and teded the hay, and made up little hay-cocks of their own and knocked them down again, and threw the sweet-smelling stuff at one another, and got no end of fun out of it.

Sharpen the scythe and swing it low,
So—and so—and so—and so.

See the grass as the mowers go,
And all the flowers that with it grow
Fall to the earth in a heavy row.

Out and about in the Fields. 75

Then toss the grass with the fork, you
know,

So—and so—and so—and so.

Tedding it lightly out like this,

That wind may whisper and sun may
kiss,

Till grass becomes hay as the hours
go.

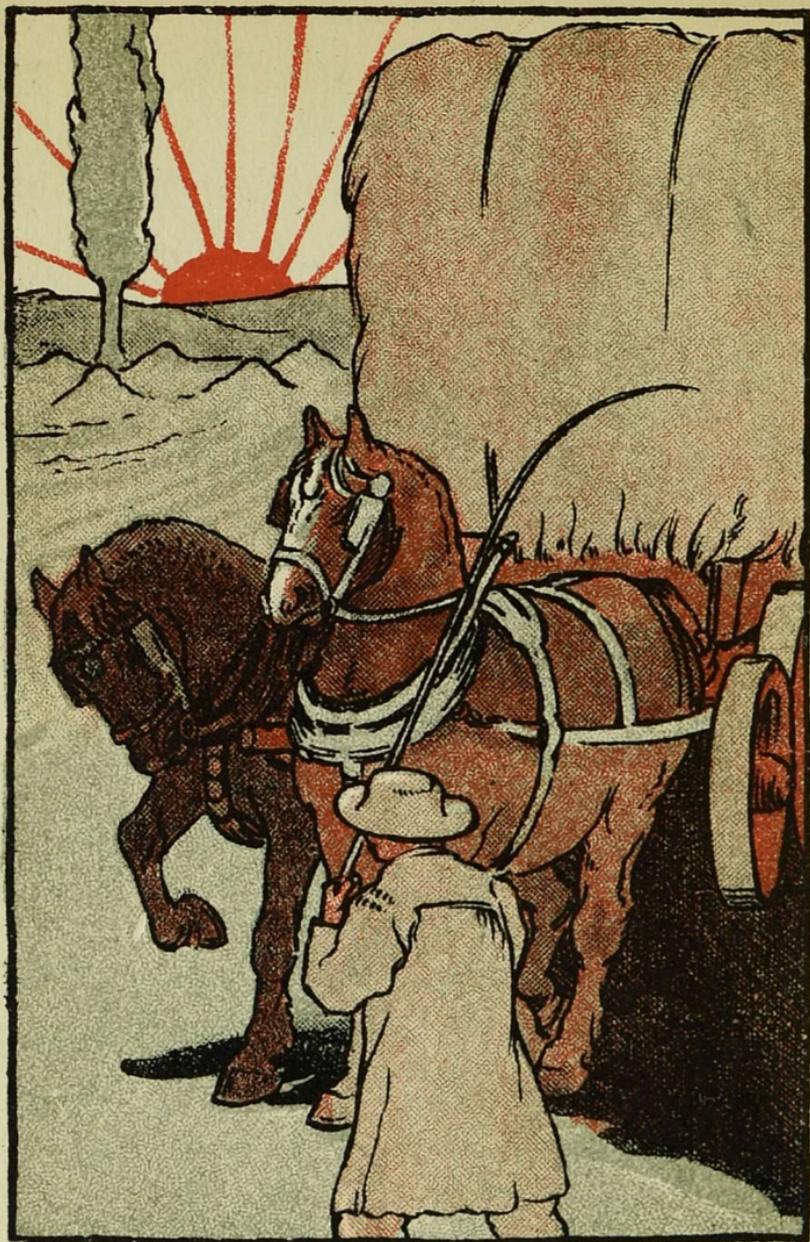
And then with the wooden rake we
go.

So—and so—and so—and so.

Raking the hay up into line,

Where the wind may blow and the
sun may shine,

Till the harvest's ripe to the stack to
go.



Hay-cart.

Out and about in the Fields. 77

And then with the hay-forks to and fro.
So—and so—and so—and so.

Heaping the dry and beautiful hay
Up into cocks that the loaders may
Up in the cart with their pitch-forks
throw.

And then for a ride on the cart we go,
So—and so—and so—and so.

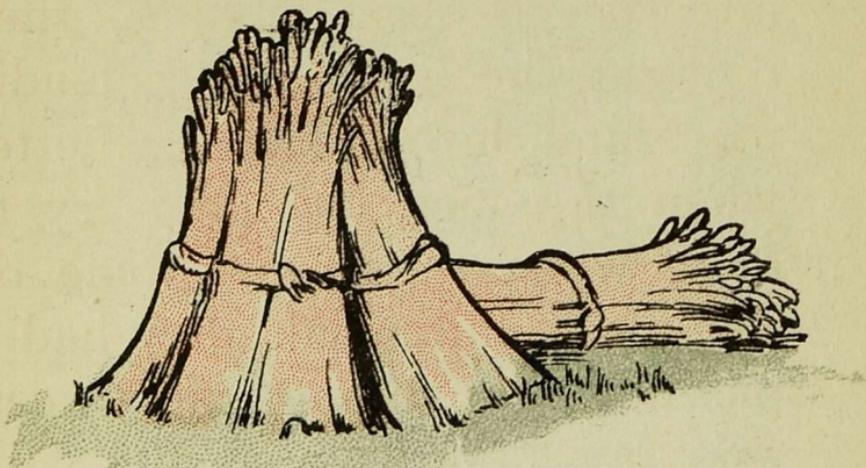
Lying half hid in the sweet-smelling
load,
Away from the field and along up
the road,
Where tree branches touch and the
breezes blow.

Every part of the haymaking
was a great pleasure. When the
children followed close behind

the mowers, and picked out the beautiful white daisies and the sweet red clover, and made them into posies and chains, they thought the hayfield a splendid place, and they liked it even better when the men let them try to help, when they rode home on the load, and when they had a pic-nic tea among the sweet-smelling hay-cocks.

It is not only in the hayfields that so pleasant a time is to be spent, for as we passed through the large cornfields, where a path through the fresh green wheat and oats and barley made quite

a lane for the little ones, who found many pretty wild flowers growing about the roots of the



Shock and Stook of Wheat.

corn—the tiny pansy flowers of heartsease, the little orange-red blooms of the pimpernel, the bright blue of the ragged chicory, or the pink of the trim-

looking corn-cockle. Here, as I told them, in the later summer would be a busy scene, when the green of the corn had turned to a golden yellow, and the harvest was ripe. The men who had been busy with their scythes in the hay would come with shorter blades, bent half-round, and in a short handle. These are called sickles, and bending the corn from them with the hands or with a hooked stick, the men



Barley.

would cut off the stems close to the ground, and the corn would fall in long rows. Other men and women coming along would take great armfuls and tie them round the middle into shocks, which would afterwards be "stoked" together in bunches of half a dozen.

Bob wanted to know how it was that we could tell wheat and oats and barley from one another, and as it is easier to show the differences than to tell



Oat.

of them we went off into the fields until we found some of each, and we picked an ear apiece and compared them. And that you may be able to know them when you go out into the cornfields here are pictures of them for you.

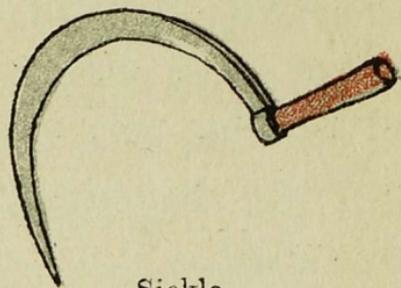


Wheat.

A cornfield does not offer so much fun as a hayfield to little visitors, because, when it has been cut, the stiff ends of the stems which are left in the ground—and which are called

the stubble—are not pleasant to walk on. There is, however, plenty of fun when the harvest is over, and the last load of wheat is carted to the farm; then the waggon is

decorated and the people sing songs of “harvest home,” and the farmer



Sickle.

gives a supper to the men who have helped him to cut and carry his corn safely to the stack. Later on a big machine will come and be fixed up near the farm, and

the corn shocks or bundles will be untied and the corn passed through the machine so that all the grain or seeds will be knocked out of the ears, and the straw will be tied up in fresh bundles for use as beds for the cows and horses and for other purposes, while the grain will be put up in sacks and sent off to the mill.

There were other fields that we had to visit besides those where the hay and the corn were grown, and into one of these we were drawn by Dick, who, having crawled through a gap in the

hedge, came back in great excitement, saying :

“ Oh, there is *such* a funny little animal over there.”

I suggested that it might be a mouse.

“ No, it isn't, as if I didn't know a mouse,” said Master Dick, indignantly.

“ Well then let us go and see; if you have not frightened it away.”

We all had to get through the hedge, which I am afraid Mr. Farmer would not have liked, as gaps are ugly. When we got through, we found that

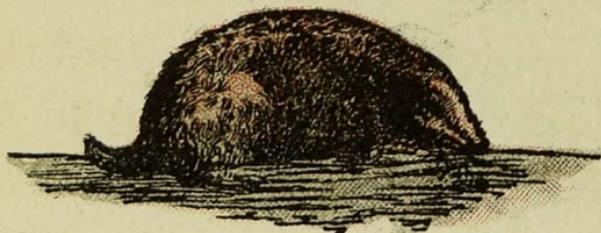
we were in a field of mangel-wurzels (or "mangels,") and going quietly along the hedge, soon saw the animal which Dick had found. It was a mole; the



Mangel-Wurzel.

soft furry animal that burrows along in the earth in little tunnels which he makes, and eats worms, beetles and grubs. We were all very pleased to see the mole, though he soon got away under the turnip leaves and would in a few minutes get into a hole again. Bob told

us that he had seen one or two dead moles about, the farm men having to catch them because they disturb the ground so much,



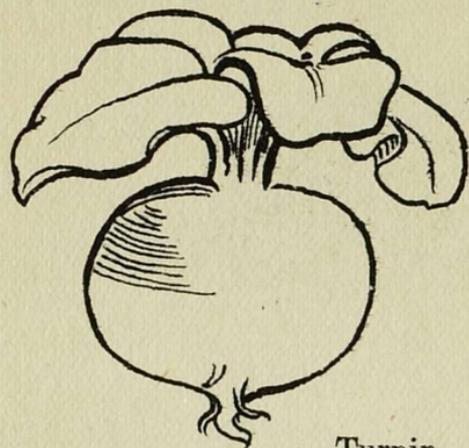
Mole.

and destroy the roots of the crops.

“There’s a big turnip!” called out one of the children, pointing to a very fine root as we got to the stile in the corner of the field.

“You think that that is

very like a turnip, I dare say, but these are not turnips at all in this field," I had to point out. "See,



Turnip.

in the next field are some turnips, and if you look at the different roots, and pick a leaf of

each, and compare them, you will see how different they are."

The roots were at once seen to be different in colour and in shape, and so also were the leaves.

“What are they, then?”

They are mangel-wurzels, and are commonly called mangels; and are very like the beetroot which we have in our salads, though yellow instead of red in colour, while the field turnip and swede turnip are more like our garden turnip. Wait until you have seen them both in flower, and then you will never mistake a mangel for a turnip. The mangel has a flower like the beetroot or like spinach, while the turnip flower is like that of cabbage or mustard.



THE FOUR SEASONS ON THE FARM.

The children, of whose visit to a farm I have told you something in this little book, went there in summer time when the flowers were blooming, the birds singing, the trees covered with green leaves, and everything looking bright and sunny. But those children who have lived on a farm all the year round, know that sometimes things are very

different, and I will therefore tell you, in just a few pages, of some of the work which has to be done during the different seasons of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.

First comes Spring, when the leaves
get green

On the boughs which were bare,
When day by day more flowers are
seen,

And bird-songs fill the air.

Then it is that work on the farm gets busier after the quiet winter times. Some of the corn which was sown in the autumn begins to show green over the fields, and

Mr. Farmer and his men fasten a pair of horses to a heavy roller, which is dragged over the corn-field, to bend the young green stems down and make the plants "tiller" as the farmer calls it, that is, make three or four stems sprout up where there might have been only one. Then, too, there are fields to be harrowed, the roughly ploughed clods of earth being broken up by the iron teeth of the harrow, and perhaps some late ploughing has to be done where turnips or mangels have been eaten by the sheep, and on a bright day it is

pleasant to watch a team of two, three, or four great horses pulling the plough, the bright "share" of which digs up the shiny earth and turns it over in long lines the whole length of the field. A small sturdy boy walks by the horses' heads to guide them straight, and a strong man holds the handles of the plough and presses them enough to keep the point of the "share" well in the earth. It is very hard work.

Sowing, too, has to be done. Sometimes the seed is carried in a big apron tied round a man's waist from which he takes the

seed in handfuls and scatters it over the land, and sometimes it is dropped from a cart made for the purpose. When it is sown some of the birds, too, while hunting for worms and grubs will pick up the seed and eat it and so spoil Mr. Farmer's crop. To frighten the birds small boys go shouting up and down the edges of the field or shaking great noisy, wooden rattles, and in the middle of some of the fields sticks are put up with an old hat on top and an old coat to make the birds think it is a man. This is called a scare-crow.

In the Spring, too, the little lambs begin to appear in the fields; funny white creatures with long legs and twisting tails. Little chickens and ducklings and goslings, too, begin to be seen about the farm, and everybody gets very busy looking after all the young animals and birds, and getting ready for the next two busy seasons.

Next, Summer, bright with many
flowers

In every colour drest,
With days of long, sunshiny hours,
Young birds in every nest.



Scare-crow.

Of Summer life on the farm most children will know something more, for it is then that they like to go and spend their holidays at the farmhouse. It was in the summer that Bob and Dick, and Sylvie and Mary, went with me to visit Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, so that we need not say much about the work on the farm then, for we have seen something of it in the earlier pages of this little book, when we were looking at the haymakers at work, and wandering about the farmyard and buildings. This is the season when the hay has to be

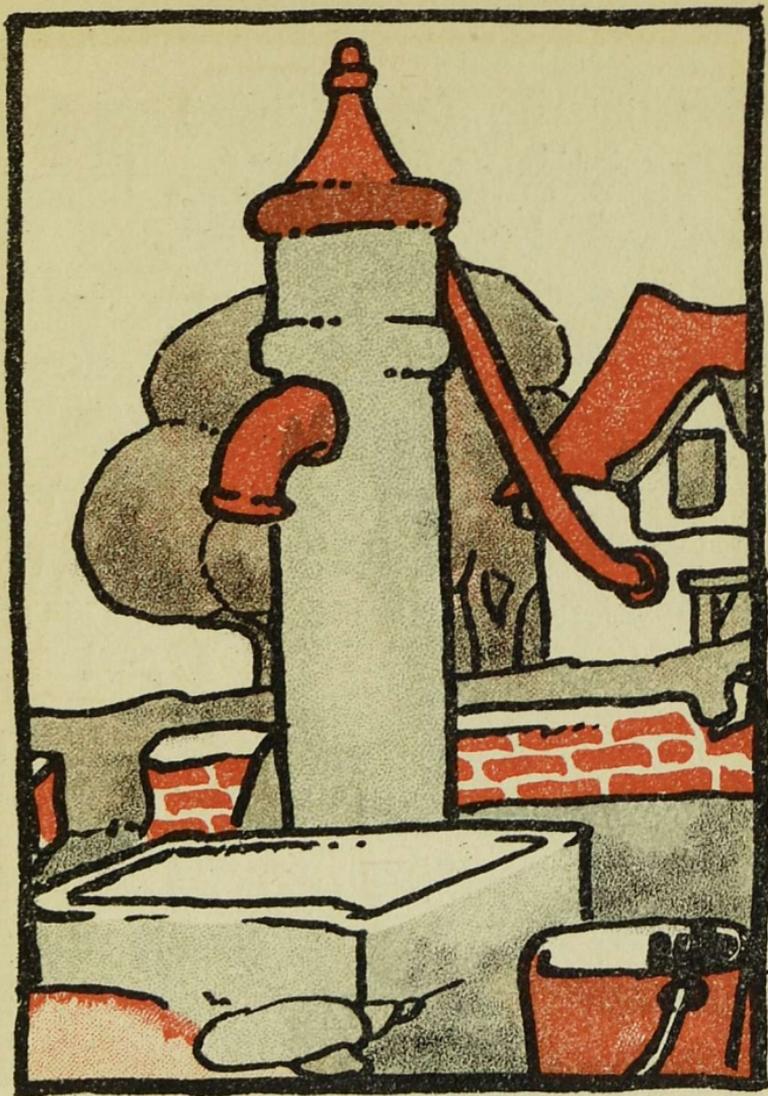
cut and dried, carted and stacked and covered with a thatch to keep it dry for use when there is no fresh green grass for the cattle and horses, and Mr. Farmer and his men are kept busy from morning to night looking after the animals and doing the hay-making as well. There are now many young lambs growing up and they have to be looked after, and the old sheep have to be shorn, that is, to have the thick wool cut off their backs, so that they are kept cooler during the hot weather, and so that the wool may be taken away and

made into warm clothing for us for the winter time, when the sheep will have grown new coats or fleeces, to keep themselves warm.

There are young calves, too, to be looked after, as well as the cows to be driven out to their pasture and back to the cowsheds at milking time, besides all the young things which Mrs. Farmer cares for. Yes, Summer on the farm is a bright and busy time. And if the days are *very* hot and dry, although it is good for the hay, it makes even more work for the men, who have to carry



Mrs. "Farmer."



The Great Old Pump.

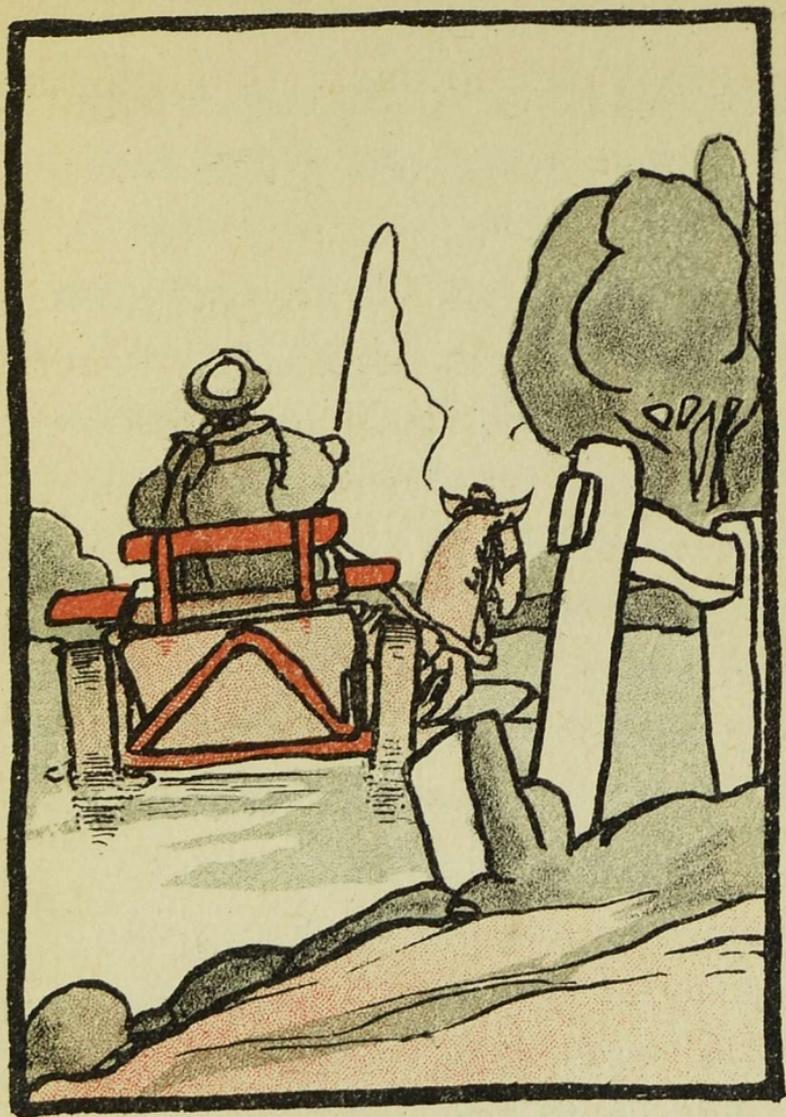
water to the young animals and to the cattle in the sheds. Sometimes this has to be pumped up from the great old pump which stands in a corner of the farm-yard, and has a stone trough in front of it into which the water falls, and from which the animals in the yard can drink. Bob (who was big) used to stand on the edge of the trough and pump the handle up and down until he had got out some water for the fowls, and it was a funny sight which always pleased the children, to see the cocks and hens and even some of the young

chickens, who were only just beginning to grow some feathers, run to the trough, and standing in a row along its edge, dip their beaks into the water, and then lift their heads high up in the air, so that the water could trickle down their throats. Near the farm gate, out on the road, is a pond, where we saw the little ducklings when we first got to the farm, and the horses and cows used to be driven into this when they came home from the fields, and when Mr. Farmer or his men were going out driving, they often used to make the

horses pull the cart through the pond.

Then Autumn, with the ripened corn
Which stands in golden sheaves,
When each bright day has misty morn,
Red-gold the woodland leaves.

In early autumn we have the pleasant harvest time when the corn is cut—oats, barley, and wheat, and carted to the stack yard, and built up into stacks, to keep it dry until the time comes for threshing out the grain. And now again it is a busy time with the farmer-folk, for the harvest has to be cut, dried, and carried



Driving across the Pond

as quickly as it may be while the days are hot. Another autumn delight is to be had at those nice old farms which have large orchards near them where we can go and help in gathering the fruit; the country lanes about our farms, too, are pleasant places at this season of the year, when blackberries and nuts are ripening on the hedges, and the waysides are still bright with flowers.

Last, Winter when the flowers sleep,
And leaves fall from the trees,
When snow on all the fields is deep,
And ponds and rivers freeze.

Winter, on the farm, is a time when there is not so much to do, for if there are hard frosts and plenty of snow there is no work to be done out in the fields, except to cart out manure on to them from the farm-yard. But at the beginning of this season before frost has made the ground hard there is a lot of ploughing to be done so that the land may be ready for the seeds in Spring. Some seed is sown now, to rest in the earth all the winter and begin sprouting up as soon as the warmer days begin. Many of the fields are left with the earth

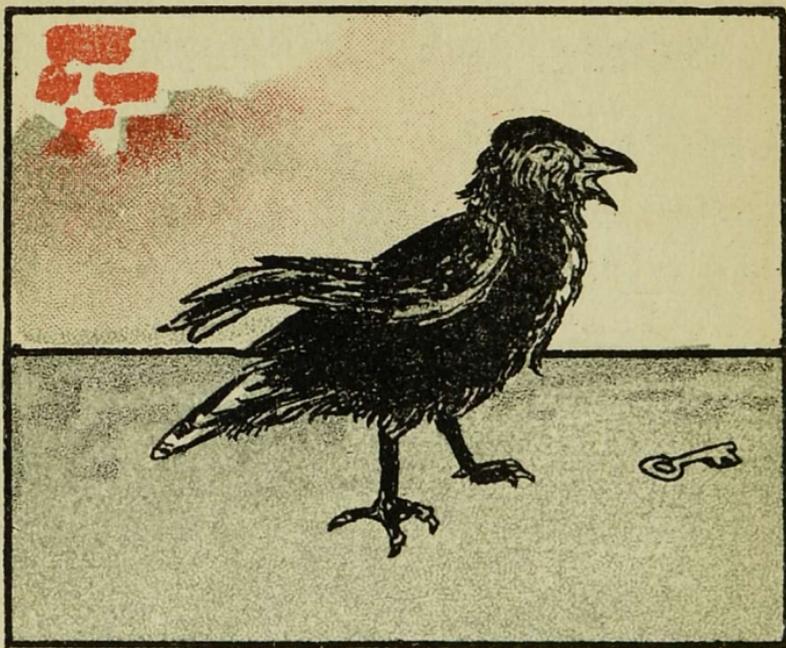
in the long ridges made by the plough, for Mr. Farmer knows that the frost and snow does the earth good.

In the farm-yard Winter is made busy because so much food has to be given to the animals, which, at other times of the year, can get this food in the green fields. Hay stacks have to be cut, and the hay made into trusses ; then, too, hay has to be cut up into chaff to mix with corn for the horses, mangolds and swedes have to be cut up also for the cattle, so that even in Winter nobody on a farm should be idle.

SOME FARM PETS.

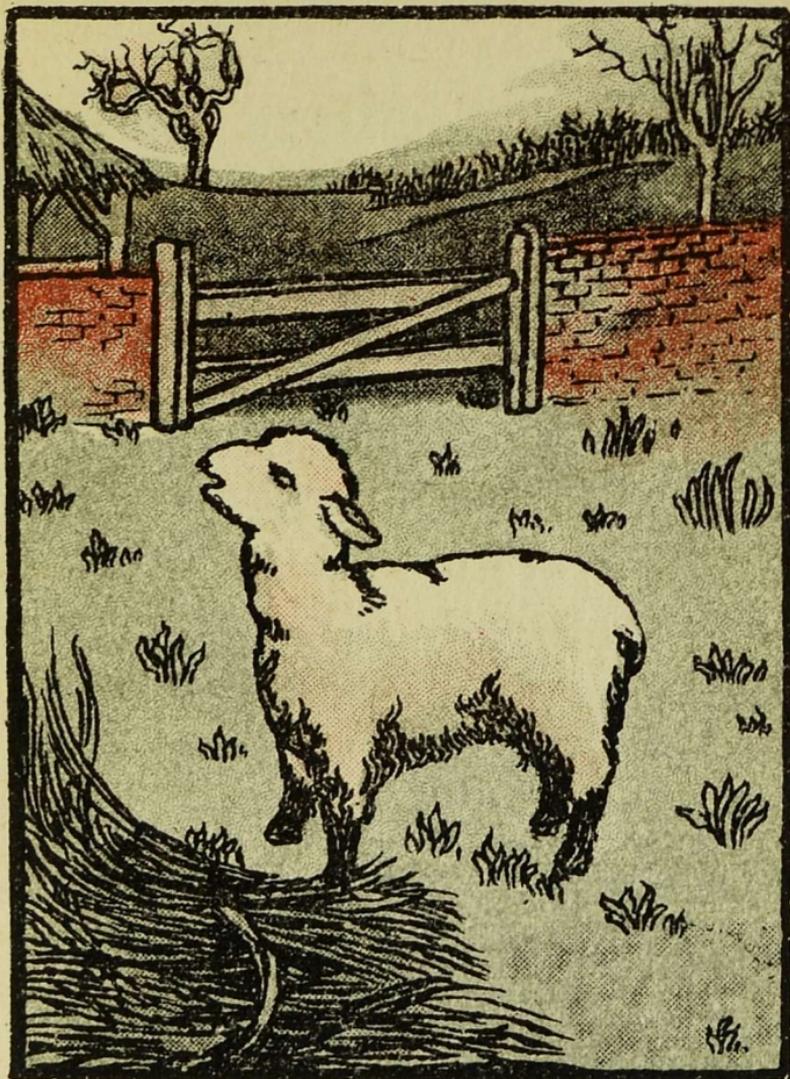
BESIDES all the many birds and animals about a farm—the horses and cows, the sheep and pigs, the dogs and cats, the turkeys and fowls, geese, ducks and pigeons, there are generally some special pets belonging to the people in Mr. Farmer's house. Mr. Farmer has his own horse on which he rides, and which knows him, while Mrs. Farmer has quite a number of special pets on the bit of grass in front

of her sitting-room window, and when we stay at a farm, we often



Jackdaw.

pick out a pet which we look upon as our *very* own while we are there.



Sylvie's Lamb.

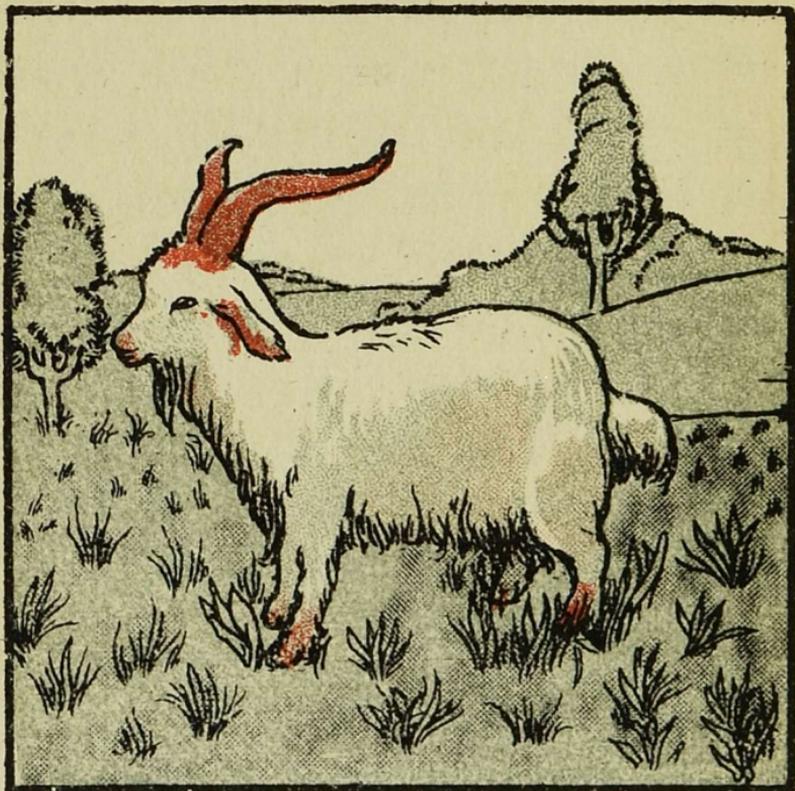
Sylvie and Mary, Bob and Dick, all found pets on the very first day. Bob (who was big) called the tame jackdaw, which hopped about wherever it liked, *his*, and used to have great fun in hunting about the yard and the farm buildings for Coaly, as he was called. One day there was quite a lot of excitement because the key of the harness room could not be found when Mr. Farmer wanted to go to the market. Everybody was set hunting everywhere, and at last Bob found it up in a loft, with Coaly looking as much as to say,

“How careless you people are,” and just as if he had not carried it up there himself.

Sylvie's pet was a little lamb that had no mother, which was left to run about where it liked. The children used to feed it and play with it until it became tame enough to follow them all over the place, just like the little lamb in the nursery story-book which followed Mary to school one day.

Dick looked upon the long-haired goat as his, and made it nearly as tame as Sylvie's lamb, only it was not let follow them

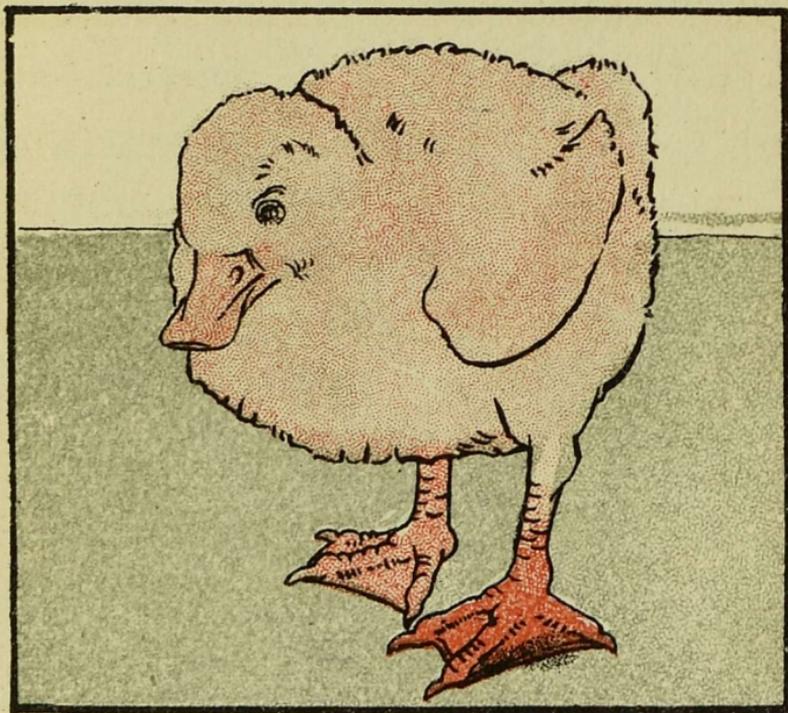
about in the same way because it was so very mischievous.



The Long-haired Goat.

Mary was such a very little

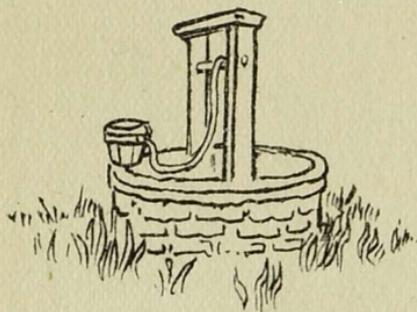
girl that she was quite spoilt by everybody, and she was given



Mary's Duckling.

two pets. Mr. Farmer gave her a duckling which had tumbled

into the well and was pulled up in a bucket of water. Mary called him "Little Ducky," but he was a very big little duck as you can see. Her other pet, which was



Well.

given to her by Mrs. Farmer, was a dear little canary who had a large cage to himself,

and used to sing sweetly to us every time while we were having our meals; Dicky Bird, as he was called, was so much liked by us all, that I promised the children

before we left the farm that I would write a song about him, and here it is.

O Richard Ornithos is a beautiful bird,
Of a lovely golden hue,
Who journeyed all way down
From distant London town
To sing sweetly to me and you.

O, the baby's little canary
Hangs in his cage so airy,
And sings the little song that
he's been taught.

For his name is Richard Ornithos,
His name is Richard Ornithos,
His name is Richard Ornithos,
Or Dicky Bird for short.

When the baby she says "Ah!" he
replies "Twee-twee!"

This intelligent Richard O.,
Who lives, he does indeed,
On variety of seed,
As you all of you very well know.

O, the baby's little canary,
Hangs in his cage so airy,
And sings the little song that
he's been taught.

For his name is Richard Ornithos,
His name is Richard Ornithos,
His name is Richard Ornithos,
Or Dicky Bird for short.

His cage it hangs high up in the parlour
window,
Where he sings his sweet little song,



Sylvie.

In the winter with "tweet-tweet,"
He sings it short and sweet,
In the summer it is sweet and long.

O, the baby's little canary
Hangs in his cage so airy,
And sings the little song that
he's been taught.

For his name is Richard Ornithos,
His name is Richard Ornithos,
His name is Richard Ornithos,
Or Dicky Bird for short.

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