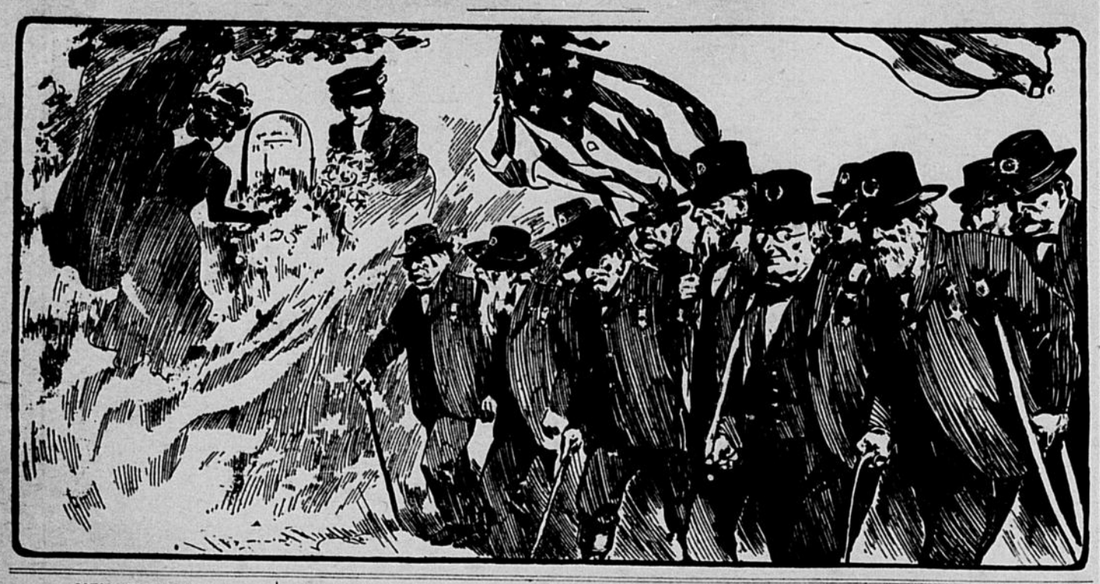
"CHEERS FOR THE LIVING; TEARS FOR THE DEAD.



MEMORIAL DAY.

O'er the breadth of a great republic,
From ocean to ocean borne,
Wherever the stars of her banner
Gleam out to the light of morn;
From the depths of her grain-sown valleys,
The steeples of her wooded hills,
In the song of her wind-swept prairies,
The rhyme of her peaceful rills,
Comes the noiseless tramp of an army,
Shadowy, silent and gray—
An army, though vanished its legions,
Yet lives in our hearts to-day.

To the men who from field and forum
Uprose at the country's cry,
Their lives, if their need, for the honor,
Their honor for her to die;
Who, seising the gun for the plowshare,
And grasping the sword for the pen,
Went forth an army of patriots,
Of noble and free-born men;
'Tis to these a hand of a nation
Its tribute of love will pay,
Decorr the grave of a soldier
Shall hallow its toll to-day.

Not with branches of yew nor cypress,
But with roses and blossoms sweet;
With amaranth and laurel above them,
And heart's-ease fair at their feet,
While softer than winds of the summer,
And sweeter than roses bloom,
Are the memories and love which gather
And brighten each silent tomb;
And though Time in his march triumphant
Bends all to his final sway,
Yet the touch of the Great Eternal
Is nearer than he to-day.

O'er these graves where all strife is ended,
Where the past and its memories lie,
Rise the grateful hearts of the people
In prayer to the Lord Most High
For the hope of a prosperous future,
The gracious gift of His hand;
For a great and united nation,
A free and a fruitful land;
For his angel of Peace, whose pinions
Stretch over that land to-day;
For the love that clasperh as brothers
The hands of the blue and gray.
—Woman's Home Companion.

THE HEART OF MEMORIAL DAY.

"I really wish," said Mrs. Maxwell to her daughter Belle, "that you would be more polite to Mr. Curry."

"I suppose, mother," replied Belle, with the independence of a true American girl, "that I could be polite to a horse or a cow, if there was anything in particular to be gained by it. Now please tell me why I should try to be polite to that sarcastic, cold, heartless creature, Leander Curry."

"Why, Belle, you ought to know. He is worth a quarter of a million."

"Indeed! I'm glad, then, that he's got one recommendation. I don't know of another."

The widow sighed and looked rather distressfully at her handsome but plain-spoken daughter.

"Belle Maxwell," she said, "more and more every day do you grow like your poor father. He was just so proud-spirited—just so independent."

"I'm glad to hear it, ma! I hope I may always deserve to be spoken of in that way. To be the daughter of one of the heroes who fell at Chickamauga, fighting for the Union and the old flag, and to resemble him as I grow up—I think that is glory enough for a poor girl like me. Poor, dear father!—how well I remember how fine he looked in his major's uniform when he took me up and kissed me, as he went back from his leave of absence, just before that battle! I was only a little thing; but the recollection will never be blotted out from my memory."

Such a reminiscence as this very naturally set good Mrs. Maxwell crying, and for a moment the subject of their conversation was forgotten. It was brought up again by the ring of the door bell.

"That's his ring," said Mrs. Maxwell, hurriedly drying her eyes. "Now do try and treat him well. Just think what a chance it would be for you, Belle! I know he likes you."

This was rather more than the widow had said yet to her daughter on the subject. She was a good-hearted woman, but the prospect of having Mr. Curry for a son-in-law had rather upset her usually level head. She had made a great many plans in secret, based on that desirable event. The death of her husband in the war had left her poor, with nothing to rely on but her daughter's musical abilities, the exercise of which now gave the two a very comfortable support. Belle was a good girl, as well as handsome and clever, and cheerfully labored for her mother and herself. She was probably as happy in her independence and in the love of her work and her home as any girl in the city. Some years having passed since the fall of Major Maxwell among the country's heroes, the widow's grief had become blunted, and she, too, was enjoying a certain happiness. That is, she had been, until the advent of Mr. Curry and his marked attentions to her daughter threw the good woman into a flutter of excitement and anticipation. Nothing is so disturbing to the average person as a remote and uncertain prospect of wealth; and the truth is in this case that Mrs. Maxwell lay awake the greater portion of several nights, speculating about what would happen when Belle would become the rich Mrs. Curry.

The young lady herself was not in the least disturbed by any such prospect. The man was positively disagreeable to her. He was gentlemanly in his ways, cold and unemotional; one to whom generous impulses were strangers. He was devoted to the care of the large fortune that had been left him by his late uncle, a great war contractor, and was constantly looking out for chances to swell it by speculation. This was the last man that might naturally be expected to fall in love. But "beauty draws us by a single hair," and the first sight of Belle Maxwell effectually did the business for Leander Curry. He had been prevailed upon, against his custom, to buy a ticket for a charity concert, in which "home talent" was largely to be represented. The gem of the evening proved to be a song by Miss Belle Maxwell, which was heartily applauded and encored. The grace and beauty, as well as the pure, sweet voice of the singer, made a deep impression upon the vast audience, and they actually struck some sparks from Mr. Curry's flinty heart. He came, saw, heard—and was conquered. He became a frequent caller at the humble Maxwell home; and this condition of things had been in progress for some months at the time that our sketch opens.

All this time we have left Mr. Curry standing at the door, while our necessary explanation has been made. He might still be standing there, for all Miss Maxwell would do to admit him; and the widow, seeing Belle's perfect indifference, answered the ring herself, in a great state of vexation. She presently returned with the caller, who saluted the young lady, receiving a distant return.

Mr. Curry was practical, at least, and never wasted time. The particular object of his call was made known before he had taken a seat.

"Miss Maxwell, I have lately bought a pair of fine trotters, and have not yet had them out on a long ride. I am going over to Ridgford to-morrow, and I should be pleased to have you accompany me. It is a business trip, but I think it will be a pleasant one. It will, of course, take all day."

The widow's heart leaped. Things were getting on admirably. For her daughter to be seen riding with Mr. Curry behind those trotters was almost as good as an engagement of marriage. She had never heard of his taking a lady out to drive.

The next instant Belle made a reply that gave her mother a chill.

"I am greatly obliged to you, sir; but it would be impossible for me to go to-morrow. I have promised to sing at the public Memorial Day exercises in the square."

"You should not decline on that account," the mother eagerly put in. "You can get them to excuse you. There are others that can sing. Go with Mr. Curry, by all means."

The girl looked at both her mother and the gentleman with a quiet but severe dignity. She was a dutiful child; but there are occasions when a mild reproof from child to parent is the correct thing; and it was so now.

"I shall sing at the exercises, as I promised," she said, decidedly. "Ever since the war closed, from the time I was a little girl, I have taken part in the observance of this day, and I shall do so as long as I live. You surely can't mean to advise me against it, mother?"

"No, Belle, you know I would not; but this is an unusual invitation——"

"It must be declined," was the firm interruption.

Mr. Curry was very much vexed, and was indiscreet enough to show it. He was also foolish enough to say some things in his vexation, which, while correctly representing his own narrow views, were very impolitic things to say in this house.

"I am much disappointed, Miss Maxwell, at your refusal."

She did not think it necessary to say that she too was sorry; for she was not sorry, and this was the last man on earth that she would tell a white lie to, for the sake of mere politeness.

"And I am rather surprised," he pursued, "that you should prefer such a meaningless show to a pleasant ride in the country at this charming season."

Meaningless show! The blood of her heroic sire flushed up in the girl's cheek at the words; but she kept back her temper, and kept silence.

"It has always seemed to me to be a very silly parade of false sentiment," the doomed man went on. "The soldiers enlisted as a mere matter of business; they were paid for their work; those that did took that risk at the start; the account was closed some years ago. For sensible people to get up these observances every year, to sing, and pray, and palaver, and have a great fuss with flowers over a pack of dead soldiers seems to me the very foam of folly. I wish——"

He never had the opportunity to express his wish. Belle Maxwell bounded from her chair with flashing eyes and burning face.

"Mr. Curry, such sentiments are disgraceful!" she cried. "I won't sit here and listen to them. Mother, if you get any pleasure from this man's company you may stay here and enjoy it; I must be excused."

She abruptly withdrew to her own room.

On the following day Mr. Curry drove his splendid trotters over to Ridgford alone, thinking along the way a great deal about his investments and alternating these reflections with others about the curious nature of girls.

Belle Maxwell participated in the tender and touching ceremonies of the day; and many remarked that her voice had never sounded so sweet as when she sang "They Sleep the Sweet Sleep of the Brave."

A tall young veteran walked by her side as they went to the adjoining cemetery to witness the ceremony. There was much talk between the two, in the course of which she observed that he had not called upon her lately.

"No," he said; "and I believe no man has but Mr. Curry."

"If you mention that odious man's name to me again, I'll never speak to you," she said.

The tall young veteran was very glad to hear this, and he governed himself accordingly. And he conducted himself generally in such a way toward Belle Maxwell that before another Memorial Day the two were married.

Years have elapsed since then. Nothing in our country is more common than a sudden reverse of fortune; yet such examples are always surprising. It will not astonish the reader to learn that the tall young veteran became an inventor and accumulated a great fortune by his patents; but it may occasion a mild surprise when it is stated that Mr. Curry lost every dollar in speculation, and is now earning ten dollars a week in the employ of Belle's husband. And old Mrs. Maxwell, sitting by the happy fireside of her daughter, with her grandchildren about her, has often confessed to herself that Belle's way was the best.

The Hero's Grave.

"I don't reckon as we could find it at this late day, nohow."

"Find what, Uncle Ted?"

"Jimmy Dare's grave. Jimmy Dare, the hero o' Shiloh—one o' the heroes."

"Who was he? What did he do? Tell me all about him."

"Why, la me! What's such lads as you know about war and so on. 'Twas in your father's time—yes, in your grandfather's, even.

"You seè, Jimmy an' me were chums from boyhood, an' I reckon 'bout the only thing we ever did differ in was our sweethearts; an' when the war broke out we was among the fust volunteers from our section, jined the same company, and marched days an' days together, hungry sometimes, but oftener tired an' sleepy. Oh, me, but war is dreadful! Jimmy never got back to the old home nor to his lassie, Nettie Ray; and here I am without my good right arm—a sleeve empty, an' a crippled leg besides; la, la—but we fought in a glorious cause, an' we come out victors."

"But Jimmy, Uncle Ted?"

"Jimmy? Why, that's who I'm a talkin' 'bout. Jimmy, you see, was a fair-haired boy, an' as I often fancied sort o' chicken-hearted. Shows what a fool I was, that's all.

"Jimmy, he an' me kept together for a time, went foragin', and I must say he could jist cook a chicken or turkey beautiful; he'd white hands like a woman, yes, an' curls, yellow curls.

"The battle where he fell was at Shiloh; somehow we'd got separated, an' in the midst o' that fearful slaughter I saw close to me our colonel, a man we all loved, who had a beautiful wife an' baby, as we all knew. One o' the rebs leaped forward and was jist goin' to lay out our colonel, when up flew his arm an' he fell dead from Jimmy's shot. Then other Confederates sprang at us, and we had a lively time, and we all fought like tigers. Ah, me! ah, me!"

"Was Jimmy killed then?"

"Jimmy? Oh, fust thing I knew our colonel was down, wounded in the breast, as we found afterward. Jimmy bent over him, lifted him in his arms—in his left arm, for he still fought with his right—an' he sung out to me, gay an' cheerful:

"'Cover me, Ted, the best you can. I'm takin' the colonel to his wife an' baby.'

"I tried to save him. I think they found out then the mettle in my good right arm; they'd ought, fur they shot it away in less than ten minutes.

"I begun to back out after that. I felt sort o' weak; an' as I went I wondered if Jimmy got away with the colonel. I had left the hottest o' the fray; there was just then re-enforcements, an' on I stumbled over dead an' dying' myself most dead with pain an' loss o' blood.

"As I went on slowly like, I saw a slender, boyish form, a head o' yellow curls, among which was a crimson mass, an'—an' that was Jimmy."

"Dead?"

"Oh, yes; killed by a ball, but I couldn't see the colonel nowhere. So as I went away, where my arm got a little attention, I found that the colonel had been assisted off the battlefield by his own wife an' servant, who, sure enough, was lookin' fur him.

"That's the story o' my boyhood's chum; that's the reason old maid Miss Ray never married, an' I reckon you don't wonder I wished we knew where his grave was, so we could cover it over with flowers?"

"I wish we could, Uncle Ted, but"—with a tender smile—"the heroes are not all dead. Seems to me we've got one in our own family, eh?"

"Tut, tut; I only did my duty, that's all, that's all; but Jimmy was a hero, true blue."

The Old Sword on the Wall.

Where the warm spring sunlight, streaming,
Through the window, sets it gleaming,
With a softened silver sparkle in the dim and dusky hall,
With its tassel torn and tattered,
And its blade deep-bruised and battered,
Like the veteran, scarred and weary, hangs the old sword on the wall.

None can tell its stirring story,
None can sing its deeds of glory,
None can say which cause it struck for, or from what limp hand it fell;
On the battlefield they found it,
Where the dead lay thick around it,
Friend and foe—a gory tangle—tossed and torn by shot and shell.

Who, I wonder, was its wearer,
Was its stricken soldier bearer?
Was he some proud Southern stripling, tall and straight and brave and true?
Dusky locks and lashes had he?
Or was he some Northern laddie,
Fresh and fair, with cheeks of roses, and with eyes and coat of blue?

From New England's fields of daisies,
Or from Dixie's bowered mazes,
Rode he proudly forth to conflict? What, I wonder, was his name?
Did some sister, wife or mother
Mourn a husband, son or brother,
Did some sweetheart look with longing for a love who never came?

Fruitless question! Fate forever
Keeps its secret, answering never.
But the grim old blade shall blossom on this mild Memorial Day;
I will wreathe its hilt with roses
For the soldier who reposes
Somewhere 'neath the Southern grasses in his garb of blue or gray.

May the flowers be fair above him,
May the bright buds bend and love him,
May his sleep be deep and dreamless till the last great bugle call;
And may North and South be nearer
To each other's heart and dearer,
For the memory of their heroes and the old swords on the wall.
—Saturday Evening Post.

EMERALDS ADVANCE IN VALUE.

Prices Go Up and Mining the Stones Is Again Profitable.

Colombia's emerald mines, which have not been worked since the eighteenth century, are to be re-opened and operated by a company of American and British capitalists. The mines, in the Chivor district, are practically in the same condition as they were in 1792, when they were closed by order of the King of Spain, because their operation was no longer profitable, owing to the low price of emeralds.

Colombia is a rich country and has many valuable deposits of gold, silver, and precious stones, but on account of the scarcity of labor the aborigines do most of the work in the mines, and they use only the rudest implements of wood and stone. The great difficulty that confronts a prospector in Colombia is the method of transportation. The country is the most mountainous in the world, and the only means of sending freight to the coast is by pack mules and by boat on the great rivers, which is most difficult and expensive.

"The diamond is no longer the most expensive gem," said an old miner. "As regards monetary value, it is far surpassed by the ruby and the emerald, and even the pearl is rated higher. The emerald is at present the most fashionable stone, and brings good prices. An emerald of medium size and purity that may have cost about $50 a few years ago cannot be had to-day for less than $250. Recently an emerald of three carats was sold for $875, while one of six carats brought $4,000. A diamond of exactly the same size costs about $1,000. It must not be assumed, however, that diamonds are depreciating in value. Other stones, and especially emeralds, simply have risen in price of late in a surprising manner."

Congo Dwarfs.

In certain respects the great Congo forest of western Central Africa is the most wonderful region in the world. There are ape-like negroes and curious little Congo dwarfs. These dwarfs are less than five feet high, and their behavior is strangely like that of the brownies and goblins found in fairy stories. Their remarkable power of becoming invisible by adroit hiding behind herbage and rocks; their habit of making a home in holes and caverns, their mischievousness and good-nature, all seem to suggest that it was some such race as this which inspired legendary stories of a little people having supernatural attributes, says the Pall Mall Magazine.

These dwarfs are good or bad neighbors to the ordinary natives, according to the treatment they receive. If their depredations on the banana groves, or their occasional thefts of tobacco or maize are ignored, or even if small gifts of food are left where they may easily find them, they will leave, in their nightly visitations, return gifts of meat, or skins and ivory. Sometimes they will even steal children, and leave their own tiny offspring in the place of those they have taken.

These pygmies live entirely by hunting, although they eat wild honey, as well as meat. They live separately, in tiny huts four feet high. Even to the children are given isolated huts as soon as they can leave their mothers.

Although they are in some respects quite near the apes in their physical characteristics, they are more clever than the larger negroes. They learn languages easily, and the women, when they marry, make affectionate and dutiful wives.

Taking Her Pleasure.

The recently published story of H. Rider Haggard's forced study of the Rhine scenery when a boy because his father had paid for that privilege, reminds a reader of a conversation she heard on a Nova Scotia boat.

The day was a windy one, and the waters through which the boat was taking her way were unusually rough. Many of the passengers had gone below "to seek the seclusion which the cabin grants," but among the few left on deck was a gaunt New England woman whose face bore evidence of her discomfort, but also evidence of grim determination.

Her companion was a frail little woman, who, having reached the limit of her endurance, rose feebly and stated in faltering tones her intention to "go downstairs for a while."

"You may go if you like," said the other, firmly, "but as for me, having taken this trip and paid out my hard-earned money to enjoy the pleasures of a seven hours' sail, I'm going to enjoy 'em just as long as I can; and I can hold out a while longer, anyway, even if I have to give up in the end."

Appealed to His Pride.

It was the most obstinate mule in the lot, and refused to enter the car of a train held up at a little wayside station in Tennessee, says the New York Tribune.

Threats, cajolery and blows were alike useless. The mule refused to budge, and the slant of his ears told those of the passengers who were familiar with mule-ear talk that where he was he intended to stay. Then the aged African who was trying to load him in said, in honeyed tones:

"Whuffo' yo' behave dis way befo' all dese strange people? Why, you fool mule, doan' yo' know dat dese people will jes' believe dat yo' neber done trabelled befo' in all yo' life?"

The long ears lost their aggressive slant, and the beast went sedately up the inclined plank with the air of a man entering a drawing-room car for the first time and determined not to betray the fact.

Astounding Speed of Birds.

Five hundred and forty miles an hour is beyond the wildest dreams of Mr. Behr, the mono-railist, but the Rev. E. T. Daubeny, of Market Weston, England, states that that is the speed at which the northern blue-throat (declared to "have only moderate powers of flight") migrates. It gets, he says in "Nature Notes," from Egypt to Heligoland in a spring night of barely nine hours. The Virginian plover makes 636 miles an hour in its journey of 9,600 miles from Labrador to North Brazil. The bird that travels at this unimaginable speed soars so high that the resistance of the air is reduced to a minimum.

Many Trees Are Planted.

An expert in forestry asserts that never before were so many trees planted in this country as last year.

Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.—Metcalf.

THE WESTERN MINING CAMP.

It Has Been Immortalized in the Writings of Bret Harte.

The death of Francis Bret Harte, which occurred in England, has removed one of the most forcible and distinctive writers writers of the West. His stories immortalized the western mining camp and reflected the atmosphere of those days, half a century ago, when California was the Mecca of the gold seekers. Quaint, humorous and refreshing, his writings will long hold a unique and exalted place in English literature.

BRET HARTE.

Mr. Harte was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1839, and was the son of an educator, who died leaving the family with little means. In 1854 young Harte went to California with his mother and in Sonora tried his hand at the father's profession of teaching. He did not succeed in this and became a compositor in the office of a mining camp paper, beginning his literary career by composing his first article in type while working at the case. In 1857 we find him a compositor in the office of the Golden Era, San Francisco. The experience of his frontier life had been impressive and his literary talents soon put to profitable use the vivid scenes of the previous three years. Clever sketches, contributed at first anonymously, attracted the attention of the editor, and Harte was invited to join the corps of writers. Soon afterward he became associated in the management of The Californian, a literary weekly, short-lived, but of interest as containing his "Condensed Novels." In 1864 he was appointed Secretary of the United States branch mint and while holding this position he wrote several poems for San Francisco papers.

In July, 1868, the publication of The Overland Monthly, with Mr. Harte as its organizer and editor, was begun. The second issue contained The Luck of Roaring Camp, a story of mining life, which marked the beginning of Harte's brighter and more artistic work. The next number contained The Outcasts of Poker Flat, a realistic story, considered by many his best production. It established his reputation, and was followed in quick succession by other well known productions. The Heathen Chinee appeared in September, 1870.

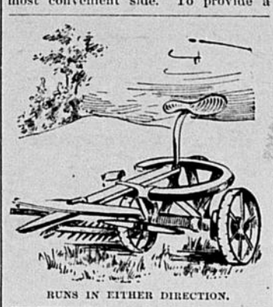
Harte received the appointment of professor of literature in the University of California in 1870, but in the spring of 1871 resigned that chair and his editorship and settled in New York. He became a regular contributor to The Atlantic Monthly, and lectured on The Argonauts of '49 in various cities.

In 1878 Mr. Harte was appointed United States Consul at Crefeld, Germany, and was transferred in 1880 to Glasgow, Scotland, where he continued as Consul until the advent of the new administration in 1885. He had since resided in England, engaged in literary pursuits. Beside the books mentioned he wrote many other works.

REVERSIBLE MOWER

That Can Cut Grass and Grain Blown Down by the Wind.

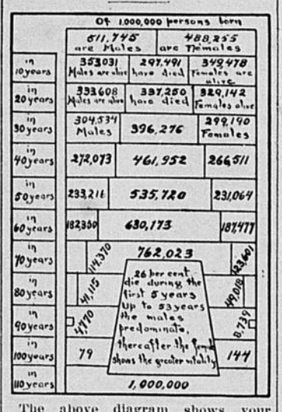
It is well known that with mowers and reapers it is difficult to cut grass or grain which has been blown down by the wind and become lodged on the ground. This trouble arises largely from the necessity of having to cut around and around the piece on all sides with the machines now in use, instead of doing all the cutting on the most convenient side. To provide a



RUNS IN EITHER DIRECTION.

machine which can run back and forth on the same side of the field, a Minnesota inventor has designed the reversible mower shown in the illustration. The tongue of the machine is pivoted at the center, and by pulling a lever the pin which locks the tongue to the curved frame is drawn and the team is swung around to pull the mower in the opposite direction. The cutter bar has a double set of knives and the running gear works as well in one direction as the other. The mower is also designed for use in large fields, where it is not desirable to cut clear around the piece on account of its size.

DURATION OF LIFE.



The above diagram shows your chances of attaining various ages.

Birthplace of Pestilence.

The marshy ground of the Ganges delta, with its vast masses of vegetation decaying under a tropical sun, is the native home of cholera. In that pestilential region cholera and plague are found every year and all the year round. Every cholera epidemic which has desolated Europe, every visitation of the plague, is believed to have started from the mouth of the Ganges.

A society woman's ideal musician is one who plays good accompaniments for conversation.

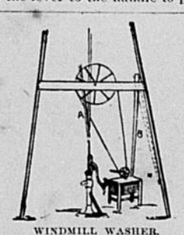
A dog belonging at a poor man's house must have a hard time in winter.

FARMERS CORNER

Washing by Wind Power.

The illustration shows how to attach an ordinary washing machine to a windmill. Chas. H. Rhode, of Iowa, vouches for the efficiency of the device. It does the hardest part of the work, he says, and while it works the one doing the washing can rinse and hang out. We have a wash house around the mill, also a large stove with a kettle inside.

To construct, get an old wheel about two and a half feet in diameter, an old mower wheel being good; place it about eight feet from the platform, as shown. Then connect it by pitman A to a spoke of the wheel and to the plunger of windmill. Regulate the stroke of the wheel by fastening pitman close to the hub for a long stroke and near the rim for a shorter one. Cut a wood pulley and place it between the large wheel of washing machine. On most washing machines a pulley an inch and a quarter thick and eight inches in diameter can be placed there. Belt the two wheels together and fasten the belt to the small pulley by driving in some nails or screws at the opposite side from the lever to the handle to prevent



WINDMILL WASHER.

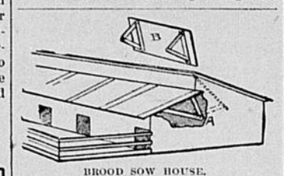
the belt from slipping. Also fasten the belt in the same manner to the large wheel after it is adjusted, so they cannot get out of time. I use a short strap, about six feet long, with a snap in each end, to go around the small pulley, and for the rest I use an old sprocket chain off an old binder and snap the straps to it for belt. In that way one can take up the slack and there isn't so much strap to stretch. B is a board to fit tight on top of machine to hold it down, and when the lid is raised it swings back where dotted lines are, out of the way. This is not a rotary motion, which would be hard to get from a pump plunger."

Corn Crop of 1902.

From what we read in our agricultural and other exchanges, it seems likely that the acreage of corn planted this year will be larger than ever before, and some of them are expressing a fear that the business will be overdone, and that prices will go so low as to render the crop an unprofitable one. If so the loss must fall upon those States which are known as the corn-growing sections, where corn is grown for sale. We hope our readers, who are mostly in the Eastern States, will not be frightened out of any intention they have formed to grow corn this year. They may if they please plan to have cattle, swine and poultry to feed it to if they have good crops, and they will find that better than selling the corn, and very much better than buying corn to feed. They may find that drought or other causes may again reduce the Western corn crop, and if they chance to have a few bushels more than they can feed to good advantage, it will not be necessary to dispose of it at once, as if it were peaches or tomatoes. It will be good more than one year if well cared for, and we used to hear an old farmer say that corn in the crib and hay in the mow was better than money in the bank. He seldom wanted to feed out corn less than a year old, but next fall will not find much year-old corn in this country.—American Cultivator.

Good Hog House.

A Nebraska correspondent writes Iowa Homestead as follows: "I have noticed a number of hog houses for brood sows, but have seen none such as we use in our neighborhood. I put one up lately and will describe it. I used 2x4's for the frame, sided with drop siding or shiplap and roofed with roofing cut in two, six feet on one side and four feet on the other, to make doors. For platform and floor we used 1x6 fencing and yellow pine. For foundation we used red cedar posts. It can be built any length desired. The one I put up is fifty feet long and the platform is 11x18 feet. The stalls are 4½x7 feet, which I think is big enough for



BROOD SOW HOUSE.

any sow. When the door is open it will let the sun in and if the door is shut it will keep the rain out. I am in favor of a little sunshine for pigs and I think it is a great help to them. The house must be put up east and west and the doors be put in on the south side. The doors are made to swing back, as seen at A. B. shows how to make a door. Where the legs come together or cross each other bore a hole and put a bolt through the legs and fence board. A 1x6 is used to hold the building together every four and a half feet. The small doors 2x2 where sows go in and out are shown also. Little gates are made to pen them up.

Fighting Animal Disease.

Intelligent and aggressive campaigns against animal disease in this country are evidently more satisfactory than in some foreign countries, says American Agriculturist. Germany has been able to make little or no headway against tuberculosis. Notwithstanding efforts of the sanitary authorities to weed out this disease and the scientific methods employed, the percentage of diseased animals, both cattle and swine, is slowly increasing. Out of more than 1,000,000 cattle annually slaughtered and under the watchful eye of the German government 14½ to 15 per cent were found tuberculous.

Corn Two Dollars a Bushel.

A Western paper says that farmers who kept their corn last fall, and fed it out to good stock, are now realizing two dollars a bushel for it at the current prices for prime steers. This profit, of course, goes only to those who know how to select good feeding stock, and to feed them judiciously as well as liberally. Not since the early seventies have the stock raisers received such prices for beef cattle and hogs as they are getting now, and the cause was the same as to-day, high prices for the animals to be fed and high prices for grain.

Fertilizer Crops.

Farmers generally are beginning to understand the full value of the plowed-under crop which may fairly be called a fertilizer crop, but all do not understand how such crops are handled to the best advantage. It is not at all necessary to have this fertilizer crop at the expense of the harvest crop unless the land is too poor to grow a good crop for harvesting. Take, for example, a farm on which it seems necessary to use both commercial fertilizers and a turned-under crop in order to get it in shape to crop repeatedly. Early in the season sow such soil to oats and peas, using one bushel of each per acre as seed, and just before the time to sow buckwheat plow the oat and pea crop under. Before sowing to buckwheat use commercial fertilizer at the rate of 100 pounds per acre, 100 pounds also having been used previous to the sowing of the peas and oats. This fertilizer should contain considerable potash. The crop of buckwheat will pay for the fertilizer and leave the ground in good shape for seeding, or rye may follow the buckwheat, using another 100 pounds of fertilizer before sowing the rye seed. This method will put the soil in fair shape, permit one to use the fertilizer crop and yet not at the expense of the harvest crop.

Testing Seed Corn.

There is no excuse for any one planting corn that is low in vitality and if the seed corn has not been well selected either during the growing season or in the fall and well cared for during the winter, it should be tested at any time now before it is time to plant. There are several methods of testing corn, one of them to sprout the kernels between pieces of flannel which are kept saturated with water. A better plan is one that should be familiar to all farmers. Take a large flat dish, a large soup plate is just the thing, and fill it with very fine sand. Over this pour water until the dish is brimming full; allow this to stand until the sand absorbs all it will, then pour off the surplus water. Select fifty or 100 kernels of corn, taking them from the centers of the ears, and place them in the sand, point down. Then sprinkle a little dry sand over the wet, cover the plate with another inverted and set in a warm room. Watch closely, and if the sand gets dry moisten with warm water. In a week all of the kernels that will sprout will show the plant. Keep for ten days or two weeks, when the result should show 95 per cent sprouted. If less than this sprout it will not be a safe risk to use the corn for seed for the vitality will be too low to reasonably expect good results. This is a simple test, but a sure one and readily made.

Demand for Peppers.

The demand for peppers that are mild in flavor is increasing yearly, and the vegetable is one that may be grown with profit by any market gardener. To get the best results with peppers the seeds should be started in a hot bed, and when the plants are about an inch high they should be transplanted to small pots filled with fine and rich soil, and grown in this manner under the protection of a cold frame until June, when they may be transplanted to the open ground. The plants should be set two and one-half feet apart in rich soil and manure should be worked in around the roots frequently during the season of growth. The illustration shows the variety, Sweet Mountain, which is very mild in flavor.

Wonderful Seeds.

Beware of the man with wonderful seed. He is a veritable gold-brick artist in plausible disguise. His stock comprises buffalo grass seed, corn 1,000 years old taken from an Aztec tomb and of wonderful productiveness, wheat taken from a Nile pyramid, wonderful forage grass of drought-resisting qualities from the Sahara desert, and other products from distant lands. It won't pay to experiment with him.

Duty of the Dairy Commissioner.

It is the duty of the dairy and food commissioner of any State to carefully inquire into the quality of the dairy food and drink products and see that all foods are pure, free from adulteration and wholesome. This of course is a big task, and it may be some time before all of the States can come up to the standard. A good start, however, has been made, and where politics is kept out of the office much good has been done.

Incubators Versus Hens.

A correspondent says he fears that none of the manufacturers of incubators can as yet hold a candle anywhere to a setting hen. But there are so many poor hens that will do everything but set properly that 1,000 eggs set in machines, even though they do not work quite satisfactorily, will usually give as many chicks as 1,000 eggs under hens, and a machine will set when you can find no hens.

Weed Out Poor Cows.

If you cannot afford to feed the whole herd well, feed the fresh cows enough. It would be better to weed out the cows that do not pay for their feed.

Hints for the Stable.

Never use musty or dirty litter.

Whitewash the stable once or twice a year; use land plaster in the manure gutters daily.

Clean and thoroughly air the stable before milking; in hot weather sprinkle the floor.

Use no dry, dusty feed just previous to milking; if fodder is dusty, sprinkle it before it is fed.

Keep dairy cattle in a room or building by themselves. It is preferable to have no cellar below and no storage loft above.

Stables should be well ventilated, lighted and drained; should have tight floors and walls and be plainly constructed.

Every trial shows better returns when wheat is mixed with some other grain than when fed alone, although if prices permit it wheat may profitably form four-fifths of a grain ration. Mixing with other grains overcomes the tendency to form a pasty mess.

Alum as a medicine has been in common use for nearly 800 years. It is found in many quarters of the world, and several varieties are known to commerce.

STATE CAPITAL CHAT.

An interesting case was decided by the Supreme Court, from Page County, in which a verdict for damages was obtained by Sarah and W. H. Wilfong. They were struck by a train on the Omaha and St. Louis Railroad and injured. The testimony showed that Wilfong stopped his horses just before crossing the track and looked up and down the track to see if a train was coming, but it was just at a cut in the road and he failed to see a coming train, which was late and on which the whistle was out of order. Suits were brought by both for damages and verdicts secured. The Supreme Court reversed the case as to the wife and sustained the lower court as to husband, the sole point at issue being whether or not the duty of the wife as looking for herself is the same as for husband. The court held that the doctrine of imputed negligence as between husband and wife which presumes the wife is in the care of the husband and has a right to rely on him has been repudiated in this court and that she was bound to the same degree of care that would be required of her husband in looking out for herself. On this theory she cannot recover, because she failed to look for herself to see whether the train was coming.

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The Supreme Court began its May term recently. Decisions will be handed down in a number of important cases. The following decisions are already announced:

Stebbins vs. Crooked Creek Railroad and Coal Company, appellant, Hamilton district; affirmed.

Carter, appellant, vs. Nicol, Iowa district; affirmed.

Briles, appellant, vs. Goodrich, Hamilton district; affirmed.

Frick vs. Kabaker, appellant, Des Moines district; reversed.

Quinn vs. Prudential Insurance Company, appellant, Dubuque district; reversed.

Bacon vs. Early, appellant, Polk district; reversed.

Wilfong vs. Omaha and St. Louis Railroad Company, appellant, Page district; reversed.

Wilfong vs. Omaha and St. Louis Railroad Company, appellant, Page district; affirmed.

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Labor Commissioner Brigham has prepared some statistics from the report of the foreign-born population residing in Iowa. He has compiled the census figures in order to show the total population as distributed among the various races. The statement is as follows: Slavs, comprising natives of Russia, Russian Poles, Hungarians and Bohemians, 13,719; British, comprising English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh and English-Canadians, 73,033; Teutons, comprising Germans, Hollanders, Swiss and Austrians, 139,316; Scandinavian, comprising Danes, Swedes and Norske, 72,611; Latin, comprising French, Mexicans, Spanish and Italian, 4,651; others, 2,593. In figuring the number of voters to the population the ratio of four and one-half is used. In this manner it is easy to tell the number each race has in the State. Of course, there are many generally considered as foreigners who are native-born Iowans.

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"I'll tell you what the State of Iowa ought to do with regard to its State buildings and to guard against losses by fire," said John Cownie of the board of control. "The State ought to set apart each year what it would cost to insure these buildings and create a sinking fund out of which to pay just such losses as the one at Council Bluffs. The State would thus insure its property. We tried to get the insurance companies to make a proposition for insuring State property last year, but got no offer that was worth considering. The insurance companies know very well that the older State buildings are bad risks, and do not care to insure unless at a high rate. But the State should insure itself, and could do so easily."

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As the result of the conference held in the office of Superintendent Barrett between the State Board of Educational Examiners and the heads of Iowa colleges and private institutions of learning, the board of examiners will map out a course of study for schools of instructiaon of teachers in the common schools. This will be the first step taken by the board of examiners in carrying out the provisions of the Hogue-Kling law for the State recognition and inspection of schools that train teachers for the common schools.

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Secretary Wesley Greene of the State Horticultural Society has discovered that unless heroic measures are taken there will be a small strawberry crop in Iowa. The saw-fly is getting in its work in defoliating the vines, leaving only the skeleton of the leaves. Unless this is stopped the crop will be greatly reduced.

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According to railroad reports on file with the Secretary of State, Iowa railroads during the year 1901 earned $56,048,607, and their expenses amounted to $39,601,779, leaving net earnings amounting to $16,445,823. This is an increase in net earnings, over business of 1900, amounting to $1,351,756, an increase in gross earnings of $3,693,790, and an increase in operating expenses of $2,508,707.

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Chairman Spence has issued the call for the Republican State convention, to be held in Des Moines Wednesday, July 30. The total number of delegates will be 1,233.

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Gov. Cummins has named George B. Freeman of Mason City and J. B. Thompson of Spirit Lake as boat inspectors. They will succeed Clarence E. Payne of Mason City and Arthur E. Arp of Okoboji.

Minor State Matters.

Muscatine Elks will hold a carnival in June.

Waterloo ladies have formed an Audubon society.

George P. Tallman, a Boone County pioneer, is dead.

Mason City will have a seven-story brick business block.

Des Moines Christian Scientists will erect a $25,000 structure.

I. W. Shank, a Des Moines carpenter, is missing from his home.

Oil drillers prospecting at Frederika have struck a deposit of sulphur.

Missouri Valley expects to secure the location of a manufacturing plant.

The death is announced of Isaac Stauffer, a well-known pioneer of Gladbrook.

The West Des Moines school board has asked for a tax levy of $225,000 next year to support the schools of that district.

Jens Sandvik, one of the best known farmers in Palo Alto County, was instantly killed at Medford, Wis., by a falling tree.

D. D. Mumford of Des Moines, a brakeman on the Rock Island, lost a foot in an accident in the railroad yards at the capital city.

The house occupied by Mrs. Rebecca McCloskey in Benton township was destroyed by fire, with contents. There was no insurance.

The "Board of Trade" at Oskaloosa now known as the Commercial Club name more appropriate to the charac of the organization.