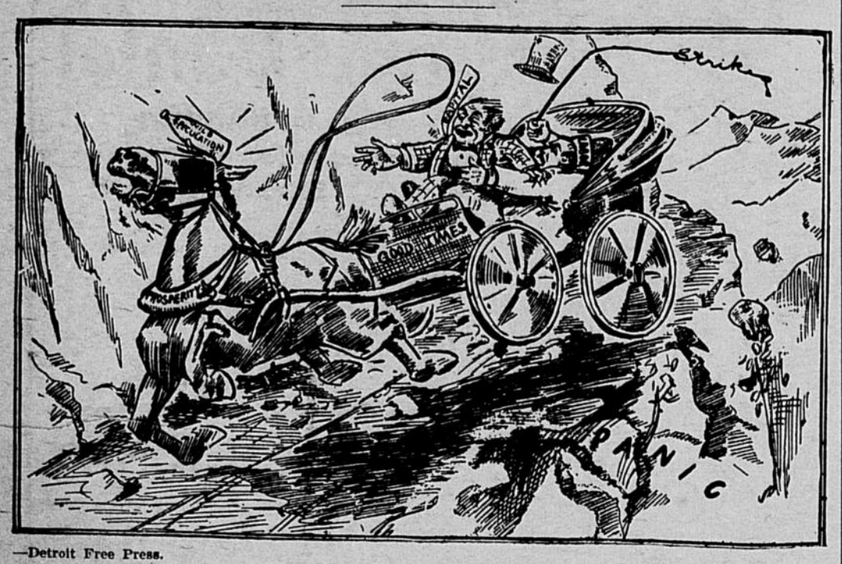
OUT ON A SPREE.



—Detroit Free Press.

MADE HOME HAPPY.

"She made home happy!" These few words I read
Within a churchyard written on a stone,
No name, no date, the simple word alone
Told me the story of the unknown dead;
A marble column lifted high its head
Close by, inscribed to one the world has known;
But ah! that homely grave, with moss o'ergrown,
Thrilled me far more than his, who armies led.

"She made home happy!" Through the long, sad years
The mother toiled, and never stopped to rest,
Until they crossed her hands upon her breast,
And closed her eyes, no longer dim with tears.
The simple record that she left behind
Was grander than the soldier's, to my mind.

—New York News.

The Kid's Chance

THERE was a kid for you—a typical Western kid, who had grown to the age of 15 in the tough towns without being entirely spoiled. The quartermaster at the fort took him on to help around because the boy was not old enough to enlist, and yet wanted to get away from the vicious life he had been leading. He was fresh and slangy and up to a thing or two, but we found him to be right at heart. He couldn't read or write, and he couldn't add four and four together, and furthermore, he didn't want to learn. He had a musical ear, however, and within a month after a battered old bugle had been given him he was doing fairly well at the plainer calls. He had set his heart on becoming a bugler, and when this became known there were those who offered their help. In six months without being able to read a note, that kid could blow any call in the books. It was a proud day for him when he was allowed to blow his first official calls, but there was no show for him. There were buglers enough and one or two to spare, and the kid was an outsider.

The Seventh had seen two or three Indian campaigns, and of course there was more or less story telling in barracks. The kid was an interested listener to each and every one, and next day he would go out and practice the longer with bugle and revolver. It gradually dawned upon us that the boy was waiting for his chance, and some of us determined to help him get it. There was no question about his courage, but it was one of years. He'd no father, mother or guardian, but there was no show for him to pass the recruiting officer. He had been with us a year and a half and most of his toughness had disappeared when Red Cloud broke loose again and led 300 of his warriors into the valley of the Republican river.

As a first move on our part, thirty of our troopers were ordered to make a night ride and get ahead of the Indians and give warning to the settlers. While the best mounts were being selected and saddled the Kid appeared among us and whispered to Sergt. Bliss, who was to have charge of us under a lieutenant.

"Sarge, it's my chance. I've been waiting for it these two years. Don't turn me down and say I can't go or you'll break my heart."

The sergeant looked at him for a minute without replying and then turned away. He neither consented nor opposed. That was enough for the Kid. He disappeared like a flash and when we rode through the gates he was at the rear, mounted on a barebacked horse he had gobbled from the corral. Over his shoulder was slung his old bugle and in his belt a revolver, and he meant to follow wherever we led. He'd have been ordered back fast enough had the lieutenant known of his presence, but no one gave him away. We put our horses to the gallop at once and held them to it for hours. At midnight there was a wait for twenty minutes, and then it was on again. When daylight appeared we had covered fifty miles and were entering the valley. The Kid had stuck to us like a burr, but kept out of sight of the officer.

We were drawing a long breath for the last gallop when a scattering rifle fire was opened on our front and two or three men toppled from their saddles. It was "left into line" and a rush for a ridge a hundred rods away and we reached it to find ourselves surrounded by Indians. We had headed Red Cloud off, but he had got us into a box. There were enough loose boulders on the ridge to make a stout breastwork, but every one of our horses and two more men were down before we had completed it and were standing the redskins off. Red Cloud didn't move on the valley with part of his force, as he might have done, but held every one of his 300 bucks close in hand to accomplish our extermination. He'd sooner raise the scalp of one soldier than slaughter half a dozen citizens, and he had old grudges to pay off. The entire band circled us and opened a steady fire, and every man realized from the start that our position was almost hopeless.

It was half an hour after we reached the hill before any one missed the Kid. Then it was believed that he had fallen when we first struck the Indians, or being in the rear, had been cut off. There were plenty of others to mourn for. Lying as snugly as we could behind the boulders, and firing only when the redskins seemed inclined to rush, twelve of our thirty were killed between sun and sun. There wasn't the slightest show of relief from the fort or from the valley, and if Red Cloud rushed our breastworks after night had set in the affair would have been over in ten minutes. At sundown the firing began to die away, and half an hour later there was silence except for the songs of the crickets and the yelp of the coyotes. The Indians had been called off to cook, eat and rest, but there was no way of escape open to us. At the first move to leave the little fort the whole pack would have been upon us. We had scant rations and less water, and we were too worn out even to talk. Some of the men even slept and muttered in their sleep as a night attack was waited for. The hours went by and none came. Red Cloud figured that another day of long-range fire would wipe us out, and why sacrifice a score of his warriors in a night rush.

At 11 o'clock, with the silence of the grave around us, there suddenly came to our ears the notes of a bugle. They were clear and bold and defiant, and came from the direction of the fort. In an instant every man of us was on his feet and cheering. In an instant the 300 red devils around us were calling to each other in alarm.

"Column close up!" came the bugle call. "By fours, right wheel in line! Take open order!"

We cheered and cheered again, and we fired by volley to let our friends know that we still held out. Wilder grew the alarm of the Indians, and we heard the hoof-beats of their ponies dashing about.

Now the bugle blew "officers' call," and we were bewildered, but the confusion among the Indians came when the calls to "Trot!" "Gallop!" and "Charge!" filled the air, and away went Red Cloud and his 300 bucks in a wild flight, and over the rough ground came chasing up to the very boulders—the Kid! As he sat on his horse and peered over the boulders at us he raised the bugle to his lips and sounded the call of: "I can't get 'em up in the morning!"

"God, boy, but what does this mean?" demanded the lieutenant in a quavering voice.

"It was my chance, sir," calmly replied the Kid.

"But how—how——?"

"Oh, I was left behind when you hits the reds and got boxed up, and I lay around in the woods back there all day and fixed up this scare for 'em."

"And there's no one with you—no soldiers, no relief?"

"Naw. Me and my old bugle did the whole business, and the reds won't stop running for ten miles."—Detroit Free Press.

An Englishman's Experience.

A prominent marine engineer from London, who was recently sent to Baltimore to inspect a British steamer, tells the following story:

"It was in the days of the 'shovel engineer,' as the men were called who had reached the throttle through the stokehole, that a British steamer was at Huelva needing attention to machinery. A new and young superintending engineer was sent from England to look over the vessel. Being of the new school of engineers and with a Board of Trade certificate, his questions were very technical and correspondingly befogging to the minds of the two engineers who had reached their positions by a long service in the fireroom. In the course of his inquiry of one of them he had reverted to the pitch of the propeller.

Finding his companion, he who had been drinking in professional wisdom from the new overlooker said:

"'Sandy, mon, that new "super" is a clever fellow. He even asked about pitch for the propeller!'

"'What? Pitch for the propeller!' said the second. 'Why, Archie, he refused me paint for the engine room!'"

If you are unable to find an opportunity go to work and make one.

FOUR WEEDS THAT MAKE GOOD EATING.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Four plants, useful as pot herbs, or "greens," grow wild in most localities throughout the Middle West and in great abundance. The most familiar is the dandelion, which infests the lawns and is made conspicuous by its yellow flowers. The dandelion belongs to the aster family and derives its name from the French "Dent-de-Lion"—tooth of lion—because the edges of the leaves are in some degree like the teeth of a lion's jaw. Such bright authorities as the Encyclopaedia Brittanica recognize the leaves of the dandelion as a food.

As a rule the dandelion is among the first plants to make its appearance in the spring, but when it has blossomed it is not palatable as food. Mixed and cooked with other pot herbs it adds to the acceptable flavor of the whole, its bitter taste being conspicuous.

Wild mustard, a small, low plant, with rough leaves, with clusters of small, bright yellow flowers is another food plant. Generally it appears in May in places where the soil is rich. The leaves, when raw, have the flavor of mustard, and the plant is really mustard. Generally the growth is close to the ground, the leaves spreading out somewhat like the dandelion. The flowers are on a stem, perhaps as much as twelve inches in height. The leaves are like radish leaves and having the same rough and hairy appearance.

Sour dock is another food plant. Its leaves vary from twelve inches long and three inches wide to two or three inches in length and half an inch in width. There are several kinds of dock; that which most resembles the edible variety is yellow and has a much smoother, thinner leaf. The veins of the leaf are very distinctly marked and unlike most leaves the veins intersect one another all over the back of the leaf. The general appearance of the leaf is similar to horse radish.

The most plentiful and probably the most acceptable of the wild greens is what is known as "lambs' quarters" and sometimes as "lambs' lettuce." The Encyclopaedia Brittanica, Standard Dictionary, and books on botany recognize this plant as a food plant. It belongs to the order valerianaceae of the botanists, and is widely diffused throughout the Northwest. The leaf, when full grown, is three or four inches long, is thick and heavy, and has a white, dusty appearance on the under side. In shape the leaves are what the botanists denominate oblong-lanceolate, sometimes with a toothed or incised base, which in common phrase would be rather long spearhead shape.

As the plant grows older the stem acquires ridges. The leaves and younger growth on the plant is good to eat, at any time. Sometimes the plant grows to be five feet in height and in formation is much the same as that of a tree, having limbs and branches. The flowers are small in dense clusters and almost invisible. The plants described are good as long as they are tender and should be cooked the same as spinach.

Dandelion farming is carried on extensively in Europe. In this country the only place where they raise dandelions for food is in Rhode Island. As to gardening, not much skill is required. The seed must be sown one spring in order to have marketable plants for the next spring. Thus it takes a year to get a crop. In addition to the foliage, the root is used for medicinal purposes.

THE HAWKEYE STATE

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

Vast Increase in Amount of Real Estate Assessments—Fire Store to Conceal Robbery—Forger Caught—Farmer Found Dead—Preacher Vindicated.

An increase of from two to three hundred millions of dollars in the valuation of real estate in Iowa will be realized this year, if the abstracts of assessment from the counties that have thus far come into the revenue department of the office of Auditor of State Carroll in Des Moines are an indication. This will mean an increase of from fifty to fifty-five millions in the taxable value of real property in the State. In addition, there will be a great increase in the valuation of personal property. Ten counties—Osceola, Boone, Benton, Cedar, Clay, Howard, Palo Alto, Poweshiek and Ringgold—have reported, and these show an average increase of $3,000,000 each in real estate assessments.

Store Robbed and Fired.

Thieves entered the store of Nason & Whitehill, at State Center, and after helping themselves to goods, the value of which cannot yet be given, set fire to the building and made their escape. The robbery was not discovered until the proprietors began cleaning up the store after the fire. It appears the fire was started in the basement of the building and after making some headway was extinguished by the fire department by the use of a chemical engine. It was not known at that time that any goods had been stolen, but a later examination showed that a lot of valuable goods had been taken and the fire apparently been started to cover up the crime.

Forger R. P. Daley Caught.

R. P. Daley, wanted in Cedar Rapids on two charges of uttering forged checks on the firm of L. Wallace & Son, and at Burlington under another name, on the charge of uttering three forged checks, and attempting to utter a fourth, has been caught at Bloomington, Ill. His is a strange case. The forged checks are uniformly for $28. The victims have been shoe dealers without exception. The forgeries have all been on building contractors.

The Preacher Is Vindicated.

The church trial of Rev. Thompson of Elberon, which was held at Tama, by a committee appointed according to the rules of the M. E. Church, resulted in a verdict of complete vindication. The charges were preferred by his divorced wife, who got a decree at the last term of the District Court without resistance by the defendant. Her statements to the court were entirely unfit for public mention.

Girl Poisoned by Nutmeg.

Miss Esther Snyder of Mount Ayr is in an almost helpless condition, the result of nutmeg poisoning. Miss Snyder was ill and her mother suggested that she eat a small piece of nutmeg. The girl ate a nut and a half, and went into a semi-stupor, her limbs became numb and partially paralyzed, and her heart action was so faint that it was only with difficulty that the doctors were able to keep her alive.

Prominent Farmer Found Dead.

A prominent Dane farmer, Nels Hansen, living near Kimballton, was found dead in the road about a mile south of Kimballton. The physician said the cause of his death was apoplexy. Mr. Hensen had spent the evening before at a neighbor's at Elkhorn, where there is now being held a conference of Danish Lutheran divines, and it is supposed that the excitement (he being a very aged man) was too much for him.

Within Our Borders.

The Waukon Condensed Milk Co. has incorporated; capital $60,000.

The strike of the workers at the Davenport button factory promises to be a long one.

Study of the Scandinavian language will be added to the course at the State University.

Fireman Lemper of Waterloo, an Illinois Central employe, was seriously scalded by a bursting steam pipe.

John George, a laborer, was killed by the cars at LeMars. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

Three thousand pairs of rubber boots were sold by Des Moines shoe dealers during the recent high water in that city.

The people of Sac County have the Beaumont fever and are preparing to punch the earth's crust up that way full of oil holes.

President McLane of the Idaho State University is being considered in connection with the presidency of the State College at Ames.

Judge Shiras of Dubuque is temporarily taking the place of Judge Thayer in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at St. Paul.

Harrison E. Spangler of Adair has been elected general manager of athletics of the University of Iowa by the board of athletic control.

John Crovisier of Woolstock was killed at Cincinnati, Ohio, by coming in contact with a live wire. He was employed there as a lineman.

Joseph Gafford of Burlington, president of the Iowa Grain and Produce Company, died suddenly of apoplexy, aged 70. He was prominent in business affairs and an old resident.

The Rock Island Railroad has had plans for a new girder bridge to cost about $75,000 across the Des Moines river in Des Moines. The recent flood may cause a radical change in the plans, as the engineer failed to take into consideration a stage of water such as was recently attained.

It is said over 300 head of cattle have died of clover bloat in Scott and adjoining counties in the past month, inflicting a loss of $10,000 on farmers.

Henry Barhope of Lowden was seriously injured while assisting in moving a granary. He was under the structure, when the supports gave way and he was pinioned to the ground. He will recover.

Damages aggregating $492,000 are claimed by owners of lands affected by the proposed drainage ditches in Woodbury County. The cost of construction alone would be $75,000. It is probable the ditches will not be built.

George Simons, Jr., aged 16, of Batavia, was drowned while fishing. He went into the water to unfasten his hook, which had become snagged, and was seized with cramps.

Ottumwa citizens at a largely attended mass meeting urged improvements to prevent a repetition of the recent disastrous flood. It is planned to straighten the channel of the Des Moines river through the town.

Mrs. Ed Kos of Riverside accidentally shot herself. She was going up stairs carrying a loaded revolver and fell on it, causing its discharge. The bullet went through her thigh, making an ugly wound.

Secretary Wesley Greene of the State Horticultural Society is of the opinion that the extreme wet weather in Iowa has not done great damage to the fruit crop. The plums and cherries were nearly all destroyed by the frost of May, but the other fruits are coming along very well.

The commencement exercises of the Iowa State College were held in the college chapel. Degrees were conferred upon seventy-three graduates from the scientific, engineering and agricultural departments of the institution. The commencement address was delivered by E. Benjamin Andrews, president of Nebraska University.

LeMars may get free postal delivery.

A gas lighting plant has just been installed at LeMars.

An unknown man, a laborer, was killed by the cars at LeMars.

The assessed valuation of the city of Burlington is $15,000,000.

A combined armory and assembly hall will be built at Fort Dodge.

The Waterloo Ministerial Union will make a fight against all slot machines.

The new Presbyterian hospital at Waterloo will be located on the West Side.

There has not been a case of infectious disease in Burlington for over a month.

An industrial parade will be the feature of Fort Dodge's Fourth of July celebration.

The residence of P. Kelly, at Ryan, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground.

Fully 85 per cent of the ice stored in Des Moines was swept away by the recent flood.

At Mount Joy, Mrs. Mary Geitz, aged 61, while in a fit of melancholia, hung herself to a hook.

The new electric light plant at Washington is now in successful operation. It is owned by the city.

Two children of Alex Snyder are dead at Des Moines as a result of exposure during the recent flood.

A system of drainage ditches, to cost about $8,000, is planned for a portion of the country near Nichols.

Otto Schmidt, aged 22, of Clinton County, was drowned while attempting to ford a swollen stream.

Rev. B. F. W. Cozier, formerly of Des Moines, is dead at Moscow, Idaho, where he went in search of health.

The Iowa Masonic Library at Cedar Rapids was robbed of coins, stamps and other relics valued at $1,000.

The Dubuque street car strike is still unsettled. The employes have rented hacks and will run hack lines.

It is again asserted that the Illinois Central is backing the new Des Moines, Iowa Falls and Northern Road.

A Glenwood husband wants a divorce from his wife because she plays tattoos on his head with a stove poker.

Miss Sadie Miller of Waterloo will go to India as a missionary under the auspices of the Dunkard denomination.

The Fort Dodge Military Band has been made the official musical organization of the Fifty-sixth Iowa Regiment.

Sister Agnes of Dubuque has been elected reverend mother superior of the entire order of Sisters of Mercy in Iowa.

The Iowa Central State Medical Society will hold its semi-annual convention in Marshalltown on Tuesday, June 30.

Louis Goochee, a Hamilton County farmer, was seriously burned by the breaking of a bottle containing carbolic acid.

The Iowa Central has signed an agreement for one year with its engineers and firemen, granting a slight increase in wages.

Mort Rosshaul, a porter in a Dubuque hotel, has just received $22,000 as his share of the estate of a relative who died in New York.

At Des Moines Judge McPherson of the federal court sentenced John Jones to pay a fine of $500 and retirement in State prison for fifteen months for bootlegging.

Ida Kodtman, an Iowa Falls domestic, narrowly escaped death as a result of taking internally a dose of liniment intended for external application for rheumatism.

A Wright farmer who is a firm believer in the theory of extensive drainage, has eight men at work putting tile in his farm and will have thirty miles of it before he finishes.

Jim Williams, an Ottumwa colored youth, was shot by a circus hand at Washington. The shooting followed a quarrel. The boy will recover. No arrests were made.

The new well at the Washington water plant was completed at about 238 feet and is a complete success. It has been tested and will furnish from 60,000 to 80,000 gallons daily of the purest water.

A committee of the employes of the Davenport pearl button workers, who were locked out recently, waited on Superintendent Krause and were informed that the directors had refused to entertain a proposition to take back the men and girls without prejudice and reinstate their former wage system.

Iowa will have no woman's department and no board of lady managers at the St. Louis exposition. This was settled on at a meeting of the commissioners at Des Moines after a discussion that lasted nearly all day. It was decided, however, as a compromise, to appoint a committee of three women, whose function will be to assist the different departments in the exhibit of whatever pertains to the woman's work.

Miss Frances Moore, who was drowned at Chicago the other day, was a daughter of Rev. C. A. Moore, pastor of the Edwards Congregational Church of Davenport. The young woman, in company with the young man named Miller, who was also drowned, were on a pleasure trip to the Spanish caravels in Jackson Park lagoon. It is presumed the young woman fell into the water and that Miller perished in trying to rescue her.

Dissatisfied with the mental attainments of many of the priests of the archdiocese and wishing to impress upon the minds of young Catholics that rectitude should not be the only qualification for admission into the priesthood, it was decided at the recent synod held in Dubuque that hereafter the younger priests of the archdiocese of Dubuque must undergo an oral and written examination once a year in theology, church history, canon law and other subjects in which a priest should be conversant. This action was taken on the advice of Archbishop Keane.

Rev. S. M. McConnell has resigned the pastorate of the United Presbyterian Church at Wyoming, and will accept a call to Stanwood.

The meeting of the Upper Mississippi Turnbezirk, which was to have been held in Des Moines June 15 to 18, has been postponed until Aug. 9 to 12. The decision was made because of the floods.

Eva Shonk, aged 43, of Des Moines, attempted suicide by drowning. She was rescued. The woman's household goods were lost in the flood, and she declared that as she had lost her home on earth she hoped to find one in heaven.

Colonel Humphrey has announced the appointment of A. L. Rule of Mason City as quartermaster of the Fifty-sixth Regiment, and A. F. Peddie of Emmetsburg, battalion adjutant.

Rev. A. P. Church of the Presbyterian Church at Wyoming, has resigned, after a continuous pastorate for over ten years, and will become the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Lansing.

Miss Margaret O'Laughlin, who claimed she was incarcerated in a Dubuque hospital at the instance of jealous relatives and who had filed habeas corpus proceedings to secure her release, has been taken away from the asylum by a brother.

The Milwaukee railroad has offered the town of Lohrville fifty cars of gravel for graveling the street leading from the depot to the town.

The town of Jessup has recently completed a system of water works and now the City Council has chosen a fire chief and a strong fire company has been organized.

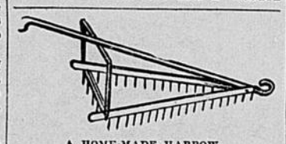
The business men of Dubuque are talking seriously of combining and asking that a writ of mandamus be issued in the District Court compelling the company to operate the street cars. The general opinion is that neither side is making any especial effort toward a settlement of the trouble.

The Farmer's Garden.

The common expression that America is a nation of dyspeptics is generally understood to be true, and it is also true that, in proportion to the population, there are more dyspeptics among farmers and their families than among the city population. It is absurd that such should be the case, for if any class of people has a chance to be healthy it is the farming community. The fact remains, however, that the majority of farmers cling closely to a diet in which there is little variation. Probably the lack of fresh fruits and vegetables has more to do with their stomach troubles than anything else. The writer remembers visiting one of the most extensive growers of truck in the vicinity of Norfolk, Va. More than 500 acres of this man's farm was devoted exclusively to the raising of vegetables for market, yet during a stay of three days the only vegetable placed on the table was a scant supply of cabbage at one meal. For some unaccountable reason farmers seem to think that a kitchen garden is a waste of time and labor, and they go through the summer with scarcely a fresh vegetable of any kind. This is a mistake, for the expense of a garden sufficiently large to supply an entire family with vegetables is so small that it ought not to be considered. Make the garden near the house where an hour of spare time daily will keep it in good condition and give that variety in food which is necessary to good health. Surely there ought to be enough variety raised on the farm in all lines to give the best of each to the home table, and with proper management it can be done without cutting off the income materially.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Convenient Small Harrow.

On every farm where small fruits and vegetables are grown a one-horse harrow is a great convenience. By its use the lighter weeding is done and the surface of the soil kept loose at small expense of labor. If one has a lever harrow two of the beams may be used for this one-horse harrow, or the beams may be readily made with lumber of proper length, using long wire nails for the teeth. The beams are fastened together in a V shape, as shown in the cut and a wooden



A HOME-MADE HARROW.

frame is constructed, as shown to support the handle. If a blacksmith is conveniently near the support for the handle may be two iron rods running from the corners of the harrow to the handle. A board may be placed over the frame and heavy stones set upon it to weigh down the tool if it is found too light for certain soils. This tool will be found especially useful in corn cultivation during the early growth of the plants.

Summer Shade for Poultry.

Where fowls are kept partially confined there should be some arrangement for furnishing the proper amount of shade. If the poultry yards can be built around a number of trees this will be all sufficient, but if this cannot be done, then plant a row of corn around the outside of the fence, on the sunny side, just far enough from the fence so that the fowls cannot reach it. A row of sunflower plants will answer the same purpose, or the plants may be castor beans, which will provide shade and ornamentation as well. A neighbor of the writer sets a double row of the tall growing cannas around the sunny side of his poultry yard, and thus obtains attractive bloom and the desired shade at the same time. Plant seeds of whatever is to be used of the seed kind now or set the plants of other sorts. Morning glory vines may be used by sowing the seeds a foot from the poultry yard fence and running strings to the top of the fence. This plan gives one shade quickly and at small expense.

Depth of Corn Cultivation.

Depth of cultivating corn varies with circumstances. In wet seasons it is often absolutely necessary to stir a soil deeply in order to dry it out. Deep stirring is also necessary in wet seasons when weeds have once got the start of the cultivator. The practice of cultivating a uniform depth of four inches throughout the entire season is quite common, it being claimed that weeds are most effectively destroyed at this depth, while the four-inch mulch conserves the moisture as well as a deeper one. There are those who advocate plowing deeply at all times, although, on the other hand, they are taken to task by others who claim that it is just as prudent to remove the leaves from the stalk with a knife as to cut the root with a cultivator. One instance is given where a comparison of the deep and shallow method of cultivation gave a yield of twenty bushels per acre in favor of the shallow method.—Iowa Homestead.

A Dairy Fable.

They organized and built a creamery, hired an expert, made fine butter, sold all they could make and were making money. The son of the principal stockholder got the idea that he would like to be a boss butter maker. He knew nothing about making butter, and his idea was based on his ignorance. Influence was used, the expert was "resigned," and pa's boy took his place. At once things went. Purchasers returned the alleged, not "gilt edged," butter and wrote, "When we want axle grease we will let you know." In a month pa's boy's butter had ruined the reputation of the creamery. The other stockholders then kicked pa and his boy out, hired the expert back, and prosperity returned with him. Moral—The "pull" may generally be depended upon to sprain the business that is subjected to it.—New York Farmer.

Keep Accounts with the Cows.

If farmers would open individual accounts with their cows, a great many of them would doubtless be surprised at the number of animals they are keeping merely as luxuries. It is not a safe rule to go by general impressions. Those who have tried keeping accounts have found that in many cases the cows that were thought to be the money makers of the herd did not in fact yield any profit, while others which had been considered less valuable provided a good cash income.

Sheep on Small Farms.

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that large areas are required on which to raise sheep. It is true that it will not do to crowd too many on a small area with any idea that they will get their living from the vegetation there, but if, say, one hundred sheep were to be kept on fifteen or twenty acres, properly handled, together with proper feeding, would bring desirable results. Taking twenty acres as the area to be used, it would be a good plan to divide this into three fields; two fields of five acres each and one ten-acre field. The five-acre plots should be sown in rape or some other special feeding crop, and the ten-acre field used for general grazing. In this plot there should be shade and water, and the grain feeding should be done here also. The fields of rape should be used alternately: that is, give the flock of sheep access to one field four or five hours a day for one week, then to the other field in the same manner. If these fields were profitably pastured the result of the droppings would make them sufficiently rich for almost any crop when it was desired to use them in that way, which could be done by having movable fences, so that other fields could be used for the sheep in other years.

The Farm Boy.

The lot of the farmer boy is undoubtedly lighter now than it was a half-century ago, as many old Daviess County farmers can attest who have dropped corn all day by hand in a furrow "laid out" by a horse driven by a single line attached to a single shovel plow and keep it up for two or three weeks. Most old people who have lived on a farm have had this experience or have followed the boy who was dropping corn, day in and day out, covering it with a hoe. Forty years ago a boy who could drop for two coverers could earn his 50 cents a day, while the ordinary boy who was not so swift could earn 25 to 35 cents a day. As a matter of fact a boy could get over more ground and plant a much bigger acreage than a man, but then, as now, there was an unwritten law that he should not receive men's wages. Before the days of labor saving machinery, farm work for the boy especially, was a constant round of drudgery, and it was little wonder they wanted to get away from it. Now it is otherwise, and life on a farm is preferable to most other pursuits in life.—Exchange.

Care of Lambs.

In the case of twins, it is well to place them with the mother in a small, separate pen, for a day or two, in order that they may become acquainted, and to avoid the danger of one of the lambs straying away, which may cause trouble. When lambs are born weakly, more care is required, and unless the shepherd is with them to see that they are suckled soon after birth, they are liable to become chilled and die. If the lamb is too weak to stand up and suck, it should be held up and some milk milked into its mouth, when it will soon take the teat and help itself, or the ewe may be gently laid upon her side and the lamb brought to the teat on its knees or side, and helped as above indicated—New England Homestead.

Saving Clover Hay.

Saving clover hay is not a difficult matter if the climatic conditions are favorable, while it is almost impossible to cure it in good condition in catchy weather. Where large areas have to be cured it is impossible to adopt the method of shocking it, it being much better to cut after the dew is off, starting the tedder shortly after the mower and rake up and haul the next day. In this way hand labor, which is so expensive, is dispensed with. It is better, says Iowa Homestead, to allow the crop to stand until the first heads are brown rather than cut it during catchy weather, as it will spoil less standing than when cut.

Farm Notes.

There are two certain methods of capturing the plum curculio. First is by jarring the tree every morning for three weeks, after the plums are set, catching the weevils in sheets laid on the ground. The second is by colonizing large flocks of chickens in coops, or in yards, under the trees.

If farmers were as careful and systematic in the management of their herds as the breeders of pure breeds are with their cattle, much better results would be secured from ordinary stock. Even the best breed will fail if not rightly managed, and all classes of stock can be made more productive if extra care is given.

Veterinary surgeons state that the milk is the first thing affected when a cow becomes ill, and that the milk will show indications of coming milk-fever and garget a week before any outward sign can be discovered. A sore, or anything that may be liable to poison the blood also poisons the milk at the same time.

It is a mistake to expect that eggs will hatch precisely in twenty-one days. While this is the rule, it is not an invariable one. Some will hatch in nineteen days, others in twenty-one days, and others will require twenty-five days for incubation. The causes are various—such as getting too cold, too much heat, lack of moisture, want of vitality of either or both of the parents, and the age of the eggs.

In giving salt to animals it should be done in a manner to allow each animal to partake of as much as it desires and prefers, instead of giving the salt in the food, thereby compelling some animals to use more than they wish. Each animal has its individual preference, and the proper mode of allowing salt is to place it where the animals can have access to it at all times, as each will use only the amount needed.

Weighing the milk is the best means of registering the capabilities and peculiarities of a cow and her yield. If done one day each week and noted down the table so constructed will be a most efficient guide to the total quantity yielded, the rate of increase, the average or season's yield, the times of calving, the time of going dry, the effects of a particular food, etc., while a sudden decrease is the first symptom of any disease or trouble.

The effort to produce the seeds of an apple exhausts the tree more than to produce the much better quantity of meat, because seeds contain a much larger proportion of the mineral elements. As much meat or pulp can be grown on 500 fine large apple trees as upon 1,000 small, inferior ones, but the production of seeds will be only one-half as great. Thus "thinning" not only adds to the value of the present crop, but economizes the energies of the tree for future ones.

FLASHES OF FUN

"Bromley seems to be getting rich?" "Yes. He invented a collar button chaser that is a great success."—Ex.

"I'm not afraid of those horrid automobiles any more," said the off horse. "Nor I," said the near horse, "I help one home every day."

He—The fact is that you women make fools of the men. She—Sometimes, perhaps; but sometimes we don't have to.—Boston Transcript.

"So you went to see one of those old New England plays. Was it realistic?" "Indeed it was. Why, when the rainstorm came up Uncle Henry's corns began to hurt him."—Magazine of Humor.

Mother—Has young Meadows asked you to marry him, Ethel? Ethel—About the same thing. He said that if he ever should marry he thought he knew the kind of girl that would suit him.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"The world isn't what it used to be," complains the cynic. "Formerly a man had some chance; now it is just like—just like——" "Just like a church fair," said the listener, supplying the lacking simile without an effort."—Judge.

"I suppose that if you marry my daughter you will expect me to pay your debts?" "Shouldn't think of putting you to so much trouble," answered Earlie Byrd. "You can give me the money and I'll pay 'em myself."—Washington Star.

"I really think you ought to go to church with me once in a while," she urged. "My dear," replied the wily man, "my good fortune makes that entirely unnecessary. I have a wife who is good enough for two."—Chicago Evening Post.

Guest (at dinner)—Ah, that's good old ale. Pardon my asking, but where did you get it? Subbubs — Home brewed. Guest—Really? The chicken is delicious, too. Is it one of your own raising? Subbubs—Yes, home brood.—Philadelphia Ledger.

They had started for a stroll. "There is our minister," he said; "I'm going to ask him to join us." "To join us? Oh, George, this is so sudden! But hadn't you better speak to papa before engaging the minister, dear?"—London Spare Moments.

"I sing so much," said the man who thought he could, "it's surprising I don't have some trouble—some throat trouble." "Oh, that's not surprising here in the East," replied Peppery. "We don't lynch people here, even for that."—Philadelphia Press.

"So you are not going to Europe again?" "Not for a long time," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "It is our intention to live in America, thereby calling attention to the fact that we can afford to pay the highest prices for everything."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego—My husband says Americans spend $100,000,000 a year in foreign travel. Mrs. Selldom-Holme—I don't doubt it, but it is all well spent. Why, I consider the French accent my Esmeralda acquired from her two years in Paris worth every cent of it.—Ex.

"Yes," said the critic to the aspiring young playwright, "there are great possibilities in this play of yours." "Thank you. It is very kind of you to say so." "But there will be greater possibilities in the fellow who is clever enough to find them and get them out."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Angry Voice (from top of stairway)—Verena, what did you let him in for? You know we don't allow canvassers here! Strange Voice (in hallway below)—I am getting names for the blue-book, ma'am. Changed Voice—Verena, show the gentleman into the parlor. I'll be down in a moment.—Chicago Tribune.

The timid young man at the picnic hastily asked his sister to introduce him to the young woman in the blue shirt waist. "Miss Tippitt," said his sister, "this is my brother, Mr. Tappitt." "Gl-glad to meet you, Miss Tippitt," he said. "Pardon me for mentioning it, but you are sitting on a bumblebee's nest."—Ex.

The sagacious wife watches her husband's angry efforts to find the collar button that has rolled beneath the bureau. "I should think," she says, "that you would have two collar buttons." "You should!" he snorts, reaching under the bureau for the fiftieth time and rasping his hand along the floor. "It takes a woman to figure out some way to double a man's troubles!" — New York Herald.

"I think you'd like the pastor of the church I belong to," remarked the passenger with the skull cap, as the conversation drifted to religious topics. "He never preaches longer than twenty-five minutes." "I have no doubt I should like him," replied the passenger with the side whiskers. "The pastor of the church I attend every Sunday preaches sometimes an hour or longer." "Horribly tiresome, isn't it?" "Not to me. I'm the preacher."—Ex.

"Papa," said the distinguished statesman's petted daughter, "you have never told me anything about the house in which you were born." "No, my child," he replied, with a groan, "I have not. I could not bear to destroy the fond illusion that your father is a great man. I am not a great man, my dear. I am an impostor. I was not born in a log cabin, but in a three-story brick with stone trimmings!" And he turned away in anguish.—Chicago Tribune.

Costly Books.

A Peoria friend of the late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll tells how, while Colonel Ingersoll was living in Peoria, he was called upon one day by General John A. Logan, says the New York Times. The colonel was upstairs at the time, and General Logan was ushered into the library, where, on a table, were three volumes of Voltaire's works, an edition de luxe representing all that was best in the bookbinder's art. General Logan picked them up one at a time, absorbed in his admiration of their beauties. While so engaged Colonel Ingersoll entered the room.

"Colonel," said the general, holding one of the volumes in his hands, "this is the most magnificent volume I have ever seen. I do not want to seem impertinent, but would you mind telling me what these books cost you?"

"Those books," began the colonel, the twinkle in his eye growing brighter at each word, "cost me—the governorship of Illinois."

Of course it was an Irish philosopher who said: "If you would keep your head above water you must not let the grass grow under your feet."