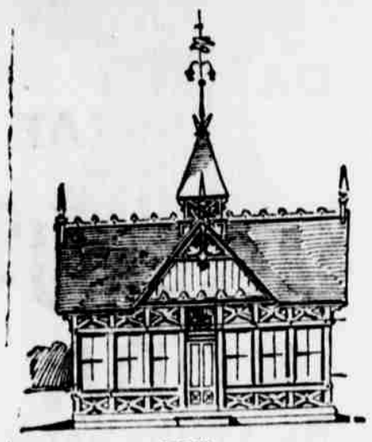
FARM AND GARDEN

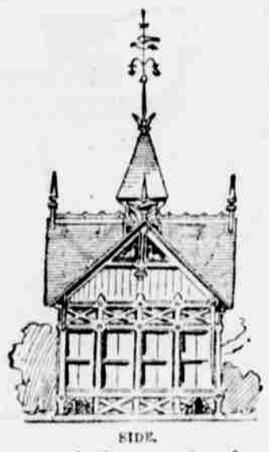
A Poultry House.

Herewith are illustrations of a picturesque fowl and poultry house. It will be a handsome ornament to the farm landscape. Farmers with hands on them can do much of the carpenter work themselves.



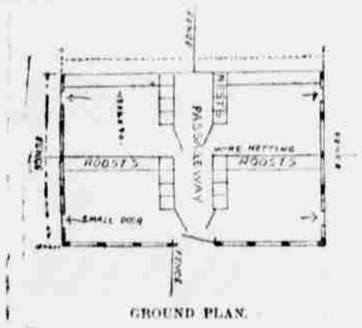
FRONT.

The structure has four gables. The front one is meant for a colony of pigeons. Each gable is ornamented with representations of some of the feathered tribe in scroll sawing. The building is 25 feet long by 16 feet wide, though, of course, it may be of any size.



SIDE.

The house is built upon a stone foundation a foot high. The front and sides are mostly windows. Above and below these the house is covered with matched boards, ornamented with woodwork. In the center of the building, the cupola shown in the picture is really a ventilator. It may be covered with opening and closing slats or scroll-sawed panels. This ventilator is immediately above the passageway in the center of the house, so that the cold air will not descend upon the fowls. It is opened and shut by cords hanging down over the center.



GROUND PLAN.

The house is divided into four compartments, for different breeds of fowls, if they are wanted. This suits the purpose of poultry fanciers well. But ordinary farm people who raise chickens for profit will not care to keep breeds separate. The four separate rooms will be a matter of convenience even then however enabling one to get at the nests without tramping in among the roosts, and to put sitting hens by themselves. For farm purposes the Plymouth Rocks and brown Leghorns are the best breeds to get. A cross between the two would probably be of exceptional excellence. The partitions between the apartments are boarded up to the bottom of the windows. From there on they are continued with wire netting to let light all through. The window sills are two feet six inches high.

The ground plan explains itself. The fowls it will be observed, all range along the center passageway. At the rear of each is a little side door in the partition to admit the hand to collect eggs or catch the chickens. Or this may be a trap door to let down. Each compartment has a single door near the ground, at the top of the stone foundation, for the fowls to pass in and out. This can be shut at night and in cold weather. The earth floor is the best for the compartments. It is the natural thing. The manure should be cleared away from time to time sufficiently to leave the floor a dust-walk low for the hens. A pile of fine gravel should be thrown upon each floor, too. In winter the house can be heated by hot water pipes buried just below the surface of the ground. The water is heated by a kerosene lamp, which will burn all night without replenishing. By means of this warm house eggs can be had plentifully in winter. Chicks can be hatched in midwinter also, ready to make spring broilers. The separate compartments will make it easy to rear them. They should be allowed outdoors of warm days, after the first two weeks.

Select Farmers' Clubs.

The Iowa Register says that a dozen people is enough to form a farmers' club. They should be men and women both. They should meet at one another's homes, where nobody will come who is not specially invited. Once a month, the year around, the meetings should be held, and regularly attended. Those at whose homes the club meets for the month will take care to have the house and farm in the best order to be looked at by critical eyes. The next month the next farmer will try to rival the last one, and so improvement will be steady and constant. The Register editor adds:

Besides the improvements in house, farm and stock, the select club systems bring together persons who have confidence in each other, and there is more freedom of expression and action. The men and women soon begin to feel the same freedom to talk and act that they do in their own family circle. One of the greatest drawbacks to the farmer and his public efforts is his backwardness in communicating his ideas before public assemblies. He soon loses all this embarrassment in the seclusion of his select club. We have known intelligent farmers, who could not be induced to say a word before a promiscuous audience, who were soon ready and anxious to talk freely and to the purpose before the club. And soon the public became astonished at his freedom and familiarity in conducting public meetings of his party, or for temperance, agriculture, or anything so frequently demanding active and clear-headed men. The private club is the place to educate farmers for such positions.

For these and various other reasons we favor small and select clubs for farmers. They work better together. There is more harmony. The migratory system of meeting at each other's houses add a much needed social feature to the society. It becomes a monthly day of recreation, soon eagerly sought by each member. It stimulates to greater exertions in improving and adorning the home and farm a desideratum greatly needed. The select number throws more responsibility on each member to be present at each meeting and aid in making it a success. If we had two or three of these select working hives in each township there would soon be a marked advance in the productive capacity of the farm in the neatness and arrangement of all its appointments, and more taste in the adornments of yard, house and the family. The sad tired and wan appearance would depart from many faces, and there would be fewer cases of seeking the comforts and refinements of society in the towns and cities.

Coming Down to Farming.

Senator Evarts, of New York, must be careful what he says about and mind his p's and q's better. In a late speech he said that when a man made a failure in everything else, being a politician included, there was nothing left for him to do to go to a better world or "come down to farming."

Senator Evarts should understand that no man "comes down to farming." It is at once the most useful and most exalted of all occupations. Any numskull who has money can get into the United States senate. A good many men who are there now bear witness to it. But to become well-to-do at farming requires brains, judgment, industry and practical intelligence of the highest order. No, we have farmers to contend against drouths, wet seasons, rot, insect pests and all the evil forces of nature, but they have also to bear up against the annual eruption of idiocy of the average congressman.

The farmer's task is indeed a difficult one. To perform it thoroughly requires qualities that partake of the heroic. But the American farmer, fortunately, has strong, alert mental faculties. A good memory is one of them, for one thing. He will probably not forget Senator Evarts' idea of the farmer, how when a man was too utterly a blessed fool for anything else he had to "come down" to farming.

Killing Sheep.

A sheep improves in flavor with age, and they are never too old as long as they are healthy and fat. In fact, they must be two years old or more before they make what is called "red mutton," that is, mutton which when cooked does look red gravy. It is best before killing to let the sheep remain twelve hours without food, having plenty of water. Then everything being ready, cut the sheep's throat close to the jaw and head to the bone, in order the knife into the spinal column of the neck to insure quick death. The hind quarters should then be skinned, as they are easily reached; a gammoustick is then inserted into the sinews at the hock, when the sheep is suspended and the skinning completed. Next the intestines should be quickly taken out, which prevents the wool in the so often mentioned by haters of mutton. This taste comes from an infusion of the excretions into the circulation after the vital powers no longer prevent it, as the sheep has the longest intestines of ruminants. In killing game experts always take out the intestines at once for the same reason. The carcass of mutton may then be wrapped in the woolly side of the sheep skin without harm as experiment will show. The sheep may be hung up a space by twine around the hocks and the gammon stick, and the same operation gone through but the first process is the best.—Toronto Globe.

Comb and Extracted Honey.

Mr. C. F. Muth, talking of honey raising, thought that Florida might be the Eldorado of the beekeeper working for extracted honey, but that a peculiarity of the climate in the mangrove country—dampness—made the raising of comb honey impracticable. This led to the subject of what kind of honey, comb or extracted, was of greatest demand and the most profitable to the producer. The facts on this subject would indicate that there was a very great difference in the kind of honey demanded, depending on locality. Extracted honey could be produced at less than half the cost of comb honey, but beekeepers should produce both kinds, being governed by the demand in their own markets as to which kind they should produce the most of.

Keep the Cows Clean.

If the cows have their flanks lined with manure, as too many of them have at this time of year, you should select a warm day and secure a few pailfuls of hot water to carry to the barn and wash off those flanks. Seek the manure well using a sponge or rag, before you proceed to scrape it off or all the hair will come with it. Remember that the first point to be attained in securing a good yield of milk from a cow is to make her comfortable. This can never be done so long as she is compelled to carry a large weight of manure on her flanks, and then it looks so abominably. No one would ever buy milk coming from such an animal if they knew it.—American Dairyman.

The Best Insecticide.

We have several hen houses, each located in a different place in the orchard. They are double boarded, with tarred paper between, and with large windows on the south side. In each we keep a stock of hens, and by raising several broods of chickens in each there is no trouble in keeping the hens and chickens scattered all over the orchards.

We have never found a better insecticide for all class of insects that ever come to the ground than an old hen with a brood of chicks, unless perchance it be a clutch of ducks. And our orchards so far as the hens roam, are entirely clear from insects.—Rural New Yorker.

Things to Do and to Know.

Young chickens hatched even as late as March bring fifteen to twenty cents a pound. Hatched in January and February in eastern cities they sell for seventy five cents a pound. Duck bring $2 apiece. The incubator can be used to good advantage for winter hatching.

Bulls can be easily kept in a lot fenced with barbed wire.

An Ohio man had a hen that laid a double yelked egg every other day, and on the between days she laid two eggs, one of which had a shell while the other had none.

Over 600,000 miles of barbed wire fencing were made in this country in 1885. It has been decided in the courts that where it is used for the roadside fencing the owner cannot be held responsible for injuries done to animals along the road.

A bushel of beans, rich in the nitrogenous elements for which beef is purchased, at any reasonable price will do more to support life and labor in the family of a laboring man than will four times, or ten times, the same amount expended in beef. Let those to whom economy is an object note this well.

The cost of cultivating a farm, and the cost of sickness in the family, can be greatly reduced by drainage.

TWO WOMEN'S LIVES.

Of all the people in the world, these two women would be most astonished if they had known they would ever be written about. They lived a large part of their lives in the town where I was born; they sleep in the graveyard there. There is nothing about their tombs to distinguish them from their neighbors in that quiet spot; yet the remembrance of them comes to me, since I have passed my youth, with a comprehension and a pathos and reverence that makes them different and nearer than the rest.

They were very unlike in looks, temperament and surroundings, yet they impressed me from my earliest years with a wondering awe—even the awe they inspired was so different that it seems to have been two distinct emotions. I could not tell what it was that made them, to my childish mind, so attractive and so wonderful, but that there was a difference between them and the people round about I recognized, I believe, before I could talk.

One of my heroines was a delicate, soft-voiced Virginian, of gracious type. Her husband, a most courteous gentleman, seemed to have no business in life save to dispense hospitality. They had moved to Illinois to be in a free state. They had black "servants," whereas other people had "hired girls." Her dwelling had "galleries" all around, and other houses had "porches." She never did any household work herself, whereas most of the wives there were busy all the time. Her hands were soft, her dresses beautiful; her gait, her drawling voice, even her leisurely laugh betokened time to spare. She sat much of the time on the shaded gallery, and taught her children their lessons, and life ran for her in sunny grooves.

The other—Aunt Mitty Inskip—was an old maid, with magnificent, large, dark eyes and satiny hair brushed smoothly in a deep loop on either side her face, and tucked neatly behind her ears. She was not a fussy, fidgety old maid, but so brisk, busy and capable that even her voice had an exhilarating, clear sound, like a distant bugle, rousing all laggards along the line. Her very name, it seems to me now, betokened her character. If she had been only Aunt Mitty she would have been a soft, sympathetic creature whom all the world wept out their troubles upon; but the "Inskip" gave the balance-wheel, and Aunt Mitty Inskip she was called by old and young. She was always ready to help. Our town could no more have got along without her than without the court-house and church bell, but she never wasted a tear or a sentiment. She was sense clear through, and that, when people are in a tight place, is much better than sentiment. If one was very ill, Aunt Mitty Inskip was the volunteer nurse. When people could be trusted with no one else, Aunt Mitty Inskip took charge, and never a wink of sleep did she give herself when she was the watcher. Were people in sore straits and perplexities, she was the clear-brained pilot who took them through. Was there a church fair, it was a failure without Aunt Mitty Inskip at the helm. She was at the head of our sanitary commission; she was at the head of everything that demanded courage and clear sense and work. She was not a bit cross or mean in her leadership. The more difficult the project, the more power she put forth—that was all. Nothing seemed impossible with her. I do not know how Aunt Mitty Inskip supported herself and family, for she was always working for the public, and there was no man in the house, and she had a half dozen dashing young nieces who did nothing but make the house lively and have a good time—that is, at least, I thought so then, but I suppose they really did all the household duties, but were so merry at their work that it seemed only play. They were splendid company, and all of them had splendid eyes. They married well, and became brilliant and notable women in the several cities to which they moved; not one of them ever descended to a commonplace existence; their energy and gay spirits kept up to the last. Were they not Aunt Mitty's own nieces? Their devotion to their aunt was really lovely. They quarreled only as to who should have the most of her. They came often from their distant homes to visit her, and if she was the least bit willing, the whole six came rushing by steam to her side.

In all her life she never seemed to have any personal perplexity or sorrow. She never had a care, apparently, about the girls as they were growing up, or an anxiety that that was worth breathing. There was always the happy face, the splendid flashing eyes, the strong, alluring, wondrous capability that needed no help, that could not only stand alone, but hold up the weakness of others. What entertaining stories, even in old age, she could tell; what a sparkle the atmosphere of a room took on when her hearty laugh was heard!

These two woman—one black-eyed, brilliant aggressive; the other of fair, delicate beauty, shrinking nature and helpless ways—were staunch friends; it was after their death that I found they were heroines, both.

Mrs. Williamson possessed under her mild ways a strength of endurance that fate could not destroy. She had in early life determined to free her slaves as soon as she came of age. She left her family—what that meant to a southern girl few knew—and came to a state that in its customs was as unlike Virginia as a foreign land. Her husband echoed her beliefs, however; she had the old servants of her childhood with her in the new home; even the house was built in roomy, southern style; beautiful children were given her. She had life's sweetest gifts. But she had also every trial that was hardest for such a nature to endure. She lost children by death, and her heart was broken by the reckless life of her only son. Her husband died under a cloud, which had it been lifted, would have disclosed the crime of one near to them both. Her heart—that loving, loving heart—was twisted and tortured by every pang that could wrench. She only grew sweeter, and saintlier, and more careful of the little woes of others. She seemed, in fact, always thinking of others. She it was who knelt with the bereaved, while Aunt Mitty ordered the funeral. She had exquisite tact, and that refinement that is so unobtrusive and so comforting in sorrow. Not a flower grew in her garden but was consecrated. She knew where a blue crocus would best breathe out its little lesson of life. Oh, so many little kindnesses she did just with her flowers. Moist, dirty little hands she closed over brown sweet shrubs as the children trooped past from school. She had always beautiful pink hyacinths in the spring, and she gave them away freely. There seemed always white roses in her garden, or jasmine in her window, for the village brides, and lilies or snow berries for funerals, or English violets for the invalid who waited wearily for spring, and to whom hope came sooner because of these fragrant messengers. Oh! the good she did by her flowers only, and the good she did by the gentle handclasp that told you she understood without a word; the thousand nameless favors she scattered every day, even when her own cheeks were white with grief. The good she did us all by her mere shrinking beauty, by her soft cadences, by her strengthful love—always a word or a caress—no matter whose child, she was never too sad to see it, never too busy to notice it. Her hair whitened, but its silvery waves, under her widow's cap, made her more beautiful; her throat was white as a baby's beneath the white lawn handkerchief that softened the black gown. Dainty, soft, clinging, lovely, even to the time of her death, she was indulged by the young even to extreme age. In a cholera epidemic she went where others feared to go, encouraging by her quiet faith or speeding by a fervent prayer. She is spoken of in our town to-day as the Angel of the Scourge. When she became enfeebled by age, her children gone, her husband in his grave, there were always young arms to support and young steps shortened to suit hers. When she entered a room it was as if youth bowed before her, so gentle and so tender was every voice and every word.

At last she fell asleep in strangers' arms, but tears, so sorrowful as those of kindred, bathed her dead face. Even yet, the great beds of lily of the valley, and the pink hyacinth plats, are kept intact by the people who brought her home; the sweet shrubs tower into trees, and the long line of clove pinks bloom along the wall. They were dear Mrs. Williamson's, and even those who never knew her, know of her, and feel that strange interest in her which, in life, she so universally inspired. To all those young people, those children of the town—old men and women themselves now—Mrs. Williamson has been an ideal woman, a sort of beautiful saint, without a blemish. And the one thing which they all can say of her, is, that she bore her own griefs uncomplainingly. She thought of others' misfortunes, when her own pressed heaviest. She gave her life freely to others and asked no return. What wonder that in her widowed age God returned to her her sweet ministries, in the care and affection of the whole community?

When Aunt Mitty Inskip died—her splendid dark eyes had been sightless for years, and her busy hands been tied—what harder to bear than this to so active a being? She had her senses though all the time, and friends came to cheer her solitude and to get advice, and to while away the darkness. Two of her nieces were always with her as watchful and tender of her as if she were a sick child. When one set of nieces departed another pair came. They never spoke of it as a duty, but as a pleasure, some thing they looked forward to with impatience—coming to Aunt Mitty. How strange it seemed to see strong, prosaic Aunt Mitty, who once could have routed the town, caressed and petted and humored by these beautiful women! They rejoiced that her hair was as black as ever—not a white line in it—and she three-score; that her eyes, if sightless, were as large and brilliant as of old.

"She doesn't change one bit," they said, smoothing the old-fashioned scollops of hair on her temples, even when death waited at the door, when she called to them startled, and said she felt strangely. They answered cheerily not to fear, for they were there. They held her old hands until she passed the river; held her hands long after the pulses had ceased in the cold wrists.

How strangely the years treat us mortals! Mrs. Williamson had money, husband, children, servants, home, but died without one of them; yet, was not alone. Aunt Mitty Inskip, without a right or tie on earth, that might be counted such, was watched in her feebleness, with a devotion unequaled. "With what measure ye meet, it shall be measured unto you."

Their lives, so different, yet so alike; their helpfulness and cheerfulness—the remembrance comes to me now, as it never could have come when I was younger; it comes like a promise, and benediction; a comfort, an assurance to those from whom all has been taken, and who stand poor, feeble, on the verge of old age, in a lonely world.—"E. H." in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Theory of Thought Transference.

Experiments have proved that thoughts and visual impressions not only, but tastes and pains also, may be conveyed from person to person by concentrated thinking in a given direction, and if concentration of thought can cause pains, the author triumphantly asks, is it unreasonable to assume that it can cure pains?

The process by which thought is transferred without visible appliances has not yet been determined; but it is generally agreed that it corresponds in some sense to the familiar phenomena of the transmission and reception of vibratory energy, as in the case of a tuning fork or string in unison with another, which will communicate its impulses through the air; or as in the case of glowing particles of a gas, which, acting through the luminiferous ether, can throw into sympathetic vibration cool molecules of the same substance at a distance; or as in the case of a permanent magnet, which, being brought into a room, will throw any surrounding iron into a condition similar to its own.

The exact medium of communication in all these instances is unknown; but the fact of communication is indisputable. In like manner we may conceive, the philosophers tell us, that for every thought there is a corresponding motion of the particles of the brain, and that this vibration of molecules of brain-stuff may be communicated to an intervening medium, and thus pass under certain circumstances from one brain to another, with a corresponding simultaneity of impressions.—Globe-Democrat Book Review.

Knew Very Well He Didn't Do It.

Mattie is a devoted retainer and henchman of her big brother Henry. The latter is frequently in trouble, brought about by his carelessness. His father, going into the wine cellar, found three bottles of a choice wine shattered on the floor, which was dyed in their costly blood. Meeting the aforesaid Henry soon after, the irate parent accosted him with, "That's some of your work, Master Henry; oh, you needn't look so innocent—you know who did it."

Little Mattie, standing by, turned on her adoring papa a pair of bright eyes blazing with wrath, and stamping her tiny foot, exclaimed, "No, he didn't do it neither; so now!"

The amused parent, trying to preserve a proper severity, but visibly softening, turned on this unexpected antagonist, with—

"Indeed, Miss Mattie! And how do you know he didn't?"

"'Cause," triumphantly cried the fearless little champion, "'cause I saw him didn't."—San Francisco Ingleside.

From Garfield.

GARFIELD, Feb. 16.—The first of March is nigh.

Wm. Peasgood and family go to Livingston county, Smith Bros. to Marshall county, Burk goes east (Munster), Hoober to Howe's farm, J. H. Jennett to Spring Valley. Thomas Berry has sold out and has now here to rest his head, Kelso having taken his place.

Public sales are numerous, and Stronsenback is busy.

Lawsuit at L. L. Winter's court Monday the 22d—Lawless vs. Lawless. Oh! ye gods, when shall these strifes have an end?

There were a car load of hogs shipped from here this week.

J. R. Edward has vacation in school. Scarlet fever is the cause. "Cow."

There was a large attendance at the Baptist tea, given at the church Thursday evening.

Vicinity Items.

A raging torrent filled Hickory creek at Joliet Thursday of last week. An ice gorge formed, the C., St. L. & W. railroad bridge was carried away, and acres of land near the creek were overflowed.

Streator sports clubbed together to pay the expenses of Spellman's defense.

John Dillon showed at Streator last night.

And now Gov. Oglesby is to be asked by Streator people to pardon Ed. Harvey, who last week pleaded guilty to highway robbery and was sentenced to the penitentiary for a year. A petition to this effect is being circulated. The ground on which the request is based is that it is unjust to convict one and acquit the other of the same offense, Spellman having been declared innocent and Harvey having turned state's evidence.

Whether La Salle will have water works will be voted for pro and con at the city election April 20.

Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has sued the Joliet *Press* for libel, the *Press* having repeated some of the *Agents' Herald* trash.

James Bennett, of Peru, one night recently went to the residence of William Stringhorn, of La Salle, and placing a revolver at the woman's head demanded her money, which was handed over to him, amounting to $165. He then skipped out with his wife and children and has not been heard of since. This story comes from La Salle.

One night recently Michael McLean broke his arm by a fall at the La Salle club rink.

The Seneca artesian well is not a success; in fact, it closely resembles a failure. The well will have to be shoved down into the bowels of the earth some two thousand feet more, so it is thought.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Lutz & Briggs.

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