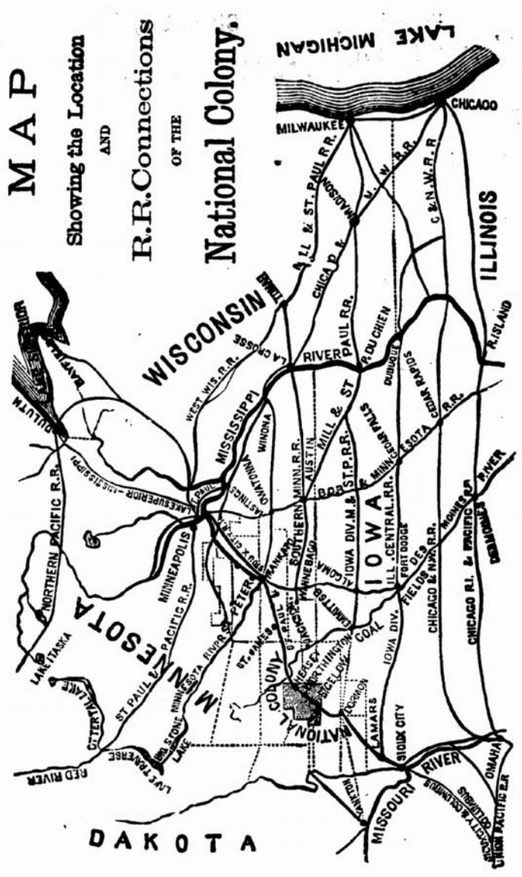
Historical Society

The Worthington Advance.

VOLUME V. WORTHINGTON, NOBLES CO., MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER, 14, 1876 NUMBER 2.

150,000 Acres of Land for Sale on Long Time and Small Payments, by the

NATIONAL COLONY



The National Colony.

The national colony is located in Southwestern Minnesota and Northwestern Iowa. It comprises twelve townships of land in Nobles county, Minnesota, and three and one half townships in Osceola county, Iowa, the land being undulating prairie, watered by streams and lakes, and having a soil of sandy loam from two to four feet in depth. There are twenty townships of land in Nobles county, and it is admitted on all hands that this county lies in the very heart of what is called the "CREAM OF THE PRAIRIES." Southwestern Minnesota, by general consent, long since took the name of the "GARDEN OF THE STATE."

Lakes.

There are some fifty lakes, great and small, in Nobles county. The principal ones are Lakes Okabena, Ocheeda, Indian Lake, and Graham Lakes. Within a radius of eight miles of Worthington there are over twenty-four miles of lake front.

Stock Growing.

The numerous lakes and the luxuriant grasses of this region adapt it to stock-growing in an eminent degree, and a number of settlers are arranging to engage in stock-growing, dairying and cheese-making The dry winters and fine climate are exceedingly favorable to the health of all kinds of stock. Beef cattle grown here can be delivered in Chicago for less money than by stock-growers living within twenty miles of that city. Two cheese factories now in operation in the county.

Railroads.

Two railroads now in operation to Worthington. The Sioux City & St. Paul Railroad runs in a southwesterly direction across Nobles county, keeping the people in daily communication with both St. Paul, distant 177 miles, and Sioux City, distant 92 miles. The Worthington and Sioux Falls Railroad extends westward to La Verne and will soon be completed to Sioux Falls. Preparations are now making to extend the Southern Minnesota to Worthington within the next year. Another proposed road is a narrow-gauge coal road to the Iowa coal fields, which will, in due time, no doubt be built. Another road is projected from Sioux City to Worthington by way of the Rock River Valley. The Southern Minnesota Company contemplates building a branch northwest from Worthington to Pipestone county.

Towns and Villages.

There are three villages in the county, all of which are railroad stations, viz: Worthington, Bigelow and Hersey.

Worthington

Is the county seat, and is a thriving town, drawing trade from nine of the surrounding counties. It is situated on West Okabena Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, having a circumference of about six miles, and presenting upon its shores many elevated sites for residences. It furnishes sand, gravel, boulders, ice and water in abundance for the town, to say nothing of boating, fishing, gunning, etc. The business of the town is represented by over twenty stores, five hotels, several lumber yards, fuel yards, meat markets, livery stables, etc., and one large steam flouring mill and two weekly newspapers. The professions are represented by three physicians, two dentists, and four lawyers. There are five church organizations in the place, viz.: Union Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Disciples. The Congregationalists and Presbyterians both have neat church edifices, and the Methodists own the large building known as Methodist Block, containing Miller Hall, in which they hold services. The various societies are represented by a Masonic Lodge, a Good Templar Lodge, and a Post of the Grand Army.

Worthington has a good graded school, with three departments, on the Independent District plan. A fine School Building has been erected.

In culture and character, the people of Worthington are admitted to be far superior to those of frontier towns generally. The temperance feature of the Colony, which excludes the liquor traffic, has attracted the better class and excluded the more vicious class of settlers. We know of no place in the west where an investment in town lots will pay better

BIGELOW is a thriving village located some ten miles south-west of Worthington near the Iowa line. It is a railroad station and contains several stores, shops, warehouses, etc., and a cheese factory in successful operation.

HERSEY is another railroad station and village located about eight miles north-east of Worthington. It contains a postoffice, hardware store, lumber yard, hotel, etc, and is located in a beautiful and fertile region, and has a promising future before it.

Temperance and Education.

The National Colony is founded upon a temperance and educational basis. These features entered into the original plan of Dr. A P. Miller and Professor R. F. Humiston, the founders, and were among the chief inducements which brought to this locality the intelligent class of people, who have located here. No intoxicating beverages are sold in the county. The town charter of Worthington prohibits the liquor traffic. The educational interests of the town and county are in the hands of advanced men, who appreciate the importance of superior educational facilities and who will have them whatever they may cost. A few years hence will witness the establishment of the Worthington Seminary upon a permanent basis. There are now about fifty school districts organized in the county.

Climate.

The climate of Southwestern Minnesota is probably its chief attraction. The atmosphere is dry and is almost a specific for all pulmonary and bronchial affections. Consumption and ague are unknown here, and the exhilerating air gives energy to constitutions which would succumb in a more humid climate. The abounding good health and energy of the people are a source of constant remark and congratulation.

Advantages.

The advantages of this region are briefly summarized as follows: Fertile soil, convenient markets, and healthful climate; superior mail, railroad, school, church and other privileges; and no ague, no consumption, no liquor traffic, no desperadoes, no Indians.

The National Colony is a community founded, like any other community, upon legitimate and recognized business and social principles, without any communism or any peculiar feature other than the exclusion of the liquor traffic.

In addition to the advantages above named, every settler upon these lands has all the benefits arising from the location here of the NATIONAL COLONY and of the constant active and efficient work of that organization, of which Miller, Humiston & Co. are the proprietors and managers.

Settlers upon these lands will be transported from Chicago, and intermediate stations, at greatly reduced rates

Descriptive Pamphlets, containing full information in regard to the Colony lands, will be sent free to any one applying personally or by letter to

MILLER, HUMISTON & CO., Worthington, Minn,

ALLEN GIBSON, National Colony Agent, 106 Fifth Av., Chicago, Ill.

Or F. C. TAYLOR, 184 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

FEMININITIES.

No woman with a proper appreciation of her rights will marry a man so tall that she can't reach his hair.

Nothing pleases a conscientious bachelor so much as to dine with a married friend and see the baby put his foot into the gravy.

What is the difference between the dress of our grandmothers and our sisters? The former wore pinafores and the latter pin-a-backs.

When a man's wife locks him up in the third-story front, it's some comfort for him to see the man across the way picking broom-seeds out of his hair.

The young lady who "wore a brass band encircling her raven locks of hair," is supposed to have suggested the song of "There's Music in the Hair."

Miss Stag was married at Hornellsville, N. Y., recently. The bridegroom had engraved on the wedding ring:

Name ever deer to me.

"I should be afraid to carry my nose as high as you do, ma'am," said a servant maid to her mistress. "Afraid of what?" she asked, sharply. "Of spiders, ma'am."

"What would you like?" said Jones, the other night, to Miss Smith, as he led her into the refreshment-room. "Pop," was the blushing answer. Jones didn't see it.

A clergyman said the other day that modern young ladies were not daughters of Shem and Ham, but daughters of Hem and Sham—compounds of plain sewing and make-believe.

Maid (before the party)—"Shall you wear your white muslin to-night, ma'am?" Mistress—"Yes Jane." Maid—"Then I'll wear my blue silk, as I don't want us to clash."

A western girl visited a music store and asked for "The Heart Boiled down with Grease and Care," and "When I Swallowed Home-Made Pies." The clerk at once recognized what she desired.

"Woman," said the fat man on the cracker barrel, reflectively, "woman is like a boil. When another man has her we laugh at him; when we have her ourself we cherish and protect her."

Little Girl—"Oh, please, sir, I've brought your shirt 'ome, but mother says she can't wash it no more, 'cos she was obliged to paste it up agen the wall and chuck soap-suds at it, it's so tender.

Geraldine—You shan't be my aunt; you shall be my sister! Aunt Anne—No. I am your papa's sister, and so I must be your aunt. Geraldine (after a pause)—Then, was papa my uncle before he was married?—Punch.

"Speaking of bathing," said Mrs. Partington, some can bathe with perfect impurity in water as cold as Greenland's icy Mountains, and India's Coral Strands; but for my part, I would prefer to have the water a little torpid."

The owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired naively: "Are your eyes new ones?"

Six months is the regulation period prescribed before a widow can sit at the front parlor window and peep through the slats at the gentlemen going to and returning from their business, but she generally does it the day after the funeral.

A Saratoga letter-writer asks, in desparing tones, "Where are the men?" We don't know dear, just where all of the men are, but from our sanctum window we just now saw six of them them file around behind the screne of a sample room overt he way.

Mme. X. thinks of going to the circus, and her servant tries to dissuade her. "If I were you, madame, I would not go." "Why?" "O, they have a horse that stops before the most foolish person in the audience, and suppose he should stop before you!"

A 5-year-old tot, who had always closed her prayers with "and God help Katy to be a good girl," opened her eyes at that point, the other night, and said very decidedly: "I ain't going to say the rest, for I don't want to be a dood girl, I want to eat green apples and swallow 'em."

It will hardly be necessary to tell the name of the party who went into a dry goods store the other day and was observed to be looking about, when the proprietor remarked to him that they didn't keep whisky. "It would save you a good many steps if you did," was the quick reply.

Biddy—"Did yez iver see a finer wake, a nicer funeral, or a purtier corpse than Paddy's?" Kate—"Niver a wanst." Biddy—"And do yez know Paddy was that natural loike, had he come to life and got out of his coffin to see himself in it, be-dad he himself wouldn't have known he was dead."

A young gentleman, after having for some time paid his addresses to a lady, popped the question. The lady, in a frightful manner, said: "You scare me, sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained silent for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again?"

The libellant's counsel in a divorce case in England recently, while cross-examining the correspondent concerning a certain affecting leave-taking with the respondent at a railway station, asked: "Did you not place your hand in his, saying, 'Meet me in heaven, George?'" "Would you have me to ask him to meet me in hell?" flashed back the lady. When the roar in the court-room had subsided, the lawyer repeated: "Did you or did you not ask him to meet you in heaven?" "Yes, I did," was the next retort, "but I hope you don't call that an improper assignation!"

RAID BY ROBBERS.

The Missouri Train Robbers Undertake to go Through a Minnesota Bank, but meet a Bloody Reception.

Three Men Killed and Two Wounded.

The history of highwaymen and bandits never recorded a more bold, dashing and yet unsuccessful attempt at robbery than was made at Northfield, Minn., on Thursday, the 7th inst. An account of it is remindful of the days when British knights of the road said "Stand and deliver," and when surrounded by ten times their number put spurs to their horses and defied sword and bullet.

Northfield is, be it stated for the information of those not acquainted with the fact, a quiet little city of about two thousand inhabitants, situated in Rice county and on the line of the Iowa and Minnesota division of the Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, about forty miles from St. Paul.

The inhabitants are peacefully disposed, and the morals of the city are notably of the undemonstrative character; its people prosperous and happy.

On the morning stated three men rode leisurely into town and took dinner at a resturant on the west side of the Cannon River, which flows through the town, took everything in a liesurely manner, ate heartily, discussed politics among themselves, paid their bill, and one of the number, to all appearances the leader of the gang, offered to bet the resturant proprietor one hundred dollars that this State would go Democratic. The bet was not accepted, and the three men mounted their horses and drove across the bridge.

They tied their horses near Gee & Hitchcock's corner, very nearly in front of the bank. For a few moments they stood leisurely talking among themselves at the corner, afterwards moving toward the bank which they entered. At the very same time there rode across the bridge into the large open square, three men, mounted and armed to the teeth, and heading their horses into a gallop commenced yelling and firing their revolvers, ordering everyone inside. The shots were fired in every direction, as the marks on the buildings indicate. The square was immediately cleared, store doors closed, and surprise that produced only compliance with the sudden and desperate command prevailed. Simultaneously there rode down from the west into the main street, two or three other men, who observed the same kind of tactics as the three that had just crossed the bridge.

With a promptness that speaks volumes for the bravery of several of the citizens of Northfield, and an intuition of what the intent of the desperadoes were, that is simply remarkable, armed themselves and did effective service. Dr. Henry Wheeler, a young physician suddenly recollecting that there was an old breech loading carbine in the Dampier House, fronting on the open square, where the robbers were dashing about and firing shots in every direction, issued from a drug store, and braving a fusilade of bullets from the robbers, ran for his life down half a block, secured the rusty old weapon, loaded it, and from a position in one of the hotel windows commenced to fire on the intrepid horsemen.

Meantime Mr. A. R. Manning, who keeps a store four doors from the corner, had also secured a rifle, and Joe Hyde brought up the rear with a shotgun. Geo. D. Bates took a position in the door of Hanam's clothing store, directly opposite the corner, and under the window occupied by Wheeler, and with an empty revolver sought to intimidate the robbers. The firing commenced in sharp earnest.

The robbers had in the interim congregated in front of or about the bank and had vacated the square. Mr. Manning took a position at Lee & Hitchcock's corner, and slipping out at intervals discharged his rifle. When he first put his head out he discovered several crouching behind a horse presenting a broadside to Mr. Manning. He let fly and killed the horse, thus summarily disposing of that fortification. One more shot he got in and which he believes brought down a horseman who had adopted the Indian tactics of hiding behind his horse's neck and firing a running fire. Boyd had meantime succeeded in discharging his shot-gun. Wheeler held the window, and is believed to have killed one of the men, who up to that time had occupied a place in front of the bank, and a spot of blood still marks the spot. The other man fell from his horse about one hundred feet distant and on the other side of the street.

By this time all were mounted. As the horseman fell he threw up his arms, another of the robbers dashed up to him, said something, and seized from his belt one of his navy revolvers and dashed on up the street.

While this was going on Manning was placed under the surveillance of two of the robbers, who watched his movements so closely and covered him so with their revolvers that he dare not attempt to fire again from around the corner. A flight of stairs in a measure protected him. It is riddled with bullets, and tells of a hot fire the robbers sent at the intrepid and self-possessed Manning.

He adopted other tactics and made through Lee & Hichcock's store and renewed the fire from the back door. Meantime Wheeler continued to do good service from his position in the hotel windows, as the robbers dashed down the street, coming from the bloody affray, he wounded another man. He checked his horse, called to his companions "For God's sake don't leave me," and well nigh fell from his saddle. The other robber pulled up slightly, spoke to him, and all dashed on down the main street, the wounded man with difficulty retaining his seat in the saddle.

IN THE BANK.

But let us tell the story of the hero in the bank, and how he died true to his trust. It will be best understood as it came from the lips of Mr. Wilcox, a clerk in the bank. He says:

"Mr. Haywood occupied the cashier's seat at the desk. Mr. Bunker, who is the teller, and myself occudied seats at the desk, Mr. Bunker being nearest the opening at the corner. The first thing we knew the three men were on or over the counter with revolvers presented at our heads. They ordered Mr. Bunker and myself to hold up our hands and we could not do otherwise than comply. The robbers stated briefly that they intended to rob the bank. I believe this was stated by the small man of light complexion, who seemed to be in command, and who was first in getting behind the desk. The second man was a large heavy built fellow with a heavy moustache cut rather stubby short. The other one was also a large man and wore no beard. The man in command approached Haywood and asked him if he was the cashier, and he replied that he was not. He demanded of him that he open the safe.

He replied that he could not. The demand was also made of Mr. Bunker and myself in succession. We were asked if we knew the combination. We replied that we did not. The outer vault door stood open. An attempt had been made to drag Mr. Haywood to it, and meantime the leader of the gang had entered the outer vault. Mr. Haywood jumped forward and endeavored to shut the door and shut the desperado in. One of the ruffians interfered, however, and prevented it.

During this time one of the party continued to cover Bunker and myself with his revolvers. Bunker thought he had an opportunity, and cut and run for the back door. The robber whom I mentioned as the third man followed, firing one shot which made the hole shown you in the blind door, one-half of which was closed. The shot did not take effect. He followed Bunker to the door, and as he stood i the door fired again at Bunker, who was making down between the two buildings in the rear, the ball taking effect in the shoulder, and inflicting nothing more serious than a flesh wound.

The other two continued their demand of Haywood to open the safe, but he persisted in refusing. They seemed to think he was the man. One of the number drew a knife, and presenting it to his throat, exclaimed, "Damn you! open that door, or we'll cut your throat from ear to ear," at the same time inflicting a slight scratch upon the neck. Meantime, the firing had continued to increase outside, and one of the number who were upon the outside shouted to those in the room to come out. It was evidently getting too hot for them.

Almost immediately they took the alarm and somehow they jumped over the counter, making their exit. The small man was the last to go. He mounted a desk at the front, and as he turned to go fired a shot at Haywood, which I do not think is the one that took effect. Haywood dodged behind his desk, or sank into his chair and as the robber made over the desk railing he turned, and placing his revolver to Haywood's head, fired, shooting him dead.

He staggered forward and fell behind the counter. The robbers made out of the door. I do not remember much more that followed.

THE FLIGHT.

The desperadoes started their horses into a dead gallop, but checked them about a mile and a half out of town, and dressed the wounds of their companion. At Dundas, three miles distant, another halt was made and the wounds washed. When the highwaymen were observed on this occasion two were riding upon one horse, and leading the riderless horse of the injured man. On beyond Dundas another halt was made and the wounds again washed and dressed. A number of the citizens of Northfield, led by Dr. Wheeler, who did such good service, started shortly after, in pursuit. They were well armed and equipped. Wheeler did not even stop to put on his boots.

THE MURDERED CASHIER.

Mr. J. L. Haywood, the murdered bank official, was a man about 34 years of age, and married. A wife and one child mourn his loss. He was acting cashier in the absence of Mr. Phillips, now in the east. It was his intent upon the return of Mr. Phillips to leave with his wife for the Centennial. He formerly resided in Minneapolis, and was in the employ of Capt. John Martin. At the opening of the Northfield Bank four years ago, he accepted a position there, and has since been made city treasurer of Northfield, and also treasurer of Carlton College. He was a man of indomitable pluck, and although given up as long as ten years ago as a hopeless consumptive, he has simply persisted in living up to the time of his tragic death.

The fleeing robbers were followed fifty or sixty miles to Lake Elysian, in the vicinity of Janesville, on the Winona & St. Peter railroad, where they were surrounded by several hundred armed men, and at this writing all efforts to get them were ineffectual.

European horticulturists have lately adopted a mode of making rose cuttings root with more certainty, by bending the shoots, and inserting both ends into the ground, leaving a single bud uncovered, at the middle and on the surface of the ground. The cuttings are about ten inches long and are bent over a stick laid flat on the ground, holes being dug on each side of the stick for the reception of the end of shoot. The roots form only at the lower end of the shoot, but the other end being buried, prevents evaporating and drying up.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Conducted by a veteran Northwestern Agriculturist.

The Wheat Crop, or Seed Wheat.

It is claimed that the cause of the shrinkage in the wheat crop in the Northwest, for the year 1876, was simply because so much poor seed was sowed last spring. For instance a good deal of the wheat used for seed was, what is called sprouted wheat, and the grain did not in consequence stool out: that is to say it did not send out several stocks of wheat from the seed, which is the case when good seed is used.

Taking it for granted that the theory is correct, the remedy would have been, to have sowed double or thrible the quantity of seed to the acre, say instead of sowing a bushel and a half of seed to the acre, add double of that quantity. Then probably the grain would have been thick enough on the ground.

But then the practice would have been a bad one, because of all other varieties of grain, it is indispensible that the quality of seed wheat should be beyond all doubt. If a poor quality of seed is grown, it must be expected that a poor crop of wheat will be the result. It cannot be otherwise. Wheat that has grown in the stack, or in the shock or in the bin, never should be used for seed. In addition to the fact that it will not send forth only one stalk, the straw will be frial; full of softness; a kind of a velvety appearance, without the proper nourishment to mature the head which contains the wheat.

The best way is to only grow a number one article. Then the chances are pretty sure of a good crop. Wheat that has been heated should never be used for seed. Not one kernel in fifty will grow. Sprouted wheat will grow, but as we have explained. it is of but little account.

Timely Hints To Bee-Keepers.

Never use an old hive for a new swarm without first taking off the top board and planing it; also the inside. The boxes for surplus honey should be made with four sides of glass, being very easily made, and making a neat package. Put in the boxes pieces of comb about two inches square. The bees will then have something to start from, and you will have as many combs as you put pieces. Put on the boxes in the spring as soon as they begin to earry honey, if you would secure much from the old swarms, and on the new swarms about three days after they are hived. Boxes that have been on a hive once must be taken apart and thoroughly cleaned before using, or they will not work in them. The comb is secured to the boxes by melting a little beeswax and dipping the comb in it. To remove surplus boxes I have found nothing so good as two pieces of heavy sheet-iron, three inches wide and seven inches long—a half inch of one end turned at right angles with the left; run both ends under the box; leave one end on the hive, the other draw off with the box, and not a bee can escape from either. Plug the holes up with twisted grass, as it is next to impossible to get anything else out after they have waxed it over. Put the box with honey and bees in a dark place, letting in just a little light, which will enable them to find their way out, and not back, which they will try to do. Do not examine them often when they are storing honey, or they will stop. The box covering the honey boxes should be well made and fitting the hive tight enough to exclude light; but be sure to have them well shaded in hot weather, or you will fail to get much else but swarms, of which there will be plenty. There should be at least two thicknesses of boards over the surplus boxes.

Food for Pigs.

A gentleman who has much experience in the swine herd says:

"The best food I have found for pigs a few months after weaning, is as much cow's milk or whey as they will drink. Into this, stir more or less, as required, of finely ground provender slightly salted, composed of six parts oats and two of corn, and one of flaxseed. If the latter is not at hand substitute oil or cotton-seed meal. If milk or whey are not to be had, use pure fresh water. If all could be cooked, so much the better.

"When more convienient or economical, other food may be substituted for the above, such as pea, bean or barley meal, and unbolted wheat, rye, or buckwheat flour. Shorts and bran I have found are apt to scour them at this time, especially if uncooked. The same remark will apply to vegetables, apples and other fruit, which, if fed at all should be first steamed or cooked, and then mixed with meal. Brewers meals and malt combs are recomended, but having never tried them for very young pigs, I cannot speak of their suitableness from my own experience. They are good for older animals.

Other kinds of food assist in producing a rapid growth of the pig, as offal from hotel tables, fisheries, slaughter houses; but as few can avail themselves of these, I speak more particularly of such as is produced on the farm. Being an omnivorous animal, it does not matter so much as to the kind of food given it, except when put up for fattening (then it must be given grain or meal of some kind entirely), providing it keeps the pig in a thriving condition. Care must be had during growth to neither stuff nor scrimp, both being alike injurious.

In regard to pigs destined for breeding, he adds:

"In warm weather let them run in a grass pasture, if to be had, with pure runing water and plenty of shade. In cold or stormy weather, provide yards with a dry soil and southern exposure, with comfortable pens or sheds, well littered, under which they can retire at will. Cold night air is pernicious to young pigs, and is liable to give them swollen throats, which sometimes proves fatal. Those of nearly the same age should be kept together, and not so many as to endanger any being overlaid and smothered. When kept in pens or yards, supply them with chunks of decayed wood, charcoal, etc., as described for the boar.

Purging or Scouring,—Young pigs are apt to scour when fed on too loose food. The best remedy I found for this was to shut them up in a covered pen with a plank floor, and feed entirely with well-dried oats or corn. Sometimes I gave, in addition, a little boiled flax seed or oil meal, mixed in their drinks.

Treatment of Pigs selected for Fattening.—Carefnl experiments have proved that time is economized, and pork can be most cheaply produced by pushing pigs forward as rapidly as possible from the time of their birth to that of their slaughter, giving them regularly at least thrice per day, all the most suitable food for this purpose which they will eat up clean, and digest. The last three weeks or so, finish off with Indian meal pudding or whole corn, with pure fresh water for drink. Old corn, or well ripened and dry of the season's growth, is best. This makes the sweetest and most solid pork of anything I have had."

Watering Horses.

A full drink of water immediately after being fed, should never be allowed to horses. When water is drank by them the bulk of it goes directly to the large intestines, and little of it is retained in the stomach. In passing through the stomach, however, the water carries considerable quantities of the contents to where it lodges in the intestines. If, then, the food of the stomach is washed out before it is digested, no nourishment is derived from the food.

A small quantity of fluid swallowed along with or immediately after, dry food, beneficially softens it, and assists it in its division and digestion. An ordinary supply of water, or of watery fluid, on the other hand, proves injurious. It dilutes unduly the digestive secretions; it mechanically carries onward the imperfectly digested food, and thus interferes with the proper functions of the canal, and excites indigestion and diarrhœa. These untoward effects are specially apt to occur where horses freely fed and too liberally watered are shortly put to tolerably quick work. There is no more infallable method of producing colic. diarrhœa, and inflammation of the bowels. The horse is not peculiar in this respect; dogs, and even their masters, similarly suffer from copious draughts of water immediately after eating much solid food.

Eggs—How Increased.

From the London Agricultural Gazette.

If an increase of eggs be desired in the poultry yard, before large sums of mony are expended in the purchase of everlasting layers, we would recommend the system of keeping no hens after the first, or, at the most, their second year. Early pullets give the increase, and the only wonder is that people persist as they do in keeping up a stock of old hens. which lay one day and stop three, instead of laying three days and stopping one; in some parts of England it is the invariable rule to keep the pullets only one year. Feeding will do a great deal—a surprising work indeed—in the production of eggs, but not when old hens are concerned; they may put on fat, but they cannot put down eggs. Their tale is told, their work is over; nothing remains to be done with them but to give them a smell of the kitchen fire, and the sooner they get that the better. Of course there are some old favorites whose lives ought to be spared as long as they can send forth their representatives. Judicious mating, by which we mean the advantage of a comparatively youthful cockerel, may be the means of even exhibition poultry making their appearance from the eggs of the good old hen, and here we have the exception to the rule upon which we insist.

Badly Cheated.

Mr.——, of a certain town in Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality, either of purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents, would give him more pain than the destruction of an entire navy. He once bought a large cake of tallow at a country store at ten cents a pound. On breaking it to pieces at home, it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entering in great excitement, bearing the cake of tallow, exclaiming vehemently:

"Here, you rascal, you have cheated me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow, and there ain't near so much as there appeared to be. I want you to make it right."

"Certainly," replied the merchant, "I'll make it right. I didn't know the cake was hollow. You paid ten cents a pound. Now, Mr.——, how much do you suppose the hole will weigh?