

FARM AND ORCHARD.

Helpful Hints for the Busy Farmer.

BY J. S. FRIGG.

Des Moines, Iowa. Correspondence Invited.

Careful caretaker sows a board straight. A careful farmer likewise plants his corn in straight rows.

Concrete is growing more and more in favor for use on the farm, as it is both cheaper and more durable than any other material. It is also a good material for building fences and other structures.

In a way the general purpose hen requires the regular purpose cow, being being expected to produce so far as possible two entirely different standards of utility. It is because of a failure to do this that animals of the type mentioned are so often a disappointment.

That man is indeed narrow minded who takes his attitude on every public question. He is mostly affected by his own case. The truly public spirited man looks at public policies not only as affecting his own particular interests, but as affecting those of his neighbor as well.

The fact that no device has been or is likely to be invented which at all approaches the human hand in the matter of making mistakes about the only drawback there is in the business of chairing for a good many men. Many proprietors and a good many more hire their simply will not milk if they can get out of it.

One of the chief drawbacks to having a patch of horse-radish in the garden or back yard is the tendency which it has to spread. It has been found that if a round hole the size of the root to be transplanted is drilled to a depth of 12 inches and a piece of the root pushed to the bottom of the hole, the plant which springs therefrom will spread little if any.

The planting of a device upon the lawn which will prevent the growth of weeds will be greatly appreciated by them and will furnish them an interesting moment to the thoughtful benefactor. Where a lawn spray is available the blackberry should be gathered up on the hot summer days, utilizing it for a bath and drink.

Those who are looking around for cheaper land should not get the idea that they must leave the United States to find it. The best land is to be found in the western states, and the results are astonishing. Moreover, these irrigated lands when first opened up are purchased at a very reasonable figure, and experience has proved that they rapidly rise in value.

In the attempt to concentrate and perpetuate the excellent points of legs of a few animals, it is resorted to by certain breeders, and this is done not only by using a marked degree of inbreeding, but also by doing the same for certain undesirable ones. Among humans the law draws the line in many states at the intermarriage of cousins. It would be well if more care along this line were exercised in the breeding of animals.

The forestry and horticultural departments of some of the state agricultural schools are this year carrying out in cooperation with farmers of different sections tests with a view to determining the best methods for the artificial treatment of pests to increase their durability. In one state which has taken up the work about 1,000 posts from quick growing trees, half green and half partly seasoned, have been sent by the farmers to the experimental station for use in the test. As soon as results can be determined a bulletin will be issued.

A town development association of a neighborhood has formed, by the way, its membership consists entirely of ladies—will this year try to arouse interest in the subject of civic improvement by offering a reward of \$5 to the boy under fifteen years of age who during the season maintains the best kept lawn. The plan has already aroused much interest, and its good effects will be manifest at once and continue throughout the summer season. In other towns we know of the prizes will be offered to both boys and girls for the best kept and most productive vegetable and flower gardens. The contests which will be carried on in these different instances, while participated in primarily for the purpose of winning the coveted prizes, will not only result in improving the appearance of many lawns and gardens in the towns where they are conducted, but will benefit in all the boys and girls who take part in them a love of the beautiful and habits of personal virtue and industry whose beneficial effects will be manifest at once. Youth's vigor and enthusiasm are just as productive of the good and useful when well directed as they are of evil and mischief when misdirected or allowed to go to waste, hence those who have devised the above plan to keep the young folks occupied during the vacation season are to be commended.

It is safe to say that every day's feed from the manure takes four days' feed from the horse.

The religious professions of the person who will knowingly market eggs of questionable reputation are always subject to a heavy discount.

MARKET PRICES.

Paid By the Logan Merchants

FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Corrected Weekly by Leading Dealers.

BUYING PRICES

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Apples	\$2.00
Potatoes	60c
Turnips	40c

POULTRY.

Live Chickens	8c
Dressed Chickens	10c
Live Turkeys	12c
Dressed Turkeys	15c

GRAIN AND HAY.

Wheat	85c
Corn	50c
Oats	45c
Choice Timothy	10.00
Mixed	8.00
Straw	5.00

LIVE STOCK.

Togs, on foot	3c
Hogs, dressed	7c
Steers, on hoof	1c to 11c
Cows, on hoof	3 to 3c
Heifers, on hoof	3 to 4c
Bulls, on hoof	3 to 3c
Calfs, on hoof	3c

GRAIN AND LIVE STOCK.

EAST BUFFALO

Cattle Good to choice, 10 to 12c; 12 to 14c; 14 to 16c; 16 to 18c; 18 to 20c; 20 to 22c; 22 to 24c; 24 to 26c; 26 to 28c; 28 to 30c; 30 to 32c; 32 to 34c; 34 to 36c; 36 to 38c; 38 to 40c; 40 to 42c; 42 to 44c; 44 to 46c; 46 to 48c; 48 to 50c; 50 to 52c; 52 to 54c; 54 to 56c; 56 to 58c; 58 to 60c; 60 to 62c; 62 to 64c; 64 to 66c; 66 to 68c; 68 to 70c; 70 to 72c; 72 to 74c; 74 to 76c; 76 to 78c; 78 to 80c; 80 to 82c; 82 to 84c; 84 to 86c; 86 to 88c; 88 to 90c; 90 to 92c; 92 to 94c; 94 to 96c; 96 to 98c; 98 to 100c.

PITTSBURGH

Cattle Choice, 5 to 7c; 7 to 9c; 9 to 11c; 11 to 13c; 13 to 15c; 15 to 17c; 17 to 19c; 19 to 21c; 21 to 23c; 23 to 25c; 25 to 27c; 27 to 29c; 29 to 31c; 31 to 33c; 33 to 35c; 35 to 37c; 37 to 39c; 39 to 41c; 41 to 43c; 43 to 45c; 45 to 47c; 47 to 49c; 49 to 51c; 51 to 53c; 53 to 55c; 55 to 57c; 57 to 59c; 59 to 61c; 61 to 63c; 63 to 65c; 65 to 67c; 67 to 69c; 69 to 71c; 71 to 73c; 73 to 75c; 75 to 77c; 77 to 79c; 79 to 81c; 81 to 83c; 83 to 85c; 85 to 87c; 87 to 89c; 89 to 91c; 91 to 93c; 93 to 95c; 95 to 97c; 97 to 99c; 99 to 101c.

CHICAGO

Cattle Common to prime, 10 to 12c; 12 to 14c; 14 to 16c; 16 to 18c; 18 to 20c; 20 to 22c; 22 to 24c; 24 to 26c; 26 to 28c; 28 to 30c; 30 to 32c; 32 to 34c; 34 to 36c; 36 to 38c; 38 to 40c; 40 to 42c; 42 to 44c; 44 to 46c; 46 to 48c; 48 to 50c; 50 to 52c; 52 to 54c; 54 to 56c; 56 to 58c; 58 to 60c; 60 to 62c; 62 to 64c; 64 to 66c; 66 to 68c; 68 to 70c; 70 to 72c; 72 to 74c; 74 to 76c; 76 to 78c; 78 to 80c; 80 to 82c; 82 to 84c; 84 to 86c; 86 to 88c; 88 to 90c; 90 to 92c; 92 to 94c; 94 to 96c; 96 to 98c; 98 to 100c.

BOSTON

Wool, Old and Pennsylvania, 10 to 12c; 12 to 14c; 14 to 16c; 16 to 18c; 18 to 20c; 20 to 22c; 22 to 24c; 24 to 26c; 26 to 28c; 28 to 30c; 30 to 32c; 32 to 34c; 34 to 36c; 36 to 38c; 38 to 40c; 40 to 42c; 42 to 44c; 44 to 46c; 46 to 48c; 48 to 50c; 50 to 52c; 52 to 54c; 54 to 56c; 56 to 58c; 58 to 60c; 60 to 62c; 62 to 64c; 64 to 66c; 66 to 68c; 68 to 70c; 70 to 72c; 72 to 74c; 74 to 76c; 76 to 78c; 78 to 80c; 80 to 82c; 82 to 84c; 84 to 86c; 86 to 88c; 88 to 90c; 90 to 92c; 92 to 94c; 94 to 96c; 96 to 98c; 98 to 100c.

LAST month. There is big money in raising stock of this type, which will fetch from \$50 to \$100 per head.

There has probably been up single factor that has had more to do with the remarkable development of the agricultural interests of the country than any other system of transportation.

LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT.

BY ADA AND DUDLEY JAMES.

"I'm about sick of this place," remarked Bobby Dawes discontentedly to the snow-clad mountains. "To-morrow I shall pack up and go home."

The snow-clad mountains vouchsafed no reply and Bobby Dawes, with that feeling of satisfaction which the taking of any resolution, good or bad, engenders—rose to his feet and sauntered along the baking lake side walk of Lugano back to his hotel.

There was no mistaking Bobby Dawes' nationality as he strolled idly along under the trees. Tall, fair, well turned out, a gray suit, Panama hat, an irreproachable face, he looked the possible hero of many amatory adventures, although few had ever fallen to his lot. Amatory adventures require reciprocity, and Bobby Dawes had rarely, if ever, reciprocated.

Arriving at his hotel, he communicated his decision to the stout head porter. That astute individual declared himself "desolate," and expressed his disbelief that Bobby could have adequately inspected the numerous lions of the locality in so short a time.

He speedily ascertained that M'sieu had not yet visited the local mountain, San Salvatore.

"It was impossible," he said, decidedly, with a shrug of his massive shoulders, "for M'sieu to leave without ascending the famous funicular." And, before Bobby could protest effectually, it had been arranged for him to postpone his departure by at least one day and to ascend the mountain by the first funicular in the morning.

Thus it was that an early hour on the ensuing day found Bobby Dawes reluctantly ensconced in a corner of an ascending car, thanking Heaven fervently that modern inventions had relieved the traveler from the painful labor of mountain climbing.

He admired the usual view, disliked the usual wind, bought and dispatched the usual postcards, snubbed the usual book, and, honor being satisfied—honor is easily satisfied in that climate—prepared to descend.

A simple act enough, but fraught with the most momentous consequences to Bobby Dawes.

Suffering acutely from chattering tourists, he leaned well out from his corner seat watching the other car as it approached, wondering idly when they would meet and pass. It was some 20 yards off when his eye was caught by a white and frilly hat adorned with bunches of red cherries.

A rather smart hat, he thought lazily to himself. A decidedly smart hat. And, by George! as the car drew near—what a lovely girl!

He gazed at her spell-bound, moved to the very depths of his being.

"What glorious violet-blue-gray eyes!" he murmured to himself. "What a wealth of softly waving golden brown hair! What a perfectly indescribable air of indescribability!" he went on incoherently.

And Bobby began to realize he had met the only woman he could ever love on the car of a funicular railway, while he was going down and she was going up. Every moment cruel fate—represented by a wire rope—was dragging them further apart. Bobby fairly danced with anxiety on his seat, straining his eyes uselessly after the departing car. Immediately he reached the bottom, he purchased another ticket and sat in the car, possessed with a fury of impatience, until it commenced its downward journey.

Our Story Teller.

there, appearing over the back of the car, was the cherry-trimmed hat.

"I shall have to reascend and re-descend this wretched mountain before I can ever hope to see her again," he groaned to himself.

When he finally reached the bottom station 30 minutes later, naturally all trace of the cherry-trimmed hat was lost. He haunted the railway station, he hunted the steamer and landing places. He had tea at every coniferie in the town—sometimes five in an afternoon—but all without avail.

Bobby Dawes became embittered, and laughed discordantly at the snow-clad mountains. "It is exactly what I have always expected," he remarked to Monte Rosa. "There is but one woman in the world I could ever have loved, and we have met—but on opposite cars of a funicular railway. I have lost her, perhaps forever, without even the satisfaction of knowing she is married to another!"

He was proceeding to enlarge on this theme, Monte Rosa being a sympathetic listener, when his eye fell idly on an approaching steamer, and there, immediately about the funnel, was she! There were the violet-gray-blue eyes, there was the softly waving golden brown hair, there was the same indescribable air of indescribability, which he would have known among ten thousand—a million thousand!

The steamer stopped—would she land? She did!

He followed her to her hotel, named appropriately enough the "Splendide." That afternoon he removed there, bag and baggage. On the way he congratulated himself there was now a chance—and, if he knew anything of himself, a very excellent chance—of making her acquaintance.

As he neared the hotel the omnibus belonging to it passed him laden with luggage; obviously on its way to the station. He glanced carelessly at its occupants. He caught a glimpse of violet-gray-blue eyes and softly waving golden brown hair and groaned aloud! He had missed her again.

In two minutes he had button-holed the resplendent hall porter and asked the destination of the ladies in the omnibus.

"Ze ladies mit de logosh?" inquired the functionary.

"No, with the violet—no—I mean, I dare say they have got luggage, 'stammered the distracted Bobby.

"Yey go to catch de last train to Milano," was the reply.

A hasty study of Baedeker informed Bobby that the cathedral was the great attraction. "I might turn them up there with luck," he murmured hopefully, "if I caught the first train in the morning."

He spent the next two days in the cathedral, on the cathedral, in the Piazza in front of the cathedral.

On the third day, as he was leaving the soft gloom of the interior for the blinding sunlight of the Piazza, he suddenly saw in front of him something exquisitely striking yet exquisitely familiar. It was the cherry-trimmed hat, chaperoned by an older edition of herself—obviously her mother.

His first impulse was to clear the steps of the cathedral at a bound, but he fortunately restrained himself in time and descended decorously. As he drew near he could see that they were engaged in a most unequal altercation with a rapacious Milanese cabman. The violet-gray-blue eyes met him—recognized him as a compatriot and appealed for aid. He was in an awkward position; he felt that a few stern words in Italian was all that was required. Unfortunately he spoke no Italian.

Fixing the man with a glance of authority he surreptitiously pressed five lira into his willing hand and said in his most pre-emptory manner: "Parafinarat-asserghets-Tanstickor!"

The man was dumfounded. He gasped and fell back while Bobby triumphantly swept off the cherry-trimmed hat and her mother into the interior of the cathedral.

After that the path of Bobby Dawes was strewn with roses. They stayed at the same hotel, they did Milan together, they

lunched together, they dined together. He never spent a more glorious week in his life, and today regards Milan as the most charming and interesting city on the continent. If pressed, however, as to details, his recollections are hazy.

He suggested, for obvious reasons, they should spend their honeymoon at Lugano. And Betty seemed delighted at the idea. One evening, not long after their arrival, they were floating idly in a boat upon the lake listening to mandolins playing softly in the distance.

"To-morrow we will go to San Salvatore," he said, looking down on her fondly. "You know why?"

"No, I don't," said Betty. "Oh, yes, you do," he replied, "and, what is more, this time we'll go together in the same car," he added, playfully.

"I hope so, indeed," said Betty. "I've never been in a funicular before, and I know I shall be awfully frightened."

There was a pause. "You've never been up?" he said, slowly.

"Never," she said. "Mother was always so frightened of funiculars; besides, we only slept a night at Lugano, and went on."

A chill struck to Bobby's heart. "But the cherry-trimmed hat," he faltered.

"Fancy you remembering that old thing?" she said. "I've always rather liked it, because, do you know, I was wearing it that day I first met you in Milan. Everybody was wearing cherry-trimmed hats just then."

"Were they?" he gasped.

"Yes; I bought mine as we passed through Paris. But, talking of San Salvatore," she continued, "why were you so surprised at my never having been up?"

Bobby Dawes put much hard thinking into the next few seconds.

"Should he tell her everything or not?" he asked himself. "Make a clean breast of it," urged half of Bobby Dawes. "Don't; turn the other half. He must decide. Already she was looking at him in vague surprise. In his panic he endeavored to think of other topics of conversation, but in vain. The wash of the passing steamboat made his position a trifle insecure."

"Take care, dear," cried Betty. "The very thing," he murmured, and carefully losing his balance he fell overboard, and in the subsequent confusion the subject of San Salvatore was happily forgotten.

To this day Bobby wonders whom he has married. He knows it is not the girl he fell in love with at Lugano—the girl of the funicular railway.

"Have I," he asks himself, "married the girl in the steamer? Have I married the girl in the hotel omnibus? The only thing he knows for certain is that he married the girl he met and fell in love with in Milan. But has he married all the rest?"

He will never know—Grand Magazine.

RAVAGES OF WHITE ANT.

These Insects Seen Intended to Plague Human Race—No Method of Extermination.

"If ever a pest existed to plague the human family white ants fill the bill, said Richard Douglas, of Bulawayo, South Africa, to a representative of the Washington Post. "There is nothing they will not devour except corrugated iron. They will eat your shoes, your hat, your trousers, and I've had them utterly destroy a fine leather valise. An adobe hut offers no resistance to their invasion, and only hard bricks resist their attacks."

"The foundations of houses are protected with tin to keep them out. They are bred in myriads by a queen ant, which is fully three inches long, and which is estimated to produce 500,000 of her progeny each day. The government offers a substantial cash bonus for each queen destroyed. There has as yet been found no successful method of exterminating them, although great hope is had of a new invention, a machine that will scatter fumes of sulphuric acid in the ranks of the devouring armies."



She—Yes, I never had such cheek from a bus conductor in my life. I see to him, I see, "If I wasn't a born lady, I see to him in the aristocracy, I'd twist your blooming neck in three places!" I see—Pick Me Up.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Game of Telegrams Is Interesting and Instructive.

Each person is furnished with a pencil and a pad of paper, and a player, chosen by lot for the purpose, names ten letters of the alphabet, which are at once written at the top of each sheet of paper in the order in which the player gives them.

Each player is then asked to write a telegram of ten words, which must begin with the letters at the top of the sheet in regular order. A certain time is given for the writing, and then the papers are handed in to be read. A vote may be taken to decide which is the best, or a judge appointed for the purpose may make the decision, and the prize is awarded accordingly.

For example, take the letters T, E, L, E, G, R, A, P, H, S, out of which the following telegrams may be made:

"Thoroughly enjoying life. Every where good roads. Automobile proved howling success."

"Theresa entertained Lena Edwards. Great rejoicing among people here—S."