Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME VIII. HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY KY., JULY 9, 1886. NUMBER 55

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY MORNING BY

MEACHAM & WILGUS,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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One copy, six months $1,00

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Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

Rear Room over Planters' Bank.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

(1y jan 1-'86)

G. E. Medley,

DENTIST.

Hopkinsville, Ky.

Having bought out Dr. R. R. Bourne my office will be in the future over Bank of Hopkinsville, corner 8th and Main Sts.

1f G. E. MEDLEY.

JAMES BREATHITT. HENRY J. STITES.

BREATHITT & STITES,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

HOPKINSVILLE, - - KY.

Office—No. 4½ North Main Street.

feb5-'85.

FOR

Man and Beast,

Mustang Liniment is older than most men, and used more and more every year.

HAGAN'S

Magnolia Balm

is a secret aid to beauty. Many a lady owes her freshness to it, who would rather not tell, and *you can't* tell.

Novel feather fans are composed of ostrich plumes, of all shades, with an aigrette in the centre, and bamboo handles tied with ribbons; these usually match the costume with which they are worn.

PAPA'S PET NAMES.

When I come home my children glad
Rush out with joy to meet their "Dad"

Then quickly will my little Caddie
Bring forth warm slippers for her "Daddy."

Miss Kate an easy chair will draw
Close to the fire for her "Paw."

And Fred jumps nimbly in my lap
To hear a story from his "Pap."

And Willie proudly shows his top
And tries to spin it for his "Pop."

And Ethel says I mustn't stop her
When she kisses her dear "Popper."

And Miss Amanda, full of love,
Gets supper ready for her "Gov."

And Grace, as big a rogue as Topsy,
With plump wee arms hugs "Popsy-wopsy."

And Tommy gives his head a toss,
And wants to ride upon the "Hoss."

I love my tots—yet I would rather
Have them only call me "Father."

H. C. Dodge, in Gordall's Sun.

BESIEGED BY FLAMES.

Alligators and Moccasins Altogether Too Plentiful.

On the south shore of Lake Harney we came across the camp of a solitary hunter in a clump of stunted cabbage palms. A small and mildewed "A" tent pitched on the yellow sand gave him shelter. His light batteau of cypress was hauled up on the shore. From his talk we soon learned that he was a genuine Florida cracker and an all-around hunter, preferring alligators as game, but not averse to deer, bears, panthers or even 'coons, and that he was familiar with every water course, lagoon, mound and bluff in the great St. John's prairie from Lake Harney to Lake Washington. As we sat around the camp fire that evening the glow of a prairie fire showed faintly on a dense cloud of smoke that overhung the southern horizon.

"Yes," he said, in response to a remark of the Doctor's, "hit's a mighty good year for prairie fires. The frost killed the prairie grass, and hit stands there now ten or twelve feet high and dry as tinder. I don't reckon I ever seen a worse fire than the one I fell in with up beyond Little Mud Lake along about the last of February.

The Florida cracker knows little of the heightening effect of the figure of speech called hyperbole. He is not skilled in the employment of profanity for the sake of emphasis. His yarns, though containing material for the most spirited recital, are reeled off slowly and usually without the least show of animation. It is impossible to impart an idea of our hunter's droning speech and his disregard of every effect after which the ordinary story teller strives, as he went on to tell us about the prairie fire.

"I was a-goin' up after 'gators," he said. "A little way out of Little Mud Lake, and about an hour, or maybe an hour'n a half, I seen a pretty consid'rable smoke a-pillin' up to the s'uth'ard. The wind was in the north, and hit's slow work for a fire to eat hits way up to windward; so I pulled my boat out of the river into a little lagoon just big enough to turn her around in, took a cold bite of supper, rolled up in my blanket, and went to sleep in the boat. I don't know how long I had been asleep, but some time in the night I was woke up by a roarin' noise. 'I put my head out from under the blanket and found the wind had changed around to s'uth'ard and was blowin' a right stiff gale. Hit didn't take me long to see that the sky was all lit up with a red glare. I could hear the crackle of flames pretty consid'rably close up, and says I to myself: 'I reckon the fire's a-comin' this way, and I'd better see about it.' I'd seen a good many prairie fires, but when I stood up in the boat, I was sort o' surprised. Hit seemed as if every thing to the s'uth'ard was a-burnin' up, and the flames was sweepin' north faster'n a mule could canter.

"I looked back toward the north, and saw I'd a-pulled out of the river a good deal furder 'n I thought I had, and I saw that, in the strange glare that lit up all the little waterways, 'twa'n't much use to try to pull back into the river ahead of the rushin' flames. The little pond I had run into was the end of a sort o' pocket, and the tall dry grass stood all around it ten feet high, 'ceptin' the open places on the side where I come in. The roots of the grass was a-growin' in water just deep enough to cover 'em, though 'twas a dry time. In wet weather you could pull a boat right through the tops of the grass, or run a steamboat over it. Well, seein' as how somethin' had got to be done right off, I shoved the skiff into the middle of the pond, stuck down an oar in the mud, and tied her nose to it, close up. Before I'd got her made fast the fire had come so close that the sparks and cinders was nigh-a-most blindin' me, and the wind whirlin' upward with the flame made my ha'r stand on end. Hit seemed as if the whole world was a-goin' up in the flames. Laws! you never seen such a wild sight, and in front of the rushin' fire, sailin' around in the blood-red sky, was herrins, marsh hens, blackbirds, cranes and such, all a-squakin' and takin' on, and streakin' it through the tops of the grass was ducks and coots. But 'twa'n't no place for me to be standin' and lookin' on; so I soused my blanket in the water, got down in the bottom of the boat and covered myself all up with the wet blanket. Just before I put my head under I got a glimpse of a good-sized critter, a deer or painter, I reckon, goin' by licketty-cut, with the flames just catchin' onto his tail.

"I hadn't been under the blanket more'n a second, seems as if, when the red showed through the blanket, and I could feel the hot air over me. While I was thinkin' this was about the wust fire I'd ever fell in with in these yer parts, there came a tremenjus crashin' and swishin', louder even than the roar and crackle of the flames, and the water in the shallow little lagoon began to splash and the boat to rock. 'What's this?' says I to myself, and then there came a tunk agin my boat that nigh-a-most turned her over. Then she was hit on t'other side and sent spinnin', and the crashin' and swishin' in the grass and the splashin' splashin' and b'ilin' in the water was all the time growin' louder'n louder. By this time, too, my boat was rockin' and bobbin' about, now h'isted clean out of the water and now most sunk by something floppin' down on the gun'l. I couldn't stand it no longer, and I riz up my head and peered out. "'Gators, by snuckey!" says I to myself. I couldn't hold my eyes open but a second, in the edge of the flame, almost; but tearin' along right under the leapin' tongue of fire was a solid drove of 'gators, big and little, chinked in with water moccasins, and they was a-plumpin' into the little pond, which was already a foamin' and bilin' with them that was already in there. I had to get my head under right away, but I could tell pretty well what was goin' on by the commotion in the water and the bobbin' of the boat. All this took place in a good deal less time than it takes me to tell it, you know. Then came a blast of heat that singed the hairs of my blanket, and at the same time a-floppin in the water that seemed like hit was goin to smash the skiff into splinters. Hit seemed as if this lasted a terrible time, and then the heat began to moderate. But the smoke settled down enough to choke a body, and the commotion in the water kept up. If you are a bettin' man you can bet yer boots I wanted that skiff to hold together.

"When the smoke had cleared away so that, after two or three trials, I could keep my head out from under the blanket, I sat up in the skiff; and such a sight! Well, sir, whether you believe me or not, that little pond was plumb full of 'gators and moccasins, and was actually overflo'in' with 'em. They was wedged so thick around my boat that she was h'isted half way out of the water, and I couldn't have got her away any more than if she'd been ketched in a jam of saw-logs. 'Yer's a pretty kettle o'fish,' says I to myself; 'how'm I goin' to get out of hit, with these yer 'gators a fermenting' and chawin' at each other, and the moccasins strikin' right and left, and the skiff nigh-a-most high and dry for want of room in the water among 'em.' Well, while I was a-settin' there ponderin' it over and watchin' the dirty smoke and flame that crawled along in the rear of the fire that had passed over, I saw a big 'gator makin' his way out of the pond by the course I had come in. Others followed him and pretty soon there was a general move in that direction, and my skiff began to settle down to her usual floatin' position. The moccasins cleared out, too, some squirmin' off with the 'gators and others crawlin' up on the warm stubble that the fire had burned over, and in less'n an hour I was alone in my boat, in the little lagoon, in the midst of a blackened prairie."

"You might have killed quite a number of alligators," suggested the Doctor, "if you had gone at it just when they were the thickest about you."

"Didn't kill a 'gator that trip," said the hunter. "To tell the truth, I was sick of 'gators, and I pulled out o' there in the morning, made for the nearest bluff, got a bear and a couple o' bucks, and came back down the river."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A GREAT TELESCOPE.

Alvan Clark's Crowning Work—Bringing the Moon Within a Hundred Miles.

The largest refracting telescope in the world is now in process of construction in the modest work-shop of the venerable Alvan Clark, the eminent telescope-maker, in Henry street, Cambridgeport, Boston. The two disks of glass go to form the lens of the great Lick telescope which will be placed in the observatory on the peak of Mt. Hamilton, a bequest of the California millionaire, James Lick. These two circular glasses are valued at $25,000 each, and if destroyed they could not be duplicated within the next six months for millions of dollars. The disks were cast in Paris, the order being given five years ago, but the failures were so numerous that they were not received by Messrs. Clark until last September. When finished the lens will be thirty-six inches in diameter, six inches wider than the one they recently completed for the Russian Government. Since receiving the blocks last September, Mr. Clark and his sons have been constantly at work upon them, but they do not expect to have them completed much before fall. When completed the two lenses will weigh about 700 pounds. The work of polishing the disks has reached that stage where the removal of a few grains more or less from the wrong place would ruin them. The only instrument used is the hand smeared with rouge, a polishing substance finer than the finest emery.

Some idea of the power of the instrument may be gained from the statement recently made by an astronomer, that gazing at the moon, 240,000 miles away, that orb by this telescope will be brought to within less than one hundred miles from the eye of the beholder. Mr. Clark is eighty-two years of age. He and his wife on March 25 celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding. He was born in Ashfield, Mass., and brought up a farmer's boy, but his self-taught skill gained him a situation as an engineer, at the age of twenty-two, in a Lowell calico mill. Ten years later he had become a miniature painter in Boston, with a studio in Court street. All the time that he was painting these portraits he was grinding away at lenses for a pastime, and when the daguerreotype threatened the extinction of the portrait-painting profession he stepped into telescope making.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A POOR WOMAN.

How "Uncle Stead" Managed to Save Cartage Charges.

"Uncle Stead" is what they called a shrewd old gentleman who used to live in Winthrop, a little way out of the village, up the side of the pond, near Readfield. One of his fellow-citizens was a man named Lovejoy. Uncle Stead met Lovejoy in the village one day, and he said to him: "Lovejoy, there's a poor woman lives out on the edge of the town that needs some provisions. I'm willing to supply her, but I've sold my horse and have no means of getting the stuff to her. Now, I'll buy her a barrel of flour and a ham and some other supplies if you'll carry them out to her with your team."

Lovejoy said certainly he'd be very glad to do it. Accordingly, Uncle Stead bought a barrel of flour, a ham, a bucket of sugar, etc., and, telling Lovejoy where the woman lived, sent him off on the errand of charity with the good things in his pung.

Lovejoy easily found the house where the woman lived. He unloaded the goods, puffing like a grampus as he rolled the barrel of flour in, and said to the woman: "Mr. Steadman sent you the provisions. He's a mighty kind-hearted man to send you all these things."

"Well, I don't know why he shouldn't send them to me!" exclaimed the woman in surprised accents. "He's my husband."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

The President's Vetoes.

The President vetoed thirteen more pension bills the other day, and returned them to the Senate with the following message:

I am so thoroughly tired of disapproving gifts of public money to individuals who, in my view, have no right or claim to the same, notwithstanding apparent Congressional sanction, that I interpose with a feeling of relief in a case where I find it unnecessary to determinate the merit of the application. In speaking of the promiscuous and ill advised grants of pensions which have lately been presented to me for approval, I have spoken of their "apparent Congressional sanction" in recognition of the fact that a large proportion of these bills have never been submitted to a majority of either branch of Congress, but are the result of nominal sessions held for the express purpose of their consideration and attended by a small minority of the members of the respective Houses of the legislative branch of Government. Thus, in considering these bills, I have not felt that I was aided by the deliberate judgment of the Congress, and when I have deemed it my duty to disapprove many of the bills presented, I have hardly regarded my action as a dissent from the conclusions of the people's representatives, I have not been insensible to the suggestion which should influence every citizen, either in private station or official place, to exhibit not only a just but a generous appreciation of the services of our country's defenders.

In reviewing the pension legislation presented to me, many bills have been approved upon the theory that every doubt should be resolved in favor of the proposed beneficiary. I have not, however, been able to entirely divest myself of the idea that the public money appropriated for pensions is the soldier's fund, and should be devoted to the indemnification of those who in the defense of the Union and in the nation's service have worthily deserved, and who, in the days of their dependence resulting from such suffering, are entitled to the benefactions of their Government. This reflection leads to the bestowal of pensions a kind of sacredness which invites the adoption of such principles and regulations as will exclude perversion as well as insure a liberal and generous application of grateful and benevolent designs. Heedlessness and a disregard of the principle which underlies the granting of pensions is unfair to the wounded, crippled soldier, who is honored in the just recognition of his Government. Such a man should never find himself side by side on the pension roll with those who have been tempted to attribute their natural ills to which humanity is heir to service in the army. Every relaxation of principle in the granting of pensions invites applications without merit and encourages those who for gain urge honest men to become dishonest. Thus is the demoralizing lesson taught the people that as against the public Treasury the most questionable expedients are allowable.

During the present session of Congress 493 special pension bills have been submitted to me, and I am advised that 111 more have received the favorable action of both Houses of Congress, and will be presented with in a day or two, making over 600 of these bills which have been passed up to this time during the present session, nearly three times the number passed at any entire session since the year 1861. With the Pension Bureau fully equipped and regulated by the most liberal rules, in active operation, supplemented in its work by constant special legislation, it certainly is not unreasonable to suppose that in all the years that have elapsed since the close of the war the majority of the meritorious claims for pensions have been presented and determined. I have now more than 130 of these bills before me awaiting Executive action. It will be impossible to bestow upon them all the examination they deserve, and many will probably become operative which should be rejected. In the mean time I venture to suggest the significance of the startling increase in this kind of legislation and the consequences involved in its continuance.

Most Excellent.

J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "My family and I are beneficiaries of your most excellent medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; having found it to be all that you claim for it, desire to testify to its virtue. My friends to whom I have recommended it, praise it at every opportunity."

Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption is guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup and every affection of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Trial bottles free at J. R. Armistead's drug store. Large Size $1.00.

A Fraud Exposed.

Only last year appeared the book of Hon. (?) A. N. Cole, Wellsville, N. Y., entitled "New Agriculture or the Waters Led Captive." The subject matter was descriptive of the way in which the honorable (?) gentleman had overcome the disastrous effects of drouth and made the waters do his bidding in the production of immense crops during the dryest of seasons. Of course could this be done by a patented system, both it and the descriptive book would have immense sale, although the ditching and tilling in preparing the land was very expensive. The theory was that by this system water was kept in the underdrains and appropriated by the plants when needed. So far, so good. Wellsville, though, is supplied with water through mains which pass not far from this successful "Hill-side Farm," of Hon. (?) A. N. Cole. For many weeks the Water Company sought for the cause of the mysterious waste in their water supply during the last year's drouth, and at last traced it to the tapping of their hydrant by Cole. This accounted not only for the loss of the water but also for the wonderful growth of Mr. Cole's crops. Thus endeth the prosperity of "The Waters Led Captive." Next we shall hear perhaps that Cole has been led captive.—Farmers Home Journal.

Hon. John Hancock, of Texas, an ex-member of congress, is announced as a candidate for the United States senate.

Industrial Development of the South.

(Baltimore Manufacturers' Record July 3, '86.)

The past two weeks have witnessed the organization of enterprises that are destined to have a far-reaching influence upon the future of the South. Two enterprises, for which the preliminary arrangements have been consummated during that period, claim pre-eminence in importance over anything that has been reported in the south for a long time. One is the establishment by the Roane Iron Co., of Bessemer steel works at Chattanooga, to turn out 150 tons of rails a day, the vast importance of which to the industrial interests of the South can hardly be overestimated; the other is the signing of a contract by Enoch Ensley, the president of the Pratt Coal & Iron Co., and other leading iron men, to complete the Birmingham & Sheffield Railway and to build a 100-ton furnace at the latter place. The building of this road will result in a great development of almost unlimited coal and iron resources as yet practically untouched. The work of Mr. Ensley and his associates will probably fully equal in importance the establishment of steel works at Chattanooga. In addition to these two great undertakings, there have been a large number of other enterprises organized that will largely add to the prosperity of the South. At Newports News, Va., the tide-water terminus of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, arrangements have been completed for the construction of a dry dock that will involve the expenditure of probably $500,000, and may result in establishing and immense iron ship building yard. A $100,000 company has been organized at Calera, Ala., to build an iron furnace and charcoal works. At Chattanooga the Lookout Rolling Mill will invest $35,000 in building wrought iron pipe works, which will be the only establishment of the kind in the South. Among other important enterprises reported in our Construction Department during the two weeks under review, there were in Alabama a knitting factory, three large saw mills, a cotton compress, a cheese factory and coke works; in Arkansas, a $20,000 lumber mill company, a $10,000 stave factory, two smelters, one of 50 tons capacity, a large gold mining company, a water works company, a furniture factory, a saw mill, a plaining mill and a cooperage factory; in Florida, a canning factory, a $100,000 gas and electric light company, two saw mills, a plaining mill and brick works; in Georgia, a paper mill, extensive improvements to a cotton mill, a grist mill, a shingle mill, stave mill and saw mill; in Kentucky, coke works, $50,000 coal mining company, a $10,000 tobacco factory, and $50,000 put into new stone quarries; in Louisiana, a $50,000 mining company and a rice mill; in Mississippi, $75,000 water works and brick works; in North Carolina, a shoe factory, cotton mill, grist mill and a $10,000 furniture factory; in South Carolina, $20,000 improvements made to one cotton mill, and about the same or more to another, $30,000 to $40,000 in fertilizer works, furniture factory, two flour mills, and the rebuilding of a sash and door factory and turpentine distilleries: in Tennessee, a marble quarrying company, a dynamite factory, an ice factory, a large broom factory, a cotton batting mill, a flour mill, and several saw mills; in Texas, a $100,000 oil and cotton company, a $150,000 flour mill and elevator, a compress, a water pipe foundry, and two water works companies; in Virginia, a stone quarry, a gold mine, and the rebuilding of two mills; and in West Virginia, a $5,000 saw mill, $12,000 gas works and coak works, and a $1,000,000 company which will probably built a cotton gin factory either in Atlanta or Chattanooga. As a summary of what has been reported during the last two weeks, this statement shows that the industrial development of the South is little less than marvelous.

A Most Remarkable Case.

During the summer of 1884, suffering from blood poisoning, the result of a gun-shot wound received during the "late unpleasantness," my attention was called to the remedy of S. S. S. through the public press, and I wrote to the proprietors of that medicine, describing my case, which I repeat for the benefit of other sufferers. The ball struck the elbow joint and went through. It completely crushed all the articulative surface of the humeral so that both condyles and say four inches of the shaft of the bone were removed by the surgeon. It also severed the ulner nerve. The operation left the arm much shortened and limber, but it was very useful. Some time in the fall of 1879 it commenced to swell and inflame below the elbow, and soon after it suppurated and discharged horribly offensive matter. The bone spread until the entire fore arm was a putrid mass, encroaching both on the back and palm of the hand. I was warned by the surgeons that this might happen in after life from nerve and blood poverty below the elbow. My condition may be imagined at that time. The wound was so offensive that I could not hardly remain in a close room. I tried many remedies, external and internal, but to no avail. In June 1884, I saw the advertisement of Swift's Specific in the city papers, and I wrote immediately to the house in Atlanta, receiving the following as a reply: "We fear our S. S. S. will do you no good except as a tonic." The very frankness of the reply induced me to try it. I was a good patient and rigidly followed the directions. The first bottle nearly drove me crazy with symptoms I cannot describe, but it (and I feel a lump in my throat as I write it) entirely removed the frightful smell which had tormented me and all who came in contact with me for so long a time. As I continued the use of the medicine, say in a month or six weeks, marked improvement was apparent, until, the winter set in, it had so healed that I could and did wear a sleeve on my under-clothing, which I had not done in three years before. The ulcer was very obstinate, and it was not until the middle of 1885 that it was entirely well. All redness and soreless has disappeared. Hair is growing on the arm as before, and I ascribe all this to Swift's Specific. Had I dreamed of such success I would have had the arm photographed before taking the medicine, that all might see the improvement. I have lived here for for forty years and am well known, and am ready to answer all inquiries from sufferers in reference to this case.

JOHN P. SMITH, Atty. at Law,
56 Carondelet Street.

New Orleans, Feb. 25, '86.

For sale by all druggists. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3. Atlanta, Ga. New York, 157 W. 23d St.

How a Soldier Ran Away to Sea.

One hundred and nine years ago, in the month of February, 1777, a young French guardsman ran away to sea.

And a most singular running away it was. He did not wish to be a sailor, but he was so anxious to go that he bought a ship to run away in—for he was a very wealthy young man; and though he was only nineteen, he held a commission as major-general in the armies of a land three thousand miles away—a land he had never seen and the language of which he could not speak. The King of France commanded him to remain at home; his friends and relatives tried to restrain him; and even the representatives, or agents, of the country in defense of which he desired to fight would not encourage his purpose. And when the young man, while dining at the house of the British Ambassador to France, openly avowed his sympathy with a downtrodden people, and his determination to help them again their freedom, the Ambassador acted quickly. At his request, the rash young enthusiast was arrested by the French Government, and orders were given to seize his ship, which was awaiting him at Bordeauz. But ship and owner both slipped away, and, sailing from the port of Passjes in Spain, the runaway, with eleven chosen companions, was soon on the sea, bound for America, and beyond the reach of both friends and foes.

On April 25, 1777, he landed at the little port of Georgetown, at the mouth of the Great Pee Dee river in South Carolina; and from that day forward the career of Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Montier, Marquis de La Fayette, has held a place in the history of America, and in the interest and affection of the American people.—From "La Fayette," by Eugenia M. Hodge, in St. Nicholas for July.

Innocent Childhood.

(Detroit Free Press.)

"Tain't so," triumphantly exclaimed Bobbie from his perch on top of a chair, gazing down on Algernen's head.

"What is not true?" doubtfully asked his sister Maud.

Why, you said Algy was so green that grass was growing from the top of his head, and (determinedly) there ain't any there."

How Maud explained the situation is unknown.

Kentucky Progress.

(Manufactures Record.)

J. J. Williams has received the contract to erect a school building at Owensboro, Ky., at $19,497.75, and not Reid Bros., of Evansville, as lately reported.

The contract to erect a jail at Owensboro, Ky., has been let to the Pauley Jail Building & Manufacturing Co., of St. Louis, at $17,000.

The Louisville Hotel, Louisville, Ky., will be enlarged and improved at a cost of $75,000.

The Clifton Coal Co., of Kentucky, are preparing to manufacture coke.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Co., have let the contract for the extension of their Bardstown branch from Bardstown to Springfield, Ky.

White Bros., Winchester, Ky., have purchased brick machinery.

Edward Tolson shot Charles Bushby at Moawequa, Ill., but a suspender button turned the bullet out of its course and saved a tragedy.

ROOTS FOR SWINE.

Some of the Cheapest and Most Nourishing Messes for Hogs.

The spring is the time to discuss the importance of growing roots for the hogs as the fall usually finds the farmer too late in the season to make amends for any negligence during the spring. The best and most profitable root crop for the hogs is the sugar beet. It should be put in the ground early, so as to get a good start, and when the crop is ready for harvesting it should be stored in a manner so that the roots can be fed every day. The old plan of storing them in mounds only to have them sealed up, and out of use, is passing away. All the root crops can be stored in bins in the barn, with layers of dry dirt or sand between the roots, and they will not only keep well, but be within easy access of the farmer at all times. The sugar beet is very rich in sugar, and will consequently not only act as a dietary portion of the food, but also fatten the animal and create heat for the body. They may be cooked or fed raw, and it is best to feed them both ways. One of the cheapest and most nourishing messes for a hog is cooked beets, thickened with middlings. This food will do as much in the way of forcing growth on the young stock as more highly concentrated and costly food. Turnips are grown at but little expense, as they can be put in the ground late in the season, and with good management be made to yield a large crop. The root crops for swine, however, should consist of a variety, and the farmer should grow not only beets and turnips, but parsnips and carrots also. Potatoes are excellent, but the seed is more expensive compared with other root crops. The cheapest pork is that made by securing rapid growth on roots and grass.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—"God help the stranger that is taken sick there," writes an officer of the United States steamship Galena, speaking of Aspinwall. "It is not uncommon for people to lie down in the street and die in broad daylight, and when dying receive no offer of assistance, even in answer to an appeal for a drink of water. The people appear to be heartless, as if their familiarity with death had made them callous."—*Chicago Herald.*

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