

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

THE ROAD QUESTION.

How Progressive Farmers Should View This Important Problem. It is only during seasons of abnormal rainfall that the average farmer feels disposed to manifest a more than lukewarm interest in the subject of road improvement.



WHAT A ROAD SHOULD BE.

The present system to be wrong; otherwise they would show their faith by their works; they would no longer feel justified in performing \$3 worth of labor on the farm one day, and \$1.50 worth on the road the next.

We have long stood with those who think the road tax should be collected in money, and have paid cash for several years, but under the present system of road management it cannot always be applied to the best advantage.

In some sections even where great claims were made for the "naturally good" condition of the roads, the bountiful crops sometimes lie unworked through a period of high prices, simply because the naturally bad condition of the roads at certain seasons of the year, forbids the hauling of loads.

They study the law of supply and demand; they watch the markets that they may be enabled to sell their produce when prices are best; in short, they, many of them, do their part as well as far as their own private business is concerned.

On the other hand, the railroads and elevators are ever ready to do their part, as far as their private business of handling the farmers' produce is concerned. Under these conditions what is to hinder the intelligent farmer from always pushing his produce into market at such time as his best judgment dictates?

Simply the weakness of the connecting link—the highway—the one thing over which the people have full control. There are times when the farm is practically much farther from the nearest village than the village is from the great mart to which it is tributary, and until the weak link is made strong, farming will not be as generally profitable as it otherwise would be.—The Epitomist.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

Milk of different temperatures should never be mixed. With cows long in milk the butter will come slowly.

The only way to keep cows is to keep them perfectly clean.

The oleo law has been sustained in West Virginia by the supreme court of that state. The law requires that oleo be colored pink, and for a violation of it by selling it in the guise of butter a fine of \$20 and costs was imposed.

An appeal affirmed the decision. At ten cents a bushel, potatoes do not pay the grower, but they will pay the dairyman who purchases them at that price to feed his milk cows. Farmers who are hauling potatoes out to the field to be used as fertilizers will find it will pay better to first put them through live stock.

Water cools the milk much more rapidly, says a writer, than air will do, and on this account the water setting must be used in the winter as well as the summer. It would be a simple matter to set the water to be used out of doors to get cold before putting it in the tank.

MUD IS EXPENSIVE.

It entails an Annual Loss Estimated at \$250,000,000.

It is an inside figure to put the amount this country annually contributes to the mud fiend at \$250,000,000, of which amount Iowa pays at least \$8,000,000. A total loss. Mud does not give back anything to anybody. There is nothing reciprocal about it. It is a loss complete, absolute and irrecoverable even in part. A man loses \$1,000 by his house being destroyed by fire, but somebody is benefited by that loss.

In rebuilding, the sawmill, the sash and door manufacturer, the carpenter, the painter and the plumber find a market for material and labor. If a bank discounts a note which proves worthless, the money, while a loss to the bank, goes about on its mission and is not a loss without somebody's gain. Mud knows neither friend nor foe. In the natural organization of matter mud may have a place, but that place is not in the road.—Judge Thayer, Clinton, Ia.

FARMERS AND BIRDS.

Why the Feathered Visitors Should Be Carefully Protected.

The farmer who pretends to "keep up with the times" provides himself with all the modern appliances which are adapted to his business.

If part of the land is marsh, he will underlay it with the most approved system of drainage; if it has not been properly cultivated, he buys the best subsoil plows in order that the riches which lie just below the surface may be brought to light. The fertilizers which he thinks best adapted to the crop which he wishes to cultivate are procured and applied with a lavish hand; knowing as he does that this expenditure will repay him, perhaps, a hundred fold. The enterprising farmer calls to his aid not only all the improved tools and improvements for cultivation, irrigation and protection, but invokes also all the forces of nature, which can in any way assist him.

He lifts the subsoil and invites the air to help him pulverize it; he erects a windmill and asks the wind to aid in winding the water with which to irrigate; he digs ditches, and calls upon the water, which the wind power has lifted, to do its part in nourishing the parched earth. Thus his vegetables, his grain and his grasses, through an intelligent use of nature's forces, spring up and flourish for a time; but only to meet new dangers. Now the insects appear upon the scene and the aspect changes.

Can it be that the farmer has put himself to all this great expenditure of labor, tools, material, and time, only to be thwarted at last? It certainly looks so. But nature, which was responsible for the danger, now provides the remedy—and that remedy is the birds, which come in regular order each spring, almost as regular as the seasons. In the "Bigelow Papers" this reference is made to the blackbirds in "A New England Spring":

"Fust come the blackbirds clatterin' in tall trees. 'An' settlin' things in windy congresses—Queer politicians, though, for I'll be skinned. Er all on 'em don't head against the wind."

Then the blackbirds are soon followed by others, and when the proper time comes each family does its full duty, and the insects are obliged to succumb. It is stated by competent authority that the red-winged blackbirds destroyed in a single locality more than 16,000,000,000 insects during one season. The blackbird does not rival Patti as a singer, but it does attend strictly to business; and its business (like that of an entomologist) is bugs. But long before this, other birds have been working for the farmer, searching all the hidden places, under the bark of trees, about old stumps, amidst the moss and dead leaves, and in other places which the farmer never dreams of, for the concealed "larvae" where the embryo insects are thus destroyed by the million. One of the most industrious of these early workers is the "Brown Creeper," which searches every tree, as if it had a special contract to secure a certain number of specimens of "larvae" every week. Thus does this bird (like many others) "take time by the forelock" and destroy millions of insects before they have a chance to emerge from this first stage of their existence.

But we must not forget our old friend the robin, of which it is said:

"By some name or other, All men who know him, call him brother."

The robin is more than a brother to the farmer, for, by his activity in devouring insects, he sometimes benefits the farmer more than could a real brother. Have the farmers any adequate idea of the value of the services rendered them by the birds? The best authority states that the birds effect saving to the country each year of not less than \$100,000,000. The farmer should be the bird's best friend and staunch defender, for it is the birds alone which stand between the farmer and the loss of his crops. "But," argues some picaresque tiller of the soil, "the birds eat my cherries, and the crows pull up my corn, and I'm bound to kill 'em."

The Smithsonian Institution long ago sent out a warning to the farmers of the country regarding the impending extinction of the birds, and the direful results which are sure to follow. When the last bird yields its life to the pot hunter, or is offered up to satisfy the demands of that tyrant, Dame Fashion, then, and only then, will some farmers see where they have erred—but it will be too late. The ruin will have been wrought, the damage done. The farmer should see to it that the boys and girls of his neighborhood are taught that the killing of birds, or robbery of their nests, is a crime; not only an injury to their neighbors, but an actual harm to themselves—for beyond all question the destruction of the birds will cause the boys and girls of the present day to weep bitter tears of repentance later in life, when they realize the harm which has been done, and they will reap the penalty. Under the old English law (and ours as well) "a man's house is his castle," and the man has a right to defend his home—even to the extent of killing the man who tries to enter without permission. Will anyone attempt to say that a bird who builds a nest, in which it lays its eggs and rears its young, has no right to protection? It has the right of ownership, given by a power higher than the authority which granted the titles to the land on which we live; a title from its Creator, and yours.

"Why should I deprive my neighbor Of his goods against his will? Hands were made for honest labor, Not to plunder nor to steal."

He who robs a bird's nest not only wrongs the bird, but he deprives his neighbor of the protection which nature has provided. He who does something, be it ever so little, to protect the birds, does something not only for himself and for his neighbor, but for posterity as well.

H. H. WATERS

WILD BOARS OF INDIA.

An American's Thrilling Account of a Hunt for Them.

A Rochester traveler just returned from India had an interesting story to tell a Union reporter recently on sport in India. The conversation naturally drifted to that peculiarly exciting and intensely interesting national sport of boar-sticking.

"It is a curious sensation," said the Rochester man, leaning comfortably back in his chair, "going through the long grass after your prey at full pelt. At first it seems as if only a miracle can save your horse from tripping over the burnt-up stumps and roots of coarse herbage, but if you have a sure-footed horse a scramble or two is all that you will probably suffer. The chief danger arises from blind 'nullahs,' dried-up water courses and 'heels,' against which even the best trained beast will bite the dust.

"Should the unlucky rider happen to be thrown where the ground is hard as baked bricks, he will find it no joke; few get off without a real shaking. A man once told me that as a rule the worst falls were off small horses, because when they came down they seemed to make less effort to save themselves, and so their burden strikes the ground with the full and undiminished force that the pace creates. Last year, at Jodhpore, the worst fall of the season, from which a lady sustained some terrible injuries that happily did not prove fatal, was one from an Arab pony that crossed his legs on the flat. On a day I well remember there were three 'croppers,' two of them none too pleasant. One man fell into a 'nullah' and got a slight concussion; a second did not keep his seat when his horse 'pecked' badly over a root, and came down with the thick and leaved bud end of his spear under his arm, bruising his ribs badly; and the third went head over heels just in front of me during the last run of the day in the thick grass.

"We were divided in several parties in order to successfully beat up the high grass. Our party was not so advantageously situated as the rest, and two boars had been killed before we had a hand in the game. Then we struck a fine old fellow that led us a pretty chase before we finally brought him to the ground. As is well known, there is no 'game' animal on earth than an old boar. He will charge a tiger and even an elephant, and never reckons for a moment the size or strength of the foe; therefore, when he is at bay he nearly always goes for the horse, or, if he gets a chance, for the man.

"An exciting adventure occurred to one of the native princes at Jodhpore while I was there. His horse fell with him just as he had got up to a cunning pig that crossed and recrossed the horse's stride, and as he was on the ground the boar came for him, but in a moment he was up. Jumping on one side, he caught the old pig by the hind legs and held him until his companions came up and got in their spears.

"On the way back to the bungalow from this hunt we had a good gallop. In the far distance we saw a pig ahead of us going hard, so off we darted at full pace to ride him down. Of the three, one fell heavily in the thick grass, but we others were lucky enough to keep our feet. Round by the maharajah's shooting tower went the pig, and we after him, until at last, after a run of four miles, we rode him into a nullah, and out of which he dodged, first to one side and then to the other, until, after a short fight, he had had his fill. Altogether four old boars were killed, to be brought back in triumph while we were at lunch at about 12:30 o'clock. The maharajah could not, of course, eat with us on account of his caste, but came in and smoked his cigarette in our company immediately afterward. No man was seriously hurt and no horse damaged; so, with the sport we enjoyed, it had truly been a delightful day."—Rochester (N. Y.) Union.

SULTAN GOES AT FULL SPEED.

Ministers Have to Run to Keep Up with Him.

Abdul Hamid leads a life of retirement, a political necessity which does not interfere with his amusements. Once a week his visit to the mosque, a laborious journey of some 80 yards, provides the spectator with an admirable entertainment. The card of the British embassy admits you to a pavilion where, as the sultan's guest, you are handsomely refreshed with tea, coffee, sweets and cigarettes—the eternal chinchery of Turkish administration would cease to act. If Abdul Hamid knew that a visitor had lacked a cigarette, I believe he would take to his bed and refuse to exercise that subtle humanity for which his regime is so justly renowned.

Once upon a time the commander of the faithful used to ride a white horse to the mosque. That became too fatiguing, and he took to a carriage, which was driven slowly back to the palace, while the ministers walked on either side. Sometimes, however, such is the impetuosity of the sultan's nature, he drives himself back in a park phaeton at so fiery a pace that the unfortunate ministers have to run, clutching one another by the coat-tails, for it is their duty to reach the palace steps in time to receive their gracious master when he alights. Should they be too late they would be, I presume, a very peremptory redistribution of salaries. So the ministers have to engage in athletic exercise quite unsuited to their mode of life in order to preserve their hard-earned emoluments and perquisites.—English Magazine.

Digest of Heavens Temple.

The largest heaven temple in the world is in Seringapatam, and it comprises a square, each side being one mile in length, inside of which are six other squares. The walls are twenty-five feet high and five feet thick, and the hall where pilgrims congregate is supported by 1,000 pillars, each cut from a single block of stone.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A DRESSMAKER'S TROUBLES.

Eyes Strained, Nervous System Shattered and Brain Affected, the Patient Then Becomes a Wreck.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio. "A dressmaker, you know, is by the very nature of her work compelled to overtax herself in many ways. This is especially true of the eyes and nerves, and therefore the brain and almost every other organ of the body. Very often a dressmaker must work by lamp or gaslight, and thus an undue strain is imposed on her optic nerves.

The result of this over-tension with me was a constant and severe headache, lassitude, loss of appetite, and loss of sleep. Being in that condition, my work was naturally performed in a perfunctory manner, and for awhile I was compelled to rest entirely. While bending over my machine or putting the finishing touches to a new garment, my head would ache so violently that I could scarcely see. Often I went home and to bed supperless, because I had no appetite for food. And even then I was unable to sleep, and tossed about in mental and physical misery and distress. So spoke Miss Margaret Cain, of No. 110 Bazetta St., Cleveland, Ohio.

"Did I try any remedy? I tried fifty of them and they proved worthless. Then, on the recommendation of a friend who said she used them in her family and would use nothing else, I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People at Jno. Asplins' drug store on Prospect Street, corner of Erie. At the time I purchased the pills I was suffering keenly from headache and a general worn-out feeling. But I quickly began to recover my former spirit and vigor. The pills worked like a charm, and not only drove away the pain in my head and eyes, and that tired feeling—so well-known that it needs no description—but, restored my appetite, and my system generally, more than that. It made me strong and I began to increase in weight after buying the second box. My appetite was more vigorous than it ever was before in my life, and I was stronger and fresher. Before the second box of pills was exhausted I had to be taking them because I was increasing so rapidly in size and weight.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to say that the pills cured me of my headache and all the accompanying ailments. They did that and built up my system wonderfully. I now keep a box of the pills in my house all the time, and whenever I am troubled with a headache or am feeling indisposed in any other way, I simply take a pill and drive the ache, pain or weariness away. I have recommended the pills to others who follow the same occupation that I do, and they have profited by the suggestion, and are as sincere in their praise of the medicine as I am."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness in men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

DEMAND FOR FLINTLOCKS.

They Are Made to Delight African and Other Savages.

Strange as it may appear, flintlock muskets are not merely a record of bygone ages, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. In 1895 no fewer than 1,820,000 flintlocks were produced at the Lingheath mines, Brandon, Suffolk, England. These flints are chiefly to delight African and other savages, who, having been so long used to flintlocks, are reluctant to give them up.

The method of manufacturing these gun flints is very interesting. In the operation of "flanking" the worker will take a "quarter" in his left hand and placing it on his knee, around which a protecting band of leather has been strapped, gently tap the flint with a hammer, giving it each time a well-directed blow. At every tap a flake six inches long and one inch wide falls into his hand and, if a good one, is deposited in a pail by his side, all bad ones being discarded. The knappers work these flints, with hammers with long, thin heads, often made of old files, transversely striking the strip of flint on an iron fixed in their benches.

Home-seekers' Excursion Tickets.

On February 15th and 16th, March 1st, 2d, 15th and 16th, April 5th, 6th, 19th and 20th, May 3rd, 4th, 17th, and 18th, 1897, Home-seekers' excursion tickets will be sold by the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R.R., to nearly every point in the West, North and Northwest, South and Southwest at rates of about one fare for the round trip. Parties contemplating a trip will do well to see or write to C. A. & C. R. Y., agent for rates of fare, limits of tickets and full information, or to the undersigned, C. F. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

Opinions are good things to have in life, but an extra pair of suspenders are often of more practical value.—Ram's Horn.

THE MARKETS.

Table listing market prices for various goods including LIVE STOCK, GRAIN, FLOUR, and other commodities across different cities like CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, and BALTIMORE.

Prison Sold at Auction.

The literature of auctioneering is full of cleverness and verbal oddities, but Carlow, England, turns up with a line of humor which is all the more effective because it is so unconscious. An advertisement recently printed there stated that "the old goal" would be offered in one lot. It goes on to particularize with enthusiasm and dilate with zeal concerning a "female prison of 30 cells," "debtors' prison," "convict-prison, containing 34 cells," "house of correction," "treadmill" and "three-throw pump." There is also "a very fine cut granite gate entrance," and "all cells are fitted with double wrought-iron doors, bolts and locks, and floored with granite or flags." In fact, "all modern improvements" would seem to be the only additional necessity in the way of enticing description.

Names of Presidents' Mothers.

President McKinley's mother's name is Nancy; so was that of the mother of Abraham Lincoln. Of the other presidents' mothers' given names there are four Elizabeths, three Marys, two Elizabs, two Janes, two Annas, and one each of Susanna, Nelly, Abigail, Sarah, Phoebe, Harriet, Sophia, Malvina and Maria.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

An Appeal for Assistance.

The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mute appeal of assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of divers dyspeptic qualms and uneasy sensations in the regions of the gland that secretes his bile. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my dear sir, or madam—as the case may be—is what you require. Hasten to use it if you are troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and marries. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

A milkman is the custodian of as many family secrets as a doctor, or preacher.—Acheson Globe.

The public awards the palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A poor free lunch costs more than a good dinner.—Ram's Horn.

Stand straight and strong—St. Jacobs Oil cures lame back—cures promptly.

No woman ever lacks self-confidence when she is arguing about religion.

The cure that tortures—sciatica. The cure that cures it—St. Jacobs Oil.

You have no doubt remarked how effective a worthless man is in politics.

When bilious or constive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

Self-love is not so great a sin as self-forgetting.—N. Y. Weekly.

Long and short—years with rheumatism no time with St. Jacobs Oil—and a cure.

Too much sugar will spoil what might prove an excellent dish.—N. Y. Weekly.

Advertisement for BURDENS OF THE FARMER'S WIFE ARE MANY FOLD. Includes an illustration of a woman and text describing the benefits of a 'Soft Cure' for various ailments.

Advertisement for Waverley Bicycle. Features the text 'ECONOMY IS WEALTH \$60' and 'Any child can see at a glance the saving to the purchaser of the Waverley Bicycle.'

Advertisement for W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE WORLD. Includes a portrait of W. L. Douglas and text stating 'For 14 years this shoe, by merit alone, has displaced all competitors.'

Large advertisement for ANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION. Features the text 'The Best. The Rest. The Best. The Rest.' and 'REGULATE THE LIVER ALL DRUGGISTS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED'.

Advertisement for Weeks Scale Works, HAY, COAL, STOCK, GRAIN, AND COTTON SCALES, BUFFALO, N.Y. Includes the text 'A. N. K.—E 1658'.