MINNEAPOLIS.

OFFICE 29 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

MINNEAPOLIS GLOBULES.

The boys' brigade of the Forest Heights Congregational church are planning for a grand encampment, to take place this month at one of the lakes.

The L. A. S. social announced for Aug. 4 has been postponed until Aug. 11 on account of the Christian Endeavor rally at Lake Harriet on the former date.

The Minnesota state council, Catholic Knights of America, will meet in Minneapolis Aug. 10. Father Hennepin Branch No. 666 has elected the following delegates: P. A. Pauly, Otto N. Raths, F. A. Gross, A. F. Bugtorf, L. V. Klein and J. S. Zilliken.

The funeral of Bernard Bachner, who died Saturday, will take place from the house Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. At 3 o'clock exercises will be held at Harmonia hall under the auspices of the Harmonia society and the Robert Blum lodge, I. O. O. F., of which societies Mr. Bachner was a member.

WILL BE GORGEOUS.

Elaborate Arrangements for the Great September Carnival.

The work of building the great caravan of gorgeous floats to be used in the night street pageants in the celebration of the Festival of Ceres to occur during the week of Aug. 31 in Minneapolis, is now going ahead with a great rush. The Fournier brothers have engaged the Exposition building, and have a large force of skilled workmen employed. They have three sets of scene painters, carpenters, joiners, and artists, who are getting together the most beautiful floats and designs that could well be imagined. Several of these floats are already completed, and are made in such a way that they can be taken apart so as to be able to get them through the doors of the building and on the wagon trucks when the night they are to be used comes to hand.

Arrangements are progressing so finely that when the numerous visitors arrive during the week of Aug. 31, especially those from the East, they will be amazed at the splendor of the display.

DECIDE THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Belden or Myer Will Today Be Elected to Meet Neel.

Play on the Lafayette tennis courts will be resumed this afternoon, and two great matches in doubles and singles will conclude the eighth annual Northwestern tournament. Jayne and Cook will defend their championship against Waldner and Carver, the winners of Saturday's game. In singles George Belden will play W. L. Myers to decide the winner of the tournament and the man who will meet Carr Neel, present champion. Should Neel decide to forfeit the title and let the championship in singles go by default, the winner of the Belden-Myers match will be declared champion for '96. It is possible that a later date will be arranged for the championship games, if Neel wishes to come out to Minnesota.

Timothy Was There.

Sunday afternoon politics do not seem to interest voters. Only a handful of people gathered yesterday afternoon at the North Side Turner hall for that purpose. The meeting was not called in the interest of any special party, the promoters saying that they desired a general discussion from any point of view which might suit the audience. The speakers who registered happened to be all sound money Republicans. Hon. Henry Finke, of Milwaukee, gave an exposition of the Republican platform, especially in regard to finance and tariff. Senator Timothy D. Sheehan, of St. Paul, and Judge Henry Gjertsen, of Minneapolis, gave short addresses and answered questions from the audience. H. A. Hokmier presided. It is stated that another meeting of a similar character will be called for a week day evening.

Money Went While He Slept.

Rinhart Jacob, an employe at the Washburn Home, complained to the police yesterday that he had been robbed in the Central lodging house, 114-116 First avenue south. His story was that he had gone into the place to rest and paid 50 cents for a bed, tendering a $10 note in payment, receiving $9.50 in change, which he thrust into his pocket. On awakening from his slumber the money had gone. He accused the clerk of the theft, which the latter denied. Jacob searched the bed but without result, and was followed in that work by the clerk, who produced a $5 note. The balance of the cash was not recovered.

Death Took Him Suddenly.

Patrick Gorman, residing at 12 Royalston avenue north, dropped dead in his home yesterday. He was about the house and without during the day apparently in his usual good health. Without any warning he fell to the floor dead. He was 70 years of age and leaves a wife and family. Death is attributed to heart disease.

BESSEMER MINES CLOSED.

Miners on the Range Are Face to Face With Starvation.

BESSEMER, Mich., Aug. 2.—The Tilden mine yesterday closed down both day and night shifts of No. 9 shaft. This completes the shut-down of the Rockefeller mines in this city. Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 now employ just enough men to keep the mine clear of water. In a large number of mines the pumps have been taken out and the mines allowed to fill with water. Gogebic Range mines are practically all shut down at Hurley, Ironwood, Bessemer and Wakefield. There are less than 1,000 men at work on the range where at one time over 8,000 men were employed. It is certain that a few months of idleness will find hundreds of families in destitution. The several mining companies have allowed their employes all unoccupied lands for use as "Pingree farms," but the army worms have destroyed the last hope of the miners of having at least vegetables to keep body and soul together the coming winter. The poor fund is exhausted, and there are a large number of outstanding orders. The idle miners and their families are therefore facing starvation.

Pensive Pencilings.

Somerville Journal.

The similarity between Popocatapetl and prohibition Maine consists in the fact that in either place it is easy to find the crater.

In Dresden, Germany, a tax of one mark on each house cat has been imposed. There would be a good many marks on each house cat in this country if every bootjack hit.

The man who waits for the wagon would get there quicker, sometimes, if he expended a little energy and walked.

Bicycles all look alike—until after you have bought a cheap one.

There is one advantage about the mantel bed. Even the timidest old maid doesn't have to look to see if there is a man under it.

Detroit's system of street car transfers is so complete that a man can ride thirty-five miles on the street cars there for three cents. Most men wouldn't do it, however, for three dollars.

The newspapers have been so full of politics for the last week that women have actually had to read books.

A newspaper reporter always likes to meet the man who says: "I saw you had that item about Johnson in the paper this morning. I meant to come around and tell you that two weeks ago."

Nation's Credit All Right.

Texas Sifter.

Judge Watts—A Texas justice of the peace has decided that a dog may be levied upon for debt.

Judge Aldredge—There is one consolation about that.

"What is it?"

"That the country never need sink to a silver basis with this vast addition to its assets.

WHAT

CHAS. H. CIRKLER

DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST, Writes:

"The genuine JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT is preferred and prescribed by the most eminent physicians in Minneapolis with the best results. I can therefore conscientiously endorse it."

602 Nicolett Avenue

C. H. Cirkler

ASK FOR THE GENUINE JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT. AVOID SUBSTITUTES

IN SWELLING RANKS

A BRILLIANT BODY OF KNIGHTS PREPARING TO ADVANCE ON MINNEAPOLIS.

FIVE THOUSAND COMING.

THE CITY PREPARED TO ENTERTAIN ITS NOTED VISITORS IN HOSPITABLE MANNER.

SPLENDORS FOR THE PARADE.

Floats for the Fall Carnival Nearly Completed—Swedish Silver Jubilee.

Everything points to the conclusive evidence that the attendance at the Pythian encampment will be larger than the most sanguine anticipate. Letters are being received every day telling of additional visitors. It has generally been expected that the Michigan divisions would go to the Cleveland encampment, but there is one division which has stated its intention to come to Minneapolis. A letter has just been received from the brigade signal officer of Michigan to the effect that the Fifth regiment, with the colonel and his staff, would attend the encampment in this city. This means an additional 300, not including the ladies of the order who are not members of the Uniformed Rank. The captain of the local division at Murphyboro, Ill., has written the officers here stating that his command, 38 strong, would leave in a special car for East St. Louis to join the special train from that point.

Gen. Barkley, of the Illinois brigade, was so much pleased with all the arrangements that he said before leaving, "If the Western and Southern states do not send at least 5,000 Uniformed Knights then they will not be doing the right thing by the city of Minneapolis." While the local committee does not expect that number, they say that if it comes to that figure eventually they can accommodate them in the camp. They feel equal to almost any task of caring for the visitors. They are past the point where the report of another division attending puts them to an inconvenience. After counting upon only one of the Western mounted divisions, the one from Sioux City, Io., the word was received that the St. Joseph, Mo., mounted division would be on hand with about thirty men.

It is expected that the finest appearing regiment among the many who will be present will be the Seventh regiment of Illinois. This regiment is a new one, having been organized within the past month. Six divisions were mustered in during the last thirty days and Col. Cairns, assistant inspector general of Illinois, is authority for the statement that two more divisions will be mustered in before the end of the present week. They will appear in new uniforms and with a new equipment entirely. This will be their first appearance and everything possible will be done to make it a most excellent one. Among its features is a band with new instruments and uniforms, and it is said they will play new music.

The Minnesota brigade will be called together Aug. 31, and on the day following they will be divided into details to meet all trains and escort the arriving divisions to the camp. The camp will be formally turned over to Gen. John C. Loper, of Iowa, on Sept. 1. Gen. Loper is the senior brigadier commander and will be the commander of the camp. On his arrival in the city he will be met by the entire Minnesota brigade, and with a guard of honor, will be escorted to the camp where the exercises of the installment as camp commander will be held.

ITS SILVER JUBILEE.

Swedish Baptist Church Celebrates Notable Event.

With two and a half decades of history to its credit, the First Swedish Baptist Church of Minneapolis yesterday celebrated the event in a manner that was warranted by past achievements.

The entire day, from early morn until late in the evening, was one round of festivities. The congregation felt proud of its history, and the prominent Baptists of the city joined in with them, and made the occasion one that in the future will stand forward as a bright star in the zenith of the church.

In the morning the anniversary sermon was preached by Rev. Olaf Bodien, the pastor of the church, from the Hebrew Epistle, xiii., 8: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever." The speaker spoke at length of the history of the church, the many changes that have taken place in the twenty-five years of its existence; of the sorrows and sadness; of those who have come and gone. But still through it all, Christ has been the same.

Following the morning service, a Sunday school service was held, which was one of the most interesting features of the celebration. F. W. Malmsten, who was the first Sunday school superintendent of the church, told of the work and condition of the early part of the movement. The afternoon service opened with an organ preludium by Prof. D. R. Lilja, which was followed by a song by the church choir. A passage from the scriptures was read by Rev. M. Larson, of Duluth, and prayer was offered by Rev. E. R. Pape, superintendent of the Baptist missions.

The evening exercises were a most happy affair. All restraint was done away with and the entire programme was made up of short reminiscent talks by such as had been connected with the early days of the church.

Robbed His Own Stage.

PERRY, Okla., Aug. 2.—Mail Carrier Hempmeyer, whose stage was reported robbed by outlaws between Okenee and Lacey several days ago, has confessed he committed the crime himself. Hempmeyer is only nineteen years old. Since the robbery he has been acting suspiciously and spending money freely. He was arrested yesterday on suspicion and today made a confession. He had charged the robbery to "Bill" Doolin and "Dynamite Dick," outlaws who recently escaped from the Guthrie jail.

"I understand Miss Comrich has become quite an expert in amateur photography."

"Yes; she has developed some very good negatives for me."

HAVING EYES, THEY SEE NOT.

Strong Evidence That We Cannot Believe Our Own Eyes.

London Mail.

"But I saw it with my own eyes," is a very common expression that is expected to be final and convincing; to doubt such evidence is deemed equialent to accusing the speaker of not telling the truth. Some people imagine that it is the quickness of the conjurer's hand alone that can deceive the eye. As a matter of fact, the eye has to be educated just the same as every other sense of faculty. Every intelligent being instinctively, and unconsciously, trains his sense of sight up to a certain point, and particular conditions of life will often lead to special cultivation in one direction or another.

Certain savage races will be found to have a special alertness of vision that is necessary to their manner life. The town-bred man is generally quite unable to detect distant objects that are clearly visible to the man born in a district of lofty and extensive mountain ranges. We all learn to walk, but very few of us ever train ourselves to dance on the tight rope. Now, the education of our eyes is similarly limited, and varies among different individuals.

A celebrated conjurer devoted years of his life to the training of his eyes in certain ways useful to him in his profession. He could walk by a shop window that was full of trinkets, and after a momentary glance, give you a list of hundreds of things he had seen there; and he would often describe, in astonishing detail, the contents of the room, the inside of which he had only seen in passing the open door. This accomplishment was often turned to valuable account in the performance of some of his most astounding tricks.

If the reader should care to test the quickness of his eyes and those of his friends, here is a very entertaining way of doing it. Let some person go out of the room and place some twenty or thirty different small articles on a large tray. Covering the tray with a cloth, he will put it on a table in the middle of the company. When everybody is in position and ready, remove the cloth for a few seconds, and then cover up again. Now, let every person write down on paper a list of all the things they have seen. Of course, a good memory is of service in this game, but it will be found that in the case of some persons only a very few articles have been seen.

What are called optical illusions are usually the result of false inferences from what is truly seen by the eye. We are as apt to be mistaken by the appearance of things. A school master some years ago was stating to his class that if you saw a fox's tail moving outside a hole in a tree, you might safely infer that a fox was inside. The writer, who was one of the boys present, suggested that somebody might be working the brush from the other side of the tree, as a practical joke. An orange in wax may be wonderfully accurate in form and color, but as these are not the only distinguishing characteristics of the fruit, we should be careful not to form a judgment on them alone. All that we can safely say is that it looks like an orange.

So with many other things, such as the apparent bending of a straight stick partly submerged in water. The eye reports the appearance of the object accurately, but it is a false conclusion that the stick is bent because it appears so. Never trust your physical eye, but only your mental eye. Nntrained vision is most deceptive.

RED HEADED MAIDENS.

They Got the Better of the Minister, But Were Beaten by Students.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

During the quadrennial conference of the Methodist church, held here last month, one of the prominent divines to whom quite a bit of "the old Adam" still clings, had the tables cleverly turned on him by a party of gay Cleveland girls, all typewriters. It was Sunday morning, and the young ladies, with a goodly share of their weekly salaries in their purses, decided upon a big breakfast at a popular down-town restaurant. They occupied three of the seats at a table set for four. The leader, a red-headed girl with a prodigious appetite, set the pace by ordering two kinds of meats, two kinds of fruits, ices, cakes and numerous other articles. Her companions, not to be outdone, gave equally large orders and kept two waiters busy. Presently in sauntered our dapper knight of the cloth, his silk tile shining, and white neck cloth immaculate. Attracted by the hair of the red-headed girl, he approached, and although there were plenty of empty seats at other tables, he sat down with the young ladies and beamed on them in a would-be fascinating way.

At first there was an indignant silence on their part as he intruded his remarks on the weather, their "lovely appearance," and so on. Finally, she of the Titian locks, winked at her companions, and the fun began. For three-quarters of an hour the reverend forgot he was a minister, although he was engaged in eating chicken wings between the gay sallies of his companions. He had just reached an interesting point in a story (not a bible narrative, by any means), when a waiter approached with a bill made out for all four, and handed it to the clergyman. The total was $3.85. He broke off abruptly, gasped, looked at his companions a moment in open-mouthed astonishment, and then, rising abruptly, he walked to the desk, paid the bill, jammed his hat down over his eyes and hastily departed, a chorus of feminine laughter causing his face to blush deeper and deeper as he walked away. The red-headed girl immediately treated the crowd to ice cream soda.

The next day she again went to the restaurant and who should enter but the clergyman. Catching a glimpse of the "danger signal," he stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once.

Speaking of red-headed girls recalls an amusing incident related to me last week by a young college man, home for his vacation. In his class at a large "co-ed." university were twelve red-headed girls. After all the wit of the college paper had been spent upon this distinguished group the men of the class planned the coup d'etat of the year. When field day, the great event of the spring term, drew near, each of the red-headed girls received a most courteous invitation to be one of a tally-ho party at the athletic tournament. The invitations were accepted with alacrity, and on the appointed day two smart coaches, each drawn by four milk white horses, drew up alongside the grand stand. In all the joy and excitement of the trip the girls had failed to note the color of the mettlesome steeds, but the moment they arrived on the grounds a noisy party of freshmen saw the point, and the air was rent with the cries of "White horse," "Red-headed girls," and the like. It was an awful ordeal for the girls, and it took the united diplomatic force of their escorts to assure them that the selection of white horses was purely accidental.

HOW DID HE DIE?

STRANGE MYSTERY SURROUNDS THE FATE OF FIREMAN M'DONALD.

STEPPED FROM A ROOF.

HORRIBLY CRUSHED ON THE PAVEMENT BELOW, AND INSTANTLY KILLED.

WAS THE DEED DELIBERATE?

The Testimony of His Companion Throws No Light on the Matter.

Andrew McDonald, a truckman in Hook and Ladder Company No. 5, Minneapolis Fire Department, fell from the roof of the Hale block addition, Fifth street and Nicollet avenue, to the ground, at 11 o'clock tonight, and was instantly killed. His body was discovered a few minutes after the accident and was removed to the county morgue pending official investigation. The fatality is thought to have been accidental. McDonald entered the building from the Nicollet avenue entrance in company with a woman named Cora Gibson. The couple mounted the long stairway to the second floor, pushed directly backward to a number of steps which led to the roof of a one-story structure directly connected and utilized by the Hale-Thomas company. The exit was through a double door, one of which was standing open. McDonald walked through the door, closely followed by the woman. He continued straight backward through the darkness past skylights and the high side of an adjoining building about thirty feet, and stepped from the roof.

The distance to the ground is about eighteen feet, and the fireman struck the hard pavement partially on his side and head. When he stepped from the roof his companion was about six feet in the rear; she saw him disappear and heard the dull thud of his body on the pavement, then hastily retraced her steps to the street. Some boys were passing whom she hailed and asked them to tell a police officer that a man had fallen from the roof. Patrolman White was standing at Sixth street and Nicollet avenue and ran to the alley. He found McDonald dead. Dr. Dutton was summoned and White called the central patrol wagon. Death was caused by a fracture at the base of the skull and a broken collar bone, one piece of which pierced the flesh. The woman was closely questioned by the police. She stated they were going to the room of McDonald, which he stated was in that block. McDonald was thirty-two years of age, and had been connected with the department about one year.

LIVELY ADVENTURES IN OREGON.

Fair Cyclist Who Had Trials in Plenty While Taking a Spin.

Portland Oregonian.

The days of "the foot log and the trail" are not yet passed in Oregon, and the pioneers who broke the trails and put the foot logs across the "branches" will be interested in learning how they answer for bicycle travel.

A Portland lady has been visiting friends at Roseburg, and a few days since she started from there to visit relatives living about thirty miles out in the mountains. She is an energetic and accomplished bicyclist, and got along very well on her journey for about twenty-five miles, when the road gave out. She found a trail, which she followed for about a mile, when she came to a foot log over a narrow but deep stream. She was afraid to try to walk across the log with her wheel, but, having confidence in her skill as a rider, determined to ride across. When about half way over something went wrong, and she and the wheel plunged into the stream and went to the bottom. She rose to the surface, and, being a good swimmer, succeeded in reaching the shore. She then determined to have her wheel, which had remained at the bottom. Securing a long pole with a limb near the end which formed a hook, she started in to fish for her bicycle and after some trouble yanked it out. The trail beyond the creek was level and in good condition and, as night was approaching, she concluded to mount and make a desperate effort to reach her destination.

She had just got under good headway and was scorching along when she saw a bear on the road ahead. The bear seemed the worse scared of the two, and stood staring in amazement at the strange wheeled figure approaching, the wet and dripping bloomers sticking closely to the limbs of the rider, giving her a weird appearance. As has been remarked, the Portland woman was a skilled rider and, having been accustomed to having everybody clear the way for her, so she charged down on him at full speed, ringing her bell like mad. The bear, seeing certain death or six months in the hospital inevitable, wheeled out of the path, and the lady whirled by in a blaze of golden glory. She did not stop to look back, but "put her best foot forward," and fortunately soon arrived at the house of her friends. She did not attempt to come back alone.

A Never Failing Crop.

Texas Sifter.

Gilhooly—This is going to be a bad year for Texas, unless it rains soon. All the crops will be ruined.

Hostetter McGinnis—There is one crop that will not be affected by the drought.

"What crop is that?"

"The crop of favorite sons."

Awarded Highest Honors, World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

ABOUT THE FARM

SILAGE HINTS.

"Silage that is not good is either sour, moldy or rotten," says Farmers' Advocate. "The cause of over-acidity is almost invariably immaturity of the corn at the time of filling. This is very often due to too thick sowing, which prevents the admission of sufficient sunshine to the ground among the corn while it is growing. A crop of immature corn is simply a lot of water held by green, woody fiber. If corn has been planted too thickly and has come up well, it will pay to thin it out by means of a hoe. In all cases we want the corn grown enough and sufficiently ripened so that it shall contain the largest amount of starch, which will, if properly put into the silo, come out in excellent form.

"Moldy silage is due to a lack of moisture. It must be moist enough when put in to fill all the material, else mold spores will develop and mat the whole mass together. Lack of moisture may be due to the corn being allowed to over-ripen before cutting, or else allowed to dry. When the crop has passed the glazing stage or been allowed to dry out after being cut, sufficient moisture should be added when the silo is being filled to make up for the deficit.

"Rotten silage is occasionally met with, and is invariably due to the entrance of air. A slight crevice in the silo is enough to do the damage. It is the best plan to grow corn suitable to one's district; no thicker than to admit of each stalk bearing and maturing a good cob. Then cut it at the glazing stage and fill evenly and compactly, as it is cut, into a deep, strong, air-proof silo with properly constructed corners. Then there will be no over-sour, moldy or rotten silage deeper than a few inches at the top."

Power on the Farm.

An Ohio correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman has experimented with various kinds of motors on his farm—steam engines, geared-feed mills and sweep powers, but settles down on a tread. He says:

Last fall we purchased a second-hand two-horse tread-power, and can say without exaggeration that it is superior to anything we ever used. It is convenient, easily handled, needs no driver or manager, is ready to start in a minute, and is as near a perfect motor as any one could wish for. Two 1,200-pound horses give us all the power needed for running a 15-inch cutter, with 24-foot carrier, cutting either green corn into the silo or dry fodder during the winter. We feed no fodder without first cutting or shredding. A team on a tread-power will furnish nearly as much power as four in a sweep power, and I believe do it easier. They do no pulling, but simply move forward in a straight line. Although they are walking upward on an inclined plane, they are on solid footing, and need not walk fast. After once being accustomed to it, horses work very easily. There is no difficulty in starting it, as is sometimes the case with a sweep power. All that is necessary to start or stop it, is to open or cloe the brake. One need not even speak to the team. It can be stopped very quickly without the feeder leaving his place at the cutter. An automatic governor regulates the speed. Its freedom from danger of fire, ease of management and light running expense, are important points in its favor. It is easily kept in repair; there are no intricate parts about it. Should any part need replacing, an expert mechanic is not required. We thoroughly overhauled and repaired ours the past winter, my hired men and I doing all the work. It is now as good as new, and cost much less than a new one. There is a kind of power made called the "level tread." I would not advise its purchase. I would prefer the regular slope, then, no difference where the horse places his foot, the position is the same. On the level tread, if he does not step at the right place, the position is uncomfortable and tiresome. A neighbor, who purchased a new level tread-power recently, now wishes he had purchased one having a regular slope, similar to ours.

Protection for Cows.

Ohio Farmer.

A smart, practical fellow, who worked for me three years, dropped onto the device which appears in this article. It was during a time when flies were extremely bad that this fellow, who thought to save both his head and his shins, hunted up one of those immense oat dust sacks from the oat mills, and ripping down one side, threw the affair over the back of the cow with the closed end over her rear, and pulling its length well over her shoulders, so that the entire body was covered.

For a few minutes the cow struggled with her tail in vain effort to use it over his defenseless head, as she had got in the habit of doing, flies or no flies. On finding that there were no flies to brush off, she quieted down, and from that date there was no trouble about flies in our stable at milking time. The device answers so well that each milker has a cover and never forgets to use it.

The closed end practically keeps the cow from switching her tail in a manner to annoy the milker, which prevents many ugly things happening on a wet summer evening when the milker might contemplate attending prayer meting or his Christian Endeavor.

The presence of this cheap and easily contrived affair beats tying a cow's tail to one's boot strap or buttonhole all to pieces, and we recommend it to all dairymen, and especially those who are endeaboring to lead a better life.

Preservation of the Silo.

"The deterioration of most silo linings was formerly very rapid from decay or crumbling, but recently it has been less noticeable since the silos have been better made and filled with riper material," says Bulletin No. 102 of the New York Experiment station. "Yearly plastering or covering cement linings with a light coat of cement whitewash prevents largely the injurious action of the silage juices. Metal linings have not been found satisfactory. The cheaper metals corrode rapidly, and paint has not seemed to adhere well. Ventilation of the double walls of the wooden silo and an occasional coating of preservative on the inner surface retards decay. Coal tar or gas tar is highly recommended by some authorities. This is thoroughly applied, while hot, to the inner surface. Each year for several years past the inner surface of the wooden lining of the silo at this station has been painted with a mixture of 2 parts, by weight, of paraffine, 2 parts rosin, and 1 part linseed oil. These substances are melted together and the mixture applied, while hot, with a brush. The proportions of these constituents have been varied somewhat without apparent change in the result. This mixture is inflammable and should be carefully handled about the fire. The wooden lining, thus treated, after several years' service has a hard surface and there is no decay noticeable. A wood surface not treated would hardly have endured for this time without decay."

Minnesota Milk Law.

The Minesota Dairy and Food Commissioner has sent out the following notice to the patrons of creameries and cheese factories in this state:

The attention of all creamery patrons is called to the fact that the laws of Minnesota make it a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of from $10 to $100, for selling or bringing to a factory:

1. Milk in dirty cans or vessels.
2. Sour milk.
3. Unwholesome, tainted milk.
4. Watered or skimmed milk.
5. Milk from a diseased cow.
6. Milk from a cow fed on decayed or any unwholesome food.
7. Milk drawn from a cow within fifteen days before and four days after calving.

The delivery of any milk under such conditions as these named is not only a violation of the law, but an imposition on other law-abiding patrons, disastrous to the reputation of the product of such manufactory, to the high standing Minnesota butter has attained, and will surely reduce the profits of all patrons.

SWINE NOTES.

All male pigs, that are not intended to be kept as such, should be castrated when from four to six weeks old. At that time it will not check their growth.

Do not neglect to plow the pea field as soon as pigs vacate it. Here is a valuable crop of manure and pea vines and weeds to be turned under. Sow it to rye, and again it will pasture pigs in turn this fall. Sow it to clover next spring on the rye, and you will have fed both pigs and soil.

He who has sowed peas and sits on the fence and watches his pigs harvest them, will wonder why he never tried it before, because they grow so wonderfully and help themselves. But Mr. Wiseacre goes by and says: "The field of the slothful wants to make money without labor."

Now when the pigs are weaned is the time to select the brood sows that must replace some of the old sows. It pays to discriminate well; like will produce like. If the old mother sow is deaf, or has any other weakness, and others of her family lines are similarly affected, refuse all her offspring.

Some one in the Drovers' Journal says that hogs never will bring $7 per cwt. any more, because all the West and South will raise hogs hereafter, and from now and henceforth the market will be glutted with hogs. He forgot to mention one big item, what will the harvest be hereafter? As though 11-cent oats, 15-cent barley, 14-cent corn, 40-cent wheat and 10-cent potatoes would henceforth be standard measures of value out of which pork must be produced. Just as though we never had realized equally low prices for hogs in the past. Receipts of hogs so far have been less than in 1895 and 1892.

NOTES PICKED IN MANY FIELDS.

Cheese has been one of the staple foods from time immemorial. It has more of the elements to sustain life than butter, if left in its natural state. It is a fact that the very best cheese of today is made in the primitive fashion of our forefathers, and they knew nothing of the use of borax and boracic acid, linseed oil, copperas and other sickening stuffs that are used to save the labor of washing the cheeses occasionally with salted cold water. The only real coloring comes free of expense, and that is sunshine, for the cow, if she be deprived of that, her blood becomes impoverished, her vitality lowered, her resistance against attack of sickness weakened, her skin and butter-fat of pale color.

Horse Facts—Jan. 1, 1893, the number of horses in the United States was 16,206,802, worth $992,225,185, averaging $61.20; 1894, same date, 115,633 less, value $223,000,386 less, average, $46.93; 1895, same date, number 15,893,318, value $576,730,580, average value, $36.34; 1896, same date, number 15,125,057, value $560,140,186, average $33.47. Net result of three years: Decrease in number, 1,081,745; in value, $492,084,999; in average, $28.13.

Any one riding through the country, even golong on an express train at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour, can tell when he is passing through a dairy district, by the fine houses, the large barns and the evidence of thrift on all hands. If you wish to pursue your investigations a little further you can go as I have done and ask the banker who deposits the money for them. I asked a banker in Jefferson county if any of the farmers deposited money with him. He said: "Yes, we have got $100,000 of your farmers' money." I said, "What class of farmers deposit the money?" "Why," he says, "it is the dairymen." I said, "Are there any farmers mortgaging their farms?" He said, "Few." I said. "What business are they in?" He said, "They are in the wheat, barley and tobacco business, and some are selling off their farms."

During the week ending May 23, '96, there was imported into Great Britain 5,651,500 pounds of butter, 1,485,100 pounds of margarine, 3,793,100 pounds of cheese, 30 gallons milk and cream, and 1,144,100 pounds of condensed milk. Over the corresponding week of last year there was an increase of about 22 per cent in the importation of butter and about 5 per cent in the importation of cheese and olemargarine.

A great many have an idea that the principal portion of the butter of the country is made in creameries. According to the last census, the production of farm butter amounts to 16.33 pounds per inhabitant, while that of the creamery make is 19.24 pounds per inhabitant. The total per inhabitant, as will be seen, is only 37.57 lbs for the entire year. This is only about one-third the amount consumed by ordinary butter eaters.

The Cornell (N. Y.) station has been trying to find the best time a year to prune and has concluded that the best time is when the knife is sharp. Limbs were cut from both young and old trees every month in the year, and the wounds were studied to determine which healed over quickest and best, but no difference was discovered. It was found that branches growing upright healed more quickly than those growing horizontally.

What makes some men so foolishly dishonest? A creamery patron near Monroe, Wis., the other day disclosed a small minnow in his can of milk. A watch was put on him and he was caught dipping water into his milk can from a small stream he crossed on his way to the creamery. He paid a fine of $125 to settle the folly. If that creamery was run on the Babcock test plan, it would not matter how much a patron watered his milk, for he would cheat no one but himself.

Honey is the most healthful and delicious of nature's secretions either as a sauce, relish or delicacy. It will cure or help cases of indigestion, mal-assimilation, coughs, colds and lung trouble. Prevents and cures croup and diphtheria. It is used in gravel and other kidney diseases, including the dreaded diabetes and Bright's disease. It is very efficacious in constipation and torpid liver. It is a sedative and is helpful for the child and strengthening for the aged.

Never be too sure that your fowls are not troubled with lice even though you cannot find them on the birds. Many roosts are infested with mites that live on the fowls during the night only. If you are feeding liberally and otherwise giving proper care and yet the fowls are not doing well, nine times out of ten it is lice, and lice only. These pests should receive double attention this month.

Educational Item.

Texas Sifter.

Mr. Chaffle—What did you learn at school today, Johnnie?

Johnnie—I didn't learn anything, but I taught somebody something.

"How was that?"

"The teacher asked how cat was spelled and I told him."

The Traveler's Right to Fresh Air.

Auburn Advertiser.

A wise justice at Lyons, in Wayne county, has decided that a railway in this state is bound to carry fresh air free, as well as bicycles. A woman traveling on a train complained that the air in the car was bad. The conductor tried to open the window in the usual way, but was unable to do so, and refused to get a crowbar to pry it open, whereupon the suffering woman smashed the glass with her parasol. The conductor then had her taken into custody on a charge of insanity. A doctor examined her and pronounced her rational. Her defense was that she had paid for her transportation and was entitled to fresh air with it. The justice thought so too, and discharged her. It is possible that this precedent may cause all the railway companies considerable trouble. If it be good law that when car windows are not in working order the passenger may smash the glass, better care will be taken to see that all the windows in the cars can be readily moved up and down.

What is CASTORIA

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"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

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KAFFIRS HAVE FOUGHT FIERCELY

They Have Bravely Defended Their Territory for Generations.

Century Magazine.

For us the curtain rises upon the Kaffir people when the Dutch settlers spreading slowly eastward from the neighborhood of the Cape, came in contact, and presently into conflict with them. Hostilities first broke out in 1779, and the century that followed there are reckoned no fewer than nine Kaffir wars. The natives fought with a fierceness comparable to that of the North American Indians; and though less skilled in the arts of ambush and surprise, they were not less swift in their movements or less fearless in meeting death. Had the policy of the colonial government been firmer and more constant much fighting and suffering might have been saved; yet some of its errors were due with a desire to deal gently with the natives and to stop an advance of conquest which we now perceive was inevitable. The worst blunder was committed in 1879, when Sir Bartle Frere attacked a native power more formidable than any which had yet been encountered by British troops—that of the Zulus.

The Zulus are a branch of the Dantu race, eminent for their courage, their physical strenge and their absolute submission to their king, Tshaka. That able and relentless chief, who reigned for about twenty years, and was murdered by his brothers in 1828, had, by his force of will and military talents and the system of strict drill and discipline which he introduced, subdued all his neighbors and devastated vast tracts of country, slaughtering and chasing away their inhabitants. His nephew, Cetewayo, when the war broke out in 1879 was at the head of an army of 30,000 men and inflicted a serious defeat upon the British forces before he was finally overthrown and his country brought under British sway. After his fall there remained only two strong native kingdoms south of the Zambesi.

One of the kingdoms, that of Lobengula, king of the Matabeles, was conquered in 1893 by the British South African company, and the other, that of Gungunhaha, whose territories lay northeast of the Transvaal State, has within the last six months (December, 1895 and January, 1896) perished at the hands of the Portuguese. With many tribes there has been no fighting at all. Awed by the boldness of the white man, these less warlike tribes accepted the rule of the intruding settlers with scarcely a murmur, and in many cases looked on them as protecters. Nearly all the hard fighting in south Africa has been with the Zulus, to whom the Matabeles belong ethnologically, and with the Xosa clans on the south coast, while the Beechuanas and Ba-Rolongs and the Tongas, and the tribes of Mashonaland as far as the Zambesi, have, as a rule, submitted promptly and quietly.

Floored Him.

Texas Sifter.

He—I was crazy when I married you.

She—Are you crazy yet?

"No, I've come to my senses."

"Well, then, you ought to be thankful to me for keeping you out of an insane asylum."

CAN'T FOOL MARIA.

When Uncle Josh to the seashore goes,
He vows it's for the swimmin',
But Aunt M'ri' declares she knows
It's nothin' but the wimmin!
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Is an OLD and WELL-TRIED REMEDY, and for over FIFTY YEARS has been used by millions of mothers for their CHILDREN while CUTTING TEETH with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays all pain, cures wind colic, is very pleasant to the taste, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP and take no other kind, as mothers will find it the Best Medicine to use during the teething period.

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