THE SENTINEL.

Issued Every Friday.

TERMS: $1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

DOBYNS & CURRY, *Publishers*

Friday, March 11, 1892.

Labor and Millsism.

It cannot be urged in favor of the American Goldsmite that he does not understand the nature of the crime he is trying to perpetrate against his countrymen. His avowed object is, as he frankly confesses, to supplant American products with the products from European mills. Listen to Roger Q. Mills:

A reduction of the tariff to 25 per cent above the revenue basis would increase our imports $[illegible], and that amount of exports would have to go out to pay for the imports.

But what would become of the half million or more persons who now produce that $300,000,000 worth of goods in this country? Perhaps Mr. Mills would advise them to go seek for work at European rates of wages in the countries from which his $300,000,000 increase in imports would come. They might and they might not find work there making the things they formerly made in America under protection. Certain it is that they would be driven from employment here by the $300,000,000 inundation of foreign goods. Almost equally certain is it that a provision for other employment for them has no place in the science of the Corsicana Cobden.

That we would would have to export to pay for the foreign goods is very true. We had to do it under every revenue tariff or approach to revenue tariff we have ever lived under; but it was gold, silver and securities that we exported and would export again under similar circumstances. We could not icrease our exports of merchandise by a single dollar. We would speedily find ourselves where we were in 1819, 1837 and 1857—in the midst of industrial distress and financial disaster. That is how Millsism would work.

Arbor Day.

To my immediate predecessor, the Hon. W. E. Coleman, belongs the credit of inaugurating Arbor Day in Missouri. The first observance was in April, 1886. The law setting apart the first Friday after the first Tuesday of April in each year as Arbor Day Pas passed in 1889. The state superintent's reports show the following result of the observance:

In 1887-88, 9,736 trees were planted; 1888,89, 9,334; 1889-90 9,903; 1890-91, 9,786 total, 38,759. This is an excellent showing.

The object of the observance is to plant trees on the school grounds, to inculcate a knowledge of trees and to inspire a love of them. Additional objects are to teach the value of forest products and incidentally to inculcate a love of nature and to make sentiment in favor of beautifying home grounds. Then, we desire the youth of Missouri to study trees because they protect from summer's sun and winter's blast; because they beautify home and school, hill and dale; because of their wonderful influence upon climate; because the annual forest products of the United States reach the enormous value of one billion dollars—ten times the value of the output of gold and silver.

That the observance may be a success, it is necessary to employ system and foresight; to decide in time upon the number and location of the trees; to make definite arrangements for obtaining trees; to assign the planting of each tree to a certain pupil or group of pupils; to dig the holes in time.

Carefully select the trees to be planted; wrap the roots with straw or leaves to keep them moist; bind carefully with a cord and bury the roots in a moist place so as to be ready for planting. The trees selected should be smooth and shapely and from one to two inches in diameter; should be trimmed form six to seven feet high and topped. Plant about eight feet from the fence and not nearer than twenty feet of the house.

It is one thing to plant a tree and another thing to protect it—to see that it lives and is carefully trimmed from year to year, so that it may grow up a beautiful, shapely thing. Of the 38,759 trees planted in Missouri during the four years' observance of the day, how many of them are alive? how many of them are beautiful and shapely? Let us look up this matter carefully, for in the next report blanks sent out from this department three questions will be asked.

After planting, the trees should be protected by throwing around them a good supply of straw, leaves or trash.

It is earnestly recommended that the following subjects be discussed be discussed by prominent citizens of the district: The Educative Value of Beautiful School Grounds. The Best Trees for Missouri, the value of Forest Products, the Best Method of Planting Trees, the Best Method of Protecting and Trimming trees, the Effect of Trees on Climate. For literary program see Missouri school Journal and and other educational journals. I would be pleased if the press of the state would call for articles on these subjects at once, thus arousing an interest in the observance the day.

Trusting that patrons, teachers and pupils will do their whole duty in the observance of this day, I am,

Very respectfully,
L. E. WOLFE,
State Supt. Public Schools.

It Pays to Dress Well.

Let a young man lay it down as a golden rule that it pays to dress well. If there is a grain of truth in the old saying that clothes can make a man, it applies with increased force if the man who happens to be meant is a man of ability. A well fitting suit of clothes is a magic key to society—not clothes by themselves, of course, but considered as adjuncts in the make-up of the man.

If you were going to employ a clerk and there were six applicants, all equally intelligent, capable and honest, but one of them well-dressed and tidy in looks and the other five stuffed into ill-fitting garments, the chances are ten to one that you would select the first. No young man looking forward to something higher in life can make a better investment than to buy good clothes. The fact that Roscoe Conkling was an exquisite dresser only lent an additional interest to his great individuality. No man ever accused him of being an animated fashion plate, but the public respected him all the more because he had the outward signs of a man of taste.

Nancy Sims Raises Sum Poultry.

The following interesting and amusing paper was read before the Farmers' Institute, held in this city, Feb. 19th and 20th. It is from the pen of that accomplished writer, Mrs. Helen Langdon, of College Springs, Ia.

There is a heep of ways sew raise poultry. Sum foaks razes 'em with a knife and fork, sum razes 'em by hand, sum razes 'em stay with the ole hen, and sum razes 'em by proxy. This ear last way is a heep the easest, and is the way ochually adopted by folkes that kin afford all the spring aigs and new laide chickens that air tew be found in the poultry yard. When they git away from hum they air regular dickshonaries of chicken infurmashun and kin tell awl their wifes knows about the business. I've tride all these ear waze of razen chickens, and must say I like bringin' 'em up by hand a sight bettern any other way, and I kin raze as mony with a knife and fork as the next one.

The pith way of wommen what goes to razin chickens on an ordinary farm is beset with difficulties, from the time she begins tew pick the fust aigs of the season, till the hens strike fur higher wages and a warm hen house next winter. About a fourth of the farmers haven't enny poultry house tew speke of, while lots of 'em dount have enny place fur 'em to sleep nites onnly in the tree tops and on the fence. Sum have bran new pleces bilt for 'em about six feet square and expect the old woman kin make it hold about 500 chickens and about 14,000,000 mites. It never fales tew hold the mites but it's a awful tite squeeze fur the chickens. Howsumever theres plenty of room out of doors if it gits tew crowded inside. Jest about one man in ten bilds a good, big, substanshal poultry house, and sum of them coud be improved and not hurt 'em eny. Fanny Fieldkin tell awl about how tew bild one and how big it orter be and what shape and everything, but there aint no two folkes what wood think alike on this ear subject. Hens dew better an' air hellthyer in a bildin that is warm, well ventilated, and has lots of room in it. These ear folkes that's shut up in tenement houses in the great big sittys without never gettin a breth of air that has got match oxygen in it air puny and spindlin and sickly and thats the with poaltry; when theyr shut up into a house thats tew little fur 'em and haint ventilated they jest smother tew death.

By all means hev the bildin ventilated firstrate even if you have to tare off sum of the side boards.

Hens sumtimes air jest like folkes; they git dreadful tired a dewin the same thing over and over evry day jest fur their board and clothes, and thats why they strike. It dount take 'em long tew find out that they aint appreciated, and wen a hen gets jest corn, corn, corn and nothin else they begin tew think of turnin their attenshun to some other line of industry.

When I wan' tew raze chickens I dount ax a mite of help from the ole hen arter shees dun hatchin 'em, and I dount ax that if I had enny incubitater. But the hen will dew the bizness and you dount hev tew warm her up with enny hot water or kerseen ile lamp, nor hang eny furhometer tew her, sosto know if the thing dount git tew hot. Arter the leetle yalier, downy things air out of the shell, I take 'em immejetely away an put 'em into a box, what has a lot of sand on the bottom of it. This ear box shood orter be about tew feet square and about tweive inches deep. I try and her two hens at lesst tew hatch at the same time and as many moar as wants tew so that ive got a even number. I dew this sosto have about the rite number in each box, which is frum 20 to 30. When they kin fly out over the top of the box I let 'em run where their a mudder and gather all the bugs and worms they kin find. Bugs and worms and insecks air a crop you kin raze without enny plowin and their mighty refreshin tew chickens.

These ear boxes what the chickens air put into, have a peese of cloth a little bigger than the size of the box tacked onto one side and when they all huddle cluss together into one corner as they allers dew, I pull that air cloth down over 'em and kiver em up all snug and warm. This ear way is satisfactory tew the hens, tew the chickens and tew me. Of course when these ear poor little orfans arrive in this onfriendly world without a single tooth and no hare to brag of, they hev to be kep warm and dry, so that they wont catch cold and half of 'em die with the croup, and yew kant dew this onless you have the rite kind of place fixt fur 'em. A bildin 10 x 12 wood be big enuff fur 500 chickens if you keep a sellin off the brilers when theyre big enuff. It orter have some menes of warmin it up nice and cumfurtable, and have lots of sunshine into it when there's any anywheres. Then it orter be ventilated, have sand and gravel scattered on the floar, an then kept clene and dry. The water fur 'em to drink shood orter be fixt sosto keep the chicken out of it awl but his head, and high enuff up from the ground tew kepe 'em from scratchin trash into it. "Mixt drinks" air sed tew be very disagreein' tew the human creetur, and its jest as bad fur chickens. Their water orter be clene and fresh, and their food orter be clean tew, if you spect tew ete their aigs or the chickens either; fur the vittles they ete flavor everything about 'em.

I feed my hens wheat, oats, corn, biled taters, punkins, millet, sorgum seed, scraps of mete from the butchers, milk, choppt and scalded clover hay, pepper, salt, old iron, sulphire, pounded bones, broken dishes, stun cole, coald corn bredcurd and all the summer vegetables they kin find in the truck patch.

I hove tew wate on em fur all their vittles coptin the vegetables. They help themselves to them and dount never wate tew be axt what they like best. This ear stuff I give 'em when Ime tew hum, but when I am away frum hum they're apt tew be mighty well corned.

This ear thing they call instinct is a grate medikle diskivery, an my chix have a hull lot of it, and when they heer a storm a comin and the leetle drops of begin tew patter on their fethers they know they've got tew answer the call of their mammy and cum in out of the wet and be hoverd. If thave been tuck away frum their mother, thave got to be hoverd by the man or woman that tuck 'em away. It's mighty ezy fur a woman but just imagine a man a tryin tew dew it. Of course heze a goin tew wate until he puts on his rubber boots, and his ole gum overcote, and gits an umbrellar an then he venters jest tew the doar step an stops and sez, "say, whats the use s'goin out; tiey'll git in all right, won't they?" And his tother half sez "no, they wont; if you dont wmt to go I'll go myself." "Humph!" comes from "lord of the manner." "I wouldn't get my feet wet for the hull blamed lot of 'em." But he goze out just the same, an kneels before the chicken coops, like as if he mite be a prayin, but he aint, and them air frightened chickens awl run under him. He flops fust one flap and then tother of that air overcoat and as fast as he pulls one slide over 'ens the tother side comes off; and the fust he knows he falls over backwards onto the chickens and quoshes the breath out of half on em; then his hed gits fast in the umbriller and he begins to holler. I seed Andy dew this very trick onct, when I was laid up with roomytiz, and the way that air heethen talked woodent dew to say out loud in meetin, an the more I laft tew wuss he tailted. It was with a whole burl of doctor stuff and it cured me right off, so I was spry as ever. You might search 'till Gabriel blows his horn and yule not find a surer reumydy fur roomytiz. Its bout as good as bee stings and don't hurt enny when yure taken it.

Now if a wommen with a big apern on and a towel tide over her hed had gone out thar tew rescue them air chickens, thade have all on em jist climb up inter her lap and cuddled down under that air apern and shede hev whisked em into their shelter in a jiffy. But she wood'nt hev tuck enny umbriller along. When Andy cum in arter fallin over on the chickens I axt him why on arth he dident put on his mittens. But he wooden say a word cept in "cum it."

Chickens are mity sensable leetle creetins as they seem tew know right off who tew trust, and they air drefful partickler about gettin wet.

Only a few days ago I heerd a verry enemyent man say it made a hen mad tew git wet. I'le like fust rate tew know how he knoze it. But it makes my leetle chicks sick tew git their fete wet, an so I dount let 'em go out and take long walks when the grass is wet. They get awful impashent when I keep em in, jist like spiled children dew; but I dew what I think is best fur em and never argue the pint. There is a heep moar sickness in the poaltry yard caused by wet and dirt than fur enny other reezon; jist kepe their fete dry and their backs warm, and yer chickens will be helthy, if you doant over-feed 'em. Give em a nice breakfust of cooked feed, an doant fur the land sake give em the same kind of feed every morning, they like change jest as well as other folkes. Give a leetle sulfire onct in a while, and a leetle black pepper will be good fur em. The pigs at our house doant git enny of the milk, fur they wooden lay enny aigs if they had a barrel apiece a day, and its aigs I must have or there wont be enny chickens. Give the milk tew them air chickens and yule git moar profit from it than yew wood if the pigs swallered every drop. My remedy fur chicken cholliery is tew kill the fust one that gits it and burn the carkiss. Taste what they call cremation, an the bildin where they burn sitch things in is called a creamery. Arter this is dun, clean out every last thing about the hen house, whitewash, scald with lye, and fumygate with sulfire. If the fust sick one is killed immegiately, and then everything dismfeckted, mebby yew wont have enny moar trubble; but if you dow, repeat the process. It aint wuth while to spend three or four days at a dollar a day in docterin a 25 cent chicken, so I jest kill 'em to save trubble. Sum folkes see a heep of bother with mites on chickens, and they kin be cleard outen a hen house by shuttin the door tight arter you've put a big sulfire smoke inside of it. But it aint so ezy tew dew it when the bildin is smack up agin the barn on one side and the corn house on tother and a carriage house next to that and hull of em under one raff. They git inter the hull pile of bildins then, and the onliest way to git cleer of em is to burn the hull thing. If you want to flit em off of the chicks jest make a sorter salve outen sulphire, salty greese, everlastin pashunce and etarnel vigilance. Rub it on the chickens under wings and thighs and the creepers will take French leave. Kerosene emulsion will also make em hunt fur a moar congenyel climate.

If you havent got enny good place fur the hens tew set fur airly broilers you kin take a barrel and line it with a lot of paper; put in three or four thicknesses. These ear story papers is best, as they aint fit fur eany thing else, and the old hen wont read 'em. Put in manure, then fine straw and if yer hen has been properly brought up she'le like the fun of settin in it. Folkes doa't all like the same kind of a chicken, and if you want a great big clumsy bird that comes on airly, a good chicken for market, get the Buff Cochin. But theyre dreadful lazy and wont dew much scratchin as the spryer birds will and yew let one of 'em get to settin and the chances air she'll set all summer if you doant leither have her chickens. This ear illusterates the force of habbit. If your arter a breed that will lay two aigs a day the yere round get the Brown Leghorn by awl means. They're a shy, nervous chicken, and if you kin succeed in keepin one of em down to bizness long enuff tew hatch a settin of aigs, you've dun a meracle. I spoze I mite as well tell what a meracle is, and tew do that I'll have tew illustrate it by a story. A mity nice fambly onct went to church an tuck their leetle boy along. Arter the services was concluded, the preecher went home with the fambly to dinner and on the way there this ear preecher sought to inculcate sum moral teechin into the mind of this ere leetle boy. So he axt him what the sermon was about, and the boy, he was peart, and he answered up: "Meracles." Sez the preecher, "dew yew know what a meracle is?" "Yessir," sez the boy. "Tell me what a meracle is," sez the preecher.

"Wa'al," sex the boy, "Ma sed this mornin that if you didd'nt come home with us to dinner it ud be a meracle, for you'd been a comnin every Sunday fur six months." But I'm a digressin. (I doant know myself what that means.) These ear Leghorn hens hafto have somebody else to tend tew hatchin their nigs fur em, an I doant know of a moar reliable creetur fur that than a nice ole Plymouth Rock. Thayre jest the obliginest foul, thats a goin. Theyre good tew ete, good tew lay aigs, good tew set on em, and good tew look at. Theyre the housekeepers of the poaltry yard, and the Wyandotes air like em, and lay more aigs. But yew have tew be dreffal careful and have 'em set whar they're not tew be disturbed.

The incubitator is a goin tew steel the bizness of the hen one of these ear ceze, and then all you want is a hen tew lay the aigs, and that wont scratch clear threw tew tuthre side. I heard a few daze ago about a new stile of hen that war manufactered out of a old fashuned shanghi and a leetle short-legged Bantam. The new stile chicken had one long leg and one short one and when it tride to scratch it would tip over. I've never raised that air kind, dy way of razen chickens withouten eany mother, is cheaper than the way my grate grandmother master foller, and I don't lose so many chickens from chollery infantum and croup. They dont dew so mutch damage nither. If ya've got a nice bood of melons, or a flock of young cucumbers, ya'de a heep better have lett them in the seed box than tew have them lift their green heds in detiance afore a lot of fifty or sixty hens. Jest let 'em git a taste and its good bye, garden. But 15 or 20 well behaved hens that air lizzy a layin eggs fur market and air fed enuff of the right kind of stuff to make aigs out of with gravel and ashes and lime and green stuff right close to hand so they dount hafto go and hunt for it, wont dew mutch damage a scratchin.

Chickens orter be provided with a dry dust bath what it will allers bee d , so that they kin dust theirs ives durin a rane storm if they wanter.

Thar izzent much profit in tryin tew sell full grone fowls, fur theye ete their bede off afore you kin sell em. But git rid of your leetle chicks jist as quick as thare big enuff to tee ete and dount keep one that you dont want fur yuself, with eany expectashun of gittin a bigger price fur it. Yule be disappinted if you dow. Make yure money out of boilers and aigs.

Ten years ago I had 21 hens; the ole Plymouth Rocks and the Black Spanish. Razed 200 chickens and lost jest three from sickness. About a duzzen got drowded one day when I was off a visitin when I'de orter been to hum, and 23 mitey nice ones had an interview one nite with a skunk. But I had all of the 200 left. Andy kept insistin that my way of takin the leetle chickens away from their mammys was wicked and crewell, and the sarmones he preached about crultey tew animals and goin contrary tew the laws o' nature was awful convincin tew me, but not very comforin. So I kep on in my evil ways. But arter awhile, jest tew kepe him good naterd, I gin one ole scratchy hen 15 chickens; she'de worked hard fur em, fur she'de been a settin six wekes afore they hatched out. Then I left her to foller her own sweet will, while I jest stood my ground over the flowers with a picket I torned off the fence. I mite have kep her out of the mellon patch but sumhow, my taste fur melons was never cultivated in my infancy, an of course I dident keer match. In less than two weeks there warzent a sign of a plant left in that air mellon patch, and the little chickens was fewer in number, fur there was only five of 'em left tew be scratched fur. But I watched that air hen till she finally claked fur one chicken. In a day or tew they found out sum way that wede got sum airly tomattuses. Now Andy is a marster hand fur tomattuses an I know sumthing wood happen an it did. I heerd a tremenjus voice shollerin one day and on looking out of dars I seed a long, lank, red-headed man swingin in his hand a pore lare chicken, but it dident have a sign of on my hed. I felt mitey well satisfide about it, fur Andy was converted an it was the clearest case of conversion I ever see'd. Andy sez that this ear story is founded on facks, sele facks; but that the bildin of it stands a mitey long peece from its foundashun. Howsumever, heze able to stand it.

An Abused Boy.

You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair. Not because the edges of it look as if it had been chewed off by an absent minded horse, but tell it by the way he stops on the street and wriggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has to cut her boy's hair, she is careful to guard against any annoyance and muss by laying a sheet on the carpet. It has never yet occurred to her to sit over a bare floor and put the sheet around his neck. Then she draws the front hair over his eyes, and leaves it there while she cuts that which is at the back. The hair which lies over his eyes appears to be surcharged with electric needles, and that which is silently dropping down under his shirt band appears to be on fire. She has unconsciously continued to push his head forward until his nose presses his breast, and is too busily engaged to notice the snuffling sound that is becoming alarmingly frequent. In the meantime he is seized with an irrisistible desire to blow his nose, but recollects that his handkerchief is in the other room. Then a fly lights on his nose and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntarily dodges and catches the points of the shears in his left ear. At this he commences to cry and wish he was a man. But his mother doesn't notice him. She merely hits him on the other ear to inspire him with confidence and goes on with the work. When she is through she holds his jacket collar back from his neck and with her mouth blows the short bits of hair from the top of his head down his back. He calls her attention to this fact, but she looks for a new place on his head and hits him there, and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. Then he takes his awfully disfigured head to the mirror and looks at it, and, young as he is, shudders as he thinks of what the boys on the street will say.

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Order of Publication.

STATE OF MISSOURI, } ss.
County of Holt, }
In the Circuit Court of Holt County, in said State, to the April term, 1892.

Henry Hughes, plaintiff,
vs. Divorce.
Hattie Hughes, defendant.

At this 11th day of February, 1892, comes the plaintiff herein, by T. C. Dungan, his attorney and files his petition herein, alleging among other things that the defendant Hattie Hughes is a non-resident of the state of Missouri and cannot be summoned in this action.

Wherefore it is ordered by the clerk that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against her in this court, the object and general nature of which is that plaintiff seeks to be divorced from the bonds of matrimony contracted with defendant on the 13th day of July, 1889, on the grounds of abandonment without reasonable cause for more than one year previous to the filing of said petition.

And unless she, said Hattie Hughes, be and appear at this court at the next term thereof, to be begun and holden at the court house, in the city of Oregon, on the third Monday of April next, and on or before the sixth day of said term, and plead or answer to the petition in said cause, the same will be taken as confessed, and judgment will be rendered accordingly.

And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published according to law in THE HOLT COUNTY SENTINEL, for four successive weeks, the last insertion to be at least fifteen days before the said 6th day of April, 1892.

GEO. V. MORRIS, Clerk.

THE STATE OF MISSOURI, } ss.
County of Holt.

I, Geo. V. Morris, clerk of the circuit court of Holt county, aforesaid, hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the original order of publication in the case therein named, as the same appears in my office.

Witness my hand as clerk, and the seal of the circuit court. Done at office in Oregon, this 11th day of February, 1892.

[SEAL] GEO. V. MORRIS, Clerk.

T. C. Dungan, Att'y for Pl'ff.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF MISSOURI, } ss.
County of Holt, }
In the Circuit Court of Holt County, April Term, 1892.

Mary Pickett, Mary Davenport, et al, defendants,
vs.
Eugene Pickett, plaintiff,
against

At this 8th day of January, 1892, comes the plaintiff herein, by L. E. Knowles, his attorney, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court that Leo Pickett, Lydia Chandler, Georgia Ann Hunter, Howard Jackson, Williams and Wife, Hugh Jackson, non-residents of the state of Missouri, and cannot be summoned in this action.

Wherefore it is ordered by the court that said defendants be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against them in this court, the object and general nature of which is that plaintiff seeks to be decreed to be the owner and entitled to the possession of the following described real estate situate in Nodaway county, Missouri, to wit: [illegible]

And that unless the said Elizabeth Jane Chandler, Georgia Ann Hunter, Leonard Jackson, Williams and Wife, Hugh Jackson, be and appear at this court at the next term thereof, to be begun and holden at the Court House in the city of Oregon, on the third Monday in April next, and on or before the sixth day of said term, to wit, the 9th day of April, 1892, and plead or answer to the petition in said cause, the same will be taken as confessed, and judgment will be rendered accordingly.

And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published according to law in THE HOLT COUNTY SENTINEL, for four successive weeks, the last insertion to be at least four weeks before the said 9th day of April, 1892.

THE STATE OF MISSOURI, } ss.
County of Holt.

I, Geo. V. Morris, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Holt County, aforesaid, hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the original order of publication, in the cause therein named, as the same appears in my office.

Witness my hand as Clerk, and the Seal of said Court. Done at office in Oregon, this 9th day of January, 1892.

[SEAL] GEO. V. MORRIS, Clerk.

T. C. DUNGAN, Att'y for Pl'ff.

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FOR 1892.

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