

# "Kurnel Bunker."

His Bill Was a Good One, But It Didn't Pass the Arkansas Legislature

By M. QUAD.

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"Very fair, sah—very fair for this season of the year," said Kurnel Bunker, as he drained his glass and set it on the railing of the veranda. "And now, sah, you want to hear about what was called 'Kurnel Bunker's Purge Bill,' which would have made a paradise of the state of Arkansaw had it become a law. The state of Arkansaw, sah, as you may have observed, is the natural home of the mosquito, the gallinipper and several varieties of flies. It has been my proud boast, and the proud boast of other prominent residents of the state, that only within the confines of the state does the horse-fly reach a luxuriant extravagance of growth. Here he passes the fly-stage at the age of four weeks and becomes rather a bird of prey. Here you find the gallinipper at his best—here the mosquito would be able to pull down a young chicken if the summer lasted a month longer. In a way, sah, as showing what nature can do and does for us, I speak of these insects with pride; but on the other hand I am compelled to realize that they are a drawback to civilization and progress. It was for this reason that I introduced the celebrated Purge Bill. Of co'se you saw it referred to in the press at the time?"

He waited for me to reply, but I was so long about it that he bestowed a glance of pity and continued:

"After extensive reading and many experiments I framed and introduced my bill. I have several printed copies at home, and will mail you one to-morrow. The bill, sah, provided for the purchase and use of \$1,000,000 worth of chloride of lime. Ten thousand persons were to be appointed to scatter the stuff throughout the swamps and lagoons of the state. The idea was to disinfect and annihilate at the same time. In my experiments, public and

declare that I had apparently outlived my usefulness. Of co'se I waited upon him without delay. No gentleman ever procrastinates in such matters. Our greeting was courteous, and the smile never faded from the gentleman's face as I said:

"'Befo' attacking me as you did this afternoon you must have figured on the consequences and are thereto' ready to accord me satisfaction?"

"'With the greatest of pleasure, sah,' he replied, and a meeting was speedily arranged for sunrise. I slept like a babe that night and was on the ground at sunrise. The Hon. was only a trifle behind me, but there was a wide difference between us, sah—a wide difference. While I had an exultant feeling, bo'n of the firm belief that he would fall at my fire, he was shaky and ill at ease, and I think he had a presentiment that death stalked at his side. A fine orator and a gallant man was the Hon. Jordon Jones, but not of the stuff of which warriors are made. Egad, sah, but I never think of him except in sorrow. We had taken our places and the word was about to be given, when what did he do but fall dead of heart trouble—throw up his hands and fall like a log! That ended the affair, of co'se. No gentleman ever fights a duel with a dead man. I should have killed him, but I reckon it was better as it was. Should a person of color be visible from your standpoint you might place me under renewed obligations."

He was promptly and duly "placed," and after an interval of ten minutes he returned to the subject in hand by saying:

"As I conscientiously believed that my bill was for the best interests of the commonwealth, I pushed it as vigorously as I could. There were opponents

gentleman I could not resort to such a vulgar weapon. Indeed, sah, as a gentleman I could not fight at all with a person who resorted to such practices. I turned my back on him, sah—turned my back and walked off the field and denied that I had ever heard his name. I went further, sah. As a prominent member of the senate my honor forbade me further relations with the governor, and I promptly packed up my belongings and went home for the rest of the session. My purge bill was dead, of co'se, and I was no longer on hand to defend it, but the day may come, sah—the day may come—

"When, what, Kurnel?" I asked.

He looked mournfully at his empty glass and fanned himself with his hat.

## DIES AS HE EXPECTS SUCCESS.

John Rourke, an Impetuous Inventor, Expires While Telling That Good Luck is at Hand.

While telling his companions of the money he expected in a few days from one of his inventions, John Rourke died the other night in his chair in the Model lodging house, Chicago.

For the last week Rourke, who was 60 years old, had been without money, and while allowed to sleep in the lodging house he had been unable to purchase sufficient food, and had grown weak and emaciated as a result.

For years he had been at work on a gas engine which he had invented, and a patent had been applied for. He was without means to perfect his models, but recently through friends in Ontario he had succeeded in interesting Frank P. McGrath, a retired wealthy manufacturer in Grand Rapids, Mich., in his scheme, and from letters found in his possession it was learned that McGrath had agreed to advance all the money necessary to perfect the machine and place it on the market.

Sitting in the office of the lodging house the old man was telling his companions, less fortunate than himself, of the turn the tide was about to take in his favor, and how, in a few days after he had received his first installment, he would treat them all to a good dinner, when his hands suddenly dropped to his sides, his head fell forward on his breast and he was dead.

Little is known of the old man by any of his companions in the lodging house. He had spent nearly all his time working on drawings for his invention.

He was a Canadian and had confided to Clerk Seymour, of the lodging house, that he formerly had held excellent positions in the dominion, but as to the reason for his leaving there or concerning his life in Chicago he had little to say.

His body was removed to Rolston's undertaking rooms, 22 Adams street, where an inquest was held.

## EXCELS MARCONI SYSTEM.

W. A. Eddy Able to Transmit Wireless Messages Between Two Kites Without a Battery.

Marconi's is not the only telegraphy that will send messages without wires. According to W. A. Eddy, the kite expert of Bayonne, N. J., it is equally easy to accomplish the same result with wires fastened to two ordinary kites.

Mr. Eddy believes that if the two poles of sending and reception extend high enough into the air enough electricity will be generated from the atmosphere to do away with the storage batteries and complicated telegraph instruments used by Marconi.

A kite was raised to a height of 1,000 feet. Four hundred feet away another wire of the same length was attached to two kites, fastened to the main wire in a sort of a V-shaped branch. No battery or electrical apparatus of any kind was connected with the kites.

Mr. Eddy took his place at the single wire kite. He made the connection between it and the ground, and instantly a shock was felt by his assistant on the other wire 400 feet away.

Mr. Eddy brought the shifting hook against the wire with short, irregular blows, something like a telegrapher's clicks. They were all felt by his associate at the other wire. It took ten seconds for each blow on the single kite wire to pass up to the kite, shoot off through space and come down on the double kite wire.

With telegrapher's instruments of only ordinary delicacy Mr. Eddy is confident a message could be made to travel in a much less time.

## How He Could Afford It.

"Dick—Why don't Tom always let his linen always look as if it had just come out of the drawer. And yet I am told that Tom can't get the money together to pay his laundry bill."

Jack—That's the reason he can put on a clean collar every day. He couldn't do it if he had to pay for his washing.—Boston Transcript.

## Ready to Rest.

"Your honor," said the learned counsel in concluding his address, "we will now rest."

"So will the court," replied the judge, with a sigh of relief.—Chicago Post.

## Nearly Correct.

Teacher—What's the meaning of "election," Harold?

Pupil—It's the way people are put to death in some states.—Puck.

# AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

## PLANTING ROAD TREES.

Timely Suggestions Offered by Prof. F. A. Waugh, of the Vermont Experiment Station.

The distance between trees in the row will be influenced somewhat by the width of the street. In a wide street, where there is room enough for the full development of each tree, they will be planted further apart. If the street is wide enough, the trees should always stand between the walk and the curb. It is wide enough if, from curb to curb, the width is one and a half times the distance recommended for the trees in the rows. On a narrower street, trees should stand between the walk and the buildings or should be dispensed with. There are many beautiful streets in this country which support four rows of trees. Such streets should have the central avenue twice as wide as the distance between trees in the row; and the distance between the two rows on



PALM AVENUE AT HAVANA.

either side should be somewhat less than that between trees.

The American elm is doubtless the commonest street tree in America. It has many undeniably good qualities to recommend it. And yet there are serious objections to the elm as a street tree, besides the fact that it is often defoliated by caterpillars of various species, as, indeed, are many other trees. The elm varies greatly in size and form, and it is almost impossible to find a long street of old elms which does not suffer from the sad neglect of uniformity which this variability introduces. The elm is also one of the least formal of our trees, and so detracts from the unity of the geometrical idea in street planting. It would be silly to advise planters to discard the elm altogether; but it will not be too much to suggest that some other species should always be duly considered.

The maples are excellent street trees, especially the sugar maple, and many admirable examples of their effectiveness are to be found in the northern states. The sugar maple is a strong, healthy grower, with a regular, clear-cut outline, and has the advantage of a very tidy appearance through the winter months. In southwestern states the soft maple, or silver maple (*Acer dasycarpum*), takes the place of the sugar maple, but is not so good a tree.

The American sycamore is one of our finest street trees in many situations. Anyone who does not know how beautiful this species is should study the effects produced by it in Washington, especially in the magnificent avenue just west of the capitol. The sycamore does not succeed north of Massachusetts and central New York, but for the greater part of the United States it is worth careful consideration.

Other species which are sometimes used with happy results are honey locust, Kentucky coffee tree, pines and spruces. There is a most striking and beautiful avenue leading to the department of agriculture; and there are some pretty rows of alantans about the Temple square in Salt Lake City. Occasionally one will find an avenue of oaks, and if it is a good one there are few trees more satisfactory. Poplars, especially the cottonwood, are used in the trans-Mississippi states; but they are usually a poor makeshift. It is always very gratifying to find a good street of trees of an unusual species, and this is a thing which the street makers might well hold in remembrance.

In tropical and subtropical countries, some species of palms are unsuited as street trees. Our engraving presents a view of one of the grandest avenues of this kind in the world, the royal palm avenue near Havana, Cuba.—Orange Judd Farmer.

About two ounces of salt given every day to each cow will increase the yield of butter. As salt aids digestion, and consequently turns more of the food into milk, keep rock salt within easy reach of the cows.—Farm Journal.

What does quantity of milk signify to the butter maker? Nothing, if he has no knowledge of its quality.

## COOLING THE MILK.

Lessens the Capacity of Taking Up Odors and Arrests the Process of Fermentation.

Clean milking by clean hands, in as pure a stable atmosphere as is obtainable, must be supplemented by a rapid and thorough cooling of the milk. Cooling at once lessens the capacity of the milk to take up odors, arrests the process of fermentation, and, if well stirred during the cooling, the cream is kept from rising to the surface and will afterward more surely remain mixed with the milk while being distributed from the wagon. These are valuable considerations for a milkman who desires to give his customers a good service.

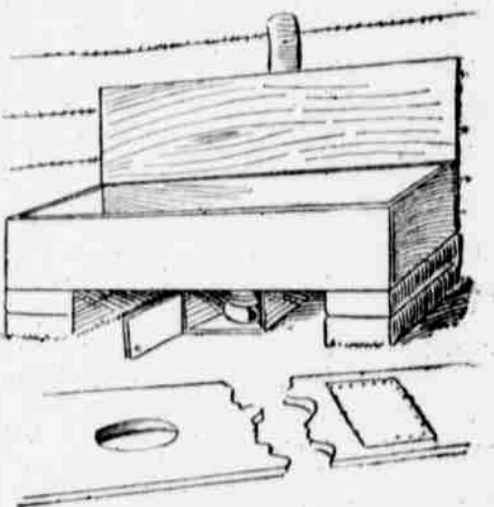
For us the simplest and best way to accomplish all these good results is to have a tank of ice water in a room near or adjoining the milking-room. As fast as the pails are filled take immediately to the tank and pour the milk into tin cans which are suspended in ice water. Have an agitator in the can while being filled. The simplest and best form for this is not unlike an old-fashioned churn dasher, only make the dasher of a piece of tin six or seven inches in diameter, soldered firmly onto the end of a wire handle, which had better be galvanized and have a loop in the end to hang it up by. Two or three plunges with this implement in a can of milk each time that a pail is emptied will be found to be very effective in agitating, and consequently in cooling, the milk.

We much prefer this simple and effective method to any of the more elaborate and expensive ones, and it is our experience that milk so treated will keep longer than as though exposed to the atmosphere in a fine spray or a thin sheet, in neither of which cases are any germs removed, but it is reasonably certain that even under very favorable conditions a few are added to the milk. Milk or any other fluid will cool much more readily when brought in close contact with water than in air, even though the air is considerably colder than the water. This is especially true of milk in tin cans or glass jars. If one must have an aerator, he should choose one through which water is run for cooling purposes.—F. W. Mossman, in Farmers' Advocate.

## FOR HEATING WATER.

The Illustration Shows a Contrivance of Particular Interest to Bright Dairymen.

There is no question about the advisability of taking the chill off the water that is given to cattle in the winter. The problem is to secure a practical, cheap way of warming the water. The illustration shows how this may be done. The trough is raised as shown and a circular opening cut in the bottom. A thick body of white lead is spread about this opening and a sheet of galvanized iron is then



HEATING WATER FOR COWS.

tacked firmly down upon the lead, as shown. Under this is made a box, and in it is placed a small oil stove. Have two small holes in the door and in the rear wall of the box near the top. With the cover down, a whole troughful of icy-cold water can soon be brought to a temperature where it will be safe for stock to drink it, and that, too, at almost no trouble at all, and at hardly more than a cent's expense.—Orange Judd Farmer.

## The Care of Asparagus.

Some people need a hint or two to remind them of what is in order "to do next." Well, one thing now is to cut down the asparagus straw, shape up the bed and cover well with compost, in the absence of which stable manure from the horse barn may be used. It will do no harm if the covering be six inches deep. It is in point here also to state that when the ground freezes up all the asparagus for next season is stored in the roots at that time, so that while the soil is open and the manure supplied much of the fertilizing principle will reach the roots this fall. It has often been stated that the asparagus plant will rise an inch or more every year; hence, in the course of five or six years, the plants would be near the top and the cutting next season might be detrimental, so that in shaping the bed and applying the top dressing the whole will be kept intact.—St. Louis Republic.

Settle the dairy problem with a carefully balanced ration. On hydrocarbons alone will almost starve a cow.



COME TO FIGHT A DUEL WITH A CROW BAR.

private, I had proved that chloride of lime was a sure annihilator. The idea was a new one to our legislators, and like all new ideas it brought criticism and ridicule. It was Majah Baker who offered a substitute for my bill. He moved that the sum of \$1,000,000 be appropriated to found four new idiot and lunatic asylums, and that one of them be located in my town. I did not lose a moment in waiting upon the majah. I found him in a committee-room, and addressing him as one gentleman addresses another I said:

"Majah Baker, the grounds of my friend, Kurnel Treman, are only across the way, and these two gentlemen will no doubt act as our seconds."

"The majah was game, sah, as I am happy to state. In another ten minutes we stood with pistols in our hands, and I had selected the spot in which to plant my bullet. We were about to get the word to fire when he lowers his pistol and says:

"Kurnel Bunker, I am heah to fight you, but it has just occurred to me to ask why we should shoot at each other?"

"Because of your substitute for my bill."

"Then the cat came out of the bag. Egad, sah, the majah, who is a very absent-minded man, had caught it that my bill provided for spending a million dollars a year to raise sunflowers to keep the ague away. He was with me heart and soul on the insect question, and was ready to contribute ten barrels of lime as a free gift. You can't shoot a gentleman who is laboring under a misapprehension, you know, and so our duel was called off. Close shave for the majah, though—mighty close squeak. While I was standing there, pistol in hand, the Hon. Jordon Jones was making a set speech against my bill in committee of the whole. He characterized it as a visionary and extravagant experiment, born in the brain of a lunatic, and he even did not hesitate to

by the dozen. Some I brought over to my way of thinking by argument and experiment, and some I called out. I cannot recall at this moment that any of the duels resulted fatally, but at least a few of them must have, and as I am here alive and well to-day it must naturally follow that the other parties sleep in honored graves. That bill would have gone through a-flying with an appropriation of \$50,000, but I had introduced it according to war tactics—crush your enemy with one blow. The idea was to make such a wholesale attack all along the line that the pesky insects would be knocked out in a day. I made the fight of my life on that bill, sah—the fight of my life. On one occasion I spoke for fourteen hours on a stretch, and on another 11. If my memory serves me right I issued nine challenges and accepted six. I made 12 set speeches, won over 22 weekly papers and adjourned the senate eight different times when the opposition had fixed things to down me. At length I came to know the head and front of the opposition was the governor himself, and that he had used certain disparaging remarks of a personal nature. I called on him at 11 o'clock at night. He refused to come down and open the door, but stuck his head out of a chamber window and asked my business.

"Governor," says I, "is the report that you have referred to me as a visionary noodle-head correct?"

"It is," he promptly replied.

"Will you give me satisfaction?"

"I will."

"Can I hope to greet you on the field of honor at sunrise?"

"You can; and now get out or I'll whistle for the police!"

"That was the sort of governor we had, sah," explained the Kurnel in an injured tone, "and it may not surprise you to hear that he reached the circulating board next morning with a crow-bar on his shoulder. Yes, sah—come to fight a duel with a nigger's crow-bar, and he was even abusive about it! As a