

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR RURAL READERS.

Baiting Land Has Many Advantages—Important Facts and Fancies in Milk-Watering Facility—Stock and Dairy Notes—Household Hints.

Effects of Rolling Land.
During the spring of 1889, a series of observations was made by the Wisconsin Experimental Station, which indicated that the rolling of land has a very perceptible effect upon its temperature. The results obtained are summarized as follows:

- (1) Rolling land makes the temperature of the soil at 1.5 inches below the surface from 1° to 2° F. warmer than similar unrolled ground, and at three inches from 1° to 6° warmer.
- (2) Rolling land, by firming the soil, increases its power of drawing water to the surface from below, and this influence has been observed to extend to a depth of three or four feet.
- (3) The evaporation of moisture is more rapid than from unrolled ground, unless the surface soil is very wet, and then the reverse is the case; the drying effect of rolling has been found to extend to a depth of four feet.
- (4) In cases of broadcast seeding, germination is more rapid and more complete.
- (5) In their experiments on oats, the yield stood 61.12 bushels on rolled ground, and 58.89 bushels on the unrolled ground.
- (6) The oats from the rolled ground weighed 2.03 pounds per bushel more than that from the unrolled ground; the kernel also averaged larger.

But it must be remembered that this is an isolated case, and the observations should be repeated, to more fully establish the conclusion which we have drawn. The observations were all taken between 1 and 4 P. M.; the temperature of the soil was taken by means of cylindrical bulb thermometers, which were pushed down into the soil at different depths, and allowed to remain some time before registering. The air temperature was taken by whirling the thermometer four feet above the ground. It is plainly evident that rolling tends to raise the temperature of the soil, and there is no question but what this tends to insure a healthy germination of the seed.

Impurities in Milk.

There is no subject of more importance to the health and life of human beings, and one so little understood, as the manner in which impurities get into milk, and the effect such have upon the after products of it and the health of the persons who consume them. The theory that most diseases may be traced to germs in the atmosphere that all animal kind breathe, the water they drink, or the food they eat, is now generally adopted, and upon this theory must be based the precautions to be observed in properly caring for the health of man.

To have pure milk, the first requisite is a healthy cow. It is now beyond doubt that an occasional cow is afflicted with tuberculosis, or cancerous affections, and their milk manufactured into butter and cheese, and then sold on the general market. Indeed, this has recently been observed by the writer; and it is not fair to presume that these diseases in this manner may be transmitted to the persons who consume the products of this milk? The only suggestive remedy for this state of affairs is that it be made obligatory upon dairymen to get a clean bill of health of their cows from a competent veterinarian at stated periods. The cow can also contaminate her milk by drinking filthy water from stagnant pools. Surface water is generally unfit to be taken into the stomachs of any animals. The earth beneath its surface is penetrated with streams of pure water, as the animal system is with blood coursing through veins and arteries, and common sense would dictate that there is the place to look for drinking water for cows. Cows can transmit bacteria to their milk by being compelled to smell putrid carcasses of animals lying in the pasture field or other places, and by inhaling the bacteria-laden atmosphere of unsavory stables, pig-pens and cesspools.

Watering Poultry.

As to the kind of a poultry-house needed, much will depend upon the number of fowls you propose to keep, and also upon the amount you desire to spend for utility or ornament. Twelve fowls require a room twelve feet square. The cheapest and most convenient poultry-house is built of 3x4 joists for a frame, and covered with matched boards. The roof and walls should be covered with tar paper, and when dressed with a coating of coal tar will be entirely impervious to the atmosphere or storm, and will last for many years. I build my houses about ten feet wide, with a shed roof, says a writer in American Agriculturist, the front posts about seven feet high, the back posts about five feet. The front faces south and is lighted with one good-sized window every twelve feet. Most poultry-houses have too much glass, giving too much heat at mid-day and too much cold at midnight. Even with the above described windows, tightly fitting shutters are needed for protection on cold winter nights. The most important matter in connection with poultry-houses is ventilation. No animal on the farm needs, so a frequent change of air as the poultry.

The Horse Dealer.

One of the best authorities on the horse is the Live Stock Journal. It says: Money has been close and too many farmers have sacrificed their young horses to get the cash. These eastern horse dealers, while they have brought many thousands of dollars of Eastern gold to the west for our horses, they have combined to beat down prices. We advise western

horse breeders to keep their horses until matured to four and five years old and then combine in shipments direct to the city auction. The demand is greater than ever before for the best class of heavy draft horses in all the large cities, and the prices are astonishingly high, compared with what the horse buyers pay throughout the west.

Dairy Notes.

The finer the feed is ground the better it is digested. One should keep a close watch on the manure to look out for wastes in feeding.

Contrary to common belief a Jersey will make excellent light bees. The meat is tender, juicy and well flavored, and the Jersey steers make good light working oxen.

When feeding for a test, the food should be increased very gradually. A month is not too long to wait for results. If too rapid increase is made it is almost certain to cause indigestion, of which the least bad effect is waste of food.

Why cannot one man do as much as another in feeding and managing live stock? Simply because of the difference in men's heads. The brain is the spring which provides the force which moves the men and the fountain of all intelligence. But brain can be cultivated as easily as cabbage can by the right culture.

Stock Notes.

Ice cold water drunk by animals is raised to blood heat with grain and hay for fuel just as truly as if you burnt that fuel under a kettle containing the water.

Experience is constantly proving the wisdom, safety, convenience, and mercy of the practice of dehorning cattle that must necessarily run together. It is a kindness to the animal, a measure of safety, and a very great economy. Even the stubborn English philanthropists are giving way in their opposition by reason of the favorable results experienced in the management of horned oxen.

Formerly horses had a 5 cloven foot. Now the foot has become solid through the slow progress of adaptation to natural necessities. The horns of domestic cattle have long been growing smaller, weaker, and less adapted for offense; why should we not assist nature, as it is the duty and business of mankind to do, and take measures to breed these useless and dangerous appendages off the skulls of your cattle.

Farcy and glanders which are both incurable diseases and the latter positively contagious, are always most prevalent in unventilated and crowded stables. Foul air acts as a virus to poison the blood and contaminate the system. When the French army stables were well ventilated and the horses were given 1,200 cubic feet of air space instead of 900 cubic feet, the cases of glanders were reduced from nine per cent. to one per cent.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Use ammonia in the water you wash glass in.
In baking cake butter neither tin nor paper, and do not remove the paper fill the cake is quite cold.
In serving chocolate shake a very little cinnamon over the filled cup to make the beverage like the chocolate of Mexico and Havana.

For a cold on the lungs, lay a cloth on the chest which has first been wrung out in boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine.

The eating table should be set in a light airy room, moderately heated, while the mental atmosphere should be one of quiet and happy relaxation.

If the sirloin weighs twelve or fifteen pounds, 24 hours will be sufficient to roast it in. Beef must hang at least two days, its flavor is so much improved thereby.

To fasten a steel blade which has come out of the handle, fill the cavity with rosin, then warm the part to be adjusted, and insert slowly, pressing it in firmly. Hold till it gets cold.

For rheumatism, take half a glassful of lemon juice for ten nights. Always take it when getting into bed at night. Wear flannel next to the skin, and in cold weather sleep in w.r.m blankets.

A little powdered borax thrown into the bath makes the water very soft, and greatly invigorates and rests the bather. This is particularly beneficial to those who are troubled with nervousness or sleeplessness.

For freezes, nets have often been used with good effect, draped in graceful folds along the top of a room or stretched directly upon the wall. They are used very largely for transom decorations or as valances over windows or in alcoves.

In using paraffin one drop for every month of age for a child under one year should be the rule. As, for instance, a child five months old may take five drops. It is scarcely necessary to say that paraffin should never be given a child unless it is absolutely needed, as in severe colic.

A slight burn should be tied up immediately in baking powder laid upon a wet cloth. This will usually prevent inflammation. But if the wound does inflame and become sore, bathe it with equal parts of raw linseed oil and lime water. After the inflammation is out, heal with zinc salve, which can be procured from the druggist.

A very pale color in meat is a sign that the animal was poor in blood, and that the meat is wanting in nutritive qualities; the cause of the bloodlessness may even have been some serious disease. A deep reddish purple color shows that the animal has not been killed, but that it died a natural death. A marble-like appearance, produced by layers of fat interposed between the fleshy fibers, is possessed by none but good meat.

A tasteful drape for a square water-pail basket consists of two festoons of plush or satin; peacock blue is a good choice, alternating with two deep crocheted points of beige color or pale-blue macramé cords in wheels, or any other pretty designs, and finished with heavy tassels of the cord. Rosettes and cords both crocheted, finish the top and sides, and pompons of gathered plush may also be introduced if desired.

Lighting the Fire in Winter.

As 'tween the room gets good an' warm; the kettle starts to boil, an' an' motion starts down the stairs an' stan's an' yawn's a while. And sez: "Now, par, you go an' rouse them sleepy boys of yours. For it's nowin' an' they's lots to do besides the morning chore."

An' then she breaks up the hearth with that old turkey wing. An' she stoops an' pulls her stockings up an' ties 'em with a string. An' Tovey yawns and stretches out an' sez a little slyer: "When I sit up o' mornin's fer to light the kitchen fire.

An' when the boys come trompin' in, an' a rouse around an' 'spat on the cat. An' 'kicks the dog an' pokes the fire an' 'set down the coffee-pot's bled over an' the biscuit's steaming hot. The messidge just brown enough, the breakfast table set.

An' mother sez: "Fetch up the cheese," an' My cup runs over with a joy the rest don't know about. Fer the bleasin' of the Lord to me's a daily drawl's ainger. When I get up o' mornin's fer to light the kitchen fire. —Edwin S. Hopkins.

LOTTIE DEANE'S MISTAKE.

Mr. Ross Deane was a thriving young surveyor and auctioneer in a large country town.

One day Mrs. Ross Deane was mending her husband's office coat and singing cheerily over her task. She was a pretty little woman, with pink cheeks and wavy fair hair and great blue eyes, sunny and innocent in expression as a little child's.

Her husband was a trifle large, nobody ever noticed it for admiring the scarlet lips and white teeth that gleamed out when she smiled, which was not seldom, for she was a merry little body, as sparkling and sunny as if she'd never a care in the world.

And really, when you come to think about it, her cares were very few, and her pleasures many. Hadn't she the handsomest and dearest husband in the world, who petted and humored her to her heart's content? It is very queer the fondness some women have for being petted. It's rather a cat-like trait, this liking to be purred and cooed so much. Then she had the sweetest love of a baby; but that was rather a partnerable concern—there were grand-parents and aunts innumerable, who put in a claim to baby, to say nothing of the little one's father; while her handsome Ross was all her own individual property.

At least she thought he was, till she very unwisely undertook to mend that office coat of his. She had pounced upon it that morning, when previous to a shopping expedition, she had penetrated to his office at the back of the house—being in want of more money—and had confiscated it directly, declaring that it was a shame for anybody to wear such a dilapidated arrangement, and her husband shouldn't do it another day, so there!

There was only one more pocket to look after now, and then the tiresome job would be done. Carolling a merry little roundelay, she turned it inside out. The song died on her lips as a tiny scented envelope dropped out and fluttered to the floor. She stooped to pick it up, and, noticing the feminine handwriting on the outside, opened it, of course, but with an odd misgiving at her heart regarding the act, nevertheless.

Perhaps she had better not have opened it. I won't undertake to say whether it was best or not; but I always believed that "where ignorance was bliss" it was exceedingly foolish to become enlightened of your own free will, as this child was doing, for this was what she read:

DEAR MR. DEANE: Of course you will be at the masquerade to-morrow evening. I won't tell you what character I shall assume, but if you were to wear a pink domino with a white rose in your button-hole, and you were to meet another pink domino with a red rose in his hand—how can I tell who it would be?

Bad enough—or not—just as one chose to take it. Mrs. Deane knew well enough who wrote it—knew that the letter wasn't really half so bad as it sounded. Still it was proof that the flirtation—which Mrs. Deane had heretofore believed to be carried on chiefly by Miss Belle—was going altogether too far to be pleasant to the looker-on—when the looker-on happened to be the wife of one of the parties.

As long as Miss Belle Preston made eyes at handsome Ross Deane, only to be carelessly flattered in return by him, and afterwards laughed at alike by both Mr. and Mrs. Deane, it was very little the latter cared about it. She called the girl a goose to herself, was politely cordial to her before folks, and never gave the matter another thought.

Miss Preston was a goose, of course, but quite a pretty, winning little goose after all. She was rather dashing in her ways—smoked cigarettes, talked slang—both of which Mrs. Preston particularly detested—and tried to ape the manners generally of the masculine half of creation. Of course she made a failure of it, but men are remarkably tolerant of bright, saucy, black-eyed failures of the Belle Preston kind; and so they laughed at her a little, but not a few fell in love with her continually.

But Mrs. Deane did not choose that her husband should be caught in the toils of a siren like this; and she was properly indignant at finding that the two were on familiar terms enough for notes to pass between them—and such notes, too.

"The bold thing—to ask another woman's husband to come to the masquerade to meet her—she ought to be ashamed of herself!" muttered Mrs. Ross Deane surlily. "And he, too, after pretending to me that he thought she was horrid—I hate him!" and she stamped her little foot, and subsided into a fit of the sulks.

But her nature was too healthy to permit a long indulgence in feelings of that kind; so, before long, she found herself wondering what she would do about it. Was she going to sit still and let this woman win away her husband without an effort on her part to prevent it? Not she. She would go to this masquerade herself. What she could do there she hadn't fully determined upon. She would wear a pink domino and carry a red rose in her hand; and if Ross Deane should happen to mistake her for the fascinating Miss Preston—why, how could she help it? Any way, she knew she wouldn't try

to help it. Let him blunder if he liked; she didn't care.

Her mind once made up, she looked to see where the note was dated. It was written the day before she found it, so that the masquerade was to be that very evening. No time was to be lost, evidently, if she wanted to attend. They had received cards several days before, but Ross had declared himself averse to going, and so Mrs. Deane had thought no more about it. Now she saw his decision in a different light.

"He didn't want me to go," she murmured to herself, "and he thought he could make some excuse to be away this evening, so that I needn't know he went. But we'll see how his plans turn out. I'm very much afraid he'll be disappointed. We'll see," and the red lips were compressed firmly, and the little hands were tightly clenched.

When everything was finished she sat down on the sofa in the pretty parlor. There Ross found her, sitting soberly, heading forward a little, with her white hands clasped in her lap. She did not look up to greet him when he entered. She was too angry, and she waved him back haughtily when he stooped to kiss her.

"Why, pet, what's the matter?" he said, amazedly, as he stepped back, his hand on the table beside him. She sat still, with drooping eyes and averted face. "I do not wish to talk to you," was all she said.

He stared, bewildered. "But, Lottie, darling, I don't understand—what has come over you so suddenly? What have I done?" And he could stand there and ask her that so coolly! Lottie was almost frantic. And then the dinner-bell rang and saved them from a scene for that time.

Ross Deane followed his wife to the dining-room, feeling very much as if he was dreaming. When the meal was over he retired to the office to take a smoke and to think it over. Lottie went upstairs to wait for him to leave the house before she began to dress.

She sat where she could watch the garden gate, and there she waited with nervous impatience for him to go out that she might follow and the first act of the tragedy—comedy be ready for performance.

Eight o'clock struck, and in a few minutes after she heard him moving about downstairs. Then he came to the foot of the stairs and called: "Lottie, dear, won't you come down stairs?"

But Lottie would not answer. She had no desire to receive his good-bye kiss when she knew he was hurrying away from her impatient to meet that "bold girl" who was trying to win him from his wife. He called once more and then she heard him pass into the parlor. After that there was a long silence, and still she sat there and wondered what delayed him so.

Nine o'clock struck; then 10, and nobody had passed out at the front gate she watched so jealously. What could it mean? Had he been so cowardly as to slip out by the back way for fear she might see him? She couldn't believe that of him; but she didn't understand why he waited till so late before going away.

Half past ten; a quarter of eleven. She couldn't bear this any longer; but would just find out what it meant. Just as the clock struck 11, she came down into the parlor. There lay Ross Deane asleep on the sofa, the evening paper tossed carelessly on the floor beside him.

"Ross! Ross! Wake up! Don't you know that it's 11 o'clock and you are not dressed for the masquerade?" "Who—what?" muttered Ross, stretching lazily. "Eleven o'clock! Well, what of it, dearie?"

"The masquerade, Ross; don't you remember it is this evening and you are not dressed?"

"The masquerade, Lottie? Why, I thought we had decided not to go." "So we did," she answered, bitterly; "but I supposed Miss Preston had persuaded you to change your mind."

"Miss Preston? What has she to do with our going, one way or the other? Oh, I know to smell a rat," he cried exultantly, now fully wide awake. "So here, puss, what do you mean by having the sulks to-night, and refusing to kiss your legs lord, or even be civil to him, eh?"

"Oh, Ross, I thought—" "Yes I know what you thought," he said in his arms now. "You saw that note Miss Belle saw fit to send me the other day, and you thought your husband could care enough for a girl who threw herself at his head in that bold way, to deceive his wife—his own wife, whom he loves better than all the world beside," he added lower and more earnestly. "I don't think you have a very high opinion of your husband, pet."

"I did find the note, Ross," she sobbed, "in the pocket of your office coat, and I—Please forgive me, dear," and she clung to him closer while he soothed and petted her.

"Never mind, little girlie; I don't wonder you doubted me for a minute. Lottie, to have burned that note, and then you'd not have been so troubled. But perhaps it's just as well. You know for certain, true, now, how much influence Miss Belle has over me, don't you?" And he patted her cheek and laughed a little.

"I think Mrs. Deane managed—women know how to do these things—in some perfectly polite and pleasant way to let Miss Preston know why Mr. Deane did not attend the notes addressed to him were likely to meet. At any rate, the young lady wastes no more of her time on other women's husbands but is devoting all her energies to procuring one of her own.—Evening World.

A Narrow Escape.

For eight hours an infant of Stephen Burien of Bridgeport, Conn., lay in a trance, and an undertaker came and put the babe in a casket. Everything was ready for the burial when the child suddenly woke up and sang out lustily "Ma!" It is all right now.

"You are not like my good friend Shakespeare," said Raleigh to his executioner after he had inspected the instrument of death. "Why?" asked the headman gruffly. "You provide for no intermission between the ax"—N. Y. Herald.

VISITING MANNERS.

The Proper Way to Behave as Guest or Hostess.

Many of us who pride ourselves on our good breeding are singularly blind as to what is due to friends who are visiting people unknown to us, or who are entertaining guests whom we have never met. Nor are we more assured as to some of the points of etiquette toward our own guests, and to our own hosts when we make an occasional sitting from home.

It is useless to decry etiquette by saying that the best manners in all cases are those which hurt no one. This is true as a general law, but there always are some points which leave no room for experiments as to what will hurt another, and which yet may be settled once for all by a few rules.

If you have an acquaintance who is entertaining friends whom she wishes you to meet, it is your duty to call promptly, and if possible offer some hospitality to both guests and hosts.

If the position is reversed, and your friend is visiting people unknown to you, never go to see your friend without leaving a card for the hostess. If you give any entertainment for the friend, be very sure to invite her hosts also. It does not follow that your invitation will be accepted, but if it is the hostess must be treated as the guest of honor and shown every deference. If, for instance, the entertainment is a luncheon for young ladies, she may be asked to take the seat at the end of the table opposite to your own.

If the mutual friend is your guest you may be sure that if she is a woman of good breeding, she in turn will accept no invitation which does not include you, although you may think best to decline it and insist upon her going alone. Nor will she receive visitors without asking you to join them in the parlor—should her friends be rude enough to have sent you a card. Here, too, you may excuse yourself, or at most join them with such delay as to give them a short interview alone. These same rules should hold good for you when you are the guest. Before you go to make the visit, send word to your friends where and with whom you are to stay, so that there may be no idea that you are in a boarding-house, and therefore mistress of your fate and surroundings. This constant deference to your hostess should lead you to order all letters and packages to be addressed to her care.

As to the disposal of your time when you are visiting no etiquette requires you to accept all the plans of your hostess if you feel unable to do so; but care is needed to show that refusal means lack of strength, not lack of interest and inclination. With a little tact on both sides you will have many hours for your own. Indeed, a skillful hostess will manage to secure for this privilege, and not make the mistake of working too hard to amuse you and so absorb every moment of your visit into her idea of what is pleasure for you.

No greater compliment is possible than the quiet acceptance of your preference in the intimacy of family life.—Youth's Companion.

Robin Roosts.

As I stood night after night watching the robins stream into this little wood,—no better, surely, than many they had passed on their way,—I asked myself again and again what could be the motive that drew them together. The flocking of birds for a long journey, or in the winter season, is less mysterious. In times of danger and distress there is at least a feeling of safety in a crowd. But robins cannot be afraid of the dark. Why, then, should not each sleep upon its own feeding grounds, alone, or with a few neighbors for company, instead of flying two or three miles, more or less, twice a day, simply for the sake of passing the night in a general roost?

Such questions we must perhaps be content to ask without expecting an answer. By nature the robin is strongly gregarious, and though his present mode of existence does not permit him to live during the summer in close communities,—as marsh wrens do, for example, and some of our swallows,—his ancestral passion for society still asserts itself at nightfall. Ten or twelve years ago, when I was bird-gazing in Boston, there were sometimes a hundred robins at once upon the Common, in the time of the vernal migration. By day they were scattered over the lawn; but at sunset they gathered habitually in a certain two or three contiguous trees, not far from the Frog Pond and the Beacon Street Mall (I wonder whether the same trees are still in use for the same purpose), where, after much noise and some singing, they retired to rest.—If going to sleep in a leafless tree-top can be called retiring.

Whatever the origin and reason of this roosting habit, I have no doubt that it is universal. Middlesex County birds cannot be in any respect peculiar. Whoever will keep a close eye upon the robins in his neighborhood, in July and August, will find them at sunset flocking to some general sleeping-place.—Bradford Torrey, in Atlantic.

"Money Goes."

The old saying that "money goes" was illustrated last week, says a St. Louis paper. A customer tendered a \$20 bill. The tradesman had it changed by a neighbor, who, being in a hurry, gave a pocket-piece of \$10 in gold of the issue of 1861, which he prized highly and did not want to part with. He went to the tradesman as soon as he had given out and hunted up the customer to whom he had given it. He had bought some cigars at a neighboring store and had given the gold piece in payment. Upon going to the cigar store it was found that the proprietor had transferred the coin to a saloon keeper near by, and at the place it was found that the saloon keeper had used it in liquidating his brewery bill. The next day a neighbor went to the brewery and found that the cashier of that institution had just parted with the coveted piece of money to a dissatisfied employe. The individual was at last located in a neighboring saloon and the coin recovered.

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