

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

SHEEP BEST ADAPTED TO AMERICAN FARMS.

The American Merino seems to have the most General Qualities—Selling Bacon—Broom Corn—Crapvines as ornamentals—Household Hints.

The American Merino.

After all, the American merino, the oft despised native yields probably as much if not more profit than the imported. It is this sheep that supplies the market with mutton and wool, and which has been the reliable one for the sheep-raiser.

Looking over the past dozen years of sheep raising in this country, farmers might well ask themselves which sheep have stood the test the best, and which has proved the most profitable, even through panics and misfortunes.

How to Salt Bacon.

A correspondent writes, asking what proportion of salt to use in the proper care of bacon. American Agriculturist says: For hogs weighing not over 125 or 130 pounds each, one bushel of fine salt, two pounds of brown sugar and one pound of saltpeter will suffice for each 800 pounds of pork before the meat is cut out.

Broom Corn Culture.

In nearly every part of the United States broom corn can be grown successfully, and at a profit. It is, however, a business that requires more watching the market than any other connected with farming.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Use a clam shell to scrape pots and frying-pans with. To restore ham to its original freshness, slice and soak over night in milk, either sweet or sour.

ment for orchards. A few barrels of water applied to the soil around each tree, to the distance of twelve or fifteen feet on each side, will be especially valuable at two seasons.

Home Supply of Horse Radish.

Considering how easily and cheaply it is grown, no farmer is excusable if he does not provide a bountiful home-grown supply of horse radish. A few roots, the trimmings from that sold in market, planted in any rich, deep soil, to the depth of ten or twelve inches, are enough to start with.

Grape Vines as Ornaments.

A few tastily painted trellises in the dooryard, covered in their season with foliage and luscious fruit hanging down from their latticed roofs, are no mean ornaments, and vie with plants or vines having no other use than to look at.

Sowing Clover Seed Too Early.

More clover seed is wasted by delaying sowing too long than by seeding early. It must sink into the soil by melting snows or rains washing over it a little of the loose soil pulverized on the surface of all bare fields by winter freezing and thawing.

Stock and Dairy Notes.

A change of food is always sensible at short intervals. Give the cow bran mash or a mess of oatmeal slop twice a week. It will help the digestion and the appetite.

Use a clam shell to scrape pots and frying-pans with.

To restore ham to its original freshness, slice and soak over night in milk, either sweet or sour. When wiping up the floor before putting the carpet down, sprinkle it all over with salt while damp; this will greatly prevent moths.

HUGGED THE DENTIST.

SOME ODD EXPERIENCE BY ONE WHO PULLS TEETH.

Gas Which Acted as an Irish Anesthetic—Thought He Had Struck a Doubtful Fair—Tooth Pulling on the Decline.

"The tooth pulling business is on the wane," remarked a dentist to a reporter of the Detroit Journal. "A few years ago we could extract quite a revenue out of work, but now a man who relied on pulling teeth for a subsistence would starve in short order unless he traveled with a circus tent and a brass band."

"Then there's the false tooth industry. Some people imagine that it's on the increase and that nearly every woman over 30 goes to bed at night with her molar on the dressing table. Now, as a matter of fact, false teeth are worn very little more than they used to be."

"Women pay much more attention to their teeth than men. 'But men, too, are beginning to give the dentists more work, and in our offices the lord of creation often makes a very humiliating display of his weakness. This is painfully accentuated when contrasted with the behavior of women in similar circumstances."

"The dentist's chair is a good place for studying the characters of men, and their behavior often affords us considerable amusement. Some men come in with a swagger and an air of bravado. They are not afraid. This matter of filling teeth has been greatly exaggerated, they say. It's a mere nothing to a man of nerve. Well, that kind of a man usually goes all to pieces the moment the forceps touch him. His loudly boasted courage dies out at the first scrape and he squirms and groans like a boy."

"The quietest men are generally the bravest. They understand that a certain amount of pain must be endured, and when it comes they take it without any ado. Most men, in their conceit, make a woman's fainting proclivities a subject for their jokes. But in the dentist's chair the joke is on the other sex."

"It is natural that a woman should be a more courageous subject than a man. She bears all sorts of pain with more fortitude than a man. She merely appears less courageous because she shrieks from any sort of encounter, but when it comes to quiet suffering men can only stand and wonder at her."

"A man is naturally combative, and when he has to sit down and take punishment without striking back he is apt to lay himself open to some very truthful criticism from his sisters. This fighting propensity is more highly developed in some men than in others. It very often crops out when a subject is under the influence of an anesthetic. I remember one case which was extremely interesting for me. A little red whiskered Irishman came in one afternoon and wanted his tooth pulled."

"'Dyess pull tete wid or widout gas?' he asked."

"I told him if he thought he could not bear the shock I should give him an anesthetic."

"'Will, thin, do yese be gold' ahead an' givin' me gas. But no monkey business wid me, dy'e understand, because if you fool wid me, O'll wake up, sure, and O'll catch yese at it.'"

"I put him to rest, but had just got my arm around his neck, when he woke up in earnest, and the way he flew about that room was enough to make you think there were six or seven Irishmen in the neighborhood. He imagined himself in the midst of a Cork-town scrimmage."

"'Come an, me bucko,' he yelled. 'I'll show yez if ye dare take hault of an Eighth ward b'bye wid yez dhirty arm round me neck. Come an' ye divil.'"

"But I didn't come an. I found I had business elsewhere and left the Irishman to come to his senses as best he might."

"I will tell you another case which may perhaps be taken as illustrating how a subject's proclivities will crop out while unconscious. An elderly female, who evidently had never been married, walked in on us one day. She was tall and angular, and her face was one that might on a pinch have been used to raise the city hall. She was dressed in a costume of many and incongruous colors and her general makeup made her a fit subject for a freak in a dime museum. She insisted on taking ether to have a tooth pulled. When the ether began to take effect she commenced to struggle. She kicked and screamed and it kept two of us employed to hold her in the chair. Then she began to cry for somebody by the name of Robert."

trying to help me out of my predicament, he stood and laughed at me. I stood the hugging for a few moments and then the effect of the ether began to leave her. With returning consciousness her maiden modesty came back, and when she found me in her arms, she gave a scream, broke from the chair and ran out of the office."

POOR JOAN DONE FOR.

The Heroine of France Joins the Other Hots of Romance.

And now they say that, instead of being a heroine, Joan of Arc belongs to that peculiar class known at the present time as cranks; that the voices she heard in the woods of Domremy were the hallucinations of a disordered intellect. Her visit to Governor Bourdieu was so annoying him that he passed her on to the court of the dauphin for the mere purpose of getting rid of her, where in turn the dauphin dressed her up in armor for the amusement of the court. The iconoclasts even go so far as to assert that the consecrated sword which was found, per Joan's direction, buried in the Church of St. Catharine at Pierbois, and which was presented to her by the dauphin, had been planted there by hands of ordinary flesh and blood. They further assert that she did not lead the army to the relief of Orleans, but merely went along like a vivandiere. They scoff at the story that the soldiers who tied this abused lady to a stake in the market place at Rouen were struck dead."

So the indications are that the great French heroine will have to get down off her pedestal and follow William Tell, Rintintus Curtius, et al. Medieval history is rapidly turning its brightest stars through the fire of investigations of the modern quindone. It now looks like it was a mere matter of time until American history is attacked in the same way, and these individuals will be prepared to prove that Patrick Henry never made a speech, that no cherries grew at the Washington homestead, and that the John Smith-Pocahontas story was due to the fertile imagination of some special correspondent.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Face of a Cripple.

As I was coming down town the other evening in a car a hunchback entered. A friend who sat with me asked me if I had observed that the face of all hunchbacks and cripples were deformed as well as their bodies. "I mean," he said, "that their faces are pinched and drawn, and that if you saw the face only, as though an opening in the wall, you would know at once, if you had been an observant man, that it was the face of a cripple. A physician would know it, at any rate." I told him that I had observed the fact and asked him why it was. He replied: "Many think that it is simply because cripples do not take enough exercise, being unable to do so. I do not think that is the reason. Other persons who do not take exercise have white faces, but the lips are not so thin and close, and there is not that drawn look in all the features. Don't you see that it is a look of suffering? It may not be of bodily suffering, but I believe that their countenances are that way because of the mental anguish they endure all through life. You knew the effect of an extreme sorrow on the face of a healthy man in one week or a month. How much difference it must make when that sorrow is never absent from him. There are rare instances where the pinched look is almost overcome by cheerfulness," my friend went on. "It can never get entirely away. One of the most cheerful cripples I ever knew was the mayor of a Pennsylvania city for three years. He mixed with men and took an interest in affairs, and although he is a hunchback, he seems really to enjoy life. He goes shooting with the boys, and there are few better men in that vicinity with a gun. He has color in his face and brightness in his eyes; yet I am satisfied that if, for the first time, you saw his face only you would say it was the face of a cripple."—New York Star.

Gould's Son George.

Mr. Jay Gould thinks that sons of wealthy men would feel more secure if they learned some trade while in college. He says: "I have learned that in the case of my own family; my son George is an expert telegrapher, and when he has traveled with me to the west we generally live in our car and switch it off at a siding. My son will then put on his boots, his steel clamps or prongs, and go up the telegraph pole, attach the wire to his instrument in the car, and then he sends for me all my telegraphic messages. It does him no disparagement, and makes him feel that he could get his living at all times."

The Oldest Bank.

The Bank of England was established in 1694, and is older than any of the institutions of the class in any of the other great nations. It was not the first of the financial houses, however. The Bank of Venice was created in 1101, that of Genoa in 1407, that of Hamburg in 1619, and that of Rotterdam in 1656. In 1693 the Bank of France was established.

A WHITE MAN A CURIOSITY.

Intrepid Explorer Hinges the First Step to Enter the City of Kong.

Kong, a Mohammedan city, far up the Akba River, which flows into the Gulf of Guinea, had never been seen by white man before Capt. Binger, the intrepid French explorer, entered it in February, 1888. On the coast there have been for years vague stories of Kong and its people, Mohammedan negroes, and Capt. Binger found that these accounts had more basis than most of the reports of cities in interior Africa. In his narrative he says:

Several hours before we reached Kong there were evidences that we were approaching a great center. Everywhere all the timber had been cut down, and the soil impoverished by long cultivation, was barren. I saw not even a hill anywhere. The Kong mountain chain, which appears on all the maps, exists only in the imagination of some incorrectly informed travelers. Soon I saw a ring among the bombax and palm trees far ahead the minarets on the mosques and the flat roofs of Kong. As I entered the city, modestly mounted on a steer, I saw large crowds of people, who appeared neither friendly nor hostile, but only eager to see a European. The roofs, the trees, the streets, the cross-roads were full of people, and I would not have been able to force my way through if the slaves of the Chief of Kong had not cleared a way for me. They were armed with whips and vigorously lashed all who lagged in their path. In chairs under two great trees in the market-place were seated, on the right King Karamokio Oulo and his friends, and on the left the Diarway, Chief of Kong, and his officials. There was perfect silence in the two groups, which I estimated to number about a thousand persons. It was an assembly of the patriarchs, for nearly all were white-bearded, elderly men. They were fully and neatly dressed in Arab costume, though they are full-blooded negroes. After I had successively presented myself to the chiefs of the two groups the King conducted me to his palace and placed at my disposition some of his attendants, who endeavored with only partial success to shield me from public curiosity. I confess that when I saw Kong, which I was first to visit, I did not feel any of the emotions which some other travelers on the Niger and at Timbuctoo have described. And yet Kong and its supposititious mountains have greatly perplexed geographers, and have given rise to many hypotheses. Kong is a large, unwall'd town, whose buildings are of clay, with flat roofs. It is built in a most irregular manner, and its narrow tortuous streets radiate from a large place about 700 feet square, which serves as a market. The town has a population of about 15,000, all Mohammedans, and there are five large mosques, surrounded by minarets and several others of smaller dimensions. Education is well advanced in this region.

In Kong there are few who cannot read. They all write Arabic, are well versed in the Koran, and to my surprise I found that they are not fanatical like the Peuls and Arabs. They recognize three great religions, which they call roads—the road of Moses, that of Jesus, and that of Mohammed. In conversation on religious topics no one attempted to demonstrate that Islam was superior to the other religions. Many of them told me they considered the three religions to be practically identical, because they all led to the same God. They said there were great and holy prophets among the champions of all these religions, and there was no reason to proclaim one better than another. The commerce of Kong is very flourishing. The market is a veritable fair. Besides all sorts of provisions, one may procure there European articles coming from the coast, such as cloths, guns, powder, and hardware. There are also many domestic products in the market. The money consists of cowry shells and gold-dust.

Dust and the Complexion.

Dust is the great enemy of health and of women's good looks. It settles in the skin, especially where there is a little steam to help it; the wax and oily matter of the skin fix it till no ordinary washing will remove it. Wrinkles are accentuated by it, as they have a deeper bed to draw in the dust with the stylus of time. That is the reason so many women look about ten years younger when they find time to take their hot bath and the vapor has fifteen minutes or more to soften the tissues. There is nothing like steam for plumping up the skin and washing out the grime which clouds every complexion not daily treated to soap and hot water. How many have the heating pipes of the furnace cleared of the year's accumulation of dust? From the pipe coils it is ready to enter lungs and skin, and, being densest of all dead matter, it is itself death to hair, to freshness of complexion and general vigor.—Shirley Dare.

Number of Days in a Month.

A correspondent tells us of a curious way to tell the number of days in a month. Shut your left hand; hold the knuckles upward; then with the right forefinger, begin naming the knuckles and hollows between them with the months of the year. January lights on the first knuckle. February lumbles into the first hollow, and so on until July perches on the little knuckle. Then begin on the first knuckle again for August, and December will be found upon the third knuckle. Now the point is, that all the months with thirty-one days strike the knuckles, and those with fewer than thirty-one days, fall in the hollows. It is right amusing, but some may clumsey than the old jingle: Thirty days hath September, April, June and November, etc.

See A. N. Wycoff for Havelock property.

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