

THE FARM AND HOME.

SAVE FEED BY SHELTERING YOUR STOCK.

Shelter Necessary to Good Profit—Raising Hatched Willow—Importance of Corn Husks—Planting Trees From Forests.

Sheltering Stock.

We do not think it has been fully beat into the minds of a certain class of farmers yet, that shelter is a necessary condition of success in stock raising. But the thinking and progressive farmer does not deny, but advocates the necessity of some sort of shelter for stock to protect them from the storms of winter and to save his feed. For it is well established fact that it requires a certain amount of food to keep up the normal animal heat in a horse, an ox, cow or any animal.

Now, if by reason of a lack of shelter, more feed is necessary to keep up this heat to a normal temperature. It is just that much feed wasted that might have been saved if the animal was sheltered. Many farmers make a practice of letting their stock stand out all day in a driving rain or blinding snow storm, and their barns empty of all stock. Such a practice is ruinous; it is a drain on the farmer's income that he can in reality ill afford. Even the "south side of a straw stack" is very poor shelter; in fact as a rule, it is the poorest kind of shelter. How often do we see cows and horses crawling up close to a stack, or by the side of a building, or in a fence corner for what poor shelter it will afford against the biting wintry blasts. Any man that will permit such a thing ought to be put through the same process himself; it would at least bring him to his feelings if not to his senses. In experiments that have been made, it has been proved that it has taken a very much greater amount of feed to keep the same stock in good condition when not sheltered than when it was; in some cases almost double the amount. Any farmer had better keep less stock and shelter it better than to keep a great amount and half freeze it to death.

Importance of Corn Husks.

Doubtless to most farmers the husk on corn as well as the chaff of grain seems a useless appendage, though apparently unavoidable. But when all corn and other grain grew wild the husk was a very necessary part of the plant, to preserve the seed from vicissitudes of weather until the time came for it to grow again. Corn in the husk and on the stalk dries out before its vitality can be injured by severe freezing. The lightest frost nips the husk, which thereafter dries up and forms a dry covering over the grain. It is for this reason rather than from mere shiftlessness and laziness, that many western farmers who grow dent corn leave it until nearly spring before they husk it. If they throw bushels of wet ears in a heap they would either rot down if the weather was warm or freeze so as to kill the germ during weather when the thermometer went down to zero. But the husk in cultivated corn each year grows of less importance as better means are devised for drying corn artificially. It is likely that improved corn may be bred with very few husks making the work of clearing them off much less difficult.

Planting Trees From Wood Lots.

In very many places young trees from wood lots are planted out in lawns and along roadsides for ornament. Very rarely do they prove satisfactory. Trees in woods are tender, because they have never been exposed to storms, as trees in open ground always are. Hence when exposed to these new conditions they are apt to die. Another reason for their failure is that their roots rarely spread to a great distance. They go down in much the same shape as the tops of the trees go up. When exposed to winds their tall, slender tops bend over and prevent the roots from getting firm hold of the soil. Cutting off the tops to one or two buds partly prevents this, but these trees are never equal to forest seedlings grown in nursery rows, whose side roots are developed by frequent cultivation. The price that these seedlings bring is really cheaper than going to the woods and selecting trees without charge.

The Basket Willow.

There are many new lines of industry in this country which the farmer might take up profitably in the present state of depression in agriculture. The resources of the country are only about half examined, and when a more diversified culture of products is taken up there will be more money on the farm. There is one tree, however, which has been neglected in this country, and which, owing to its usefulness in the arts and industries, might be made very profitable.

The basket willow is a tree that can generally command a fair price, and which may be grown as an adjunct to the farm. A great deal of wet, swampy, lowland is now lying unused, and of no earthly benefit. Any crop of vegetables, trees, or any other article that might be of use, would be gladly grown on these lowlands if they could be made to do so. The willow seems to be the ideal tree for such places. Large sums of money are annually sent abroad to purchase willow, and yet there are thousands of unused acres here which could be made to

yield good willow without much labor. A few cuttings stuck in the marshy grounds will grow into trees that will continue to thrive for half a century. The trees grow more naturally on wet land, and as this is the kind of land we cannot use for other crops, it would be economy to set out plantations of willow. In northern Europe great quantities of willow are grown and exported to this country, where it is used for baskets and other purposes.

Care of House Plants.

A great deal depends on the light for success in house plants, and unless the window is situated so that plenty of this comes in, the flower plants are apt to be poor, weak and sickly looking. The southern exposure is always the best, and all plants (and of much sunshine should be placed in a window, fronting the south. The geraniums, heliotropes and lantanas always do the best when they have plenty of sunshine, and the southern exposure is the best place for them. On the other hand, there are a few flowers which cannot stand the warmth of the sun in midday, and yet they need it during a part of the day. An eastern exposure is best suited for such flowers, and next to the southern this is the best side of the house for most indoor plants.

The north window is only suited for such plants as need shade and moisture, those which are grown for their foliage and not for flowers. The ferns, palms and lycopodiums do well in such a place. The west window will only do for such flowers as need plenty of sunlight, and even then it is often necessary to shade them from the sun in the middle of the day by a thin curtain. This is the warmest window of all, but it is better than none, especially if the proper amount of shade is given during the warmest part of the day.

Remedy for Burns.

A celebrated remedy for burns is made as follows: Take fifteen ounces of the best white glue, break into small bits and soak in a quart of water until soft. Then dissolve by means of a water bath, and add two ounces of glycerine and six drams of carbolic acid; continue the heat until thoroughly dissolved. On cooling this hardens to an elastic mass covered with a shining, parchment-like skin, and may be kept for any length of time. When required for use it is placed for a few minutes in a water bath until sufficiently liquid, and applied by means of a broad brush. It forms in about two minutes a shining, smooth, flexible and nearly transparent skin. This preparation costs but a trifle, and is easily kept at all times ready for use.

Stock and Farm Notes.

A calf will not grow well on skim milk alone.

Plenty of rubbing will produce good clean coats on your horses.

There are few breeders that can make a success of cross-breeding.

The aggregate is made up of parts, as no one knows all about farming.

Rightly managed, stock farming can be made the most profitable part of agriculture.

A colt should earn its living after it is two years old, but it should never be overworked.

By having good mares to do the work, and raising good colts, the farm can be made more profitable.

On every farm there should be a sufficient number of stock kept to prevent any food from going to waste.

One does not necessarily need an expensive barn with a large capital, in order to properly shelter his stock.

Instead of being more, early maturing animals, if well managed, are less liable to disease than when they are slow.

With horses, size is easiest obtained and easiest lost, of any one trait in breeding.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Hands may be kept smooth in cold weather by avoiding the use of warm water. Wash them with cold water and soap.

Soak clothes that fade over night in water, in which has been dissolved one ounce of sugar of lead to a pailful of rain water.

When any one runs a nail or a wire in the flesh hold the wound over burning sugar as soon as possible, and it will prevent soreness.

Soak the feet and bind on baking soda dampened, and in the morning you will be surprised to find the soreness all out of corns.

Procure from your druggist a small bottle of tincture of benzoin and apply to any flesh wound. It will heal immediately and not get sore.

To take the rust out of steel, rub the steel with sweet oil; in a day or two rub with finely powdered unslacked lime until the rust all disappears, then oil again, roll in woolen and put in a dry place, especially if it be table cutlery.

Scrubbing brushes should be kept with the bristles down and they will last twice as long; common sense will tell you if you stand them the other way the water will run down and soak into the back, loosening the bristles, whether they be glued or wired.

Tooth Wash.—Take one and one-half fluid ounces of tincture of myrrh, one-half ounce of thick mullage, eight ounces of cold water and one-fourth of an ounce of powdered borax. Mix this well before using. It is very good to use when the teeth are decayed or for spongy or ulcerated gums.

HE HAD A STEADY NERVE

A MINNIE BALL AND A CAVALRY FORTY-FOUR.

A Moment of Peril in New Mexico and How a "Navy" Mexican Youth Saved Six Human Lives—Shot of a Blind Man.

The nerve which shines forth in a deadly crisis of cracking revolvers or flashing knives is neither the only nor the highest kind, but it is a noble and an admirable quality, even when misapplied; and when we shall cease to admire and respect it the human race will have very little left whereof to be proud. We shall have come to a sorry pass when our blood shall fail to tingle to such a deed as that of Mrs. Custer's brave sergeant. He had arrested a despoiler of desperate character and brought him to a little town in Nebraska. While they were eating dinner, the desperado picked up a can of pepper, dashed the contents in the sergeant's face and started for the door. The blinded officer, even in the inconceivable anguish of the moment, thought only of his orders to bring in the prisoner alive or dead, and, listening for the footsteps of the fugitive, fired to the sound and dropped his man!

As striking an example of "pure nerve" came under my own observation two years ago, writes Charles F. Lummis, Valencia county, New Mexico, had been disgraced by a long series of cowardly and awful assassinations, done by one young Mexican desperado and his poons, a series which culminated on the 14th of February, in my own receipt of a leaden valentine, in the shape of two loads of midnight buckshot. The question whether these influential murderers should be punished had entered into local politics, and the campaign was a very exciting one. At some of the precincts the judges of election and the voters were alike armed with Winchester and six-shooters. Among those that were active in the movement to overthrow the evil men who had for years exercised a reign of terror over "Bloody Valencia," was gentle, generous Dumas Provencher, one of the pioneers of the Territory, and he was one of the dozen of us whom the assassins had marked for death.

Shortly after midnight of election day, the ballots of that precinct were still being counted by a flickering lamp in a long, low room in the plaza of San Rafael, and poor Provencher was there. He had just received news of a plot to kill the judges and seize the ballots at three precincts, and leaned over to the United States deputy marshal, Martin Gallegos, to whisper a warning. Gallegos is hardly more than a boy—a common, illiterate Mexican youth, at whose awkwardness and ignorance most of us would turn up our noses. But that he had in him the stuff of men he showed by the most gallant act I ever saw.

At that very instant there were six hired murderers crouching at the open window; and while Provencher was yet speaking one of them thrust in his old Springfield and fired. The great half-inch ball struck Provencher in the aorta and from that chief life fountain the blood leapt out in a tall, broad arch. The stricken man gave one low cry and fell dead against Gallegos, whose face and body were drenched in the spurting deluge. The click of another rifle came from the window. There were still six living targets in that lighted room for the marksmen secure in the darkness without. To shoot at the assassins were vain—they were invisible and could kill every man in the room before one could lift a finger against them. There was but one thing to be done—to put out the betraying lamp. But that was thirty feet away; and before the nearest man could reach three steps toward it, all would be corpses. How long it seems, now that I come to tell about it, how long it seemed then! But from the sound of the shot that slew Provencher to the ring of another that left the room in darkness and the occupants in safety was really less than two seconds. One could scarce discharge two chambers of a double-action revolver more closely together than those two reports came—the crash of the assassin's rifle and the lighter crack of heroic Gallegos' six-shooter. The young Mexican, absolutely taken by surprise as he was, had not even turned to look toward the window, had not even shrunk from the poor clay that was spurring its ghastly flood in his face, and blinding and choking him; but snatching the heavy revolver from his belt had shot the lamp out, all in one swift indistinguishable motion, and without apparent aim! Pure nerve—that in one second saved six lives. Here is an opportunity for a reform that will be agreeable to a large number of agreeable and hospitable people in Washington and elsewhere as well.—Washington Post.

Too Much Hand-Shaking.

There is nothing more agreeable to a warm-hearted man or woman than a cordial hand-shake with a friend, but there are circumstances under which hand-shaking is superfluous and undesirable. For example, take a reception by some prominent official in Washington. Say there are a thousand people in attendance. Each shakes hands with the host and hostess on arriving. When the time for departure comes, no visitor feels at liberty to leave without bidding the hostess good-bye with another hand-shake. By the time everybody has gone the hostess will have shaken hands at least 2,000 times, and feels as tired as a laborer after a day's work. Here is an opportunity for a reform that will be agreeable to a large number of agreeable and hospitable people in Washington and elsewhere as well.—Washington Post.

Remarkable Mills.

Mr. Morrison, an English traveller of the seventeenth century, while at Danzig, Prussia, says that he saw a mill "which without the help of human hands did saw boards, having an iron wheel, which did not only drive the saw, but did also hook in and turn the logs onto the saw." Dr. John Dee must have seen a similar mill at Prague. Of it he says: "I saw me a mill at Prague of which the devil himself was master."

A KIND-HEARTED DRUGGIST.

"Mark Twain" Tells an Interesting Story of Him.

Mark Twain was present at the banquet of the National Wholesale Druggists' Association at a recent meeting in Washington, and in return for his dinner related the following story, given in the Pharmaceutical Era: "About a thousand years ago, approximately, I was apprenticed as a printer's devil to learn the trade, in common with three other boys of about my own age. There came to the village a long-legged individual, of about nineteen, from one of the interior counties; fish-eyed, no expression, and without the suggestion of a smile—couldn't have smiled for a salary. We took him for a fool, and thought we would try to scare him to death. We went to the village druggist and borrowed a skeleton. The skeleton didn't belong to the druggist, but he had imported it for the village doctor, because the doctor thought he would send away for it, having some delicacy about using—[Laughter.] The price of a skeleton at that time was fifty dollars. I don't know how high they go now, but probably higher, on account of the tariff. We borrowed the skeleton about nine o'clock at night, and we got this man—Nicomachus Dodge was his name—we got him downtown, out of the way, and then we put the skeleton in his bed. He lived in a little, one-storied log-cabin in the middle of a vacant lot. We left him to get home by himself. We enjoyed the result in the light of anticipation; but, by-and-by, we began to drop into silence; the possible consequences were preying upon us. Suppose that it frightens him into madness, overturns his reason, and sends him screaming through the streets! We shall spend sleepless nights the rest of our days. Everybody was afraid. By-and-by, it was forced to the lips of one of us that we had better go at once and see what had happened. Loaded down with crime, we approached that hut and peeped through the window. That long legged critter was sitting on his bed with a hunk of gingerbread in his hand, and between the bites he played a tune on a Jew's-harp. There he sat perfectly happy, and all around him on the bed were toys and jim-cracks and striped candy. The darned cuss, he had gone and sold that skeleton for five dollars. [Laughter.] The druggist's fifty dollar skeleton was gone. We went in tears to the druggist and explained the matter. We couldn't have raised that fifty dollars in two hundred and fifty years. We were getting board and clothing for the first year, clothing and board for the second year, and both of them for the third year. The druggist forgave us on the spot, but he said he would like us to let him have our skeletons when we were done with them: There couldn't be anything fairer than that; we spouted our skeletons and went away comfortable. But from that time the druggist's prosperity ceased. That was one of the most unfortunate speculations he ever went into. After some years one of the boys went and got drowned; that was one skeleton gone, and I tell you the druggist felt pretty badly about it. A few years after another of the boys went up in a balloon. He was to get five dollars an hour for it. When he gets back they will be owing him one million dollars. The druggist's property was decreasing right along. After a few more years, the third boy tried an experiment to see if a dynamite charge would go. It went all right. They found some of him, perhaps a vest-pocketful; still it was enough to show that some more of that estate had gone. The druggist was getting along in years, and he commenced to correspond with me. I have been the best correspondent he has. He is the sweetest-natured man I ever saw—always mild and polite, and never wants to hurry me at all. I got a letter from him every now and then, and he never refers to my form as a 'skeleton'; says: 'Well, how is it getting along—is it in good repair?' I got a night-rate message from him recently—said he was getting old and the property was depreciating in value, and if I could let him have a part of it now he would give time on the balance. Think of the graceful way in which he does everything—the generosity of it all. You cannot find a finer character than that. It is the gracious character of all druggists. So, out of my heart, I wish you all prosperity and every happiness."

THE DRINK HABIT.

An Appetite From Which No Race of Men Has Been Exempt.

It seems to be as much a part of man's nature to drink exciting beverages as it is to breathe. No people, no country, no age, has been free of the habit, and, of course, the abuse, with its consequent intoxication and all the attendant evils, has also been a constant and universal experience. The study of the question reveals a wonderful amount of ingenuity on the part of ignorant people in the production of alcoholic drinks from the most unpromising material.

It has been proved, too, that the abuse of the habit of drinking has so destroyed or injured the sense of taste that only the strongest and most pungent liquids will satisfy the unnatural craving. Women have been known to drink enormous quantities of Cologne water merely to gratify their unwholesome appetites. There have been instances where raw alcohol has not been too fiery for a victim of this terrible feeling that they call thirst. In country places, remote from business centers, men have extracted spirits from bitter roots, from ordinary vegetables, from all sorts of growing substances at an expenditure of thought, time and study that, devoted to a useful end, might have produced wonderful results.

Lately ether has been drunk to an alarming extent by the Irish peasantry, and the habit seems to be spreading. It is said that at fairs, markets, in railway carriages, particularly the third class, the odor from ether-laden breaths is appalling to one who is not used to the fumes of the drug. The poison, it is said, is freely sold at public houses and groceries. Its effect is often so to excite the wretched victims that, at a fair or other public gathering, the fun, as they call it, becomes so fast and furious that the ordinary decencies of life are disregarded.

It is declared, moreover, that the habit of ether-drinking has been acquired by persons of comfortable means and respectable position. Ether takers of this class, like habitues of other forms of inebriety, rarely avow the true cause of their wrongdoing. They take ether as others take alcohol—for various mundane ills.—Boston Transcript.

The Walrus Is Within Easy Reach.

No trip to Greenland would be complete unless a run were taken across to the American shore for a walrus hunt. The walrus is found on the Greenland coast, but the whalers say they can be seen in droves of a thousand on the west side of the water. No one bothers them much, for although their ivory tusks are eighteen inches long and thick enough for pool balls at the thickest part, and of very fine quality, no one seems to care for the ivory. It is said that a schooner load of tusks could be gathered if wanted. But for the sportsman the walrus would have that attraction that is always to be found in game that is fierce and fearless. No better trophy in proof of a sportsman's hardihood and courage can be had than a walrus head. While a single well-directed shot will kill one, an ill-directed shot might cost the sportsman his life. The walrus tears through ice, overturns boats, and attacks the whale ship itself when angered, and there is a malignant expression in his face when angered that alone would frighten any one except a man of true courage.

His Highest Ambition.

Visitor: "Are you going to be a great man when you grow up, Willie?" Willie: "You bet? I'm going to be an Arctic explorer." "An Arctic explorer's life is full of hardships, Willie." "Yes'm, but I can stand 'em, I reckon." "I like your spirit, my boy. There is a great deal of glory to be gained in a career of that kind." "Yes'm. And you don't have to wash your face."

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Managing a Fractious Horse.

"When a horse stops and proposes to turn around," says a trainer, "don't resist the turn, but give him a quiet, horizontal turn so as to turn him further around than he intended to go, and, if possible, keep him going around half a dozen times. In most cases this will upset his calculations, and he will go quietly on without much ado. If six turns will not do give him twenty. In fact, if he will keep on turning to your rein, you are sure to conquer, as enough turning will confuse him and leave him at your command. If he will not turn and backs to the rein, keep him going backward in the direction you want him to go. He will soon get tired of that and prefer to go with the right and forward, but before you let him give him decidedly more backing than he likes."

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