

THE FARM AND HOME.

SOME OF THE SYMPTOMS OF HOG CHOLERA.

Hints That Will Bear Re-printing—Paint for Rough Wood-Work—Getting Rid of Weeds—Uses for Potatoes.

The Iowa state board of health gives the following symptoms of hog cholera, which will bear re-printing: The presence of the disease is indicated by a cold shivering lasting from a few seconds to several hours; frequent sneezing followed by a loss of appetite, rough appearance of the hair, drooping of the ears, stupor, attempts to vomit, tendency to root the bedding, to lie down in dark and quiet places, dullness of the eye, often dim; sometimes swelling of the head, eruption of the ears and other parts of the body, dizziness, laborious breathing, vitiated appetite for dung, dirt and salty substances, accumulation of mucus in inner corner of the eyes, discharge from the nose, fetid and offensive odor of discharges from the bowels, offensive exhalations; diarrheal discharges are semi-fluid, or grayish green color and often mixed with blood. In many cases the skin on the belly between the hind legs, behind the ears and even on the nose has numerous red spots, which toward the fatal termination turn purple. As the disease progresses the animal becomes sluggish, the head droops with the nose near the ground, but usually will be found lying down with the nose hid in the bedding. If there has been costiveness, about two days before death there will be offensive, fetid discharge, the voice becomes faint and hoarse; the animal is stupid; emaciation increases rapidly; the skin becomes dry, hard and very unclean; there is cold, clammy sweat, and death soon follows, with convulsions, or gradually by exhaustion, without a struggle. In chronic diseases, or those of long duration, the animal becomes weak, lies down most of the time, eats but little and has diarrhea. These cases may linger for weeks, scattering the poison of the disease in the discharge wherever they go.

To Paint Rough Wood Work.
Those in search of a cheap paint for coarse wood work or stone work might give the following recipe a trial. It is highly recommended by a contributor to the columns of the New England Homestead, after lengthy experience by his father, who has spent a long life as a painter, is a practical man and knows the weak points of most mixtures used as substitutes for paint:

Slake a peck of lump lime; while the liquid is still slightly warm add four ounces of glue after dissolving, a quart of linseed raw oil and such color as is preferred, stirring it all well together. This will stand almost as long as paint on stone, brick and wood and will not rub. Whitewash or dry color put on with water will stand long and do well if varnished over with raw oil. These recipes are equal to the best calcimine and eminently adapted to outdoor exposure. Try small samples first if mistakes are feared. The amount specified will cover at least 1,000 square feet of surface. It may be applied rapidly with a whitewash brush, although it will look better and form more of a protection if painted closely into broken surfaces. Winter is one of the best times in which to put it on.

Getting Rid of Weeds.
The prospect of a final eradication of weeds is not so good as we could wish, for without doubt nothing could be more helpful to the progress of American farming. A large part of the manure given to crops goes to produce weeds, as also does most cultivation to eradicate them. Yet market gardeners who manure most heavily and cultivate most thoroughly find weeds confronting them still. It will be centuries hence when the mass of farming lands are tilled as gardens now are, and until then weeds of some sort will continue to vex the farmer. Some kinds of weeds will disappear under high cultivation, but others will grow the more rampantly. Canada thistles will probably yield first to thorough cultivation, but some of the smaller annuals, as rag weed and charlock, will continue to appear many years after no specimen has been allowed to seed. It is those minute seeds that lie waiting in the ground which are likely hereafter to give more trouble to the cultivator of the soil than any other. As the country becomes more densely populated it must necessarily be cultivated more highly, or as gardens are now, and the weeds now most troublesome to gardeners will be the pests of all soil cultivators.

New Uses for Potatoes.
The employment of potatoes for making starch will undoubtedly have the effect of absorbing large amounts of potatoes when they are very cheap, and thus preventing glutted markets that do not pay the grower for his labor. The evaporation of potatoes is also a method by which the crop one year may be kept over to another. But the latest use for potatoes is as a substitute for bone and ivory. By the use of certain acids the potato is hardened, and it may be cut or molded into buttons or whatever shapes are most desired. Potato buttons are now often worn when the origin of the button is not suspected, as they may be colored to suit any fancy.

Always something to sell.
The expenses of the farm and family go on through all the year. It is almost impossible to make profit unless there is equal continuity in selling. There may be and should be special crops that furnish the bulk of the money received from the farm; but if this is drawn upon by a continual drain not relieved by any new supply, it will be drawn down to nothing. For years

southern farmers have depended wholly on their sales of cotton, and though this is one of the most profitable crops grown, it has been impossible for southern planters to keep out of debt until they adopted the northern plan of growing a diversity of crops.

Farm Notes.
The generous farmer reaps generous crops.

The lambs should be in an inclosure and be fed by themselves.

Costly experiments never pay. Adam found that out the first time he tried it.

It is the last load of manure that feeds your crop; all before that feeds the land.

It is a poor crop that will not pay for keeping an account of its cost and receipts.

Something does not come of nothing. The elements of the crop must be in the soil.

Mr. Murtfeldt says a cow is like a closet or cupboard—you can take nothing out unless you put something in.

A deep sandy loam is among the very best soils in which to successfully plant. If a little gravelly, all the better.

The first four or five months feed for bone and muscle; after that more fat, though a variety should always be given.

The soil intended for a strawberry bed should be plowed deep, and when ready for the plants, like a pulverized bank of ashes.

In setting out plants do not sprinkle the foliage, as it causes moisture to collect, injurious to the crown of the plant, causing rot.

Keep the barn yard cleaned up. A nail in a horse's hoof may cause you more trouble than it would to keep the yard clean for a lifetime.

The bush Lima bean is very highly commended. It needs no poles, is of excellent quality, can be planted closer than the tall Lima and stands the drouth better than snap beans.

The way for a farmer to determine his profit or loss is the way every other competent business man keeps books. It is to balance aggregate receipts against aggregate expenses.

All roots must go down their full length into the soil, spread apart fan-shaped, and then the soil firmly pressed around them with the hands, clearing the crown even with or a little above the surface.

To keep the barn and stable doors open has troubled many men. The time spent by the world in hunting up sticks to prop doors back would make many years. Yet a simple hook on the barn, and staple on door—costing scarcely anything—would do the business.

A farmer need not bother his brain nor fool his time away trying to follow a system of line breeding in growing swine. Leave this to the professionals. Better study the systems of feeding and improve on them than to spend time studying pedigrees. Feeding and not pedigrees is in his line of work. We would not have him ignore the value of a pedigree, but first he wants the hog, and it is not necessary for him to know of the pedigree further than that the animal is purely bred and not too closely related to the breeding stock already on the farm.

Hints to Housekeepers.
It saves time and leather to have a broom, brush and dustpan for every floor in the home.

Equal parts of sweet oil and vinegar and a little gum arabic make an excellent furniture polish.

In roasting meat turn with a spoon, instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and lets the juice out.

Hot tallow is said to remove machine oil from white goods. Repeated applications will also remove ink stains, if exposed to the rays of the sun.

Thin glass is too good a conductor of heat to be advisable for keeping toilet creams, which preserve their quality best in thick glassware or pottery.

Here is a "highly recommended corn cure": Dip in water a piece of common washing soda and rub the troublesome growth with it two or three mornings a week.

To keep glassware bright, wipe directly from the hot suds. Tumblers used for milk should be thoroughly rinsed in cold water before being immersed in hot suds, as hot water seems to drive the milk into the glass and give them a dingy appearance.

Boiled eggs, to slice nicely, should be put over the fire in cold water, and should remain fifteen minutes after the water begins to boil, and allowed to cool in the same water. If cooled by dropping them into cold water they will not peel smoothly.

When decanters and carafes become so discolored inside that shot or fine coals will not cleanse them, fill the bottle with finely chopped potato skins, cork tightly and let the bottle stand for three days, when the skins will ferment. Turn out and rinse. The bottle will be as bright and clean as when new.

Black satin can be stiffened by sponging with vinegar and water, a tablespoonful of the former to a pint of water. Sponge on the wrong side, then more lightly on the right side and press on the wrong. If there are grease or other spots on it they may be removed by the use of alcohol and ammonia in equal parts, diluting each tablespoonful of the mixture with a pint of water.

It is not generally known that commercial glycerine contains a considerable portion of arsenic. The fact should be borne in mind by persons who imagine this article to be so harmless that it can be used in almost any quantity. A recent medical journal reports a case in which a gentleman nearly lost his life through symptoms closely resembling those of cholera by the use of a cheap grade of glycerine. Unless the glycerine is chemically pure it is liable to produce poisonous symptoms when taken internally.

MYSTERY OF A DREAM.

I cannot tell when the knowledge that I loved Ediena Wyldmere was first revealed to me. We were children together, and as we grew older we seemed like brother and sister. Even then she was all the world to me, and how dear I was to her her own sweet lips have told me a hundred times. Our joys and sorrows were shared together. As the years rolled away our affection for each other grew steadily stronger and deeper.

At 19 Ediena was as fair and pure as the most spotless thing under the sun. I almost worshiped her then, but I was still young and no thought of marriage entered my head. So beautiful a maiden could not long avoid attracting admiring suitors, and among those who flocked to her was one Cyril Staythorne, the tall, proud, aristocratic master of Staythorne hall.

I will not deny that I soon grew jealous of many of these fawning and flattering suitors, and of Cyril Staythorne in particular. Most beautiful young ladies are naturally a trifle inclined to be flirts, and Ediena Wyldmere was no exception. Not but that she loved me as truly and dearly as ever, but never had I made a serious declaration of my passion; and for a time she enjoyed the attention bestowed upon her by those who had been smitten by her rare charms of grace and sweetness.

I was poor, a carpenter's son and this fact alone in my eyes of her parents disqualified me as a son-in-law. Our Savior was a carpenter's son, but this fact has not caused the calling to be deemed more lofty than it was nineteen hundred years ago. Ediena's parents were on the outlook for a "good match" for their daughter, and they looked with favor upon Cyril Staythorne.

I shall never forget the feeling of rage and despair that seized me as one day I saw Ediena, seated in Cyril Staythorne's handsome carriage, with Staythorne himself by her side. I cannot describe our next meeting. How much I was to blame for what followed I now know, but I then thought I had just cause for what I did. "Hot words were uttered, and for the first time we parted in anger.

The next I felt the quiet New England town, where twenty-one years of my life had been spent. A passenger train bore me away out into the world. I was going anywhere that I might get away from the hateful spot that I had always known as home, where so many happy days had been spent with the one from whom I thought fate had separated me forever.

I sought and obtained employment in a great city, the crowded streets and hurrying rush of which seemed very strange and unnatural to me. I tried to forget my old home and Ediena, but I soon found it impossible to do so. Strive as I might to tear my image from my bosom, her fair, sweet face was almost always before me. Sternly I fought against the power that seemed to be drawing me back to her. Many a night did I awaken and sit bolt upright in the darkness of my little room, with her plaintive cry sounding in my ears:

"Oh, Jasper, come back to me!"
It always seemed very real, but I reasoned myself into thinking that it was all imagination. I now know that many, many times she uttered that very cry.

One day an accident happened to me. I was passing along beneath the spot where repairs were being made on a building, when a falling board struck me senseless. I was picked up and carried to a hospital, but when I received consciousness I did not know my own name. My mind did not seem deranged. I could remember events and people, but I could not recall the name of a single person whom I knew.

For several days I lay there, gradually growing better physically, but in no way improving mentally. Try as I might, I could not recall names. I remember my home, Ediena, Cyril Staythorne—everything; but I could not speak the name of a single place or person, although scores of times I seemed on the point of doing so.

The last night of my stay in the hospital arrived, and at a very early hour I sought my couch and was soon fast asleep. I am not naturally a dreamer, but on a very sound sleeper. It did not seem that I dreamed that night, but suddenly I found myself in a familiar spot. It was night, and a thunderstorm was rapidly coming on. The black heavens were seamed with fire, and deep thunder roared like an enraged monster. I was standing on the old bridge which spanned a winding stream not far from my boyhood home. Suddenly a flash of lightning showed me Ediena hurrying along the bridge.

Startled and amazed that she should be there at such a time, I was about to make my presence known, when another flash showed another person on the bridge. Plainly I saw his dark, mustached, evilly handsome face, and plainly I heard Ediena's cry of surprise and fear as he confronted her midway on the trestle. Then through the darkness floated his triumphant exclamation: "Ah-ah! Ediena Wyldmere, I have you now. Twice I have asked you

to be my wife, only to meet with refusal and scorn. To-night I swear you shall consent to marry me, or you will meet death in the waters of Crooked river!"

Then came another flash of light that showed my darling struggling in his vile clasp. To my ears came a cry that stirred every drop of blood in my veins.

In an instant I leaped forward and tore her from his arms; at the same time I dealt him a terrible blow that sent him reeling against the railing of the bridge. The rotten guard gave way, and flinging up his arms, with the look of unutterable horror on his face plainly revealed by the vivid glare, he uttered one wild cry and plunged downward into the dark water. Ediena uttered one joyful cry:

"Jasper! Jasper!"

Then she sank unconscious at my feet. From that moment I knew no more until I awoke in the morning to find myself in the hospital. And in the morning my memory was fully restored to its natural condition. I found that I knew my own name and the names of my friends. That day I left the hospital.

I remained in the city a week, and during the entire time my strange dream—if dream it was—worried me constantly. Was Ediena in trouble? Did she need my protection?

As a final result one night I boarded a swift train, and in the morning I stood by my darling's bedside. She was just recovering from a brief, but severe illness. As she clung to my hand and shed tears of joy she sobbed reproachfully:

"Oh, Jasper! Why did you leave me there on the bridge after rescuing me from Cyril Staythorne's hands?"
"What do you mean?" I hoarsely gasped, scarcely able to credit my ears.

Then she described a scene just as I had witnessed and taken part in my dream. She finally said:

"I was over to Mable Gray's, where I intended to spend the night, when the thunderstorm came up. I don't know why I did it, but I resolved to return home, and I started out despite the protests of both Mabel and her mother. I met Staythorne on the bridge. He seized me in his vile grasp, and I called for help. Then you came and snatched me from his hands, at the same time hurling him off the bridge. I caught one glimpse of your face as it was revealed by the lightning; and then I fainted. When I recovered consciousness it was raining, and I was alone on the bridge."

"And Cyril Staythorne?" I asked.

"Was found the following day, floating, a corpse on Crooked river."

My story ends here. I have already told you that Ediena is my wife. I cannot explain the mystery of my dream. I can only write the question that I have asked myself a thousand times:

"Was it a dream?—Yankee Blade."

Conquered the Old Man.

An extremely stout, choleric old gentleman sat in his office one day fuming over a lot of papers and swearing to himself, says the New York Sun. He was in a beastly temper, for things had gone wrong ever since morning and now and then he cast his eyes about as if in search of something to kick as an outlet for his tempestuous state of mind.

"That book agent is out here, sir," said a clerk, thrusting his head through the door.

"Show him in," yelled the old gentleman greedily, "and I'll kick the everlasting stuffing out of him."

A minute later a pretty girl came demurely in, and, calmly drawing a chair up to the old gentleman's desk, smiled sweetly.

"Just excuse me a minute," said the old fellow, "there's a nasty book agent coming."

"I am the book agent, sir," said the girl, and she thrust a hand away down through a hole in her dress and brought up a volume.

"Can't I sell you a copy, sir," she said cheerfully, running through the leaves. "It is only \$5, and is profusely illustrated and so useful that no home is complete without one. Buy a copy, please, and I shall forget that you called me nasty."

"I didn't," puffed the old gentleman, excitedly. "I swear I never said anything of the kind. Leave the book."

Then the old man yelled: "John, give this young lady \$5."

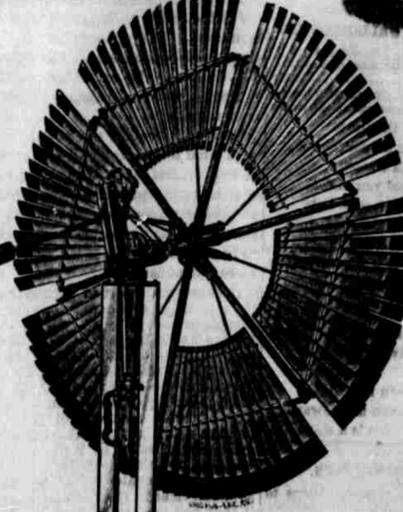
When the old gentleman picked up his book to carry it home he discovered that it was a collection of love songs.

Books in a Library.

From the New York Star.
Nine intelligent men out of ten, if asked how many books they would care to have in a private library, would put the number up well to ward 5,000. Yet that number is vastly in excess of most men's needs. Books are much like food. The man who does not deal in them needs no more than he can easily digest. The man who has a library of even 3,000 books, exclusive of reference books, is not likely to know his own library. But one can hardly be said to possess a library that he has not read. The real love of books will for the most part care to have in his house only those books that are as familiar to him as the faces of his friends. He should be able to glance over his "book utensils" with the knowledge that every one is his by virtue of intellectual mastery. It is not necessary that he should have read every word of every book, but it is necessary that he should be familiar with the spirit of each, and that he should have thoroughly mastered the contents of many.

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