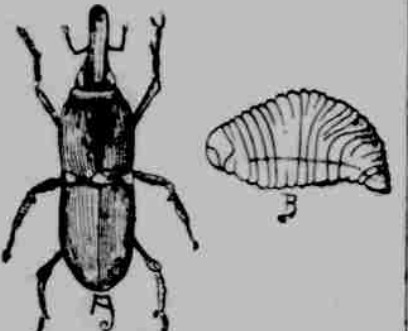


OUR RURAL READERS.

SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

Drain Weevil and Its Work of Destruction—Device for Keeping Poultry Food Clean—How to Dam a Stream to Secure Ice.

Grain Weevil Destruction.
In their work of destruction, grain weevils devour all the grain kernel except the shell and germ. The weevils leave small holes in the kernels and it is often a great loss in weight which first attracts the attention of the owner. The grain will usually grow, but from the loss of so much nutritive material it makes a weak growth. Several species of weevil attack cereals, but the most destructive as well as the most common is the grain or wheat weevil, shown in the illustration. In its perfect state it is a slender beetle of a dark reddish color, having a long snout. It multiplies very rapidly, several broods



being produced each year. The female insect lays her eggs on the kernels of wheat, corn, oats or barley. The eggs soon hatch into legless larvae which eat out the substance of the kernel and reach maturity in a few weeks. They then change to pupae and soon afterward transform into adult beetles which lay eggs for the succeeding brood. They can be destroyed by placing carbon bisulphide in glass tubes extending nearly to the bottom of a bin of grain, and stopping the top with a cork or rubber stopper or some other material which will prevent the gas escaping. This will cause it to pass through the lower part of the grain and permeate it thoroughly. It is very destructive to insects, killing all with which it comes in contact. A half-pound of carbon bisulphide is sufficient to destroy the weevils in a ton of grain. This chemical does not affect the color or smell of the grain, and does not injure its food properties nor does it appreciably affect the germinating power of the seed.—Farm and Home.

A Good Old Hickory Fire.
Hickory is considered the best wood for open fires. Even seasoned hickory will carry fire for a long time, and a log of green hickory may be buried in ashes at bedtime, uncovered the next morning, and, five minutes' work of the bellows, blown into a lively flame, says the Maryland Farmer. If covered deep enough it will waste but little in all the intervening hours. Oak makes a brilliant, hot fire, but being less dense than hickory, will not last so long. One hickory log four inches in diameter will outlast perhaps twice its bulk of oak. Maple, round green logs of the pin oak, sassafras and three or four others of the native woods burn well, though most of them rapidly. It is a sin to burn elms, but an elm butt, with part of the root, makes a lasting fire. The tulip tree is on no account to be used unless nothing else is to be had, for it burns ill when green, goes like tinder when dry, and in either case smokes great burning coals a yard or more beyond the fireplace. White birch makes a good fire. Chestnut is another of the light, snappy woods not to be depended upon for the hearth.

For Keeping Poultry Food Clean.
Where soft food is given fowls, it is usually trampled upon by all the fowls before fully eaten. To avoid this, make a shallow box and hinge it to a cover of slats made of lath. Through these the fowls can reach all the food, but cannot soil it. The same device may also be used with a smaller box for giving water. Have a box just large enough to set the dish of water



within, and shut the slat cover down over it. A similar device for giving water in a way to keep the fowls out of the water vessel, is to have a moderately high box, with slats up and down one side. Then set the water dish within, and the fowls can drink through the slats. The top of the box, or cover, should be sloping, to keep the fowls off from it.

Storing Cabbage for Winter.
Dig a hole in the ground and into it fit a common salt barrel with earth and pack it closely. Trim the heads of cabbages, removing all loose leaves, and pack solidly in the barrel. Cover tightly with boards, and over the boards throw an armful of straw. On the straw place a few shovelfuls of earth. When a head is wanted for the table it can be easily secured. This method is practicable, as I have demonstrated from personal experience.

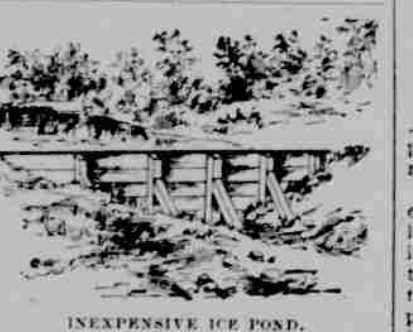
In the Stable the Year Round.
I believe the time is coming, and is not very far off—indications point that way—when cows will not only be kept in the stable during the winter months or during dry time, but during the entire milk-giving period, and pushed to their full capacity. Competition, says the Orange County Farmer, has done this for other industries, and in time will

do it for the dairy. There is no profit in any business these times unless it is pushed to its full capacity, and men will find out, sooner or later, that this applies as well to dairying as to any other business, and they will find it more profitable to grow such crops as are most suitable for the cow's needs. These will be grown and delivered to her in her stall, ready for her use, instead of compelling her to travel from two to ten miles between milking times to gather them herself, and get, in the same time, her much-needed exercise.

Hints on Milking.
Clean milking, with a view of getting all the milk at one sitting, is of the highest importance, and to accomplish this ought to be the earnest aim of all milkers; no cow should be left until the last drop is drawn, says the Jersey Bulletin. "Stripping" is, for the most part, to be avoided; it encourages a habit in the cow of retaining part of her milk, which is liable to operate toward drying her flow, and, besides, it is thought that through absorption of the milk thus left into the system, the health of the cow is affected. The only good that can possibly result from the practice of stripping is the check it forms upon careless milkers, where a number are employed, and there are those of them inclined to slight their work. It is much better to milk the cows in a large herd thoroughly and at one operation, but if stripping must be resorted to it ought to be continued, or an actual lessening of the milk yield, as well as probable injuries to the milking properties of the cow, will follow.

Ventilation of Barns.
There have been noted many cases of barns without cellars when finished up tight, where the roofs loaded up with frost during protracted cold weather to such extent as to work serious damage later to the hay stored beneath, says the Maine Farmer. The stock are continually throwing off moisture, which at once rises to the highest point, and finding no means of escape freezes to the cold roof, and there accumulates till a thaw, when it melts and falls on the hay below. The barn cellar may increase the amount in small measure, but is not the prime cause. The remedy is obvious—give the moist air a chance to escape, or dry it out by a draft of air through the barn loft, both of which processes are covered in the one word—ventilation. A ventilator on the roof corrects the difficulty at once.

Damming a Stream to Secure Ice.
There are hundreds of farms through which small streams flow. These could easily be dammed and a supply of ice obtained that would be a great source of comfort during the hot summer months. Judgment must be exercised in selecting a place where the least height of dam will flow the largest



space. Drive down stakes and prop them against the current. Then board against the stakes, and caulk the cracks. One could hardly get so much benefit for so little labor as in this way of securing a supply of ice for family use.—American Agriculturist.

Clubfoot in Cabbages.
For club foot, or foot, as it is variously called, in cabbages, turnips, etc., no remedy or sure prevention has yet been discovered save strict rotation. Never plant cabbages or any other member of the same family twice on the same land except it be in old gardens or in calcareous soils. The New Jersey Experimental Station says that in its experiments air-slacked stone lime gave sufficient evidence of its usefulness as a preventive of club-foot of turnips to warrant it being recommended for that purpose. But no less than seventy-five bushels should be applied per acre, and at least three months previous to the time of planting. The soil on which these experiments were made was probably a light sandy loam. Undoubtedly, even a small quantity of lime would answer for some other soils.

Tester for Small Dairs.
Hoard's Dairyman states emphatically that it will certainly pay a man who keeps only three or four cows to know what each cow is doing. If he cannot otherwise conveniently get his milk tested, say, twice a month, it will pay him to own a Babcock tester and spring scales or balances. The small testers, especially those running with gears, are usually quite accurate. It is sometimes necessary to "whirl" the bottles a minute or two longer in the smaller machines. Weigh the milk given by each cow at every milking, test two or three times each month, and if you do not find it necessary to dispose of one or two cows, your case will be one of the rare exceptions to the general rule. A four-bottle tester suffices for a small dairy.

Profits in Poultry.
Don't go into the chicken business largely unless you have sufficient capital to run it right. Profits on paper are very deceptive. If you have hens that pay you a profit of \$1 each above expenses, you are doing finely. One of the most delusive things and easy to figure large profits on is the poultry business. Yet, it does pay some people a good profit.

Have More Trees to the Acre.
Plant more trees to the acre, and plant successive orchards. Set apple trees thirty feet apart, and clean out old ones, having new ones coming on all the time. The best fruit is grown from young trees.

ONE VALENTINE.

I remember how lovely she was,
I remember it clearly, because
There are some things one cannot forget,
I swore by the blue of her eyes,
I measured her love by my sighs,
And I might have been doing it yet,
Had it not been for Saint Valentine,
As expressed in her wishes and mine,
In a manner I did not expect,
I sent her the best I could buy;
A twenty five cent, imported direct,
I mean five cents, imported direct,
I sent her the dear valentine,
"To one dearer, I hoped to be mine."
Then I waited to get one from her,
And I got one—no fate could prevent—
She sent back the one that I sent,
With an unkind and emphatic "No, sir!"
I remember how costly it was,
I remember it clearly, because
There are some things one cannot forget.

SOME JOLLY VALENTINES.

These Will Occasion Much Pleasure, Especially to Little Folks.
Though the old-time sentimental observance of St. Valentine's Day has lapsed into "innocuous desuetude," it is still the occasion of much pleasure and mirth. Little people, especially, enjoy the mystery of the season and the pleasant mystification of their playfellows, and if the humor indulged in is of a kindly nature, and not so personal as to wound, happy hearts can enjoy a very gay time. An evening can be very merrily passed



No. 1.
In making the humorous valentines which are here illustrated, the materials are very simple; some rough water color paper or thin cardboard, crepe tissue paper or of red ribbon, a sheet of celluloid and some clothes pins, pewter spoons, a little narrow ribbon, a sheet of celluloid and some



No. 2.
pieces of red cloth or flannel are all that is needed.
For No. 1 a piece of cardboard or water color paper, a little more than twice the length of a pipe stem and 4 inches wide, is folded double, and a hole large enough to thrust the pipe stem through is cut in the center of the fold. The stem is held in place by a strip of white paper pasted over it on the front fold. Paint as grotesque a face on the pipe as you please; fancy may have full play here. Gather an inch-wide strip of red tissue paper into the form of a hat brim and paste on the top of the head; the trimming and crown are made of a very narrow strip of the paper put on in loops. A frill of the tissue paper



No. 3.
forms a collar round the neck, and a tiny bow finishes it in front. The lettering on all the valentines may be done in carmine ink, in water colors or with gold paint.
For No. 2, "a case of spoons," a card 7 inches square is needed. Paint the "old man in the moon" with a thin wash of yellow ochre on a pale, cloudy blue ground; two bright pewter spoons have grotesque faces painted in the bowls, and are tied on the card with bows of bright ribbon. Paste a narrow strip of the same cardboard on the back of the card to support it like an easel.
The heart-shaped cards (Nos. 3 and 4) may be from 5 to 7 inches long, and should have a strip of card pasted on the back to support them. Cut a small heart-shaped piece of red flannel, and the shoe sole from a bit of



No. 4.
kid, and pass on No. 3, doing the lettering with gold paint or carmine ink. No. 4 is decorated entirely with the pen or a brush, though a piece of a paste-board measure could be pasted on instead of drawing it.
No. 5, the clothes pin card, is one of the

PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN AS A RAIL-SPLITTER



The portrait of Abraham Lincoln given herewith has a State reputation in Indiana. It is called the "Justice" picture, from the name of its owner, James M. Justice. Mr. Justice died at his home in Logansport, Ind., in 1888, and the portrait was left by will to his daughters, Mrs. A. C. Patterson and Miss Mabel Justice, who now reside in Chicago. Mr. Justice's death was sudden and he left no written record of the history of the picture. Its present owners say it was painted in 1860 and was carried as a banner through the campaign of that year. It is about 6x10 feet, and the figure of Lincoln is a little larger than life size. It was attached to a pole and not stretched. The name of the artist is supposed to be

most amusing. A face must be painted upon the head of the pin, and a bit of grayish wool is pasted on the top for hair; make a hat of pink crepe paper, and wrap a piece of the paper around the pin for a gown. The arms are cut from a strip of paper or cardboard like the card upon which it is to be mounted. Paste the strip on the back, and cut tiny hearts out of red cloth or flannel and fasten with paste on the ends of the arms. The card should be about 5 inches by 7; and when the lettering is done the clothes pin doll is



No. 5.
fastened on the card, with a bit of white ribbon tied as a sash in front.
No. 6, the card with the inscription, "A token of sentiment," is made of a piece of celluloid 3 1/2 inches long by 2 1/2 wide. A bright, new cent is fastened on near the center with glue, and a wreath of purple violets is painted around it. The lettering is done with gold paint, and the edge of the card is cut in fine saw teeth.
To any ingenious young folk evoking out these suggestions an infinite number of ways for varying, changing and expanding them will occur; and the results



of an evening's work will very probably be quite a pleasant surprise to the workers.—Demorest's Monthly.
A Valentine.
I'll build a house of lollypops
Just suited, Sweetheart, to your taste;
The windows shall be lemon-drops—
The doors shall be of jujube paste—
Heigh-ho, if you'll be mine!
With peppermint I'll pave the walks;
A little garden, too, I'll sow
With seeds that send up sugared stalks
On which the candied violets grow—
Heigh ho, my Valentine!
Some seats of sassafras I'll make
Because I know you think it's nice;
The cushions shall be jelly cake,
Laced all around with lemon ice—
Heigh ho, if you'll be mine!
We'll have a party every day,
And feast on cream and honeydew;
And though you're only six, we'll play
That I am just as young as you—
Heigh ho, my Valentine!
—St. Nicholas.
A Horrible Superstition.
About a month ago, while the natives of Klein-Batanga, in the German possessions in Africa, were assembled at a dance, two negroes sneaked into one of the huts, stole a small child, carried her into the bush and there murdered her that they might prepare from her skin a charm against attack from leopards. The mother did not rest until she had ferreted out the murderers, and they are now very dead men.
Idleness is emptiness; the tree in which sap is stagnant remains fruitless.

Help feelin' father-like, you know, fer them was likely boys.
The' wasn't two another such that went from Illinois.

An' Lincoln, my son Lincoln, he went on by himself
Agrieved for his brother Abe they laid upon the shelf,
An' when he come to Vicksburg he was all thrashed out an' sick,
An' yit when there was fightin', Link fit right in the thick,
One night afore them rebel guns my pore boy went to sleep
On picket dooty, no, sir, 'tain't the shame that makes me weep,
It's how Abe Lincoln, President, at Washington, D. C.,
Had time to rimeoluck the days he used to room 'th me.

Fer don't you know I wrote to him they'd sentenced to be shot
His namesake, Lincoln Pettigrew, in shame to die and rot;
The son of his ole croun, an' the last of the twin boys
He used to plague me so an' about at Springfield, Illinois.

Did he did Abe? well, now, he sent a telegraph so quick
It burnt them bottles on the poles an' made the lightning' sizzle;
'Pardon for Lincoln Pettigrew, A. Lincoln, President';
The boy has got that paper yit, the telegraph Abe sent.

I guess I knowed Abe Lincoln an' now I've come down here,
Firs' time I've been in Springfield for nearly sixty year,
To see his grave an' tombstone, fer beca'—because, you see,
We legislated in embryo, Abe Lincoln did, an' me.
—Robertus D. Love, in New York Sun.

HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN LIVED.

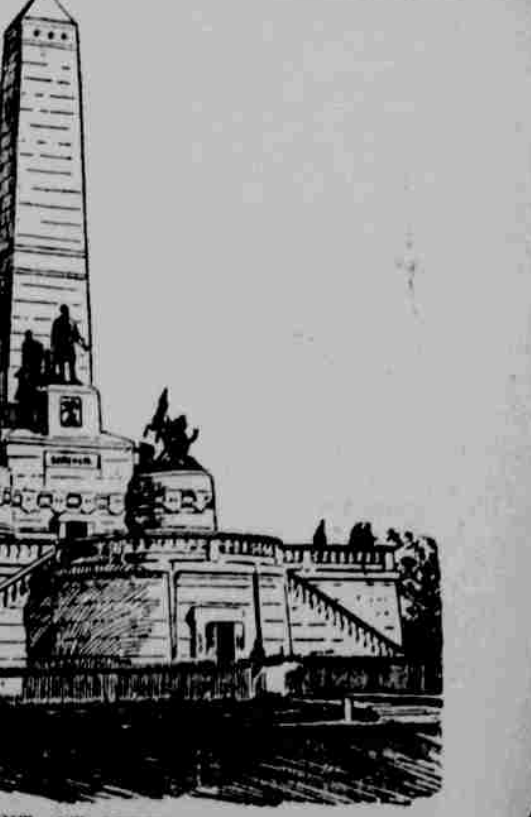
For Many Years a Shrine Visited by Thousands of Patriots.
The Lincoln homestead stands on the northeast corner of Eighth and Jackson streets, Springfield, Ill. Mr. Lincoln bought it in 1846. It was then a story and a half house, but subsequently raised to two stories. It is a plain frame structure and contains twelve rooms. Mr. Lincoln lived there fifteen years; in fact, until he departed for Washington on the 12th of February, 1861, to take the Presidential chair. A family by the name of Elliot occupied the house during the war, and in those four years 65,000 people visited the house. Since then hundreds of thousands have passed in and out of its door. These included men and women representing every civilized nation of the earth, and some of the barbarous ones, too, for that matter. Some years ago John Philip Sousa, then the leader of the Marine Band, gave a matinee in Springfield. At the conclusion of the performance he took his band, sixty-five pieces in all, over to the Lincoln mansion. After appropriate music every member of this famous body of musicians made his signature on the register book. The occasion attracted an immense crowd, and numerous and prominent speeches were made by citizens of note. Sousa held a special train two hours to accomplish this, and his men regarding it a slight testimonial



THE LINCOLN HOME, SPRINGFIELD.

FAREWELL TO HIS FRIENDS.

Lincoln's Last Words to His Neighbors Before Departing.
When Abraham Lincoln left Springfield Feb. 11, 1861, to assume his duties and responsibilities as President of the nation, a great crowd of people assembled at the railway station to bid him good-bye. He was overcome with emotion and he succeeded to say a few words to the people who stood closely packed around. It was his last utterance of this grand man to his neighbors and friends. He said: "My Friends: No one, not in my position, can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except by the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same divine aid which sustained



LINCOLN MONUMENT AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope receive that divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you an affectionate farewell."

the bullets whiz
'F it hadn' been I couldn' walk account o' rheumatism.
Well, Abe, my little Abe, I mean, he started out with Grant;
They buried him at Shiloh. Excuse me, but I mean?