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AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

Poultry and Egg Production Is Profitable—Influence of the European Wheat Crop—Working Horses Should Not Be Fed Grass—Farm Notes.

Profit in Chickens.

But few realize how profitable poultry and egg production can be made, provided as much time and attention is given to it as to many other less important vocations. Some one has decided that a hen can be kept for less than fifty cents a year, says Nellie Hawks in the *Agriculturist*. It is a poor specimen of a hen that will not lay ten dozen eggs a year. At the low price of 10 cents a dozen, this would leave a net profit of 50 cents. At this rate it will pay every farmer to keep a flock of hens and give them proper care. There is no danger of overproduction. As long as the United States annually imports millions of dozen of eggs, the market will not be glutted.

Fowls to be profitable must be given proper attention. Those running at large will almost take care of themselves for a part of the year. They are our gleaners and economizers, for they every day convert into eggs what would otherwise go to waste. However, fowls in confinement need different treatment. Meat food must be supplied. The most satisfactory means of providing this is to secure a green bone mill and give them green-cut bone. This meat food, or at least some sort of a similar food, is almost an absolute necessity for yarded fowls. Tender green stuff is also valuable. Last fall I sowed a patch of rye for early spring "greens." Early this season a patch of oats was put into furnish green food after the rye had become too far advanced. Early each morning and every evening a basket of green stuff was cut with a pair of shears and given to them. The results have been most satisfactory. We have had lots of fertile eggs, and nice, thrifty, healthy fowls. It pays to raise chickens and to attend to their wants and needs.

The Influence of the European Crop.

So far as this country alone is concerned the wheat situation would not justify the extremely low range of values which has been the rule of late. The winter wheat crop is certainly short, and the spring crop is not likely to be a large one on account of the reduced acreage. But in Europe the conditions are quite different, the outlook being very favorable for a good yield. We must remember, too, that in wheat production Europe means a good deal more than it once did. Even France has increased its production of wheat of late years, while Russia is an enormous exporter as compared with five or ten years ago. Evidently the abundance of wheat abroad, as reflected in our light export trade, is the chief influence which is keeping wheat prices in this country close to the low water mark.

No Grass for Working Horses.

It is a great temptation to cut some grass to feed either green or partly dried to the horses that have to work hard every day on the farm. It should be resisted, for grass will surely induce derangement in the digestive organs, which will make the horses too weak to do effective work. After the plowing is finished many farmers think the hardest work is over, but a horse cultivating all day will need good dry hay and grain no less than when plowing. The step is quicker in cultivating than in plowing, and requires quite as much muscular exertion to keep at it all day.

Late Peas for Home Use.

There is not generally a very good market for late peas, because after the first new peas have satisfied the appetites of lovers of this vegetable the price rapidly declines and it will not pay to grow and market it. But a fresh succession of peas until fall is very desirable, and it is easily in the power of every farmer to secure it by later plantings. The farmer ought always to have fresher vegetables and a longer season for them than the average city resident can expect. It is one of the advantages of country life that he should not only not forego but make the most of. It is hard work providing three palatable meals through the summer for men at work on the farm. A plentiful supply of green peas will furnish food that is not only palatable but nutritious.

Storing Apples in Boxes.

Square boxes with open tops and separated by cleats nailed across the corners so as to allow air to circulate over them are better than barrels to store apples in. We saw some recently in the fruit cellar of Dr. Fisher, of Fitchburg. The apples are put in these boxes in the orchard, loaded into wagons, and are then drawn to the cellar, where they are piled one above the other, nearly to the ceiling. The boxes are made to hold a full bushel each, and can be easily handled without disturbing the fruit. There is great injury to fruit even from the most careful handling. When the bloom is off, it can never be exactly what it was before. The square boxes take less

room than the same quantity of apples would in barrels, and are much better than if put in bins, where the natural heating of the apples piled one upon the other induces rot, which once started quickly spreads. The boxes are made of solid boards, and are therefore heavier as well as more costly than the boxes used in harvesting potatoes.—Cultivator.

Horseless Carriages Not Yet Useful.

We once knew a man who worked for many years trying to solve the problem of perpetual motion, and he finally completed a machine that would run down hill. Those who have been working on horseless carriages seem to have met with a little better success, for their machines will run down hill and on the level, but on the up grade they are useless. A recent test in New York showed conclusively that these machines are not yet adapted to road work, as they cannot climb even moderate grades without the assistance of horses. There has been great improvement in them, however, and they may in time be further improved so as to be useful. But it does not seem likely that they will soon be made so good or so cheap as to displace horses, and the horse breeders who now go ahead as if they had never heard of a horseless carriage will probably not regret it.—Exchange.

Pigs, Not Hogs, Wanted.

Almost everybody now agrees with the little girl who said that clean little pigs are nice, but it was such a pity they would go and make hogs of themselves. Nobody nowadays wants the large hogs even for pork. As the hog is fattened largely on corn his digestion is injured, and the body becomes feverish and unhealthful. This, of course, affects not only the palatableness, but the healthfulness of the pork that the animal makes. Pig pork is more generally fattened in a reasonable way, feeding so as to keep the pig growing and its digestion good. For this reason pig pork is generally sweeter and more tender than pork from older hogs. But let a pig be stunted on corn feed, so that it fattens without growing, and its flesh though fat will lack the fine flavor that the flesh of a thrifty growing pig ought to have.

Poultry Remedies.

A farmer's wife gives the following remedies for the worst troubles—the poultry has to contend with—cholera, roup, lice and diarrhoea: Plenty of room, healthy food, and at first sight of disease, for cholera, give one teaspoonful of carbolic acid in a gallon of water; diarrhoea, one teaspoonful of tincture of Jamaica ginger in a gallon of water; for lice, one teaspoonful of sulphur in four quarts feed or mash; for roup, mix boracic acid with water so that it can be poured down the throat, give teaspoonful, and they will be cured.

The Best Soil for Rhubarb.

It requires high manuring to make rhubarb growing profitable, especially as most of the money to be made is from the very early cutting, and these must be grown on warm, sandy land, which is not generally very rich. The plant is a great consumer of nitrogen, and this is not supplied early in the season by coarse manure. Either the manure applied must be well rotted, so that it will have available nitrates, or these must be applied in the form of commercial fertilizers. The rhubarb is easily grown with coarse stable manure, but its price is always very low.

Odds and Ends.

White spots upon tarnished furniture will disappear if a hot plate be held over them.

Half a pound of broiled beefsteak twice a day is the best tonic for nervous or rundown women.

A hot bath taken on going to bed, even on a hot night of summer, is a better cure for insomnia than many drugs.

A little powdered borax added to cold starch tends to give the linen extra stiffness, and a little turpentine put into the boiled starch adds luster.

If an upper pie-crust is brushed over with a little milk or egg before placing in the oven it will brown quickly and have a better color.

A handful of carpet tacks will clean fruit jars or bottles readily. Half fill the jars with hot soap suds, put in the tacks, cover, give vigorous shaking and rinse well.

The correct way to drain a wet umbrella is to stand it handle down. If put the other way the dampness remains in the center, where all the water collects and very soon rots the covering.

A raw egg swallowed immediately will generally carry a fish bone down which cannot be removed from the throat by the utmost exertion and has gotten out of reach of the saving finger.

Some people suffer very much from their eyes when peeling onions. It is said that if a steel knitting-needle is held between the teeth during the operation this discomfort will cease or be very much reduced.

A heavy flatiron, weighing seven or eight pounds, will do better work if it is passed over the clothes once with a firm, steady pressure than a lighter iron hurriedly passed over the clothes two or three times.

THE HURRICANE.

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh;
I know thy breath in the burning sky;
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane.

And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails.

Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along;
Like the dark eternity to come;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,

Through the calm of the thick, hot atmosphere
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast, and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray—

A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches with hues of death
The clouds above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird,
While the hurricane's voice is heard
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.

He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale!

How his huge and writhing arms are bent
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible space.

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air;
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!

You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels wher'er they dart.
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

What roar is that?—'tis the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.

Ah! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies,
With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my eyes.

I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space,
A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heaven and buries all.

And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.
—William Collier Bryant.

SIX CENTS A DOZEN.

She lives on Forquer street—a bright faced, smiling little Italian woman. Her husband is out of work, and she is fighting the wolf from the door, partly by being foster-mother for a baby of six months, and partly by finishing boys' pants for 6 cents a dozen pair.

I could not believe it at first—it seemed impossible that anyone could ask human fingers to toil for so little, but then, flesh and blood is cheap, and we must have bargains!

There is a small cottage—a miserable but it seems to an American eye, in one of the sunniest valleys of Southern Italy. The humble roof shelters five people—the father, a dark-browed, but kindly man of steady habits; his wife, not very neat nor very enlightened, but eminently pious; a daughter, 14 years of age; a son, of 12, and a diminutive old woman—called by courtesy, a child—of 5. To-day there is a commotion within, for to-morrow the priest will pass on his regular round of visitation, and the house must be set in order. And, indeed, it is fairly clean; for despite not very cleanly instincts, things can scarcely get so bad in Italy as with us. To begin with, the cottage stands by itself, and tumble-down as it is, the fresh breezes and the soft perfumes of the little garden, and, above all, the genial Italian sunshine, keep it free from the dreadful conditions one day's carelessness breeds in Forquer street.

And now the house is tidied. The little basket of fresh eggs is ready. Flowers deck the tiny place, the best holiday attire is put on, and at last in the distance the reverend man of God appears. He enters the humble door, pausing on the threshold to bestow his blessing, and in his new coat of whiteness, the little hut seems worthy to receive it. The due rites are performed, the eggs laid in the attendant's basket, and with words of peace the priest rises to depart. But no, there is another matter. Will the father bear it? And then the husband tells that they are going to America. He has heard wonderful tales of that far-away country—and it is never hard to get bread there. They have longed to go for many months, and now a cousin has offered them a loan for their passage-money—it will be easy to repay it, once there—and before the father comes again they will be gone. Will he not give them a special blessing this time? Oh, it would not be for always. When they had grown rich, they would come back and live out their old age in dear Italy. Nevertheless the aged man, who loves them, lets fall a tear, and his voice trembles when, with uplifted hands, he invokes the divine sanction and blessing upon their long journey.

Castle Garden! What dreadful noise! And still they can feel the throb

of the great ocean steamer's heart, and they sway on the stable land as if still on deck, but no time must be lost. Chicago, the great hearted city of the West, is to be their home, and again their journeying is resumed. But at last they are here. And what a greeting! The rain is drizzling down into the dirty gutters, already full to overflowing, the streets reek with foul odors, and the room they are to call home is not by itself, and there is no place for a garden. They are the twelfth family under the single roof—families that have only one, two, or at the most, three rooms to call their own—as long as they can pay the rent. Their own single room tenement is the front one in the basement, and is eighteen feet long, eleven and one-half feet wide, and seven and one-half feet high. And yet some people are so extravagant that they really believe it is necessary to the health, for each individual in a room to have 500 cubic feet of air space for his own particular use! For this one room our friends are to pay \$3.50 per month. Here the five must live, eat and sleep, with the smell attending washing and cooking omnipresent. Is it any wonder the good wife hopes their fortune will soon be made, so that she may feel the soft air of Italy again?

But some way, the fortune comes slowly. In the summer time, indeed, the father is so fortunate as to secure work on the streets, and his wages of \$1.25 per day seems princely, until he finds with what ready facility money slips away even from an Italian in Chicago. The boy is soon initiated by his comrades into boot blacking and paper selling, and in the early fall the elder daughter goes into a tailor shop where she sits all day over work that is taking all the youthful vigor and beauty out of her, and worst of all, the poor mother moans, she scoffs and jeers now at the old, simple life in Italy, and manages to pass half the night—she doesn't know where, or with whom. Her wages are not making them rich, either—who said money was easy to get in Chicago—her wages are only \$1.50 a week.

And her son—he curses and drinks and refuses to go to confession. Even her husband, so good and pious in Italy, doesn't seem to care any more for what the priest says, and often comes home drunk. Oh, why did they come to America? And the one room gets dirtier and dirtier, while they become poorer and poorer. Winter comes, and the father is out of work. Then the mother visits the tailor shop and comes home with an armful of boy's pants to finish—for which she gets 6 cents per dozen pair. If she works hard she can make eighteen, possibly twenty-four cents a day. Truly, a fortune is easily made in Chicago!

But the depths are not yet. The husband, taking pattern after his neighbors, thinks they might take a lodger or two; and they make their appearance the next night—two low-browed, vicious-looking countrymen, whom five years in Chicago have brutalized, and the desperate mother shudders when she sees the glances they bestow upon her daughter—now 15, and all innocence well nigh stamped out of her.

Then, by and by, she gives up hope, and sits and broods day after day with an ominous look in her eyes, when by chance they rest upon her little 6-year old daughter. What chance is there for her?

Morning papers! Times-Herald, Tribune, News! All about the murder and suicide! Paper, sir? And Christians and philanthropists read and shudder—and then dismiss the matter as an every-day occurrence. A poor Italian woman, "in a temporary fit of insanity," has killed her little 6-year old daughter, stabbing her to the heart with a knife, and then, with the same weapon, she cut her own throat. The reporter says there seemed to be "no special reason for her madness." And mothers exclaimed over the lack of maternal instinct among the poor—and then went shopping, and were so blind they could not see the blood that everywhere stained the ready-made garments exposed for sale!

And the Recording Angel wrote down the word Murder!—but not after an Italian name; and opposite many thousands of names, respectable and revered on earth, he wrote: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Then a great city was called to judgment, and the verdict upon her was this: "She maketh her poor a reproach and a shame, compelling them to live in conditions under which it is impossible to be pure. Because of her worship of money, and because of men's blood and for the violence of the land, of the city, and of all that dwell therein, the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."—Itam's Horn.

To Stop a Runaway. A device for freeing a runaway horse from the vehicle has been invented by a New England man. By moving a lever the shafts are released from the vehicle and the vehicle can be guided by the same lever until it stops.

If ten people go to a picnic, seven are managers, and only the driver of the wagon.



A GREAT MATCHMAKER.

THE house of Wilson, the social head of which is Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, has, like the house of Hapsburg, achieved greatness by marriage. The sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson have allied themselves with the richest families in the world. Miss May Wilson, their eldest daughter, gained the first great victory in the social career of her family. She married Ogden Goebel, whose wealth is estimated at \$45,000,000. He and his brother Robert have nearly equal fortunes. The Goebels are, next to the Astors, the greatest owners of real property in New York. Marshall Orme Wilson, eldest son of the family, married Miss Caroline Astor, youngest daughter of the late William Astor, and sister of John Jacob Astor. Her fortune amounts to \$15,000,000. Miss Belle Wilson, the second daughter, married the Hon. Michael Henry Herbert, son of Lord Herbert of Lea, and brother of the Earl of Pembroke. He was at one time First Secretary of the British Legation at Washington. Mr. Herbert's contribution to the Wilson family greatness cannot be reckoned in dollars, although his wife has a sufficiency.

The greatest of all the Wilson alliances is only an engagement at present. It is that of Miss Grace Wilson, the youngest daughter, and Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. His father, Cornelius Vanderbilt, is now worth over \$120,000,000. Therefore, to say that the engagement was about to be announced of Richard T. Wilson, youngest son of the house, to Miss Gerry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry. She will inherit at least \$5,000,000.

These marriages and engagements represent the bringing of \$175,000,000 into the Wilson family. This total does not include the fortune of Richard T. Wilson himself, which is large. He is estimated to be worth \$10,000,000. It also takes no account of the wealth of the brothers, sisters and other immediate relatives of many of those who have entered the Wilson family. To Mrs. Richard T. Wilson is chiefly due the remarkable series of social triumphs described. She is a consummate strategist and is undoubtedly the most influential person in New York society to-day. This fact has not been generally recognized. The late Mrs. Paron Stevens was once regarded as the most powerful woman in society, but anybody can see now that Mrs. Wilson was always a greater power. Her work can be judged by its results. By her matchmaking skill Mrs. Wilson has brought into the family more money than the original John Jacob Astor or Commodore Vanderbilt gained. That shows what may be accomplished by a woman without resorting to the business occupations of men. No financier in the world controls as much money as Mrs. Wilson and her sons and daughters. No American matron has ever approached her record as a matchmaker. Only Queen Victoria and the Queen of Denmark can be compared to her.—New York Journal.



MRS. RICHARD T. WILSON.

Saleswomen Have a Hard Life. The average age of our saleswomen is but 22 years, and it is rarely the case that a woman finds employment in any establishment for many years. In one New York store it was rumored that a recently retired partner was to give \$50 to all employees who had served him for ten years, and by actual count it was found that out of 2,000 employees but forty-seven had served that length of time. As a rule employees are seldom retained for more than five years, and length of service is often made a reason for dismissal, it being feared that they may acquire the idea that they have a claim upon the firm. Those, then, who enter mercantile establish-

ments with the idea that they may rise to superior positions usually meet with disappointment. Under the severe discipline enforced only the strongest can endure this life for any length of time. Altogether, the position of the saleswoman is not an enviable one, and the wise young woman will give time to learn a trade.

Did Not Kill It Enough.

An amusing incident happened yesterday morning on the Indiana avenue car. At 22d street a well-known young bride of a few months boarded the car and walked demurely down to the center and took the only vacant seat. She carried a neatly wrapped package and after bowing and smiling to several acquaintances she leaned back in her seat and was apparently quite comfortable until the car reached 20th street. Here she suddenly thrust the package from her lap to the floor and started at running speed toward the back door,



"IT'S ALIVE! IT'S ALIVE!"

out to the conductor and grasping him by the arm, said: "It's alive! It's alive! catch it quick!" The conductor, a green-looking young man, rushed in, caught the package and placed it upon the seat the woman had vacated. The passengers in the meantime began to edge closer and closer to the doors, fearing it might be an infernal machine of some kind. The young matron finally summoned up enough courage to return to her seat, but she gave the package a wide berth. After a few moments of awkward silence she said in a most innocent manner: "I bought a chicken—"

Everybody smiled and in the same breath she continued: "And the butcher didn't kill it enough," at which every man and woman on the car screamed with laughter.—Chicago Chronicle.

Defy the Ravages of Time.

The English woman is greatly to be admired for her utter refusal to worry or to be worried, and the consequence is that she looks young at 50, says a medical authority. She undertakes no more than she can comfortably carry out, and thoroughly believes in the coming of another day, not that she procrastinates, but she simply will not let the domestic machinery grind her down to ill health and early old age. She is a frequent bather, and regards health as the prime factor of life, to be looked after before anything else. She sleeps nine hours and takes naps during the day at that. She arranges her day's work in the most systematic manner and her little memorandum slip always shows two vacant hours; they are for rest. She eats heartily, but of the most digestible food. There are some things about the Englishwoman which would make our American women happier and healthier if they imitated.

Women Try Too Much.

Many women seem to have gone daft over wheeling. They go into all sorts of excesses, scorning the advice of the experienced. They seem to think the day of reckoning, which is inevitable, will never come to them. Many women seem to think they have as much strength and endurance as their husbands and brothers and can withstand the same physical strains. They participate in club runs, for which they are in nowise fitted. Every woman who rides a wheel should understand that she can do so in moderation only, and that if she attempts more she will pay for it dearly. The penalties may not be inflicted this year or next, but they are bound to come. Then, not only her desire for bicycle riding will be gone, but her health as well.