

FARM FACTS.

FRUIT AND POULTRY.

From the Household: Poultry may be either an advantage to the fruit grower or an intolerable nuisance, depending on the management. There should be a reasonable relation or proportion between the flock and the capacity of the fruit plants in a range. Ready control of the flocks should be maintained, and then if they are used as rangers they can gather a vast amount of insects and vermin from the vines and bushes. The fruit plant should be large in proportion to the number of the flock permitted to range in it. We have always had all manner of trouble with breeding eggs when the flock had only a limited range. They disappointed us with reference to high scoring points, well-feathered toes, and the like, and the loss of eggs was heavy in hatching and the chicks weak when hatched, as might be expected where the start in life has been disadvantageous. Liberty, the development of the rustling quality and the variety of food found on a good range count for much in the vigor and vitality of the breeding stock, and yet feeding for rapid growth is much less detrimental when the fowls have large range than even the most skillful feeding in contracted quarters. If fruit plants and vegetable gardens are used as range they should be so used that the fruits or vegetables are not injured to any great extent; with care the damage the birds do need be but slight. There is no better insect destroyer than a flock of fowls and no better food for them than the insects which would otherwise be injurious in the orchard. Every fruit grower, who is also a producer of poultry, should study to make one industry help the other, and take such pains as will prevent them from mutually injuring each other.

THE TIME TO SELL.

From the Farmers' Voice: In determining when is the best time to sell, the different conditions under which the farmer is placed must be carefully considered. Generally, under what may be termed average conditions, the best time to sell is when a product or animal is fully ready.

But many farmers are not in a condition to feed an animal to full maturity and must sell at least a part of their pigs and calves while the are still growing. With pigs especially the farmer who cannot grow a large amount of grain will find it to his advantage to sell his pigs before they are sufficiently matured to fatten. Of course they must be in a vigorous thrifty condition in order to sell at good prices. But with good pasture and a very little grain, pigs may be brought to average of 125 or 150 pounds at a low cost, and if thrifty the farmer who can grow good crops of corn will be willing to pay good prices for them. The breeder and feeder makes in this way a good profit and the farmer that buys and fattens for market secures a good return.

But when a hog or steer is fully ready to market there is no profit in holding for a rise in the market. After a certain stage of fatness is secured, any gain beyond that is secured at a gradually increased cost, so that in a majority of cases the rise in the market is not sufficient to cover this, while there is always an increased risk of loss.

With products, in storing for better prices there is the risk of loss, the interest on the money, the shrinkage by waste and drying out that must be considered. In a majority of cases it will require a considerable rise to leave any profit. It is not always the animal or product that sells for the largest amount of money that pays the best profit, as the cost must always be from what is received to get the profit, so that holding and selling at higher prices is not always as profitable as it seems.

HOW TO SAVE TIME.

National Stockman: If proper care is not exercised in keeping all milk utensils perfectly sweet and clean much milk will be lost by souring and much time wasted in washing cans, pails, etc., in which the milk has soured or dried on the sides. It is frequently the practice at creameries to leave the weighing cans, milk and cream vats, and tanks unwashed for several hours after using, not realizing that the delay causes extra labor.

At the Kansas Agricultural College daily a few days ago a number of sample bottles were necessarily left unwashed until the next day. It took just three times as long to wash them as it did on other days when they were washed as soon as the milk was thrown out.

In washing milk utensils they should first be rinsed out with cold or tepid water, then washed in water as hot as the hand can stand and finally scalded thoroughly, and then if possible set out in the sun. If more care is used in cleaning the pails, cans, etc., there will not be so much sour milk sent back from the creamery; the patron will feel happier and so will the creameryman.

WEEDS GOOD TO EAT.

New York World: Go out on any farm and see the farmer hoeing away at the weeds that threaten to choke his crop. You may hear him say things that wouldn't sound well about the weeds.

The dandelion isn't the only weed eaten by people who know what's good to eat. Take wild chicory, the plague of the farmer. It makes one of the finest salads served, piquant, tender and wholesome. Charlock or wild mustard, is another bane of the farmer. He doesn't know that as a pot herb it can give a soup a delightful flavor. The dockweeds—how annoying the whole family are! Yet the broad leaf variety and the curly leaf are used all over Europe as table vegetables.

There's pokeweed, commonest of them all. In France it is cultivated. It takes its place with sage, thyme, parsley and bay leaves as a flavoring for soup.

Everybody in America hates a nettle and can't see what use it is. In Scotland, Poland and Germany tender young nettles are boiled as greens. The Germans boil them with other vegetables to give them a piquant flavor. Purslane is another weed that can be treated the same way.

Most people think milkweed poisonous. It is a medicinal vegetable, with a delightful flavor all of its own. The young leaves, when they are just in the right condition, are a cross between spinach and asparagus, and in a salad are delicious.

Sorrel fetidus and chevrl are looked on as field pests by ninety-nine out of every hundred farmers. The hundredth one picks the choicest leaves from these weeds and sends them to market, where they find a ready sale for salads to be eaten with game and for flavoring herbs—for herbs they are and not weeds.

THE FEED AND THE COW.

Dairy World: There is considerable in a cow's possibility to give a good quantity of rich milk, but it is easy to have that possibility ruined by poor feed and care in bringing up and developing. On the other hand, no amount of food and care will induce a cow that gives thin, poor milk to turn about and give milk which is rich in solids. Good feed and good care will help develop many cows that have been neglected, but if there is any decided improvement it will be made with cows that are born to be good, but have not lost the opportunity. To get the most out of any cow, good or bad, good feed and care are necessary, but it is the good cow that gives the best returns when well fed and cared for.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Onions should always be boiled in hard water salted, because the loss much of their flavor and aroma if boiled in pure soft water.

Hard Sauce for Pudding—Beat together one-half cup butter and one cup powdered sugar until creamy. Heap on a plate and grate nutmeg over it. When applied to a hot pudding this melts and becomes liquid.

No better covering can be found for the milk or the cream jug, the opened can or the gravy boat, when set away with their contents, than a paper pulled over their mouths.

Scalloped potato and shirred eggs are food for either supper or breakfast. Scalloped potatoes in a dish that can be put on the table; when done, spread a few bits of butter over the top, cover with eggs, and return to the oven six or eight minutes. Remove, season with salt and pepper and one-half teaspoonful of melted butter to each egg, and serve at once.

Systematic physical exercise and education should be conducted in summer in the open air. The plea that it is too hot to work or play games is a poor one. Brisk, vigorous exercise on a hot day will sometimes make us better able to stand the heat. Our blood needs stirring up to make our system work better. It opens the pores of the skin, and the blood throws off the waste material better. The result is we are less affected by the heat that if we rested all of the time and did nothing.

CAUSE OF SOFT BUTTER.

New York Witness: Some butter that is made in summer, is often soft or mushy, though, of course, most of it is solid and of good grain. The reason why the soft butter is not of the same quality as the hard is that it is not made in the same manner—which, of course, includes the handling of both the milk and cream. The softness of the butter is generally due to the temperature being too high, and this is why soft butter is the rule in most dairies during the hot months of July and August. Perhaps the reasons why the difficulty is not overcome is lack of conveniences, pressure of other duties, and in some cases ignorance. To overcome all this keep things cool. Have the cream at the proper temperature and if you cannot secure the means of making it so, it would be better to give up the idea of making butter during the summer, for it would be a great deal better not to make poor butter, even if you are interested in the smallest kind of a way, for it will ruin your reputation, and this once done it will be next to impossible to build up any kind of a business in either butter or cheese.

Churn the cream—during the morning would no doubt be the best—at a temperature of about 55 or 58 degrees, for this will prevent its becoming mushy. As soon as the butter comes in little granules about the size of grains of wheat it is time to stop the churn. Should it look milky and not float well, pour in sufficient cold water to make it float. Having done this, draw off the combined water and buttermilk and pour in more cold water, almost filling the churn, and then revolve the churn rapidly about fifty times. I had this illustrated to me a few weeks ago at an institute, and the result was a lot of butter with each little grain standing out separately, extremely firm in texture and ready for salting.

The employers' association, representing from \$7,000,000 to \$9,000,000 of local capital, has been organized in Spokane, Wash., to resist any demand of organized labor in the city which its members may regard as unjust. The lumber mills, breweries, flour mills, street car companies, electric light company, gas company, water power company, factories, merchants and moneyed interests are all represented in the association.

THE POWER OF MOTHER'S VOICE

A mother sang to her child one day
A song of the beautiful home above;
Sang it as only a woman sings,
Whose heart is full of a mother's love.

And many a time in the years that came
He heard the sound of that low, sweet
song;
It took him back to his childhood days;
It kept his feet from the paths of
wrong.

A mother spoke to her child one day
In an angry voice that made him
start
As if an arrow had sped that way
And pierced his loving and tender
heart.

And when he had grown to man's estate,
And was tempted and tried, as all
men are,
He fell; for that mother's angry words
Had left on his heart a lasting scar.
—By Charles S. Carter.

HOW TOMMY WENT TO A CIRCUS

Prudy, in the Little Corporal Magazine: Billy had a wonderful stock of patience. To be sure, he had very little to try it, for, as he never had to go through with any washing or any brushing or curling to speak of, he saved up all his stock to spend on more important matters. This special morning, he had waited at the alley gate, with his sticky face pressed against the bars, waiting and watching for nearly an hour in the vain hope that Tommy would make his appearance.

As for Tommy, he was in the house, trying to harness his kitten to baby's little tin express wagon. The trouble was that whenever kitty heard the wagon rattling behind her, she turned around, quick as a flash, to see what was coming, and so Tommy had to begin all over again. He gave it up at last and kitty crept away under the lounge to lick her fur into respectable condition, and Tommy sauntered out the door, quite undecided what to do next.

Then Billy's patience had its reward. "C'mover here, Tommy," he called; "want 't' show you something."

Tommy came down to the gate; like Farley, the porter, he only meant to look through, but when he saw the doors of the livery stable all splended with red and yellow posters he marched straight across the alley before he stopped to think.

"It's the cirks," said Billy. "It's over by the soap factory in a ten more or a mile big; an' there's elfunts, and ranga-tangs, an' camels higher'n a house, an' monkeys, an' everything."

"I saw monkeys to the musement," said Tommy, twisting his short neck to get a good view of a picture that was pasted on sideways.

"Ho, 'tain't like them things," said Billy, scornfully. "The elfunts dance on one leg, and they have a horse that can read the paper and fly in the air with a man standin' on his pack. My brother Sam seen 'em."

"I'll ask my uncle Jim to take me," said Tommy, "or nelse papa."

And so he did; but he found, to his great disappointment, that neither of them approved of the circus at all, so he was forced to console himself by admiring the pictures.

"I know the way," suggested Billy, temptingly; "you jest come down to the corner, an' I'll show ye."

Tommy did not mean to go any farther, but when they reached the corner there was a big store in the way and they had to cross the street to see plainer. Then they walked along a little farther to see some gold fish in a window, and then to see what a wooden Indian was holding out in his hand, and then to examine some red velocipedes, until at last they came to the street cars.

Right at the corner there was a sign with a little flag on top, that said, in big letters, "TO THE HIPPODROME." Neither of the boys could read it, and if they could have done so, they never would have guessed what it meant. But Billy knew that the car with the flag went to the circus, so he said:

"Let's get in." And foolish little Tommy got right in.

There was nobody inside, but pretty soon the car began to fill up, and soon after they started, the conductor came through for tickets.

"Who pays for you, bub?" he said to Tommy.

"Papa, nelse Uncle Jim," said Tommy, promptly.

The conductor looked around inquiringly, and Tommy explained.

"They didn't come, too; we're goin' to see the cirks, me'n Billy."

"Haven't you got any money?" asked the conductor, smiling a little.

"Course, I 'sh knk so," said Tommy, "in my tin savings bank; and a dollar besides of it, only it's lost down the 'frigerator hole to the parlor, where the warm comes up."

"I've got more'n that," said Billy, "only I borrowed it to sam, and he don't never pay me."

"They're running away, the little rascals," said a good-natured-looking man to the conductor. "The best thing you can do is to put them off at the next corner, and tell them to go home."

So the conductor put them off presently and told them to run straight home or the policeman would lock them up, at which Tommy began to cry, but Billy was not in the least troubled.

"Come on, Tommy," said he, boldly, "we're 'most there now."

"I want to go home," whined Tommy. "My mamma says you're a bad boy, and I mustn't 'sociate wid you."

"You've got to come," said Billy, triumphantly, "'cause you don't know the way home. My mother says you ain't nothin' but a big baby, with yer curls and yer white stockins'."

Tommy yelled at once before this awful sarcasm and walked meekly along by Billy until they actually reached the ground and found, to their dismay, that people were expected to pay

for going to a circus. Half suffocated by the dust, trampled and jostled by the crowd and frightened out of their wits they finally made their way to a vacant lot behind the tent, and sat down to rest and think what to do next. The fence was covered with an awful picture of a man in a cage of wild beasts, and Billy's courage revived as he looked at it.

"Tell ye what," said Billy, "if I was a top o' that fence I could peek in."

Tommy looked up hopefully at the high fence, and made no remarks, but Billy began at once to make search for a board, and finally secured a short one which he managed to drag under a pile of rubbish, and leaned it against the fence. The first attempt at mounting brought him down with a sprawl to the ground.

"Jiggles too much," he explained, wiping his mouth on his jacket sleeve. "You'll have to sit down and hold it steady."

"I don't want to," said Tommy; "I want to go home. My mamma wants me."

"You hold it," said Billy, "and I'll tell ye what I see, and then we'll go straight home."

So Tommy sat down and braced his back against the board, and Billy managed after a good deal of jumping and squirming to reach the top of the fence, where he hung suspended by his knees and elbows. He could see a good deal, much more than he expected; but, unfortunately, a tall man on the inside of the fence saw him, also.

"Here, you little rascal," he called, "get down from there," and he reached up and rapped Billy's fingers with the end of his cane.

Billy would have been very glad to get down, but his legs were too short to reach the board by which he had mounted, and so he dangled about for a while, until another rap on his fingers forced him to let go and drop to the ground, where he lay crying with pain and anger. Tommy tried, too, for company, and the noise soon brought a crowd about them. First, some idle boys, who began to tease and torment them, from the same spirit in which they would have tied a tin pall to the tail of an unfortunate dog. Then a man who advised them to go home; and then a fat old peanut woman, who had sold out her stock, and who scattered the rabble of boys with a few hearty cuffs, and pouncing upon the two children, dragged them out to the sidewalk.

"Now," said she to Tommy, "tell me where you live, my little man."

"I live at papa's house," sobbed Tommy, "wid mamma and Uncle Jim."

"He lives on Oak street," said Billy, beginning to recover his spirits. "I'm taking care of him, and I know the way home—I guess I do," he added, looking around a little dubiously.

"You come along with me," said the woman; "I'm just going that way myself."

And she kept hold of Tommy's hand, as she waddled along very much in the style of a rocking chair out for a promenade.

When she reached the corner of the alley, she released Tommy, and the young gentleman went home without a word to Billy, who crept into the livery stable, feeling decidedly crestfallen.

"O, here he comes, ma'am," said Ellen, rushing down the yard, and seizing Tommy by the hand. "Yer a nice 'y, now, to be scarin' yer ma into fits with yer vagabone ways!" And as she talked, she dragged Tommy along and presented him to his mother, saying: "Here he is, ma'am, all safe and sound. I know he was bound to turn up."

Tommy's heart smote him, when he saw how pale his mother looked, and he laid his head in her lap and began to cry, penitently.

"Where have you been, Tommy?" asked his mamma, laying her hand gently on his head.

"To the cirks, wid Billy," sobbed Tommy.

"And you ran away! O, Tommy, mamma thought she could trust her little boy," said his mamma, sadly; and at that Tommy cried harder than ever.

They had a long talk about it, and Tommy was very much disposed to lay all the blame on Billy; but his mamma preached him quite a little sermon from the text, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not," and after awhile he began to see that his part of the wrong lay in the consenting.

"But Billy's a real naughty boy, mamma," he added, "and I fink I'd better not play wid him, cause he's always 'ticing me, and I might consent."

Mis mamma thought so, too.

QUAINT FEATURES OF LIFE.

An old soldier in a Michigan town, who had a leg amputated ten years ago, had it buried in a coffin in the cemetery and funeral services held over it, at which he wept profusely. Ever since then, all through the summer months he has placed flowers each week upon the grave.

A new idea for the bill collector comes from Louisville, where Manuel Corsico, a retired organ grinder, being unable to collect three months' rent due on a house he owned and had leased, took his instrument to the house and played it steadily until the tenant, assisted by suffering neighbors, raised the money owed and paid it. This new method in the case in point required only three hours.

A young man in Buffalo, from some impulsive freak, took it into his head to save all his cents. He worked after two years, when he got 1,200 of them, and tried to sell them, but nobody would buy even at 80 cents on the dollar. Some shopkeepers intimated that he might have been robbing poor boxes, and the agony of the young man is not to be measured by a cigar boxful of cents.

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OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Paris has 2,000 fortune tellers. Russia's railroads cover 29,000 miles. Australia boasts cowhide horseshoes. London is importing ice from Norway.

Emperor William's stable cost \$2,000,000. Five million roses are required to produce one kilogram of attar of roses.

The Emperor William is said to be the only living sovereign of Europe upon whose life no attempt has yet been made.

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves during a storm.

The largest mass of pure rock salt in the world lies under the province of Galicia, Hungary. It is known to be 550 miles long, 20 broad and 250 feet in thickness.

Every alderman in Grand Rapids who voted from the street railroad franchise and stood for re-election in the recent municipal contest was defeated by the labor vote.

One railroad in Massachusetts claims to have six locomotives capable of running ninety miles an hour. The American locomotive is at the top in a class of its own.

The municipality of Birmingham, in England, erected 4,000 dwellings for artisans. Occupants and the city are satisfied with the new scheme, rents being cheaper, houses better and the town's treasury has been fattened.

There are 1,200,000 acres of forfeited railroad land grants in Texas, chiefly in the two counties of Brewster and Presidio in the western part of the state on the Rio Grande border. These two counties, having a joint area of 8,000 square miles, have fewer than 3,000 inhabitants.

James J. Dalley, foreman of the Philadelphia Ledger and treasurer of the Printers' Home, died last week. It was mainly through Mr. Dalley's efforts that the original donation was made by Messrs. Childs and Drexel of \$10,000, which was the nucleus for the foundation of the magnificent Printers' Home at Colorado Springs, Colo.

Time probably never tells more perceptibly on a man than when he tries to steal upstairs at 4 a. m. and the alarm clock goes off and awakens his better half.—Chicago News.

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