

NEBRASKA NEWS NOTES

The March term of court at York is swamped with business.

Lincoln has a prospect of another gas company.

There is only one jury case to be tried at the present term of court at Fullerton.

William P. Miles, an attorney of Sidney, is under charges of unprofessional conduct.

A young man named Kurtz was knocked down and robbed by a tramp at Plattsmouth.

Thomas Cunnahan, B. & M. section foreman at Ravenna, was run over and killed by a train.

The citizens of Falls City have petitioned the Missouri Pacific for better passenger connections.

Carrie Nation delivered one of her usual lectures at Love's opera house at Fremont last week.

The two-year-old child of G. C. Budgett at McCook swallowed a large screw and was choked to death.

Atkinson people are skeptical concerning the completion of the Atkinson & Niobrara River railway.

Beatrice has refunded \$49,288 of 6 per cent bonds by issuing \$9,288 of 5 per cent ten-year bonds.

Farmers of Dodge county are much elated over the find of coal on E. Remel's farm near Fremont.

A special meeting of citizens of Valley was held last week and a telephone company organized.

Emmette Roberts of Wahoo has been sentenced to eighteen months in the penitentiary for forgery.

Neal King, 12 years old, stole a horse and saddle from Joe Franz at Union, but landed in jail in his attempt.

The South Omaha troop of cavalry was mustered into the state service on Friday evening of last week.

John Wedgewood shot and seriously injured J. A. Marsh near Lake Quimburg and is now in jail at Tekamah.

The American Beet Sugar company at Grand Island hopes to secure contracts for 5,000 acres of beets this season.

Ira J. Lunday of Taylor attempted to kill his wife, but failed; he was more successful in his own case, however.

Jacob D. Storer, who defrauded the Bank of North Bend of \$300 last June, has been arrested at Baltimore, Md.

Dr. Yorlets was convicted at Sidney on five counts for selling liquor illegally at Lodge Pole. He was fined \$100 on each count.

J. Wesley Dentler of Eagle, who was scattering his money promiscuously in Lincoln for several days, has been adjudged insane.

Willis Wright, a small boy of Kearney, attempted to catch a ride on a freight train and fell under the wheels, being killed instantly.

George Gould was held to the district court at David City under \$20,000 bonds for complicity in the Bellwood bank wrecking.

R. D. Stover, who embezzled \$298 from the Western Union Telegraph Co. at Beatrice, has been released, his friends making good the amount.

County Judge J. W. Dupin of Seward has suffered another stroke of apoplexy, which leaves him in a very feeble condition.

Oliver Linder of Hastings started on a trip over the great divide by the laudanum route, but was jerked back by the prompt work of a doctor.

The Lee Broom and Duster Company has closed a contract with the state to use the labor of 125 to 250 convicts daily at the rate of 45 cents a day for each man.

Will Clark, an employe on McKays ranch near Mansfield, attempted to draw a revolver from his overcoat pocket, when the weapon was discharged, the bullet passing through his body and resulting fatally.

Mrs. Lena Bloom of Banner county died under mysterious circumstances and it is suspected that she was murdered to compel her to reveal the secret hiding place of the family pocket-book, which contained \$500.

J. E. Bartholme, while moving his household goods from Bellwood to Lincoln, was thrown from the wagon, a wheel passing over him and breaking his ribs.

Arthur G. Kavanagh of Thompash, a Junior Lieutenant in the navy, has been promoted to senior Lieutenant. At present he is with the cruiser Philadelphia, lying off the Isthmus of Panama on the Pacific side.

The city council of Nebraska City has reduced the salaries of all city officials, effecting a saving of \$1,300 annually.

The owner of the O'Neil cemetery found the body of an infant, in a rude wooden box, partially buried on the top of a grave.

James C. Harrison, who had been indicted by the grand jury for the murder of a woman, was acquitted by the jury.

Farm Facts and Notes

Potato Growing.

From twenty-three trial plots the Cornell Experiment Station (New York) got, last summer, an average of 250 bushels to the acre, the maximum yield being 389 bushels. The potatoes were all planted May 14, except one plot planted June 12, and another June 17. The first yielded 163 bushels, and the last 197 bushels to the acre. None of the plots were sprayed more than twice. Commenting on these results a bulletin of the station says:

"While we will not draw any definite conclusion from these results, it simply confirms our opinion heretofore expressed, that for best results potatoes should be planted in the early spring, and have the entire season to grow in. Many plant late to avoid in part the ravages of potato bugs, and there is no question about there being some advantage in this. But if continued experiments demonstrate that early planting and thorough spraying will increase the crop from 50 to 100 bushels per acre over late planting and little or no spraying, it would seem a wise policy to plant early and protect the plants by spraying. A study of the table will reveal that the plots which received the most tillage did not in every case give a larger yield than those plots receiving a less amount of tillage. The season was so wet that in some cases in order to carry out our experiment, tillage was given when the soil was too moist and the results were not always beneficial."

The same bulletin says: "Pruning potato vines to one main stalk has been recommended. On plot 19 the vines were pruned. It yielded at the rate of 272 bushels per acre. Plot 12 was treated the same in every way except the vines were not pruned. It yielded at the rate of 282 bushels per acre. Evidently pruning does not increase the yield."

Regarding method of growing the potatoes: "During the winter about 10 tons of coarse manure were applied to the acre. The land was plowed and fitted in the early spring, and was planted to potatoes May 16, in rows four feet apart, and were covered deeply, the land being left in ridges over the seed pieces. Ten days after planting the land was harrowed twice. After harrowing, growth was very rapid. We believe the practice of harrowing after potatoes are planted, it may often be done two or three times with profit. This method, however, can be safely adopted only where potatoes are covered not less than 4 inches."

Regarding the value of manure: "I am abundantly satisfied from accurate experiments made to test the point and from actual experience, that the chief, almost only value of cutting fodder is found in the fact that such chopped fodder may be placed in the manger and generally handled much more conveniently than the unchopped. During one season's trial it was observed that the finer the fodder was cut the larger the proportion of waste. Henry says he obtained quite contrary results at the Wisconsin station, and concluded from his experiments that there is a saving of 24 per cent forage by using it in shredded form. He tries to explain in his works on Feed and Feeding why he and the Kansas station are so far apart, but in his explanation is a very poor one, in our opinion, and at best he does not make every good showing for the shredder."

We notice that in his experiments he represents all of the stover fed as being eaten, which does not agree with his statement, in another place, that the waste is excellent for bedding, nor with the experience of people who have fed shredded fodder.

We are not committed to either side of the discussion and are only interested in getting the facts for our readers. We would be pleased to hear from readers who have information on the subject.

Regarding That Mortgage. Mr. M. E. Morris of Florence County, South Carolina, makes a few pointed remarks on the subject of mortgages that are worth reprinting:

"Old man, young man, if there is a mortgage on your farm, get out of the rut, shake off the dust and go to work. Don't sit on a dry goods box at the corner grocery and talk it out. Take hold of the other end of a horse handle and make 20 pounds of it a business of grain or \$15 where you usually made but one. Turn over everything that has a nickel under it. Don't patronize the shows, circuses, theatres, etc., don't smoke cigars or visit drinking saloons. These institutions do not go hand in hand with a mortgage. I never knew a mortgage to get drunk. You may play with a fiddle or mouth organ, but you can't play with a mortgage; if you do you will soon play out and don't you forget it! Mortgages don't go to sleep, they work all the time, cold or hot, wet or dry, rain or shine, on Sundays, the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving day or Christmas. While you sleep, they work. You may die; your wife may die, but if you don't pay the mortgage, your children will be turned out or they will have to pay it. I have often heard persons say what they were going to do tomorrow, or the next day, or next week, or next year, and that time never came."

"Don't sit idle and wait for something to turn up. Take hold yourself of anything that you can honestly get a dollar out of and when you can't put it in your pocket, burn a hole and come out, or get to town unless you have something to sell and then have it just as better than anyone else; if you can't sell; if chickens, strictly put, and fat; if potatoes, smooth and clean. Give full weights and measures and demand the same. Don't burn the wick at both ends. Don't be ashamed to work; it will do you good, it will help your family, it will help your merchant, it will help your country. If it rains, mend your harness, or tools, saw wood, do something. Don't buy anything because it's cheap; nothing is cheap that you can possibly get along without. Don't starve your family or animals; give them plenty of good, wholesome food; if you haven't got it, go to work and make it."

It is well to introduce new blood on the farm from time to time, and the aim in introducing such blood should be to improve on that hitherto possessed. Thus safely the work of improving can proceed. All over the south there is a vast amount of this sort of business to be done.

Sheep delight in well-drained, dry land. They always sleep on knolls, if they can find such elevations, rather than in hollows. If their pasture ground is constantly wet their feet become diseased.

percentage being 35 for shredded and 40 for the whole, or 70 pounds of shredded and 800 pounds of whole fodder per ton. In no case did the shredding appear to improve the palatability of the food. In fact the whole fodder was uniformly eaten with more relish than was the shredded. This is accounted for by the fact that when the animals had an opportunity to select the portion they preferred and discard the coarse, hard stalks, whereas in the case of the shredded fodder, the coarse portion of the stalk together with the pith, was so intermingled with the blades, husks, etc., that little opportunity was offered the animal for selection. As a consequence less dry matter was consumed on the average by the lots on shredded fodder than by those on the whole fodder. From these facts it does not appear that it would be profitable to shred fodder unless it can be done at the same time that the corn is husked and practically without expense for the shredding. In other words, if, as many claim, the corn can be husked and the fodder shredded at about the expense of husking the corn by hand it would undoubtedly be advisable to do so for the greater convenience and saving in handling the fodder. But to be at the expense of shredding the fodder after the corn is husked would certainly be unprofitable."

A bulletin of the Kansas station in '93, as quoted by Henry says:

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Hard Milkers. I have a cow 5 years old that is a hard milker and has been since her first calf. Her teats and bag seem all right externally, but she kicks quite often and acts as if the milking hurt her. Calved a year ago and has been driven several times since, but didn't stick. Is in fair condition. Am feeding her four pounds of mixed feed (wheat) two pounds of corn meal, one and one-half pounds of cotton seed meal and wheat mixed, hay, red top, clover, herds grass, etc. She will eat clean. H. P. LIBBEY.

This cow is probably one of those extremely nervous animals that does not let down her milk freely. We have seen many such and do not find anything the matter with their udders, and such cows are usually shy breeders. If the milk comes into the udder but is hard to strip out as a result of obstruction in the end of the teat, it would be an easy matter to slit the inside of the teat by means of a suitable teat bittoury and make her a free milker, but if there is nothing of this sort causing the trouble we do not think it possible to improve her and she should be fattened off and killed. If you wish to treat her rub the udder with alcohol and sweet oil, equal parts, twice daily, and feed oil meal or oil cake with an abundance of bran and other milk-making foods. Wash out the vagina daily with bicarbonate of soda, half ounce, warm water one gallon, by means of a long rubber hose and funnel or fountain syringe. Refer to answers to inquiries about non-breeders in recent issues.

Does Shredding Pay? A correspondent writing to the Modern Farmer from Fredricktown, Mo., says:

"I had my corn fodder shredded, but do not like it. Better tie it up in bundles and feed the old way. My stock eat it no better than did in the stalk; I doubt if as well."

We would be glad to hear from others on this subject, as it is becoming a question whether it pays to shred the fodder. A few years ago it was generally believed that it paid to cook feed for stock. Now there are but few except those who have cookers to sell, who think there is anything gained by it. The truth is it is done at a loss, and it was the manufacturers of cookers who created the belief. Who knows but this may prove true of shredding? A bulletin of the Missouri station has the following to say on this subject:

"When the whole fodder and shredded fodder are compared the difference is surprisingly small, and instead of the shredding process having increased the feeding value it seems to have diminished it. This is the surprise of the experiment. It has always been assumed that the shredded fodder would be much more relished by the cattle, eaten so much cleaner and show a much higher feeding value. The results, however, show that nearly as much of the shredded fodder was refused as of the whole fodder, the

THE LITTLE MINSTREL.

His hands are soiled, his throat is bare, His face is streaked with dirt, and thin, And many a slip is in the air He plays upon his violin; A sadness dwells within his eyes, The shoes are ragged on his feet, And scoffers stop to criticise The little minstrel in the street.

There by the curb he plays away Where flakes float past and winds blow chill, And maybe, as the critics say, He lacks the tutored artist's skill— But now and then a little strain, Played faultlessly and soft and sweet Floats up from where he stands out there— The little minstrel in the street.

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Say, ragged little minstrel, why Must people listen but to hear The false note, ever passing by The strain that rises soft and clear? Oh, it were well with us if we Might in our own way sound the sweet.

And faultless notes as oft as he— The little minstrel in the street.

A BUFFALO PUT TO DEATH BY USE OF GAS.

Norah, the oldest cow in the large herd of buffaloes in the Philadelphia Zoological gardens, was killed by order of Superintendent Brown, gas being employed as the easiest way of putting her to death. A simple but effective apparatus was designed to carry out the plan. So quickly was the gas applied that the buffalo had time to make but a few ineffectual struggles, and six minutes after the turning on of the gas she was dead, and worth more money than if she were alive.

A huge box of planks with a door at one end was constructed. It was braced with huge timbers bolted together, and all cracks were caulked. This was placed on a truck and put in one corner of the buffalo yard. Norah had always been of a cantankerous disposition, never allowing even her keeper, Jack Lover, to get her as he did the others, but she was coaxed into the cage, and the door was closed. The box was then wheeled close beside an outhouse where a stove burning charcoal and connection was made between the two by means of a large pipe.

Although the box was strong and heavy, some fear was felt lest Norah in her struggles for fresh air might break out, or at least upset her prison. All the keepers were gathered at the spot prepared for an emergency, and side sprays were nailed on the box to prevent it from overturning. The deadly gas was then turned on. Norah could not be seen, but she gave no sign that the charcoal fumes were affecting her until about four minutes after. Then there was the noise of a mighty, though brief, struggle, followed by silence. In six minutes she was pronounced dead, and the box was opened in order to dissect the corpse. The skin was carefully removed and the entire bony framework left as intact as possible, for what can be preserved of Norah is destined to look with glassy eyes at mankind in some museum.

Norah's death leaves seven in the herd at the Zoo, relics of the vast herds which once ranged over the continent. They are so scarce now that a good live specimen is worth from \$500 to \$600 in the Western states, and Philadelphia's collection is supposed to be the largest in the world, excepting the herd at Yellowstone Park. A perfect stuffed specimen is also rare and worth about half the live article. Norah was 18 years old and had to go because, like so many other things, she had outlived her usefulness.

"The animals in our herd are so inbred," explained Superintendent Brown "that it is absolutely necessary for us to import some new blood. We haven't much money to spare in the purchase of new animals, but we expect to raise some by the sale of the buffalo killed. In winter their fur is in the best possible condition and we can get a better price than at any other time. When we get enough money we propose to buy a few more buffalo for breeding purposes. We have hitherto been very successful in breeding them in captivity, but few have had to be adopted once in a while."

THE AMORPHOUS.

Chafe with snow the wayside hedges, here the vines were wont to hang All their clustered perumed pledges And the birds their rapture sang.

Hushed the music of the streams that Laughed along the woodland ways; Vanished all the happy dreams that Haunted us through summer days.

Leafy pathway lost or hidden— What a strange, new world is this! Flower and bird and brook forbidden, Winter metamorphosis!

Summer joy a winter sorrow, Life and death, and then, and then, On some unexpected morrow Life and spring come back again!

The salary of John J. Mitchell, president of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago, has been increased to \$40,000 a year. His salary is next to the highest paid to a bank official in this country. In 1873 Mitchell entered the Illinois Trust and Savings bank as assistant teller at a salary of \$25 a month.

A hobby of the Princess of Wales is the collection of parasites. It is said that she possesses at least 150, or two of which are alike. They are of all colors and the handles are works of art. A present from the Princess of Wales to a bride not infrequently takes the form of a parasite, it is said.

Books and Magazines

"Paul Traverser's Adventures," by Samuel Traverser Clover. The sub-title is the capital boy's book, which reads: "Being a faithful narrative of a boy's journey around the world, showing his mishaps, privations and oftentimes thrilling privations, and how he won his reporter's star," gives very good indication of the substance of a fascinating story; it will delight the boy of 15 or 16. (Lothrop Publishing Co.)

Mrs. Edith Wharton's new novel, "The Valley of Decision," will be published this week by Charles Scribner's Sons. In the length of her first sustained romance, Mrs. Wharton has gone to the extreme, for this novel is in two volumes, and numbers 680 pages.

A new edition of a very old book is, "The Night Side of Nature," by Catherine Crowe, originally published over a half-century ago. It is a collection of stories relating to wraiths, apparitions, troubled spirits, haunted houses, and the like. Those who want to woo the creeps, or are inclined toward spiritualism, should find the book of interest. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

What "Black Beauty" did for the horse and "Beautiful Joe" for the canine, "Pussy Meow" attempts to do for the third of man's good friends. This book, by S. Louise Patterson, is cordially recommended, especially in those households where pussy meows are spontaneous and heartfelt, and apropos of some experiment by the youngest inhabitant. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia; price, 60 cents net.

There is plenty of whimsical humor, delightful satire and "blue-sky philosophy" in "Naked Truths and Veiled Allusions," by Minna Thomas Altrint. The author's cleverness and psychological insight into existing conditions, her spirited femininity and quaint dissections of social problems have produced a volume that even the most jaded reader can enjoy. This book of many surprises, witty and brilliant from dainty title pages to epilogue, is largely given over to bits of wisdom regarding the man and woman side of things. The naked truths on these unconventional pages are neither whitened or rouged, yet the manner of their telling touches sleeves with elegance. There may be something of whimsicality in the author's analysis of the passions, tastes and humors of both sexes—as when we are admonished "if you cannot be clever, be careful," and the epigrams may range from grave to gay, at once wise, easy, playful or worldly, yet they charm by their vivacity, their extent and variety. Henry Altman Co., Philadelphia.

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The March number of the Ladies Home Journal is an admirable example of a real "home" magazine. From the beautiful cover, by Mr. L. Taylor, to the very last page it is replete with delightful fiction and interesting articles. The number opens with the unique story of "The Sexton Who Ruled New York Society," by William Perrine, and then comes a real treat, another, "Lady or The Tiger," story by the same Stockton who gave us that remarkable tale of mystery. This one is called, "My Balloon Hunt."

Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" is more than a novel, thought it will command close attention from lovers of mere fiction. Its hero is of the male type, hardest to treat interestingly, and not after the conventional manner of the moralist, for he is a brilliant young man who has learned to seek inspiration in a bottle. The story is not a temperance tale, but a strong study of mentality in tormenting physical environments; it is also highly imaginative and sympathetic, with developments and scenes that have the special attraction too rare in high-class fiction of the unexpected. The scenes and characters are Canadian; the author explains that his promise in his book, "The Lane That Had No Turning," that he would write no more French-Canadian tales has not been broken, for "The Right of Way" had been written before the other book was published. His readers will believe that the promise should have been made, for "The Right of Way" is the greatest book that Canadian life has inspired. (Harper & Brothers.)

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Books and Magazines

poetry and to these a fresh assurance, were any needed, that Pan is not yet dead." Published by the Macmillan Company.

In the Argonaut for March 31 there is an extended review of Mortimer Menpes's "Japan: A Study in Color," with numerous extracts telling how Japan appealed to the artist and lover of beauty, of cherry-blossom time and of the quaint customs.

"A Fool's Year," by E. H. Cooper, a story of English social and racing life, introducing among other striking figures an American millionaire whose remarkable exploits on the turf involve some peculiar complications. It is possible that some attempt at identification may be made by American readers, but for this the writer affords no justification. The plot turns largely on a curious intrigue in which the American takes a leading part. The story is one of incident and odd complications, and its interest is unflagging. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Little, Brown & Co. will publish this spring a book by a new and promising western author which is destined to attract considerable attention. Frances Charles, a Californian, has written a tale of the Southwest, entitled, "In Country God Forgot." The tale of a rich old farmer of Arizona for his only son is the theme of the story. There are clever bits of philosophy, ably drawn character sketches and stirring dramatic scenes, and the whole book is brimful of human nature.

"Thyra," by Robert Ames Bennett is of that class of wierd and impossible stories which deal with unknown regions within or on the surface of the earth. In "Thyra" a body of explorers get to the north pole and there find a race descended from the Norsemen. According to legends a party of adventurers in the tenth century sailed for some country farther north than Iceland and was never heard of again. The author takes this legend as the foundation of his story and closely follows it throughout the book. Those who delight in the improbable, in adventure and excitement, will be well pleased with the book. (Henry Holt & Co.)

"Foggy Ferry," a novel by C. E. Callahan, from his drama, it feels like being gladdened by the unexpected visit of an old friend, to see in print, in the shape of a novel, the characters and scenes which we enjoyed so much on the stage in the recent past. There is dear old Fog with his golden heart and his weaknesses; Mrs. Fog, his stronger half, ill-tempered and vulgar, there is Chip, the sweet wild flower, in all her sylvan freshness and vigor. There are lovers three, the black villain, the white Gerald—excuse the pun—and William the Silent, not of the house of Orange, but—still. Yes, that old ferryboat and its rough owner are not forgotten very easily, somehow, and all who saw the play will be glad to be able to review the sweet story once more at their leisure and will be charmed by its original traits and truthness to life. Laird & Lee, Publishers, Chicago.

John Philip Sousa has scored a musical success in his "Fifth String," a musical romance written with all the delicate sentiment of a poet. The fifth string in the story was dangerous, as well as useless. The celebrated Tuscan violinist, Angelo Diotti, whose name has not appeared, so far as is known, in any of Mr. Sousa's concerts, came over to the United States for a concert tour, and even before his debut he fell in love with a girl named Mildred Wallace. The rest of the audience groveled before him even as before the boy wonder, Jan Kubelik, but she remained cold, and 'twas as naught. Even in the midst of his new fame, the young Tuscan disappeared, to the wonder of the world and of his manager. He had made his way to the Bermudas, where he practiced in desperation for a strain that should, he felt, better his efforts. When he returned to New York, he was shattered and beautiful Strad to fragments on the floor, which which promptly opened to let a dark gentleman with a goatee rise from the depths, bringing with him a wonderful violin, irresistible to any hearer, and peculiar in that between the two upper and the two lower strings there was a fifth. The string said the dark gentleman, meant play; the D, the G, the A, the love, and the E, joy. But between the hope and love there came the black string, which was death to whoever played on it. There is usually a string to our dark friend's gifts; this one had five. But Diotti had a good wrist and a clever technic, and stood in no danger of hitting the wrong string till she took it into her head that there was a secret about that mysterious black string which a wife ought to know, and instead that he should play on it at his next concert. The violinist brings out a heart-searching tone from the black string and falls dead on the concert platform. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)

Brooklyn Life: Clarice—Katherine is always looking out for more important people, so I determined not to notice her at Mrs. Chic's reception. Clarence—How did it work? Clarice—Oh, she didn't even notice that I didn't notice her.

Philadelphia Press: "For goodness sake!" exclaimed the clam, for once breaking its habitual silence, "what makes you so glum?" "I was just wondering," replied the oyster, "why they couldn't postpone the year to these months that have no R in them."