

### Small Farming and Co-operation.

The tendency of the present phase in agriculture is toward the working of larger tracts of land under one business management. This must prove profitable when directed by great business talent. A single capable mind directing the working energy of a thousand men, will accomplish much more than those thousand men working each on his own planning. The business talent is not distributed in equal portion to all, and when many willing hands are moved under one expert, they will become a unit of tremendous force.

Bonanza farming commands all the labor-saving machinery for each specific operation, and can use it with the greatest economy, since the profit in the use of machinery depends upon the amount of work to be performed. A mowing machine will do as much, and better work than eight men; but if there be only one or two days' work to be done with it in a year, then the interest on its cost would hire the labor done, and it becomes unprofitable. The small farms are, therefore, at a disadvantage in the use of machinery, and for this reason, are sold to the larger proprietors, while the small, independent farmers are becoming relatively fewer year by year. The result is not favorable to education or the advancement in civilization of this class. Large farms lessen the population on a given area of land, and, therefore, render it more difficult to maintain schools. But this is only a part of the injury inflicted upon the population. Instead of being made up of independent proprietors, with a small class of temporary laborers, the population consists of a few proprietors and a much larger class of permanently dependent laborers.

The aggregation of small farms into large ones is to be deplored, and the effective means to prevent this result is an intelligent co-operation among small farmers in the purchase of such labor-saving implements and machines as are necessary to perform every agricultural operation most economically. If a farmer of 400 or 500 acres can afford to purchase machines that cheapen farm labor, then eight farmers of 50 acres, or five farmers of 100, and two of 75 acres, or an aggregate of 400 acres, made up of any-sized farms, can quite as well afford to use in common these machines. These farms should be contiguous, and nearly in a square body, so as to lessen the distance of travel. When this is the case, the machines cost no more per hundred acres; and as each farmer takes a share in proportion to his acreage to be worked, he is placed upon an equality with the most favored large farmers, and can compete with them in the production of the same crops. These small farms usually furnish ample labor to occupy the owner and his family, and with the aid of the co-operation here mentioned he might, having a little active zeal in his occupation, reach a much higher proportional production than the large farmer.

Let us suppose that the expensive agricultural machines required to work 400 acres will cost \$1,000; this would make the share of a fifty-acre farm \$125—a sum that any well-worked farm of that size could well afford. It may be objected that six or eight farmers could not profitably use the same set of machines; but this would seem to be groundless, as one set of implements would work all these farms in one.

If all these small farms were well worked, these farm machines would perhaps do rather more service, and this would not add to their profit. It would not often occur that more than one of these farmers would want to use the grain drill on the same day, and ten to fifteen days would usually be sufficient to sow the grain on them all. The meadows could all be cut with one mowing machine, or, if not, two of these could be purchased. A reaper will easily cut 150 acres of grain, and there would seldom be more. The horse power, feed cutter, and threshing would make light work of it all. In short, there could be no practical difficulty in working out this co-operative problem with any well-directed effort.

It would unquestionably improve the social relations of a neighborhood, which is sometimes much needed. Farmers need more business contact with each other, and this might lead them to wider co-operation—to unions to secure more uniform prices for their products. If small farms are to hold their position, it must be done by some such co-operation as we have described. Aggregation into large farms is a step in the wrong direction—it is a political and social blunder. Division, not addition, should be the rule for landed property in this country.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

### Persistent Effort Needed on the Farm.

The results come far short of meeting the requirements of this age, if a farmer is satisfied with cattle stock that is fairly good, the cows yielding six or seven pounds of butter a week, and the steers growing up to fair size, and getting tolerably fat on what passes for good farm keep at four years old. Farmers, in these days, are, figuratively speaking, squeezed between two mill stones. Their taxes, direct and indirect, as compared to the period when the present farmers of fifty and over began their farming, are largely increased. We have no simplicity in official stations nowadays. Love of country, and desire to serve our fellow man, have given place to greed after office, largely for the sake of the pay it affords. Considerations that formerly insured economy in public expenditures, and consequently low taxes, cut no figure in these days, hence nearly everything the farmer buys for his own consumption is taxed heavily, or is shoddy, or the two are combined.

Hence cows that will make six or seven pounds of butter a week, and steers that, at four years, will weigh twelve hundred, and sell at a low figure per hundred, cannot be relied on to meet the expenditures of the average farmer's family of this day. The farm that has increased in value from fifteen to forty dollars an acre, is put to a very poor use when devoted to growing the grade of stock which prevailed on the fifteen-dollar land. Then the opportunities for improvement were very widely scattered. The mass of farmers were so situated that it required a journey of from one hundred to several hundred miles to procure a well-bred bull calf. Thus, the remoteness of supply and the then meagre income, cut off facilities for improvement, and farmers were more excusable for keeping the only kind that they had opportunities to procure.

But now the circumstances are entirely different. Well-bred stock of every kind, like the locomotive, has found its way to the very base of the mountains of Colorado and New Mexico, is seeking access to the valleys beyond, and is scattered over all the country this side. So there is no obstacle in the way of our farm stock becoming rapidly re-invigorated, taking on the high-priced, early-maturing form in place of that of the tardy growers, too common even in our day. Yet, improvement in farm stock, outside of the swine herd, is a thing of slow growth. This is demonstrated every day at any principal stock market in the country, through the very meager showing of good beasts on sale. For proof of this, see how small a proportion of six-cent cattle are offered, and how extended the list of sales at half, or a fraction over half this figure.

The consumers in the country at large, even much the largest portion of those who live in the principal Western cities, eat very indifferent beef and mutton, because they cannot procure better grades. By the time the usual culling has taken place, the best being selected for shipment to Eastern cities and to Europe, a large proportion of all the offerings remaining are what are termed "butcher's and canner's stock"—low-down grades at best. The canners go upon the proposition that anything that is beef, even if from an old, worn-out bull, or a superannuated cow, too old to fatten well, will boil tolerably tender if the process is long enough continued, and will sell to the class of persons who are expected to eat this kind of leathery, insipid meat. With all the avenues that are now opened for improvement, coupled with the fact that our farmers are now quite ready to concede the necessity of pushing our grades of stock up to a higher standard, for the reasons given above, the native cattle still far outnumber the better kinds; and ignoble blood is so fixed in the scrub beast, that to eradicate this requires a great deal of patience and perseverance.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

### Hanging for Six Hours.

A Mexican by the name of Senobio Martinez was brought to this city from the Medina, in Bexar County, who had a thrilling tale of terror to tell, rivaling some of the desperate acts of the Bexar County Vigilant Committee in its palmiest days, when Mexican horse-thieves might be seen hanging from the limbs of adjacent trees on almost any day in the week. During those times, too, several well-known gentlemen were even accused of going to church on Sunday with hangman's ropes in their pockets. He lives on the Medina, and for a long time past has incurred the displeasure of his neighbors from the fact that Senobio has been suspected of appropriating other people's horses to his own use and disposing of the same for private gain.

On Tuesday night a mob of unknown men went to the house of Martinez, took him away, and hung him up to a tree, leaving him shortly after for dead. The mob, however, neglected to tie the man's hands behind his back, and by holding the rope around his neck with both hands for six hours, he succeeded in saving his life and was cut down the next day by friends. The poor fellow cannot tell who the parties were who committed the outrageous act, nor how many there were in the gang. He only knows that he went through the horrors of death, and is still much bruised about the face and neck.—*San Antonio Express.*

Captain A. H. Bogardus, the noted dead shot, who with his son accompanies a circus, suffered a bad wound at Amsterdam, N. Y., the other day, during the circus performance. His five-year-old son, Henry, was shooting glass balls from his father's fingers. The weather was cold and damp, and the child's fingers were numb. In raising the rifle he accidentally pressed the trigger before taking sure aim. The 32-caliber ball struck Captain Bogardus in the lower left thumb joint close to the hand, smashing the bone in a fearful manner, but nevertheless he went on with the shooting as usual, and then summoned a surgeon.

In 1862 Mr. Pratt removed from Harrisburg to Louisville. In 1865 his wife left him and returned to her parents. In six weeks he learned of her death with that of her week old infant. Last week, while on a visit to Harrisburg, Mr. Pratt found his daughter, seventeen years of age, whom he had never seen and had always supposed was dead. The father and daughter were greatly pleased over the discovery, and she returned with him to his Louisville home.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A ten-story apartment house is going up on a fashionable New York avenue.

### FACTS AND FIGURES.

—Boiler explosions last year, in this country, caused the death of 250 persons, and 328 were injured.

—Dr. Norman Kerr, of London, recently estimated the annual mortality caused, directly and indirectly, from drinking, at 120,000.

—Hiram Sibley, the wealthy seedsmen of Rochester, N. Y., has sent \$5,000 worth of seeds to the sufferers by the Mississippi floods.

—A well known journalist died recently at New York. His effects were sold at auction to pay funeral expenses, and brought nine dollars and sixty-three cents.—*N. Y. Graph.*

—It is the opinion of the *Petroleum Age* that over 21,000,000 barrels of crude oil will be required to satisfy the demand of 1882, or 200,000,000 more gallons than were consumed last year.

—George Urban & Son have built and equipped with rollers a mill in Buffalo, N. Y., costing \$75,000. They don't have a stone in the building. It is the first flouring mill of the kind in the city.

—Female candidates for the study of medicines in Russia are constantly increasing. The total number admitted within ten years is 959. Of these 281 have finished their studies, and 152 are now practicing.

—Among the valuable minerals found in Arizona it is said that the importance of the opal has been overlooked. In Yuma County, especially, are these gems found in great abundance. They usually have a lime coating and are oval in shape.

—A Pittsburgh iron manufacturer employs nearly 300 girls of ages ranging from fifteen to twenty years, as blacksmiths and iron workers. The labor they perform is not heavy, and the wages run from 75 cents to \$2.50 a day each.—*Detroit Post.*

—The sum of \$867, which remained of the fund used in celebrating in Portsmouth, N. H., on the 22d of February, 1882, the centenary of Washington's birth, was deposited in the local savings bank against the bicentennial celebration, and now, at the expiration of half the time, amounts to \$143.58.

—Few realize what an enormous amount of power is stored up in coal, and how little we really utilize. Professor Rodgers has put it neatly thus: The dynamic value of one pound of good steam coal is equivalent to the work of a man a day, and three tons are equivalent to twenty years' hard work of three hundred days a year. The usual estimate of a four-foot seam is that it will yield one ton of good coal for every square yard, or about 5,000 tons for each acre. Each square mile will then contain 3,200,000 tons, which, in their total capacity for the production of power, are equal to the labor of over one million able-bodied men for twenty years.—*Iowa State Register.*

### WIT AND WISDOM.

—Why is a locomotive like a beef-steak? Because it is good for nothing without its tender.

—The hardest rocks are made of the softest mud, just as the biggest swells are made from the smallest men.

—The adventurer is generally a good melodist. At least, he always seeks fortune. This tune is generally written in bank-notes.—*Musical Herald.*

—If a man could only take out his brains and have them revised, he might frequently start business on a more satisfactory basis. His main-spring may be all right; the works only want a little cleaning.—*Denver Tribune.*

—A prominent writer of a eulogy on conjugal bliss says it is often the case when you see a great man, like a ship, sailing proudly along the current of renown, that there is a little tug—his wife—whom you can not see, but who is directing his movements and supplying the motive power.

—"So you enjoyed your visit to the Museum, did you?" inquired a young man of his adored one's little sister. "Oh yes! and do you know that we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully; and sister said it look exactly like you when you are reciting poetry at evening parties."

—A Maine grocer who had just "experienced religion" acknowledged in meeting that he had been a hard sinner, cheated customers by adulterating his goods, etc., but, being converted, would repay any one he had wronged. Late that night he was awakened by a ring at his door bell. Looking out he saw a man. "Who are you, and what do you want?" he asked. "I'm Bill Jones. You said to-night you would repay those you had cheated. Give me that \$100 you've owed me so long." "Can't you wait till morning?" "No; I ain't going to wait and stand in line all day." He was paid.—*Boston Globe.*

—Dana Krum, one of the conductors on the Erie Railway, was approached before train time by an unknown man, who spoke to him as though he had known him for years: "I say, Dana, I have forgotten my pass, and I want to go to Susquehanna. I am a fireman on the road, you know;" but the conductor told him he ought to have a pass with him; it was the safest way. Pretty soon Dana came along to collect tickets. Seeing his man, he spoke when he reached him: "Say, my friend, have you the time with you?" "Yes," said he, as he pulled out a watch, "it is twenty minutes past nine." "Oh, it is, is it?" Now, if you don't show me your pass or fare I will stop the train. There is no railway man that I ever saw that would say 'twenty minutes past nine.' He would say '9:20.'" He settled.—*Chicago Times.*

### A Swindled Undertaker.

"I don't complain very often," said a man, entering the *Gazette* office yesterday. "But I would like for you to say a few words in defense of a man who never wronged any one. I am an undertaker and have planted more respectable men than you could conveniently shake a spade at, but like many other good men I have been swindled by a heartless rival. Some time ago, Beckle, the undertaker, came to me and said: 'Clayhead, that's my name, 'all other professions exchange courtesies; why should not we? For instance, the newspapers exchange with each other, even the lawyers lend books. The doctors swap points and the preacher's fill each other's pulpits. Now, I want to awaken a kindly feeling among undertakers. I want them to feel that they are not removed from the great and glorious empire of good feeling. Suppose we start the thing. Suppose we interchange courtesies? Then all the newspapers will speak of us and such a halo of good fellowship will be thrown around the coffin that——' I don't understand you," I said to Beckle. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," he went on, "that when a member of your family dies, I will furnish the burial outfit, nice metallic case, you know. Then when a member of my family dies, you can furnish the outfit. In this way we can help each other. We will be so moved with good fellowship that we'll be glad when a member of our families passes away, merely to show this unfeeling world that undertakers are men."

"The idea struck me. A new departure was something that I had hankered after. I agreed to Beckle's proposition. Well, about ten days afterward I received a note from Beckle stating that his ten-year-old boy was dead. I was glad to have the opportunity of complying with our contract. I sent a man around and the boy was buried in elegant style. About a week afterward I received intelligence that Beckle's six-year-old daughter was dead. The idea of devastation in the Beckle family did not impress me nearly so much as the gratification I experienced in promoting the principles of courteous interchange. The girl was elegantly deposited. A few days afterward Beckle sent me a note stating that his wife had died and that he could congratulate me upon the success of the interchange scheme. Mrs. Beckle was buried in a magnificent case. All this time my family had remained in a discouraging state of health, with the exception of a maiden aunt who lives with me. One day she was taken ill and insisted upon my sending for a doctor. I explained to her how necessary it was for her to die, but she persistently refused and recovered. Leaving the bedside disappointed, I went down town and found a note from Beckle, stating that his wife had just died. You see I had buried his wife a few days before, and did not understand why another wife's funeral should occur so soon, so I called on Beckle.

"Did I say wife?" he asked, in surprise.

"Yes, sir."

"I meant my wife's mother. Hang the luck, how could I have made such a mistake?"

"Of course it was all right, but I concluded to investigate the matter. I soon found that Beckle had never been married, and that he was burying the neighbors at half price, provided the bodies were all buried from a house which he rented for that purpose. All I want you to do is to state in the next issue that there is something about Beckle's character which I don't admire."—*Little Rock Gazette.*

### A Magnificent Project.

One of the most magnificent of the late Khedive Ismail's projects, the Nubian & Soudan Railway, is now assuming something like a substantial form. The original idea seems only to have been to run a line from Assouan, below the First Cataract, to Wady Halfa, at the Second Cataract, thus saving the transport of merchandise either way from Nile boat to camel, or vice versa, which at present takes place at both rapids. But already an extension three hundred miles above Wady Halfa is contemplated by the scheme, and if that is carried out, in all probability the line will be lengthened some day to Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan, at the junction of the Blue and White Nile. "To some," says the *London Globe*, "this may seem a chimerical project; but there are few engineering difficulties in the way save at the Assouan end, which have been already pretty well overcome; and, if it is ever carried to completion it cannot fail to affect most propitiously the future both of Nubia and the Soudan. It is to be a single line, of which at present seventy-five miles are finished; and, as it leaves Assouan, it passes through a portion of the famous granite quarries, out of which the Gizeh pyramids, near Cairo, and so many other Pharaonic works were made. The engineer, a Scotchman, has no European to assist him, and the ways of his Arab and Nubian laborers are anything but the ways of the English navy. Nothing will induce them to use a wheelbarrow; and, as they work in gangs, with a taskmaster standing over them whip in hand, either supporting great masses on their backs or carrying away the debris in baskets, they forcibly recall to mind the habits and customs of the ancient Egyptians as depicted on the sculptures at Thebes and Karnak."

—General Robert C. Schenck has been, it is said, cured of Bright's disease by the use of skimmed milk. General Schenck believes it a specific for that disease.

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