

# AGRICULTURAL



### Lessons From the Drought.

Wherever the farmers come together, the trend of conversation naturally turns toward the condition of the corn crop in the various neighborhoods. All mention the clover field planted to corn as being their best prospect. In many cases where barnyard manure had been applied in the spring, the corn is very seriously damaged. New ground planted to corn has been noticeably affected by drought, and in many cases practically no grain will be secured from such fields.

Such conditions, so plain to us now, should direct us to different plans for raising another crop. We all know that a good clover field will give a satisfactory account of itself when conditions are favorable, and if it shows that it is better able than other fields to pass through dry weather, surely the farmer should plant to have more clover sod to turn under for corn. In many cases the manure has done damage by causing the corn to dry up. It has not rotted in the soil. The coarse stray has not allowed the land to retain its normal amount of moisture. Really the manure has not been on the ground long enough to become thoroughly incorporated in the soil, and it acts as a foreign body, cutting off the supply of moisture. Had the manure been applied to the growing clover, the clover growth would have been much greater and the unused manure would have been converted into rich earth by the time the field had been planted to corn. Where the clover has been manured the soil will hold even more than the normal amount of moisture when it is broken up and planted to corn.

It is little trouble to raise good crops when the seasons are especially favorable. Then every farmer has grain to sell, and prices are likely to be very low. The unfavorable year selects out the intelligent, thinking farmer and gives him paying yields. He is prepared to take stock not fattened at a low figure and sell them in the market at very high prices. To the intelligent, thinking farmer the off year in crops is not so disastrous after all.—Indianapolis News.

### Loss by Flies.

At the Wisconsin Station they divided fourteen cows into two lots, as nearly equal in condition as they could make them, and one-half were sent to pasture according to the usual custom of farmers, though in a small field with plenty of shade during the day. The others were kept during the day in a comfortable stable with screen doors and windows, but allowed to feed in the pasture during night and the early morning. It was found that these produced 20 per cent more butter than those in the pasture during the day, as the latter were kept moving all of the time by the flies. On a Iowa dairy farm they obtained more milk from cows kept in a dark stable without screens during the day and let out to graze at night, than they did from those in pasture all day and in stable at night. Similar results have been obtained by the spraying of cattle with something to repel the flies, but most of these repellents have an odor that fills the air in the stable and may injure the milk or butter, if not very carefully used. There's nothing better than a sponge or damp cloth just made moist with kerosene, and wiped lightly over the top of the head, along the back and over the legs, using it every morning just after milking. The odor evaporates before the next milking, if not used too freely.—Exchange.

### The Farmer's Hog.

The farmer's hog should be of medium length, deep body, broad back, straight sides and short legs, also to stand well up on feet, said J. C. Wright before the Iowa Swine Breeders' Association. He should have a quiet disposition and be inclined to be a little lazy, so after being fed he will lie down and get the good of his corn. He should also have a neat head, well set on the body, so that when fat and butchered there will be as little waste as possible. In producing such a hog it is very necessary to pay particular attention to the parent stock. In the first place, the sows should be well bred and a little lengthy, with good, well-developed bodies, good feet and limbs and should also be good sucklers. The farmer wants a hog that will mature early, say at six, eight or ten months, and average in weight from 200 to 350 pounds.

### The Corn Crop.

It is claimed that the United States produces about four-fifths of the corn crop in the world, or in 1900 it produced 2,106,102,516 bushels out of the total in the entire corn-growing countries, which was only 2,631,378,145 bushels. If there is any under-estimate in the amount it is more likely to be in the United States, where also more corn is consumed in feeding to animals than in the other countries, and where the

## SOLDIERS' STORIES.

### ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

Graphic Account of Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battlefield and in Camp—Veterans of the Rebellion Recite Experiences of Thrilling Nature.

It is forty years since the shedding of the first blood on hostile soil in the Civil War. The victim was Elmer E. Ellsworth, Colonel commanding the Eleventh New York Volunteers, known as the Fire Zouaves. Colonel Ellsworth was killed by James Jackson, proprietor of the Marshall House, at Alexandria, Va. Jackson, in turn, was killed by Frank E. Brownell, a corporal, who had assisted Ellsworth in lowering a Confederate flag, which had been hoisted above the hotel.

Brownell rose to the rank of captain. On his retirement he went to St. Louis and lived there several years. He was the only man who knew the truth about the killing of Colonel Ellsworth. During his life he would never tell the story. Shortly before his death in Washington, D. C., on March 15, 1894, he wrote an account of the tragedy. This paper he left as a legacy to his brother, F. B. Brownell, now a prominent citizen of St. Louis, through whose courtesy it is now published. In substance it reads thus:

On May 3, 1861, Ellsworth ascertained that the Colonels of the different regiments stationed about Washington had received orders to hold their commands to move at midnight. Ellsworth, not having received any such order, went to the President and appealed to him that he might take part in the movement, and through his personal influence with the President he was told he might go on one condition, namely, that if any breach of discipline or misbehavior occurred by his regiment it would be mustered out of the service.

Up to the day before the regiment left for Alexandria it had never received anything from the general government except rations and camp equipage. New arms, overcoats, etc., promised by the authorities before the regiment left New York never came, all of which caused Ellsworth to be extremely anxious as to the conduct of his regiment, upon which his future so largely depended.

The arms with which we were equipped were not received until the day before we occupied Alexandria, the Sharp rifles having been exchanged for Harper's Ferry rifled muskets, with the exception of Company A, to which I belonged, which received Harper's Ferry rifles with sabre bayonet but without bayonet scabbards.

I shall never forget the remarks made by him to the men the night before the movement and his death. The regiment was formed in column of divisions massed. He said:

"Boys, yesterday I understood that a movement was to be made against Alexandria. I went to see General Mansfield and told him I would consider it a personal affront if we were not allowed the right of the line, as it is our due as the first regiment of volunteers sworn in for the war. All I can say is, prepare yourselves for a nice little sail, and at the end perhaps a skirmish.

"Go to your tents and lie down until 2 o'clock, when the boats will come for us, and we will go forward to victory or death. When we reach the place of destination act like men; do nothing to shame the regiment. Show the enemy that you are men as well as soldiers, and that you will treat them with kindness, and, no matter what may happen, not a shot must be fired without orders. Now go to your tents and do as I tell you."

So far as I know these orders were not violated except in the single instance following his death.

The regiment embarked about 2 o'clock and arrived at Alexandria between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning. The troops moved against Alexandria in three columns—by the aqueduct under command of General Sanford, by the long bridge under command of Colonel Wilcox and by steamer under command of Colonel Ellsworth. Ellsworth was to approach by the river front and Wilcox by the Washington pike. They were to cut off telegraphic and railroad connection with the interior.

Ellsworth landed his regiment with great rapidity. The regiment was formed on the wharf when Ellsworth came by the right of the line, starting uptown. There were with him Mr. Winsor, of the New York Times, Mr. House, of the New York Tribune, and Chaplain Dodge. As they passed the right line someone of them suggested that a guard be taken. Ellsworth turned and said: "First squad, follow me."

The squad, consisting of Sergeant Marshall, two corporals, of which I was one, and two privates, fell in behind, and in that order we went up Cameron street on the double quick.

We went three blocks up Cameron street. I thought, and still think Ellsworth was on the way to the telegraph office to send word he had landed. Here we turned south on Royal street. One square brought us to King street, and as we turned the corner to go west we came in sight of the Marshall house, just a square ahead, with the Confederate flag flying.

Ellsworth turned abruptly to the Sergeant and said: "Marshall, go back and tell Captain Coyle to bring his company up here as soon as possible.

This was the only thing Ellsworth said to show that he had noticed the flag. He kept up King street and did not

turn across when he came opposite the Marshall house. I supposed he was going to let Captain Coyle take care of the flag. Ellsworth jumped over the gutter to cross the street at the hotel, when he suddenly halted. He said nothing, but looked back at the flag. Perhaps it occurred to him that the sight of that flag might enrage the men and lead to the very thing he had promised to prevent.

After a moment's thought he went across the street and entered the office of the hotel. We followed, nothing being said. There was a man at the counter. Ellsworth asked if he was the proprietor. He said "no."

Ellsworth went upstairs without another word. We followed him up two flights and then up a third flight to the attic. The stairs turned and had a landing midway of each flight. In the attic we found the ladders to the flag-staff, and Ellsworth pulled down the flag. The only thing that was said at the time was by Ellsworth. Some one started to cut off a piece, and Ellsworth said: "Stop; don't do that. This goes to New York."

Right here let me say that I firmly believe Ellsworth went up to get that flag in the interest of peace and good order. He was moved, I believe, by the thought that if seen by his men it might be taken as a provocation to do lawless acts. It was not bravado that inspired him; the act was prompted by his earnest desire to be prudent and avoid trouble.

His action in sending Sergeant Marshall back for Captain Coyle and Company A always seemed to me convincing proof that he did not leave the regiment for the purpose of taking the flag, as has often been asserted by some, for if that was his intention why did he immediately upon coming in sight of it send for aid? Why did he not go in the most direct line to the house instead of doing as he did?

We started down the stairs from the attic to the third floor. I was leading. Ellsworth was just behind, in the act of rolling up the flag into a small bundle. As I came upon the first landing, which turned with half a dozen steps before leading to the floor, there stood a man with a double-barreled gun resting on the banisters and the muzzle pointing at my breast.

Up to this time everything had been so quiet we were not anticipating trouble. By the instinct of self-preservation more than anything else I jumped, and as I did so I threw down the barrel of my gun on his, and both guns slid down the banister until they reached the turn and then fell apart.

I jump cleared the steps from the landing to the floor, but before I could gain my equilibrium the man had thrown up his gun into position, and just as Ellsworth came into view on the landing he fired. Then he whirled and leveled at me. As he did so I fired and sprang forward with my bayonet. That motion saved my life, for the heavy charge of buckshot went just over my head and through the door behind me.

The muzzle of the gun was within three or four feet of Ellsworth's breast. The charge of buckshot struck him just above the heart. With the single exclamation, "My God!" he fell forward from the landing to the floor.

Jackson, who killed Ellsworth, was shot in the corner of his left eye through the brain. The bayonet pierced his heart. He fell backward to the landing midway between the second and third floors. From the beginning to the end he never spoke.

I can only account for my escape by the supposition that when I came into view on the landing Jackson wavered for a moment. That gave me a chance to leap to the floor and saved my life.

I do not think he knew who had gone up to take down the flag. He had been celebrating the passage of the ordinance of secession and had gone to bed drunk at 2 o'clock in the morning.

There had been threats by citizens to take down the flag, and Jackson had sworn to defend it. He had been awakened hurriedly by somebody and told that we had gone up to get the flag. Without waiting to dress, for he wore only his shirt and pantaloons, he seized his gun and took his place on the landing.

A strange incident happened at the moment of Ellsworth's death. Upon the breast of his vest he wore the badge of the Baltimore City Guards, which had been given him while in that city in 1860. It bore the letters B. C. G. in German text in the center of a blue garter, in which was the Latin motto, "Non solum nobis se pro patria." "Not for ourselves alone, but for our country." It was an inch in diameter. The charge from Jackson's gun carried this badge into his breast, and parts of it were found mingled with the buckshot in his spine.

Concealing his death from the command for fear of terrible vengeance on the whole city, the body was borne back to the navy yard at Washington.

I shall never forget a scene that took place in the engine house where the body had been taken for the purpose of embalming. Feeling great pain in my head, I had lain down in the quarters of the Seventy-first New York, when a messenger came and told me the President wished to see me.

I went with him to the engine house and there found the undertaker, Captain Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and the President, who, when I entered, was pacing up and down the floor, the picture of anguish and grief, and as he passed the body he would raise the sheet from the face and with tears running down his cheeks, exclaim: "My boy, my boy, was it necessary that this sacrifice should be made?"

Don't use strong-scented flowers for table decorations.

## A METHODIST BISHOP GIVES PE-RU-NA GREAT CREDIT



BISHOP GRANT, OF INDIANAPOLIS.

Bishop A. Grant, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes the following letter:  
*Indianapolis, Indiana,  
3340 N. Pennsylvania Street,  
Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:*  
Gentlemen—"I have been using Peruna for catarrh and can cheerfully recommend your remedy to anyone who wants a good medicine." A. Grant.

Prominent members of the clergy are giving Peruna their unqualified endorsement. These men had Peruna especially adapted to preserve them from catarrh of the vocal organs, which has always been the bane of public speakers, and general catarrhal debility incident to the sedentary life of the clergyman. Among the recent utterances of noted clergymen on the curative virtues of Peruna is the above one from Bishop Grant.

**Of No Consequence.**  
Husband—"You are as gloomy as an owl. Sulking because I can't get you that new bonnet, I suppose."  
Wife—"No, I was only going over some old letters, that's all. It's nothing of importance. Only a fit of the blues."  
"What letters?"  
"Love letters."  
"Some you wrote?"  
"Some I received."  
"Oh, mine, eh?"  
"No, some I received before I met you. It's of no consequence. None at all. How is your cold?"

**A Busy Scribe.**  
First Reporter (big daily paper)—  
"What's the matter?"  
Second Reporter—"I worked for two mortal hours over that lost child, and spent about two dollars for candy and toys, trying to coax him to tell what his name was, so I could take him to his parents and write it up. Thought I'd get about a column of affecting scenes out of it."  
"Didn't you succeed?"  
"Yes, he told, finally."  
"Then what are you grumbling about?"  
"He's my own son."

**Consolation and Comfort.**  
Who is it that does not wish to be out in the open air or alive in some field of sport, whether it be with the bat, rod or gun; whether we go coasting over the hills and vales on the wheel or sailing over rough waves or into serene coves, it is all sport, and the springing muscles seem to need it. It is bound to happen that some mishap will occur. Thus it is that we have sprains in abundance. Light sprains, sprains that cripple, sprains that give great pain, sprains that rob us of sleep, but sportsmen of all kinds have come to know that there is nothing better than the old, reliable St. Jacobs Oil. Have it with you for use; you may rely on its cure of the worst sprain and restoration to the comforts of life.

**A Dear Friend.**  
Morgue Keeper—"Looking for any one?"  
Visitor—"O'!m lookin' fur me dear friend, Mok Moolighan, who's mysteriously disappeared. It ud break me heart to find him dead. O! loved that non like a brother."  
"Has he any marks by which you could identify him?"  
"Yes; he do have a big scar on his forehead where O! hit 'im wid a brick."

Sow seeds of Kenilworth ivy or linaria in pots containing palms. They cover the surface and drape the pot prettily.

We refund 10c for every package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE that fails to give satisfaction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo. Sold by druggists.

**Plenty of Company.**  
Mrs. Suburb—"What is your objection to the country?"  
Domestic—"I am afraid I will be lonely."  
Mrs. Suburb—"Impossible. There are sixteen in the family."

**GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS**  
Use the best. That's why they buy Red Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers, 5 cents.

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Deepun—"Yes, a man who succeeds in getting along with an average lot of school directors can make his way anywhere."

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## Writes His Recommendation For the Famous Catarrh Remedy, Pe-ru-na.

The day was when men of prominence hesitated to give their testimonials to proprietary medicines for publication. This remains true to-day of most proprietary medicines. But Pe-ru-na has become so justly famous, its merits are known to so many people of high and low station that some hesitate to see his name in print recommending Pe-ru-na.

The following letters from pastors who use Pe-ru-na speak for themselves:

Rev. E. G. Smith, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, of Greensboro, Ga., writes:—"My little boy had been suffering for some time with catarrh of the lower bowels. Other remedies had failed, but after taking two bottles of Pe-ru-na the trouble almost entirely disappeared. For this special malady I consider it well worth a specific."—Rev. E. G. Smith.

Rev. A. S. Vaughn, Eureka Springs, Ark., says:—"I had been prostrated by congestive chills and was almost dead; as soon as I was able to be about, I commenced the use of Pe-ru-na. I took five bottles; my strength returned rapidly and I am now enjoying my usual health."—Rev. A. S. Vaughn.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pe-ru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

"He's an adept at golf, I presume?"  
"Oh, yes, indeed!"  
"By the way, what constitutes an adept, if I may ask?"  
"Well, an adept at golf is a man who can swear in correct Scotch and get as much relief as if he swears in American."—Detroit Free Press.

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