

Snap Shots and Observations

From a Richardson County Farmer

So far this has been a winter of varied and marked changes of weather. The mercury has several times dropped thirty or forty degrees in 24 hours. From beautiful sunshiney weather when it was too hot to wear a coat at work, it has gone down below the zero mark and flurries of driving snow have given the stockmen some concern. The last of January we had terrific wind storms that swept the windmills down in countless number and there would have been positive disaster in the feedlots if the weather had not at once moderated and allowed the installation of gasoline engines or the repairing of the mills.

As it is, the pump, engine and mill men have not yet caught up with the repairing of the damage. One little firm in our section had 65 calls to replace blown down mills in 48 hours after the storm.

No great damages resulted to livestock in any one section, but two or three lighter storms have swept the state and some losses have occurred.

The whole state has been well supplied with hay and roughness and feed has not been short in any section and the consequence is that in general the stock is in fine shape.

The hogs are pretty well out of the country now, and we notice that the weights are pretty good at present. A goodly number of the shipments go into the heavy weight class and are better finished.

CROP PROSPECTS AND CONDITIONS.

Wheat is not reported winter-killed from any section, but the fierce winds and insufficient snow have given the growers some fear that damage might result. The few farmers that have wheat on hand are now marketing it at the \$1.00 mark, many saying that in all their history it is the first chance they have ever had to sell wheat at one dollar.

There is a growing sentiment that the order of the agricultural department in putting a ban upon the bleaching of flour, was a mistake and that it will be rescinded.

The clover has stood the winter in fine shape and it will depend upon future weather if it results in any detriment to it. There has been a wonderful lot of work along the line of corn improvement this winter and a lot of people who never tried a seed plot are going to do so this spring. There is more fancy seed corn being bought than ever before. It will be well to give a few words of caution to those who have bred a certain strain of corn on their farms for years. Do not make a complete change of seed. Perhaps the corn you are growing is better adapted to your farm methods and soil than some fancy scoring variety from a distance.

Plant seed tests, but do not discard your old varieties before you have tested the newer sorts.

Talking over the oat problem with several of our best farmers recently, it has been the general decision that it has been weather conditions and not soil deterioration or the running out of our oats, that has caused the great depreciation of that crop. Even on rich soil they have not yielded well, with good plowing and drilling the results have been unsatisfactory. Various degrees in the quantity of seed sown has shown no marked variation, in fact we are not in the oat zone, or at least have not been for several years. One of the best farmers I know of, said that for our soil, a sandy loam, double discing was as good a way as he knew and that from two to three

bushels of seed per acre, about the right quantity and that he was going to continue sowing that way.

THE SHEEP COMING INTO FAVOR.

Unheralded by any blasts of trumpets, the sheep is coming rapidly to the fore on the farms of Nebraska during the past year or so. Many farms where sheep were not known are now supporting small flocks of sheep. This right in the face of high priced-hogs. It is possible that the farmers are gaining some belief that the hoof of the sheep is golden and that sheep can convert some of the roughness of the farm into wool and mutton.

We heard a farmer who owns a quarter section, say that he was going to drop out of the hog business largely and raise sheep. It did not take the large amount of grain to fatten them. With hogs we must keep cattle or the hay and stalks are largely wasted. With sheep we can get rid of both roughness and grain and send a finished product to the market.

THE TREE BUTCHER AT WORK.

There are many old orchards in this section, orchards that have been established for twenty years or more and they have been neglected until now that land has become valuable, they are not a paying proposition and we see many instances where the owner has gone at them with axe and saw and has trimmed them most unmercifully. One orchard we passed on our way to town, has all the wood removed except the top branches. The owner will have to get an extension ladder or become an expert thrower to get apples from those trees.

Now if one wants to convert these old orchards into pastures, or kill them out that is all right, but to cut out in one year, the surplus growth of fifteen or twenty years, and to cut all of those limbs that shade the trunk and larger limbs, is to destroy the future usefulness of the trees.

In our climate the trees will sun scald every time. Then it is like cutting the arms and legs all off a man at one time, there is too much of an operation and the shock is too great for recovery. Better trim a little severely this year, but not too much and continue the good work for several years and also use a little fertility. Cutting out the center tops of the trees and leaving the side and lower limbs is better than removing them and leaving a bunch of limbs on the summit.

FARM LAND STILL GOES UPWARD

Nebraska lands have been going up by bounds and leaps, but a farm in Richardson county, several miles from town, lately sold for \$165 per acre and the buyer bought for legitimate farm purposes. It was not wanted for dairying or some special purposes as some farms near town often are purchased for; but the owner expects to raise corn, hay and stock on it.

A farm at that price, would have to rent for more than \$10 per acre, to pay a six per cent interest on the money and the taxes and even more than that to keep up the improvements. In fact we believe it will have to yield an income that would enable the owner to clear about \$12 per acre to pay interest, taxes and keep up the improvements. But we are not certain that prices are not going higher yet, in fact the \$200 mark will not be surprising for good corn land. In that case the owner may reap a good advance on his investment. But to clear \$12 an acre on common farm land, above expenses, is a hard thing to do in ordinary times. Horses

are going upward as well as land. We thought they had reached the high mark last year, but at every sale they are forging ahead. At a mule sale the other day, two teams sold for \$500 each and several others went near that figure. Surely the young farmer who is starting out now, has to have capital invested. At those figures there is \$1000 in a four horse team and that he must have.

Plugs will not do on the heavy two-team machines of the present day, they must be big strong horses to pull the gang, disc of two row plows.

AN INDIAN STORY

H. E. Lemmon Writes a Little of His Experience

To The Tribune: I read the description of "The Wayfarers" visit to the home of the old chief of the Sac and Fox Indians with much interest and pleasure, as it reminded me of a visit I made at a later date to his home on the bank of Lost Creek near its entrance into the Great Nemaha, in company with George G. Stumbo who had lived near the Indian village at the falls of the Nemaha for several years prior to their moving to Lost Creek, and who could talk their language with considerable fluency, and the Indian would visit and trade with him rather than with others on that account. The object of Mr. Stumbo's trip was to buy or trade for a dug out canoe belonging to the old chief Mine. (Curiosity.) It was a bright warm day early in June and as we drew near the belt of timber on Lost Creek we saw the old fellow in a little field of 3 or 4 acres wielding a large hoe among the hills of corn and beans with much energy. Upon being hailed by Mr. Stumbo he waived his hand and said "Go down to the wick-up and I will come when done with my hoeing." I remarked to Mr. Stumbo that that was the first time I had ever seen an Indian work, but he informed me that the old chief was the most industrious man in the tribe, and that the efforts I had seen were not unusual. While waiting for the old fellow to come we went to the stream and looked the canoe over, and I must say I never saw a better boat, builders considered. It was 20 feet long, hewn out of the body of a huge cottonwood tree, and was so smooth and unique it rode the water like a duck.

On returning to the house the old chief soon arrived, and we were invited to seats on a raised platform in the yard over which an arbor had been built for shade and negotiations began over the canoe. After some bargaining the chief finally said that his young men needed the boat then as it was fishing season and he could not let it go, but if Mr. Stumbo would come down about the time the streams froze over he could have the use of the canoe until spring for nothing, which answer caused me to think the old fellow was something of a joker. Dinner was now served, which consisted of boiled bacon and beans, corn bread and coffee, and just as we were about to commence, the old chief motioned us to wait, and calling to his squaw, she came with a small tin pail from which the chief poured a generous portion of milk into his coffee, and passed the pail to Mr. Stumbo, with the remark "that he was beginning to live like white men and put milk in his coffee." Mr. Stumbo looked at it and said he used sugar instead, and with a merry twinkle in his eye passed it to me. "What is the matter with it?" said I. "It is buttermilk," he replied. I also preferred sugar. The squaws often went to the settlers' homes adjoining the reservation for the purpose of bartering, and that is where the buttermilk came from.

After dinner was over, by the aid of Mr. Stumbo, I told the chief I had heard that Indian names often meant some animal and asked if his was such, he said "yes, his name was Mah-son-ah-quet (accent on second syllable) and it meant a bear sitting up in a tree. I also commented on his energy and industry, and he said it was a good way, to work hard in summer and have plenty to eat in winter, and tried to show his young men how they should do, and intimated that we might profit by his example. With a warm invitation to come again, we departed for home, having had a visit I will never forget. H. E. LEMMON, R. F. D. No. 1, Falls City, Neb.

Announcement!

Millinery

Millinery

A New Millinery Shop

All women who wear hats, and quite a number do, will be interested in this announcement.

From this you will learn that a New Millinery Shop is to be opened in this town.

From this you will learn that this shop is going to be a

Strictly Up-to-Date Shop

where you will get Style and Fashion, where all that is the Latest will be found, and where nothing but the very latest will ever be sold.

Along with other things you must note particularly that

Prices Will be Reasonable

I do not intend to sell shoddy, cheap hats. You will find nothing but good goods in my store.

But whatever the cost, whether \$2 or \$20, the hats will have Quality, will have Real Value, and the Prices will be Right.

Remember my opening day. Drop in and see what is the latest.

I respectfully solicit your patronage and hope our relationship will be pleasant always.

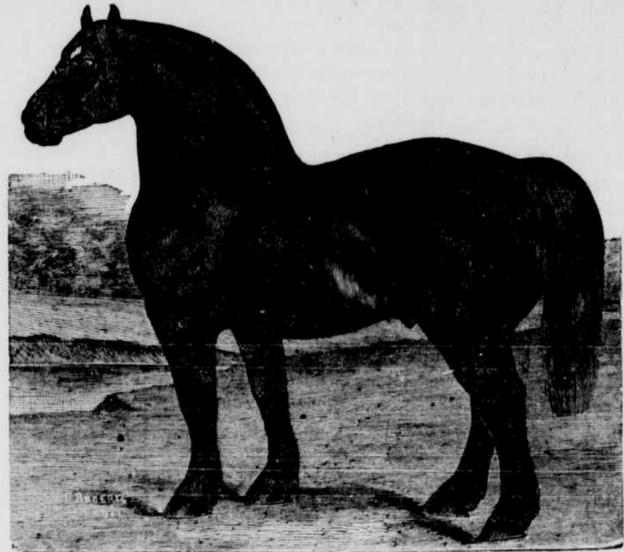
Opening Day, Sat., March 6th

MISS HANNAH ANDERSON

Maddox Building

Falls City, Nebraska

WANTED!!



Horses, Mares and Mules

For Eastern, Southern and Foreign Markets

As I have bought and owned more horses and mules in the last twenty years than any other one country buyer in Europe or America, and as I buy horses and mules for eight or ten different markets, I can pay you more money than any other man in America for any kind of a horse or mule you have for sale.

Falls City, Saturday, March 6th

Now if you have an extra draft horse, trotter, or pacer, chunk, or southern horse, don't sell them until you show them to me. I want mules from fourteen hands high to as big as they grow; from three to ten years old. I'm coming to buy, not to look.

You'll Get the Same Square Deal that I've Given You for Years

W. J. OWENS

Most Extensive Dealer in the U. S.

Wait for Me--I'm Coming