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The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXIV.--NUMBER 47. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER 1,243.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

A $25,000 school will be among Hastings improvements this year.

Beatrice's new Presbyterian church, just dedicated, cost $24,000.

A camp of the Modern Woodmen has been organized at Niobrara.

Fire at Valparaiso badly damaged the residence of Mrs. S. S. Throop.

The new Presbyterian church in Beatrice was dedicated last Sunday.

The frequency of fires at Hastings of late makes it look as if incendiaries were about.

Mr. Upton of Dodge county last week started twelve double-decked cars of sheep to Europe.

Hiram C. Tuttle, an old soldier of Red Cloud, has lately received a good-sized back pension.

A building and loan association has been organized at Clay Center with a liberal subscription.

There is talk of organizing an Odd Fellows lodge at Rising City. Forty or fifty people will join.

Basey, the murderer of W. O. Wright at Valparaiso, was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary.

The Y. M. C. A. of Lincoln numbers 904. It is expected that this will be increased to 1,000 by March 7th.

Ella Baker has brought suit in the county court of Gage county against Myron McGary for bastardy.

Four evil doers from Otoe county have just been placed in the penitentiary for from one to four years.

A "Gideon's band" of 200 members has been organized at Pawnee City as a result of the revival services there.

H. H. Ladd of Fontenelle has come into a fortune of $100,000 through the death of a near relative in Chicago.

There was shipped from Stanton last week, a train of twenty cars of cattle for the Union stock yards, Chicago.

Charles Yeaton, a former resident of Tekamah, recently lost all his household effects by fire at Santa Monica, Cal.

In the way of public and private improvements this year Fremont bids fair to keep up her old gait and get to the front.

A broom factory, started in Hastings last fall, is now supplying the home trade and merchants of near by small towns.

L. M. Buckley, of Liberty, pleaded guilty to selling liquor without a license and was fined $500 and costs on three counts.

Charles C. Carlton, of Fremont, who is sentenced to hang the 23d of March, has been granted a stay of execution by the supreme court.

The farm house of John Ricket, fourteen miles northwest of Schuyler, was totally destroyed by fire with all its contents last week.

The residence of Prof. E. Dalmar in West Beatrice was completely destroyed by fire with most of its contents. Loss $1,200; insurance, $200.

The Bagley Heating company of Milwaukee has been awarded the contract of heating the new government building at Fremont at $2,653.

The unsafe condition of the Otoe county jail has started an agitation in Nebraska City for the building of a more substantial structure.

A whole sleigh load of people were dumped in a drift near Steele City by reason of a runaway, and all were more or less injured but the driver.

The senate bill reimbursing Nebraska for the sum expended in the Sioux campaign was reported favorably last week from the committee on claims.

The 4-year-old boy of P. H. Morrison, in the east part of Fremont, swallowed laudanum from a bottle, but was saved by the timely arrival of the doctor.

A member of the Slowecher family allowed a tramp boy to stay over night at his place and the boy in return stole a pocketbook containing $5 in money.

The thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the order of Knights of Pythias was royally observed by the five lodges of Johnson county in Tecumseh.

M. B. Plant, a farmer near Oxford, fell under a bull while leading it to water, sustaining injuries in the abdomen, from which he died in great agony.

Burglars broke into the depot at Holbrook the other night and secured a lot of tickets, a little money and the contents of two mail sacks that they cut open.

The retail jewelers of Nebraska are going to hold a meeting at Lincoln March 14 and 15, for the purpose of forming a state association for mutual benefit.

The report of the finance committee, made to the county board of Custer county, shows that ex-County Treasurer Weimer is short in his cash $4,449.22.

While C. A. Huck, a North Bend jeweler, was at supper some one broke into the back door of his store and stole two trays of gold watches and cases and one tray of chains.

Tony Columbus, an Italian, was arrested in Nebraska City on information from Omaha. He is accused of sending threatening letters to fellow countrymen at Omaha.

A charity entertainment at Grand Island called out the criticism from the Independent that the poor overseer ought to have furnished some clothes for the performers.

Cal West, living near Syracuse, has been a renter of farms for the past thirteen years and in that time has laid by enough to purchase one of the best farms in the county.

A dentist of Talmage has with remarkable ingenuity made an appliance for a patient afflicted with cleft palate which permits of distinct speech and perfect articulation.

The preliminary examination of Sam Huffman and Elsie Thomas, charged with robbing the Cozard depot, resulted in their being bound over to appear at district court under $1,000 bonds.

The jail at David City is sadly in need of repairs. The other night a prisoner climbed to the top of the cell, kicked a hole through the ceiling and walked off. He is wanted for burglary.

Dean Alfred A. Wright, D. D., of Boston, has been engaged for five days' work in Fremont during the Central Chautauqua assembly this summer. He is an educated, eloquent and witty speaker.

Trade is slowly improving. The Lininger & Metcalf company of Omaha are shipping out more goods than ever before. They are agents for the Clark Cutaway harrows, Oliver plows, Triumph riding plows, Barlow corn planter, Dodger cultivators, etc.

There will be a grand sale of trotting-bred horses at the South Omaha stock yards, commencing March 20th. Nebraska and Western Iowa are celebrated for their fine horse stock, and a few dollars spent to improve the breeding stock is money well invested.

EDITOR ASTOR still insists that Premier Gladstone will resign and the old man keeps right on as though he hadn't heard anything of it. This is rough on the editor, but it is not clear what he is going to do about it.

The five Knights of Pythias lodges of Johnson county held their anniversary celebration in Tecumseh last week. All the lodges were well represented and the exercises went off in perfect harmony.

M. R. Thorp, a letter carrier at Nebraska City, was asked for assistance by two tramps and took them to the hotel and gave them food. They repaid his kindness by stealing his overcoat, valued at $45.

At Talmage, while cleaning a target gun, Gussie Butz, the 13-year-old son of Henry Butz, received a severe wound in the face by being burned with powder. The gun bursted, but he sustained no other injuries.

In the district court of Dodge county Joseph Brastd pleaded guilty to the charge of stealing a Percheron horse from Mark M. Coad and was sentenced by Judge William Marshall to one year in the penitentiary.

Governor Crounse honored a requisition for the apprehension of Seth Hupp, who is wanted at Coon Rapids, Ia., for burglarizing the clothing store of A. R. Hatfield in January, 1893, in company with Charley Mingus and Newt Grub.

A slight earthquake visited the section about Sargent. The convulsion was sufficient to shake buildings considerably and awoke every one who was asleep at the time. People a distance of fifteen miles report having felt the "quake."

Three Indian soldiers of company I, Second infantry, Wagoner Ghost Bull and Private Thunder Beard and Eagle Head, Fort Omaha, who asked permission to buy their discharge, have been permitted so to do by orders received from Washington.

The Southeastern Nebraska Grand Army of the Republic encampment will be held in Beatrice March 8. Commander Church Howe and Senior Vice Commander Adams will be present. Beatrice will extend a hearty welcome to the visiting veterans.

A son of John Goettsch of Creighton has just been taken to the asylum at Norfolk. The manifestation of his insanity was in a very unfortunate form. He placed poison in the food of his grandmother, from the deadly effects of which the old lady died.

At Wilber, in the case of T. A. Clements against the Burlington, an action for damages for the peculiar injuries to his person by the breaking of a lamp chimney in a car closet, near Ashland, while he was traveling from Omaha to Crete last May, the jury brought in a verdict giving Clements $508.

Recently there was a movement on foot in Hastings to secure a meeting of the Nebraska Irrigation association, but the national meeting to be held at Omaha in March, and the near approach of spring, when farmers will be busy, led the friends of the movement to abandon the project for a time.

The Young Men's Christian association of Fremont has decided to put up a $15,000 building on its property on the corner of F and Fifth streets, and claim that the means are already in sight. This, with the new Grand Army of the Republic hall, will mark a new era of improvement in Fremont.

County Attorney McAllister was on another of his usual periodical drunks on Tuesday, says the Dakota City Eagle, and besides filling the air with foul language went home and shamefully and disgracefully abused his wife and children, besides kicking over the supper table and breaking up the furniture.

A peculiar disease appears to be prevalent among the cattle of some parts of the county, says the David City Banner. It attacks the fat cattle exclusively. Some of the feeders of Olive township have lost several head by it. No symptoms of the disease are noticeable upon the cattle affected until they fall to the ground in a sort of a fit.

The business of "bootlegging" whisky seems to be conducted to quite an extent of late, at Decatur. No less than twelve Indians were drunk on the streets. Some of them were loaded to their fullest capacity with firewater. It will be a choice of two evils at the coming village election, and no doubt a license board will be elected.

Public sentiment at Tekamah is at the highest pitch against a Mrs. Parmer, a grass widow, who separated from her husband some two years ago. She took her 15-year-old daughter to a house of prostitution in Tekamah and compelled her to remain there against her will. The little girl appealed to the police and was removed and her mother was arrested.

In a fit of temporary derangement or despondency Mary Graves of Orleans, aged about forty and married, attempted suicide by cutting her throat with a razor while the members of the family were all absent from the house. Mrs. Graves has been a great sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism for several months and the attempt is attributed to her desire to terminate her sufferings.

A remarkable suit was filed in the district court at Papillion by William Sherwin, who seeks to foreclose a mortgage upon a half dozen of the wildcat additions to South Omaha, the property lying in Sarpy county. The remarkable feature of the case is that there are more than two hundred defendants, principally owners of lots in the new additions.

A desperate looking tramp, having in charge a cow and a young calf, struck town last Tuesday, says the Papillion Times. He quartered himself and his live stock in the sheds in the rear of the Lutheran church and slept during two bitter cold nights beside his cow. He claimed to have plenty of money to pay for a hotel lodging, but said he preferred sleeping with the cow, as it was better for his health.

A. Gerhardt, a farmer from Iowa, attempted to cross the river on the ice at Nebraska City. On account of the mild weather for a day or two the ice had softened considerably and gave way under the wagon heavily loaded with wood. The team and wagon went down in twenty feet of water and were drowned under the ice. Gerhardt barely escaped by jumping.

It is reported that the man Dobbins, who was supposed to have been drowned in the Platte river at North Bend a month or so ago, has been seen in Rockport, Mo. There were many suspicious circumstances connected with the case. He had just taken out a $2,000 policy on his life and had been negotiating for more, all for the benefit of his young wife of a few months, who, it may be said without question, believed that his body was certainly in the river.

There is now in Nebraska an old soldier who is really a veteran in every sense of the word, says the Plattsmouth News. His name is samuel Dorsey and he lives in Herman, Washington county. He has been there about one year. He was in the first skirmish at Phillipi; the first real battle or skirmish wherein blood was shed. The row at Baltimore with the Sixth Massachusetts, is, of course, excepted, but that was raw troops against a rabble and could in no wise be called a battle. At Phillipi General Kelly was wounded, the first man in actual battle where the union troops met confederate troops, and Mr. Dorsey helped to carry him off the field. The man that shot Kelly was taken prisoner and sent north.

HAWK-EYE JACK.

Every one who has crossed what used to be known as the Great American Desert, embracing the plains that lie between Atchison, Kan., and Denver, Colo., will recall easily the well known ford of the North Platte river, at Hawk-Eye Ranch, where, in the early days, wagon trains used to stop to renew their butler's stores, and where lightning whisky was sold by the glass. The ranch was kept by one Jack Reed, a literal type of the adventurous frontiersman, who bore the name of Hawk-Eye, from the wonderful blackness and brightness of those orbs with which nature had endowed him. Jack Reed, though forty-eight years old at the time of which I write, could see farther over the prairies than the best scout that ever squinted along the barrel of a rifle.

No one knows this man's history previous to the spring of 1860, when he arrived and established himself at this ford of the North Platte, which place has since come to be named after him. Here he erected an adobe house, which from time to time he strengthened into a miniature fort to protect himself and family against the hostile Indians. Hawk-Eye Jack was a wonderful shot, and especially at long range, his excellent sight giving him a peculiar advantage. I have never seen but one man his equal as a marksman, and his specialty was the pistol. Sometimes strangers would stop at the ranch and boast of their being good shots, and perhaps challenge Hawk-Eye Jack to a trial of skill. He let them select their own distance and target; then, when they had fired, he would bring his rifle to his eye with a rapid motion and fire instantly. His ball was always found to have entered the same hole which his opponent's bullet had made!

"Your bullet is my mark!" he would say, coolly.

"You can't see a bullet hole that distance," was frequently the rejoinder.

"Fifty dollars against twenty I cover the two balls by another shot!"

But the strangers found they had got a man with whom they could only bet to lose, and so they acknowledged "beat" and went on their way.

Several years ago I was taking a large surveying party to Colorado, and we made up our train at Atchison, consisting of fourteen mule teams, having some heavy machinery to transport in the wagons. It was before the iron horse had crossed that arid route or a rail had been laid west of Kansas. We could not make more than twenty miles a day in the way of progress, corralling our teams at night and making all necessary arrangements against the roving Indians, who were the literal banditti of the plains. As we had broken down with one of our teams just about a couple of miles before reaching Hawk-Eye Ford, I ordered a halt for a whole day to repack the wagons and leave the broken one behind.

During the performance of this duty by the men, I mounted my sturdy little white saddle horse and went forward to visit Jack's establishment. It happened to be a very quiet day, and there was scarcely a soul about the premises save the family itself. The ranch was fully twelve miles from any other, and it was only when the Hallday mail-wagons passed, or an occasional mule-train camped near by, that any one came there at all. Now and then buffalo or antelope hunters dropped in, and occasionally some two or three venturesome miners, who, trusting to their Spencer rifles and good horses, crossed the plains without escort. As I rode up to the ranch I heard some pistol shots, and loosened my own revolver, thinking I might need it for self-defense.

I rode round to the rear of the adobe to see what the shots signified which seemed to be fired there, and beheld a singular sight. A tall, slim, wiry-built man was stading by the side of a young girl, who could not be more than fourteen years of age. The child, for she seemed but little more, was firing at a mark some thirty paces distant, with a bright-barreled navy revolver, and listening to the criticisms and suggestions of the man by her side. He turned toward me, and I knew in an instant, by those large, piercing black eyes, that it was Hawk-Eye Jack, though I had never seen him before.

"That'll do, Minette," he said to the child. "You will shoot as well as your father by and by."

The girl seemed pleased with the compliment, and left us as she turned to go into the adobe. She was decidedly pretty, with her father's eyes, and a round, well-developed figure, clothed in a boyish style, yet in no respect immodestly dressed. She wiped the revolver carefully as she walked away, and returned it to the leather sheath hanging from a belt at her side.

"You camped just below, last night, stranger," said the man to me, "and I saw you coming up."

"Yes, we have laid over for repairs."

"Walk in and have something, stranger?"

"Thanks," said I, following him into the dwelling.

At my request he prepared a couple of very large mugs of punch, and then accepting one of from the East, we sat and smoked and chatted very sociably together for a long while. He enjoyed the cigar "hugely," as he said, it being of so much finer flavor than the Virginia weed which he used in his pipe. Jack warmed up over the punch and tobacco, and was full of stories of frontier life and adventures.

"What family have you here?" I asked.

"Only Minette and her old aunt," he said, and looked sharply at me with a sort of inquiring expression.

"I should think it would be lonely."

"Sometimes, but I have an object," he said, grimly.

"To make money, I suppose, like the rest of us."

"Money? Well, yes, I do trade a little, but that is not my object," he said, with a stern expression.

"What is it?"

"Vengeance!" he replied, with a look so savage, and so hoarse a voice, that I was startled.

"On whom?" I asked.

"The redskins!"

We had finished our cigars and punch, and at my suggestion both were renewed. My host became more and more communicative as the stimulant warmed his veins and the tobacco ascended to the brain. At last he said, casually:

"Never been along the Platte route before?"

"No."

"I thought so, else you would know something of me and my ranch," he replied, swallowing the smoke and blowing it out of his nostrils.

"How long have you been here?"

"Well, I settled here in the latter part of some seven years ago, and had a pretty comfortable time of it till the red devils spoilt all."

"How was that?"

"Well, stranger, to make a long story short, I came here with my wife and three children from Nevada in that year, and set up a sort of trading post here. Things went on very well for a considerable while; business was good with travelers, miners, and now and then the Indians. Every one who came to the ranch went away satisfied, and everything went on the square. I didn't know as I had an enemy in the world, and I'm sure I never injured man, woman or child till five years ago. One day our little girl Minette had a bad tooth, which set in to ache so bad that I took her with her aunt about twenty miles up the Platte to a government stockade, to get the surgeon to extract the tooth, which he did, and we came back the next day. What do you suppose we saw when we got here?"

"What was it?"

"A smoldering ruin! Excuse me, stranger," said the man, covering his face with his hands; "I don't tell this story often! Destroyed—wife and two children stolen away—all gone!" he sobbed.

"What did it mean?"

"The red devils had been here. They knew I was absent, so they stole what they could carry off, and burned the rest. There was nothing left standing. My first step was to get a half-dozen men I could rely upon and to follow their trail, to get back my wife and children. We overtook the devils. They would not parley or I should have tried peaceable means, in order to insure the safety of my wife and wife and children. No; they showed fight at once. And uring the scrimmage brought out my wife and killed and scalped her before our very eyes, then dashed out the brains of my two children. That was pronouncing their own doom! There were but fifteen of the gang, and we killed thirteen of them within twenty-four hours, two only escaping after we had pursued them nearly a hundred miles.

"We buried the mutilated bodies of my dear wife and children, and came back to this spot. The first night I lay on the ground and tried to pray, but it was no use. I couldn't do it. The next morning I swore an oath that I would be fearfully avenged upon the hated race of treacherous devils. I took a solemn oath wherever and whenever I saw an Indian I would shoot him like a wild beast: I rebuilt this ranch, pretty roughly as you see, but securely. I can resist a whole cloud of redskins for twenty-four hours, and pick them off through these loop-holes. I have, as you see, plenty or arms," pointing to a half-dozen Spencer's seven-shooters, and as many excellent revolvers hanging in a rack on the wall; "and I never go about without a pair of these fellows," pointing to his belt, in which were a couple of Wesson rifled revolvers.

"They will pick me off one of these days, but I am making minced meat of them in the meantime, and Minette will sell her life dearly when the time comes. You saw her shoot just now. I have taught her so that she can fire a rifle or a revolver better than most marksmen; and last fall, when the redskins made a raid upon us, and I got some fine practice before they beat a retreat, she shot a chief dead in his saddle out of that loop-hole.

In vain were the moral axioms I adduced, and the arguments tending to show that "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." In vain I pointed out to the man his better duty to the brave and intelligent child, whom he was rearing under such terrible auspices. Though I really felt and seriously so, what I said to him, it was worse than useless, seeming only to confirm him in the course he had laid out for his fixed aim in life. His provocation was terrible, but his present career seemed to me to be more so.

"The redskins are getting scarce about here. They know that I will shoot them at sight, and that I can kill farther than any man west of the Missouri with my rifle. This was their favorite ford, but they abandoned it altogether some three years since, after losing, at different times, over thirty of their chiefs at the crossing. They have paid dearly, but they haven't half paid yet for the murder of my wife and children."

The deep large black eyes of the frontiersman had been all on fire while he told his tragic story, which is well known to travelers by the North Platte route. His cheeks were sunken and his body extremely thin, but he was all muscle and vigor.

"Will you take a little more punch, stranger?"

"No, I thank you."

"Won't you have some dinner, stranger?"

"My people will be expecting me back to camp at noon," I said as I prepared to depart.

As I went by the small narrow counter, which formed the bar of the ranch I observed a long pine stick hung up by a string against the wall, and nicked apparently by a pocket knife. Hawk-Eye Jack noticed that I regarded it curiously, and took it down and handed it to me. After a moment he said:

"You observe those notches cut in the stick—each one represents the life of a redskin. When I shoot one, I cut a notch. If you count these notches you will see they are rising seventy in number. I call it my Indian Death Tally."

Platonic Love a Myth.

Love between women and men was not invented for the entertainment of philosophers, but largely for domestic purposes; and if platonic love is to have anything better than a hazardous and unstable existence the conditions of it must be such that it may prosper without conflict with nature's more important ends. Thus we see why platonic friendships between young people who might marry do not endure. Such couples get married and their friendship merges into a more durable sentiment, or else one of them marries some one else, and then it lapses. At least it should lapse, for, if it does not, it not only militates against peace in the family but it tends to keep the unmarried platonist from going about his business and finding himself a mate, according to nature's design. Every marriageable man besides her husband that any woman absorbs involves the waste of some other woman's opportunities, and nature hates waste with a proverbial antipathy.

Logic.

Naming a horse is sometimes fully as difficult as naming a baby, although the groom of a well known New Yorker did not find it so the other day. Mr. Johnson had a valuable horse which he had called Ajax, and only recently was able to buy an excellent mate for it. What to call it was the problem, and in his anxiety to discover just the right name several days went by. At last he went to the stable one day and discovered that his groom had solved the difficulty for him. The word "Ajax" was painted over the stall of the older horse, and over that of the new-comer appeared, in large chalk letters, "Bjax."—From the "Editor's Drawer," in Harper's Magazine.

Her Only Defect.

McGinnis—Mrs. Stiggins is certainly a beautiful woman.

Gus DeSmith—Yes; I admire her very much. In fact there is only one thing about her that I don't like.

What's that?

Her husband.

THE AGRICULTURAL WORLD

AN IMPROVED PLAN FOR WINTERING CELERY.

Described by a Farmer Who Proved Its Success—Shipping Live Poultry—Possibilities of Farming—A Good Hayrack—A Convenient Poultry House.

Mr. Peter Henderson once gave the following advice about wintering celery: "Lift the celery from where it has been growing, when not to wet and when not frozen, with whatever earth conveniently adheres. Stow away in an upright position compactly, but without bruising or squeezing too tightly, in a trench just as deep as the celery is high and not more than 10 inches wide. Cover with clean litter of any kind, very lightly at first, gradually increasing until a foot or so (but do not let the celery freeze after being gathered) of litter is placed on the celery for the coldest weather." Any dry or bad leaves must of course be removed before putting the celery into winter quarters. The ground must be as dry as possible—a breakwater may be necessary. A correspondent in Country Gentleman tells that his first successful attempt to winter celery was when he followed this advice, which he comments upon thus:

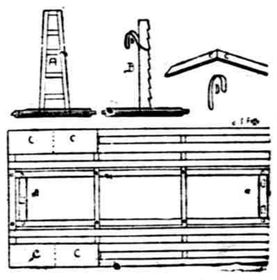
Good as these directions of Mr. Henderson are, I found trouble from the inroads of the mice, and from the rain and snow being too heavy as to wet through the mass sometimes and press too heavily upon it, thus causing rotting. I prevent these things by making a roof of boards (cheap hemlock) like this A. This roof I rest upon strips of wood, say, 2 inches thick, laid crosswise above two boards running lengthwise of the trench and close up to the edges of it. Inside of and under the boards I put a covering of only 2 inches, but I am careful to put enough on outside, not forgetting to put a good depth of covering on the ground to a great enough distance from the base of the bottom boards and at the ends to prevent the frost getting in horizontally. The roofs I have just described could be placed on small posts.

My idea of having only a slight covering, or even none at all, under the roof is to keep the mice in the litter (which is mostly inside of the boards) as much as possible away from the celery. However, if celery has got to be got out from the trench in very cold weather, it will be better to have a number of short trenches that will hold enough celery to last for, say, only two takings out or to pack a litter under the boards for about three feet back from the opening each time after taking out some celery. This will prevent freezing way back along the line of the trench. This packing can be done very rapidly, even before any celery is taken out, each time, by running the packing in by means of a stick. The roof keeps away too much wet and prevents any wight from pressing on the celery, for squeezing it is injurious. When the roof is placed on strips separating it from the bottom boards, it is so as to admit a slight circulation of air.

Before closing I wish to call attention to one point more, and that is that if the earth is mellowed in the trench before placing the celery in it the celery begins to take root more quickly. The reason why the celery keeps so well in such a trench (and blanches) is that it grows, and growing in the dark it grows white. The trench must not be wider than 10 inches, because celery is of such a nature that it heats if put up in too great a mass.

A Good Hayrack.

A good plan for making a hayrack is shown in the illustration presented herewith reproduced from the Orange Judd Farmer. It is 16 feet long by 8 feet wide. The sills are 2x8 joists and the cross pieces 2x4 scantling. A is the ladder and roller in front. This must be quite strong. B, is the roller and stack at the back end. D, is an iron loop so shaped as to form a hook for holding down the binding pole. Put the large end of the pole under one of



A Good Hayrack.

the rounds of A, then pull down the small end catching it under the hook D. The hay can be bound as tightly as desired by means of the notches on B into which D fits. C C, forms the arch over the hind wheels. It can be made of two pieces of board put together in the shape of a roof, or a thin board of some tough wood can be bent so as to answer the purpose. Bows made from old wagon tires cut in halves are often used and answer the purpose admirably. Anyone handy with toolscan make this rack now while other work is not pressing.

Shipping Live Poultry.

There are a few general points in regard to shipping live poultry that are applicable to all markets:

1. Shippers should see that the coops are in good condition before using, so that they are not liable to come apart in transit, as they are roughly handled sometimes.

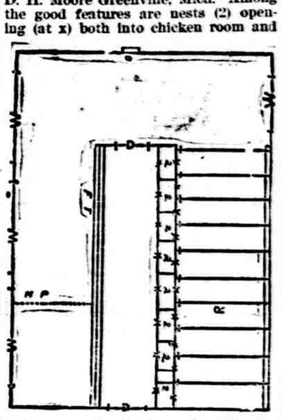
2. The coops should also be high enough to allow whatever kind of poultry is shipped, room enough to stand up. Low coops should not be used, as it is not only cruel, but a great deal of poulty is lost every year by suffocation. Coops should not be overcrowded.

3. In shipping hens and roosters they should be kept separate. Nothing depreciates the value of a fine coop of hens as much as having a number of old cocks among them. Shippers often wonder why they do not get the highest market price for their stock; in most cases this is the reason. Good stock always commands a quick sale at best prices.

4. Poultry should be shipped so as to arrive on the market from Tuesday to Friday. Receipts are generally increase toward the end of the week, and there is enough carried over stock on hand Saturday to supply the demand. Merchants, rather than carry stock over Sunday, will sell at a sacrifice, as the stock, when in coops, loses considerable in weight by shrinkage, and does not appear fresh and bright. Besides, Monday is usually a poor day to sell poultry.—Lloyd's Modern Poultry Book.

A Convenient Poultry House.

The diagram shows the plan of a convenient poultry house, erected by D. H. Moore Greenville, Mich. Among the good features are nests (2) opening (at x) both into chicken room and



hall-way, so that birds need not be disturbed to look after eggs; feed trough (F. T.) the same, open both sides; roosts (R.) are hinged to side wall so as to permit folding up when cleaning. W. windows. D. doors. M. P. movable partition.—Ohio Farmer.

Possibilities of Farming.

The possibilities of farming are great and I am sometimes almost out of patience to see men who till the soil have so little faith in the business. I know of some men possessed of a few acres of land, who have so little faith in farming or gardening that they will let the land lie almost common, work out some and purchase what they could and should grow on their own acres. Says a writer in Farm, Field, & Fireside. Instead of being obliged to buy their potatoes, garden stuff and grain, they should have all they want to use, besides some to sell. When we consider that agriculture is the most ancient and honorable occupation under the sun, and in reality being the foundation upon which life itself is dependent, is it not a little strange how any one can distrust the faithfulness of mother earth? Why, the man who owns in fee simple even a few acres, should feel independent and put forth all his energies to improve it and make it rich, and grow all he can on it. One can hardly realize what a large amount of products he can grow from a small area, if it is rich, until he has tried it.

Now is the time well calculated for the perfecting of plans. Those who own a few acres or those who own many, will do well to look the situation carefully over and lay their plans for next year's operations in a systematic manner, with faith in the soil which they till.

Feeding Clear Corn Meal.

Do all farmers know that feeding clear corn meal to dairy cows in winter is a dangerous practice? I knew it fifty years ago, because my father told me so, but I did not know for certain that I did know it, until I spoiled seven different cows trying to find out the truth. It is such a heating food, that cows about to come in fresh milk should never be fed clear corn meal.

It will cause garget in the old cow's udder, and small kernels in the teats, and you always have a deuce of a time getting them all right after calving, and generally lose one teat the first year, another the next season, and there is nothing left to do with such an animal but make beef of it.

Since I came to my senses on this important subject I have used over a hundred different cows in my dairy business, and have never had a single case of garget since I quit feeding clear corn meal to cows. I sometimes feed a one-fourth ration of meal with a three-fourth ration of bran or oats safely, but I do hope other farmers are not so stubborn as I am naturally, and will not lose so much money getting this information rubbed into them.H. T. in American Farm News.

Poultry in Zero Weather.

That is when it pays. December, January, February and March are the profitable months, generally, and always when it is so cold as to freeze up hens as ordinarily taken care of. The essentials are warm quarters, plenty of green food and not too much solid food, but enough to keep up heat—not enough to fatten. This is the trouble in winter, when hens will not lay and they are otherwise properly taken care of. Give milk-warm water to drink; scraps and fresh meat are good When you give sloppy food put in salt and pepper, about as you would for your own food. There is money in eggs, but not much in chickens for market. They were sold last Thanksgiving in Albany, N. Y., at 6 to 8 cents, dressed. We poultrymen have "hard times" to fight this winter. When men are out of work they will do without eggs and chickens. G. H. T. In Ohio Farmer.

Dairy Notes.

Cream is ripe when it has a glossy appearance.

There is no objection, nay some advantage, in using butter color if you don't over-do the matter.

Cows are not kept for their company, therefore why let them go dry four to six months out of the year?

Milk when pure and fresh can be heated without injury, but cream must not be heated after it becomes acid.

Of course every dairy farmer has laid in a supply of ice for next summer's use. It is something you need in your business.

A creamery, when rightly conducted, is a blessing to any community, but it takes a good while for some farmers to see the point.

Dark cow stables are an abomination because disease is an abomination, and darkness is conducive to disease. Let in the sunlight.

If you keep your milk and cream in the cellar along with turnips, potatoes and rotten pumpkins, and have no other place to keep it, sell your cows.

Cream sometimes becomes bitter if raised in pans at a temperature too low for the milk to sour. Milk in pans should be sour in thirty-six hours.

We have seen farmers kick their cows without mercy. How much more sensible it would be for them to kick the stable door, and the same result would be attained—they would give their wrath vent.

Sounds Plausible.

"I can understand why father time is represented as old, but why do they always picture him as lean and skinny?"

"I suppose it is because everybody seems to want all the spare time he can get."

A NEW ENGLAND MIRACLE.

A RAILROAD ENGINEER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE.

The Wonderful Story Told by Fred C. Vose and His Mother-in-Law to a Reporter of the Boston Herald—Both are Restored After Years of Agony.

From the Boston Herald.

The vast health-giving results already attributed by the newspapers throughout this country and Canada to Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills for Pale People" have been recently supplemented by the cases of two confirmed invalids in one household in a New England town. The names of these people are Fred C. Vose, his wife and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Oliver C. Holt, of Peterboro, members of the same household.

To the Herald reporter who was sent to investigate his remarkable cure Mr. Vose said: "I am 37 years old, and have been railroading for the Fitchburg for 15 years. Since boyhood I have been troubled with a weak stomach. For the past 7 years I have suffered terribly and constantly. My stomach would not retain food; my head ached constantly and was so dizzy I could scarcely stand; my eyes were blurred; I had a bad heartburn, and my breath was offensive. I had physicians but they failed to help me. My appetite gave out, and four years ago I developed palpitation of the heart, which seriously affected my breathing. Had terrible pains in my back and had to make water many times a day. I finally developed rheumatic signs and couldn't sleep nights. If I lay down my heart would go pit-a-pat at a great rate, and many nights I did not close my eyes at all. I was broken down in body and discouraged in spirit, when some time in February last, I got a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had finished the first box I noticed that the palpitation of my heart, which had bothered me so that I couldn't breathe at times, began to improve. I saw that in going to my home on the hill from the depot, which was previously an awful task, my heart did not beat so violently and I had more breath when I reached the house. After the second and third boxes I grew better in every other respect. My stomach became stronger, the gas belching was not so bad, my appetite and digestion improved, and my sleep became nearly natural and undisturbed. I have continued taking the pills three times a day ever since last March, and today I am feeling better than at any time during the last eight years. I can confidently and conscientiously say that they have done me more good, and their good effects are more permanent, than any medicine I have ever taken. My rheumatic pains in legs and hands are all gone. The pains in the small of my back, which were so bad at times that I couldn't stand up straight, have nearly all vanished, and I find my kidneys are well regulated by them. This is an effect not claimed for the pills in the circular, but in my case they brought it about. I am feeling 100 per cent. better in every shape and manner."

The reporter next saw Mrs. Holt, who said: "I am 57 years old, and for 14 years past I have had an intermittent heart trouble. Three years ago I had nervous prostration, by which my heart trouble was increased so badly that I had to lie down most of the time. My stomach also gave out, and I had continual and intense pain from the back of my neck to the end of my backbone. In 14 weeks I spent $300 for doctor bills and medicines, but my health continued so miserable that I gave up doctoring in despair. I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last winter, and the first box made me feel ever so much better. I have taken the pills since February, with the result of stopping entirely the pain in the spine and in the region of the liver. My stomach is again normal, and the palpitation of the heart has troubled me but three times since I commenced the pills."

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness, either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., or Brookville, Ont.

He Always Smokes Now.

Billy has a sweetheart. Billy used to smoke incessantly and always consumed the best of weeds. Consequently his clothes smelled of tobacco, the odor of which was detected by his lady fair. She asked Billy to stop smoking—for her sake. How could he refuse? But, though he stopped smoking, he could not help accumulating cigars, which he stacked away in his vest pockets. The sweet one was bent on his reformation, and every night he called after he had given up the weed for her sweet sake she took the cigars from his pockets and laid them away on the mantel board so that "Willie, dear, they will not tempt you."

William had noticed that his prospective father-in-law had of late discarded a pipe and taken to smoking fine cigars, so he thought business was prospering with the old man.

One night Willie staid later than usual. Just as he was saying goodby "for the last time" he heard the old gentleman, who thought he had gone, call out to his daughter from the head of the stairs:

"How about cigars tonight? Were there any in his pockets?"

Willie said nothing, but is now smoking cigars again.—Tit-Bits.

A Speaking Pause.

An English reader who believes in "the total depravity of inanimate things" says it is usually fatal to introduce an effective pause into a recitation, for something is sure to mar it. He adds, plaintively: "If I am reciting in a hall where there is a striking clock, or past which a train runs, with shriek and roar. I know that striking clock and shrieking train will make themselves heard at a moment when it is most important for me to have unbroken silence. I once wrote some verses for recitation, into which I was so injudicious as to put the exclamation, 'Listen! what was that?' I might have known what would happen. Doors slammed, clocks chimed, special trains screamed, old gentleman coughed, some one was convulsed with an irrepressible sneeze, dogs came from distant parts on purpose to bark, candle shades fell off, a waiter dropped a tray and teacups, a baby cried, and a deaf old lady was heard to say to her neighbor: 'Would half a cucumber be of any use?' I learned bitter wisdom and cut the passage out."

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Statement of the Condition at the Close of Business July 12, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts		$ 241,467 57
Real Estate Furniture and Fixtures		16,784 00
U. S. Bonds		15,240 00
Due from other banks	$37,876 31	
Cash on Hand	21,867 58	59,743 89
Total		$333,196 36

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$ 60,000 00
Surplus Fund	30,000 00
Undivided profits	4,576 00
Circulation	13,500 00