The Columbus Journal.

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NEBRASKA NEWS.

Measles attack both old and young at Harvard.

Deuel county is wrestling with a county seat war.

The mayor of McCook does not want a renomination.

A Mennonite church is to be organized north of Juniata.

The First National bank of Albion has been named as a state depository.

There is a paper in Sterling that has changed managers three times in fifteen weeks.

Tax payers of Grand Island are moving in the matter of retrenchment in public expenditures.

North Platte citizens will vote on a proposition to issue $20,000 in bonds to erect a high school building.

A. D. Werner, ex-treasurer of Thayer county, has been found short in his accounts to the extent of over $5,000.

Charles Goodrich, one of Omaha's pioneers who had held many positions of responsibility and trust, died last week.

Barnett Smock, aged 75, and Sarah M. Newell, 56 years old, have just been joined in wedlock in Fillmore county.

Gussie Batts, of Talmage, who was recently injured by the bursting of a gun, it is thought will lose the sight of one eye.

It is said that Judge Benson of Burt county would have no objection to warming the seat now occupied by McKeighan.

The eighth annual session of the North Nebraska Teachers association will be held at Columbus on March 27, 28 and 29.

Reduced rates on all roads entering Omaha have been made for the interstate irrigation convention, held in that city March 21 and 22.

A certificate filed with Secretary of State Allen shows that the Bank of Alliance has reduced its paid up capital from $25,000 to $20,000.

The Dawson flour mills, built within a year at a cost of $15,000, were totally destroyed by fire late last week. Only a small amount of insurance was carried.

While Mr. and Mrs. Will Carpenter of Franklin county were riding from Macon to Franklin, their infant, four months of age, died in its mother's arms. No cause is assigned.

The Champion athletic club has arranged a team of lockers and sent for a Crouch "association special match" football. In the meantime the mountain kicking goes on as usual.

Sheriff Drexel of Douglas county has taken J. C. Jackson for a ten-year sentence and Charles Austin for a seven-year term to Lincoln. The burglary of a railroad car is their crime.

During the last few weeks three series of revival services have been carried on in as many different churches at the same time. All of the churches have received large accessions to their membership.

The revival meetings at South Sioux City have closed. The series has been a very successful one considering circumstances. Quite a number have added their names to the Methodist and Presbyterian church lists.

The Cambridge Milling company has shipped out thirty carloads of flour, feed stuff, etc., since the first of the year, besides a number of small consignments which would swell the number of carloads to about thirty-five.

Friend last week had the most exciting election ever held in the city in regard to voting bonds for a system of waterworks. There were 187 in favor of and eighty-one against. Both papers were against the proposition.

Saul Sears of Loup county was arrested in Greeley for stealing a horse in which he claimed an undivided half interest. No one appeared and at the expiration of twenty-four hours the door of the bastile was uncorked.

The Methodist Episcopal church at Ord has received so many accessions to its membership during the revival services held this winter that the congregation is considering the necessity of enlarging the church edifice this spring.

Farming in this vicinity, says a Hastings dispatch, has commenced in earnest. Several farmers have sown their spring wheat and oats. Fall wheat has wintered well and looks good. The recent heavy fall of snow has left the ground in good condition.

Schuyler's school board is now engaged with the knotty task of selecting plans for the new school house. In all about twenty plans have been submitted and, in many cases, the architects themselves have been present to urge adoption of their plans.

Charles Antes, a farm hand employed by Tim Sharp, a farmer living near Wyoming, Otoe county, attacked his wife with a butcher knife. In her efforts to ward off his thrusts she received several dangerous cuts about the arms. Antes has disappeared.

Evangelist F. T. Pierson closed his series of revival meetings in Pawnee City last week and left for his new field of labor. Three hundred and fifty-one persons have signified their willingness to lead a christian life. The churches will now begin another series of revivals and it is expected much more good may yet be done.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad company against the state of Nebraska, ex rel is the title of a case in the supreme court, error from the district court of Custer county, for a judgment obtained against them by the state board of transportation to compel the railroad company to build an elevator for one Hiram Blair in the city of Broken Bow.

Greeley county was visited by a violent wind storm, at times reaching the magnitude of a cyclone. Many barns and outhouses were demolished and houses blown from their foundations. Scotia did not suffer aside from the destruction of fences and outhouses, but in the farming districts the loss was heavy.

At a meeting of the Burt County Agricultural society held last week at the court house to relocate the fair for the next five years, nearly all the officers were present. Tekamah secured the exhibit. A subscription paper was circulated and liberally signed by the business men to build a new art hall on the grounds.

Talmage is becoming a noted society town. The following fraternal organizations exist, each with an enthusiastic membership: Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows, Modern Woodmen, Loyal Mystic Legion, Grand Army of the Republic and Woman's Relief corps.

The Times-Democrat of McCook says: The famous "man-eating" stallion has been shipped to McCook and is located at a livery barn. What the owners propose to do with him is not known, but it is suggested that there are a few men about town whom it would be good policy to feed to him. Some animal will get them anyhow some of these days.

The Bank of Harrison has arranged with the banking department to go into voluntary liquidation. The institution had a capital stock of $5,000 and in answer to the December call Cashier F. A. Castle's statement shows that the deposits at that time amounted to $15,600.

We always have something to be thankful for, says the Curtis Courier. Just now it is the blissful fact that the seven-to-a-mile Columbian stamp is about to pass out of circulation. Conceived in folly, born in foolishness, endured through necessity; let it pass to a timely grave, "unmourned, unsung," but alas! not unlicked.

At Kearney while Robert Stanton was sitting at his dinner table he fell suddenly to the floor in an unconscious condition and although restoratives were at once administered he never revived, but died ten hours afterwards. He was an old soldier and at the battle of Iuka received a bullet wound, the ball striking just below the right eye and lodging at the base of the brain.

At the farmers' institute in Dodge county last week David Brown read an interesting paper entitled "A Beekeeping Farm," in which he gave his personal experience of thirteen years in raising bees on his farm in that county. He said the honey made in Nebraska was the best made in the United States, and advised each farmer to keep a few stands of bees for pleasure and profit.

A heavy wind storm passed over Hastings the other day. Bill boards were demolished, chimneys blown down and sections of sidewalk turned over. Two box cars were blown from the track and unroofed. A barn was lifted from its foundation and twisted out of shape. In the business portion considerable damage was caused by windows being blown in.

Look out, says the Friend Telegraph, for snide fence men who are traveling over the country. Other counties have been overrun with these swindlers, who bled the farmers past all endurance. Several parties who have given their notes went to town and tried to get them back, but of course this couldn't be done. If you want fencing buy of a local dealer with an established reputation.

It has at last been decided that summer schools will be established at Ashland, as it will bring from 200 to 300 young gentlemen and ladies there from the surrounding counties. The corps of instructors will consist of three or four good teachers, besides the superintendents of Cass, Sarpy and Saunders counties, for whose special benefit the school is located in Ashland. The term will last six weeks.

It is given out that a large number of men who have heretofore Sundayed at Lincoln will follow some naughty girls to Hastings and Sunday there. So long as the class of house in which that class of girls live is kept in an orderly and quiet manner there is no restricting in Hastings beyond a monthly fine. Some of the straight-laced people object to this, but it has seemed that all other devices for regulating the evil have failed.

The plan of State Treasurer Bartley of calling for money belonging to the general and feeble-minded funds is bringing forth results. Treasurer D. S. Zimmerman of York county paid $5,000 into the state treasury in response to the call for money to enable the state treasurer to take up outstanding warrants. The treasurer has issued a call for money belonging to these two funds, to take effect every sixty days, instead of every four months as has been the custom heretofore.

The case which was brought against ex-County Clerk Hazlett of Holt county for fees which it was claimed he owed the county, occupied the attention of the court last week. The amount involved was $2,200. The case was given to the jury and after being out eight hours, they returned a verdict for the county for $800 and interest. This is a partial victory for the defendant, and the attorneys for the plaintiff have announced that they will make application for a new trial.

At an adjourned term of the district court of Merrick county, Judge Sullivan heard arguments on motion for a new trial in the McMahon case. McMahon was convicted at the February term of court of burglary. Affidavits were submitted by the defense showing gross irregularities on the part of some of the jury while deliberating. These were met by counter affidavits. After thoughtly reviewing the evidence a new trial was denied and the defendant was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

A Kearney exchange says: Present indications are that the city of Kearney will vote $60,000 bonds to aid in enlarging the canal. The canal company proposes to add $50,000 to this donation, it being estimated that an expenditure of about $110,000 will be necessary to deliver at the business end of the canal 1,800 cubic feet of water per second, or 13,437 theoretical horse power. The canal is to be made thirty-five feet wide on the bottom, and carry nine feet of water, equivalent to three and one-half times the present capacity.

A warrant was sworn out against Sylvanus Halstead, charging him with assault upon the person of his 13-year old daughter. Halstead had recently left his wife, and since then it seems the daughter had told her woeful story to her married sister. The special charges referred to in the complaint occurred about June 15, 1893, and probably through fear the child dared not complain. He was before the authorities a few months ago for unmercifully beating his 10-year-old boy, and at that time evidence of his inhuman brutality was produced.

One of the most daring and cold-blooded murders in the history of that part of the country was committed at Hay Springs about 3 in the morning. Could Still, the Elkhorn night operator, was shot by some unknown party while at his post of duty. The shot was fired from without the depot, the ball passing through both lobes of the liver and lungs, causing death within a few minutes. Mr. Strong, the agent, who lives in the west end of the depot, reached Still shortly after the shooting, but the murdered man was unconscious and unable to give any account or explanation, consequently the motive or cause of the shooting is a mystery.

Captain J. T. Cochran, republican candidate for police judge of Lincoln, knocked down and severely pummeled Chaptain Phelps, Paine, a republican warhorse in that city. Paine is opposing Cochran and has been particularly abusive. The amusing part of it is that Cochran draws a government pension of $72 a month for total disability.

Ed Acom, a well-known farmer near Filley, was in Beatrice the other day trying to locate a lot of lard and meat which was stolen from his cellar. The thieves first took his horse and buggy with which they hauled the meat away, the rig being found hitched to a fence several miles away.

The decision of Secretary Smith regarding school lands of Boyd county has resulted in serious financial loss to many poor settlers who paid large prices for filings. The report as published in some papers that the townsite of Butte was affected thereby, is an error. One hundred and sixty acres of Butte townsite is on section 21, and 160 acres is on section 16, but was occupied as a townsite long before the government survey, and therefore will be held as such by the town. In fact Commissioner Humphrey has stated that he would withdraw the contest relating thereto.

There are only eight inmates of the Saunders county poor house.

IT was such a straggling, wooden-walled, drink-blighted little town with seven saloons and billiard halls and one unpainted frame meeting-house. Not that one should insist upon meeting-houses, but one might dispense with an overplus of saloons and billiard halls. They keep down the advancement and prosperity of a small town as whisky retards the growth of puppies. The postmaster said so, and what he said went, because he was neither a hypocrite nor a fool. The small town's name was set out on a three-foot board on the station veranda, and when the train slowed up passengers could spell out the legend, only five letters, "Doone." Every nation under heaven, almost, had a representative in Doone. Norwegians and Swedes burned charcoal; a Chinaman had a laundry; a Jap who despised the almond-eyed washer-man, and was aided in his scorn by his Western wife, kept a tailor shop; a German had one saloon, a Scot, a Celt and a Dago three more. During the excitement of a fire in Doone one heard quite a cosmopolitan chatter, each foreigner speaking out of the fullness of his heart in the language of his native land. They were receptive people in Doone; every new fad in religion, provided it were crazy enough, every new comic song, every dancing school step (they danced con amore in Doone), every stranger was cordially welcomed and adopted. There were more divorced than single folks in Doone and about six married couples. Never in such a small town were collected such a number of shady, reckless, demoralized and generally hopeless folks. They talked in a brazen and strident manner about the political and financial affairs of the nation, the scandals of divorce courts and the prize ring. The postmaster read them all the details of the Panama scandal, and they set upon the only Frenchman in town and rode him on a rail. They were not a shooting crowd, and ready recourse to a "gun" did not find favor in their eyes, for there were no miners, but plenty of cowards there. Charcoal burners, tall, golden-haired Swedes and powerfully built Norwegians, who yearned for wife and baby in the far-off home land, and lived terrible lives here in America; tobacco-dried, shrewd men, who "bossed" these toiling giants; a pale druggist and his sickly wife; the autocrat postmaster and his quiet "missus," middle-aged folk, who kept much at home; three long-haired and tobacco-chewing ministers, who were photographer, sewing machine agent and dentist respectively on week days, and who preached alternate Sunday mornings in the dingy frame meeting-house the rankest orations; impossible women, who feared neither man nor fiend and whose calloused consciences nothing could waken into feeling; a very few young men—sallow, pert, irreverent

LIKE AN APPARITION.

and contemptible; several negroes, enormous, brutalized and sly—such was the town census of Doone. The latest fad which had seized upon the town was engineered by the faith cure apostles, who held meetings night after night in the meeting house; who cured old Bet's rheumatism and made pale Mercy Mole, the druggist's daughter, throw away the crutch and walk and dance. Great excitement and enthusiasm was the result of these successes, which the gross ignorance of the townspeople pronounced a miracle, with their usual impetuosity they raved and believed, and when the only really pretty and pure child in the town was stricken with fever, the town gloried in the occurrence and sat down to wait for another faith cure miracle. This child was the pet of the whole community, from the grossest giant in the pine woods, whose heart melted under the soft gaze and light caress of the little winsome maid, to the postmaster, who ran to lift her over the counter and cry: "Missus—'ere's little Missie a-visitin'." She was worse than fatherless, this bairnie, for her mother was a deceived and deserted girl. Really deceived, for she had believed herself a lawful wife, until the small girl was a year old, and had held up her curly head in innocent pride of her "handsome gentleman," as the admiring townspeople called her husband. Had Doone folks laid hands on him after his deceit was known, the "handsome gentleman's" career would have summarily ended, but he disappeared too quickly even for lynch law. When little Missie fell ill, the people interviewed the faith cure apostles and gave them clearly to understand that her cure was imperative. They believed, but they used strong pressure. Great sons of Anak came, and thick-lipped negroes and terrible women and tobacco-chewing men, and with one voice the nations demanded that little Missie be "righted." The head apostle, a silver-haired, fat man, and his confrere, a hollow-eyed and lanky exhorter, bowed gravely and summoned the sisters, who completed the quartette, to the bedside of the unconscious child. They touched the palms of her burning little hands with holy oil, and moaned and postured beside her. Then as she muttered and moaned they sang and the watchers joined in the chorus. Her mother went from the room with flaming eyes; she seized upon the quiet wife of the postmaster.

"Get a doctor," she gasped; "they are killing her."

The postmaster's wife led her away to where the crowd could not see or hear.

"My dear," she said, "I wrote at once to my niece who is a doctor, and she will be here on the train to-night. But you must not quarrel with the people, you must outwit them."

Then as the girl-mother stared at her uncomprehendingly she added: "When my niece comes she will find a way!" The whistle of the incoming train sounded as she spoke. "Go back—try and bear it a little longer," she whispered and slipped away.

One sister was exhorting the crowd in the tiny sitting room to prayer, and beyond, on her wee white bed, tossed and raved little Missie, all unconscious of the din which seemed like fiendish torture to the outraged mother. They sang as they prayed, and as they lustily lifted a favorite hymn, "Come, Spirit, Heal the Child," the outer door flew open and in the gathering gloom stood a very spirit form with smiling face and golden hair, with wide blue eyes and a tall lovely form robed in classic garments. A little Roman lamp was in her hand and her other hand was raised as if to command silence from the awe-struck singers.

The faith cure quartette fell on their knees and covered their faces as the radiant form glided slowly toward them. Softly she raised the little child in her arms and as slowly glided from the room into the darkening night.

The postmaster's wife closed the door and said, "Let every one sing the Doxology."

And sing they did, once, twice, thrice, and then the faith cure quartette were besieged with questions.

"Was it an angel?"

"Had the child been taken to Paradise?"

"How did they account for it?"

The quartette were strangely silent, they bowed their heads and looked at one another, and finally when the postmaster's wife suggested that the crowd should all go home, and offered to remain with the girl's mother, they rushed out in tumultuous and delightful excitement with the story of the visitation. The faith cure quartette were last to quit the room; as they went the lank-haired man turned and said in hollow tones: "Cursed be the soul that mocks at holy things," and the postmaster's wife responded scornfully: "Oh, you get out before the warrant comes," which he did with a very ugly word.

Then the door of an inner room opened, and the spirit came quickly back still holding the child in her arms.

"You poor little woman," she said compassionately to the mother. "I am going to take this child back with me to the city hospital. She is very ill! Will you come, or will you stay with auntie? I'll take good care of her and bring her back when she's well. Oh, auntie! wasn't it a success? And who'd have thought my old Greek tableau rig would have carried it off so well?"

The postmaster's wife took the sick child into her arms.

"Go in and change your things before you take cold, my dear," she said, laughing. Then she turned to the child's mother. "Will you trust her with little Missie? You can go up to the city if it doesn't go on well, but I am sure my niece will cure her."

The girl-mother looked at the golden-haired figure in its bare feet and classic robe.

"Is she a real woman?" she said nervously.

"To be sure I am a real woman-doctor, and I must take your baby away from this nest of thieves and impostors before they murder her. Apostles, indeed! That lantern-jawed man was under arrest for theft in our hospital and jumped his bail, and I think I know the right faces of those sisters, too! The old chap was dismissed from the church for drinking. A nice lot! Now, auntie, I'm shod and clothed and have just ten minutes before train time. Shall I take Missie with me?"

The young mother faltered, looked into the kindly waiting face, and silently placed Missie in the outstretched arms of the Healing Spirit.

Double Faced.

Lawyer—Now, madam, you say that on the night of the robbery the moon was so bright that you could see the robbers in your room. Was your husband awake? Witness—I don't know sir. Lawyer—Was his face turned toward you or away from you? Witness—I can't say, sir. Lawyer—Now, your honor, and gentlemen of the jury, do you hear that? This woman positively identifies these men as the robbers who were in her room, and yet she cannot tell us how her husband was lying at the time. And turning to the witness he continued: "Why can't you tell us, pray?" Witness—I could not see. Lawyer—An' you could not see? Yet you positively identify the prisoners. How is this? Witness—Well, you see, sir, my husband is so very bald that in anything but a bright light I cannot tell whether he is looking at or away from me.—New York Herald.

His Manners.

James Francis Oswald, a new queen's counsel, was the junior who, on being told by Justice Kay that "although he could teach him law, he could not teach him manners," quietly remarked, "That is so, my lud." An encounter with Justice Chitty was hardly so successful. He had been addressing the court at great length in a bill-of-sale case, and at last said: "And now, my lud, I address myself to the furniture." "You have been doing that for some time past," said Justice Chitty.

As Coleridge Puts It.

Coleridge, the poet, while a student at Cambridge university, affected a peculiar style of conversation. At the dinner in the hall where the students dined, the veal served up was large and coarse. Speaking of it, Coleridge said: "We have veal, sir, tottering on the edge of beef."—Argonaut.

The "News" Not for Sale.

The owner and editor of the Miami Missouri News, requests the publication of quite a different statement than appeared in these columns a few weeks ago, and we willingly give space to the following editorial from that paper: "Some time ago owing to continued ill health and the encouraging information from our physician that we must either go to a warmer climate on this mundane sphere or be hastened to one in which delinquent subscribers abound, we offered The News for sale, and would then have sold it at a sacrifice. January 1st we began using Dr. Amick's treatment for Bronchitis, prepared by the Amick Chemical Co., of Cincinnati, and we are today, so far as we can observe, entirely free from any bronchial trouble—in fact we have had but little trouble since the first week. Our many newspaper friends who have so kindly advertised our business for sale will oblige us by saying The News is not now on the market, as its owner, thanks to Dr. Amick's treatment, will be able to remain in God's country a while longer. For the benefit of those who are suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis or Consumption, we will say we thoroughly believe they can be cured. The treatment is not a patent medicine put up to sell to Tom, Dick or Harry, but it is a scientific treatment discovered after years of study by Drs. W. R. and M. L. Amick, two of Cincinnati's leading physicians, and both for many years professors in the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery. Anybody can obtain sufficient of the medicines to show they can be cured, through their family doctor free of charge, but the free medicines are sent only through physicians.

SO IT IS SAID.

The employees on the Brooklyn bridge have a slang name for passengers who cross in either direction after 1 o'clock at night. They call them "the left-overs."

The burgomaster of Solingen recently refused to register a child in the name of Emma, on the ground that it was not in the Saints' calendar, as required by the Code Napoleon for registration in the baptismal register.

Ready sensitized postal cards are now being placed upon the German market, so that the photographic tourist can very easily despatch prints of the picturesques he is making in his travels to his friends and relatives at home.

A Canadian editor, having repaired his shop and wishing to resume business at the old stand in a manner becoming his self respect and the profession, invited in the local priest and had him bless every department in the place.

Professor Faib, a Vienna astronomer, who is given the credit in some European papers of having made several hits heretofore with his predictions, says this planet will be knocked out by a comet about November 13, 1899.

A St. Petersburg editor has hit upon the notion of printing his journal on paper suitable for making cigarettes. It is said that its circulation has been largely increased by this means, as the Russians are much given to smoking cigarettes, which they make themselves.

A novel system of fire alarm signals by rocket bombs has been established in the suburban districts of San Francisco to enable the remote engine-houses quickly to summon assistance from the city forces in case of great emergency. A bomb something like a rocket is thrown 300 feet straight upward from a mortar, where it bursts, making a brilliant white light and a very loud explosion. At the trials of the system a short time ago, all San Francisco was excited and alarmed fearing dynamiters were at work.

Illustrated Book Free.

The new Hutchins house at Houston, Texas, is still sending free to all who write for it, a beautifully illustrated book describing Houston, Houston Heights and South Texas. The only real estate activity in the United States is in the Texas coast country.

FACTS WITH FIGURES.

London has about 173 rainy days in a year.

Italy's estimated population is 30,060,000.

The Chinese language is spoken by fully 400,000,000 people.

Uncle Sam pays about $100 a minute in interest on the national debt.

About 170,000 wolves are killed annually in Russia for the fur market.

The cost of a first-class battleship, carrying 6,000 men, is about $5,000,000.

Ten per cent of the inhabited houses of England and Wales are in London.

The number of women lawyers in the United States is now more than 100.

It is estimated that the annual salt product of the world is fully 7,300,000 tons.

Krupp employs about 10,000 men at Essen in manufacturing his enormous guns.

The czar has an income of $12,000,000 a year, derived from his own estates.

Arcturus, the "giant of the planets," is estimated to be about 550,000 times the size of the sun.

The total revenue of the church of England is $28,767,785, of which sum one-fifth is derived from rents.

Seventeen cities in the United States are each of larger area than Berlin with its population of 1,579,000.

There are 161,040 persons on England's pension list, and they draw $38,000,000 a year from the treasury.

The population of what is known technically as the "city" of London reaches 301,384 by day, but drops to 37,896 at night. The population of "Greater" London is 5,633,806.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Willy Slim—How much can I get on this overcoat? Uncle—About as much as you have paid on it, I guess.

Indignant Old Lady—Your boys are constantly throwing apples at people, and you do not stop them. Farmer—Why should I? We have plenty of them this year.

The Ink Stand—The postage stamps bet the envelopes this morning that they would never be licked. The Pen-Wiper—How did it come out? "Oh, the stamps got stuck!"

"Who is that talking in the next room in such a high key?" "That's McChatter. He's trying to negotiate a loan." "What a pity it is that a man can't raise money as easily as he can raise his voice."

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

FOUL BROOD THE BEE KEEPER'S WORST ENEMY.

No Remedy for the Disease Save Destruction of Everything Contaminated—The Harness—Agricultural Notes and Household Helps.

Damage From Foul Brood.

This is probably the worst disease that the bee keeper has to contend with, and many a man has gone out of the business discouraged through the losses sustained in this way. When the disease is once established in the hives the rapidity of its development is so great that in a few days the whole hive is ruined. It is essential that a strict watch should be kept up for the first appearance of the disease, and as soon as the first signs are discovered radical remedies must be administered immediately.

Foul brood has long been recognized by apiarists as a disease very formidable in its nature, but there has been so much ignorance concerning it that very few have known how to deal with it promptly. After years of examination the best authorities claim that the disease is caused by the bacillus alvei, small rod-like bacteria that multiply so rapidly that in five days a single larva may produce a billion more. These germs are very small, and even through a small magnifying glass they are sometimes invisible. It is only through their numbers and rapid multiplication that the danger comes in, and unless checked early in their growth the bees will be ruined. The bacilli not only attack the brood, as was supposed at one time, but they also often destroy the mature bees. In fact, every part of the colony and hive becomes infected, so that it is not safe to use any of it for another colony until fire has purged everything.

The best remedy for foul brood is to destroy everything, writes Annie C. Webster, in the American Cultivator. The disease must be stamped out, unless the risk is to be taken of having all the colonies attacked. If there is only one diseased colony on the farm with a dozen or more clean ones the surest and best remedy is to take hive, bees, brood and everything and burn them up at once. That will stamp the disease out immediately.

Partial remedies are applied by taking the foul brood out of the hive, and then submitting the hive to boiling water for half an hour. Both hive and frames are used again after they are thoroughly boiled. The good honey can also be saved, as well as the wax, but neither should be used as food for the bees, as the slightest germ left on them may cause the disease to spread again. It is better to destroy and lose everything than to have other hives contaminated by careless methods.

Some apiarists spray the colonies with germicides, and partial success has been obtained in this way. Salicylic acid and carbolic acid have been used for this purpose, but such spraying is not recommended except by experienced bee keepers, who understand the nature of the bee as well as all of their diseases. Many of the best bee keepers agree that this spraying, even in the hands of experts, hardly pays for the trouble demanded, and that the best remedy is to stamp out the disease with fire and boiling water. After handling the foul brood, however the hands should be carefully disinfected by washing in two quarts of water with one-sixteenth of an ounce of mercury chloride dissolved in it. This should be done every time before handling another colony.

Management of the Harness.

Mud is more destructive to leather than moderate wear, and so one of the chief things to be observed in the care of harness is to keep it clean and the pores filled with proper ingredients to increase the pliableness, and at the same time render the leather impervious to water. One thing to remember in cleaning a harness is the mud which has accumulated is not to be taken off by rubbing; if it is dry (and it should never be allowed to become so if it is possible to prevent it), soak it well and let it get soft, so that by throwing on water it will run off. When harness is to receive a thorough dressing unbuckle every strap and wash clean with warm soft water, in which there is a little castile soap, using a sponge or cloth, and when nearly dry apply the oil. Vegetable oils, with the exception of castor oil, should not be applied to the harness, as they are hardening in their effects. Neatsfoot oil is perhaps one of the very best leather protectives that can be used. Before applying it is necessary that the leather be slightly dampened, so that the oil will penetrate. There may be used with good effect one quart neatsfoot oil, four ounces beef's tallow and three tablespoonfuls of lampblack; add four ounces beeswax for use in summer weather, if you choose. There are two ways of making the application of oil. One is to rub with a woolen cloth, saturated with oil, every part of the harness, save those of patent leather; another way is to put two or three quarts of neatsfoot oil in a long, shallow pan, and draw each piece of leather through it slowly, bending the leather backward and forward, and rubbing the oil in with a cloth or sponge. In either case be careful that where the buckle holes are, a little more is applied; also the bellybands, breechings and the straps that buckle in the bits, need an extra allowance. On an old harness that is extra dry, dress with castor oil before washing; this will prevent penetration of water, which resists oil. After oiling, the harness should not be exposed to high temperature of heat, either in a room or by exposure to the direct rays of the sun. In summer time let it hang in the barn, in winter in a moderately warm room, until the oil has well penetrated. Rub off with a dry woolen rag all the oil that remains on the surface, if any, after drying.—Farmers Voice.

Location of Farm Buildings.

One of the most important farm economies consists in having buildings for stock and other purposes within reasonable distance of the house and with a clean plank walk from one to the other. The number of times a day that the distance between the house and barn is traveled make it desirable that they should not be very far from each other. On the other hand, house and barn should not be so near that the destruction of one by fire must necessarily involve the burning of the other.

Chicks as Garden Assistants.

When hoeing or raking in the garden I am constantly turning up numerous worms, grubs, bugs and beetles of various sizes, kinds and colors, and if I stopped to slay each and every one of them I should make very little progress. If I passed them gently by they would continue to gnaw, uproot and destroy my favorite vegetables, wax fat and keep my wrath at the boiling point. How to compass their destruction expeditiously and cheaply was a question I pondered much. But I've solved it at last, and now not a grub, bug or worm that my hoe or rake uncovers has time to be astonished before he finds himself among the rocks and broken crockery in the interior of a healthy chick, where he is soon reduced to pulp.

I never want less than five fair sized chicks nor more than a dozen small ones with me. If there are not enough they get full too quickly and retire. If there are too many, they get in the way and some of them meet with accidental destruction. It is amusing in the extreme to see half a dozen or so of them dancing about on either side, watching the progress of my implement, and when a choice morsel is exposed, pitching over each other in their eagerness to get it. Occasionally one becomes too fresh and gets knocked over, but they soon learn about how near it is safe to venture. One lot I had in the early spring always followed along behind, but the little mob I have now keep constantly circling around me. All were hatched in an incubator and reared in a brooder, and are sold as soon as they weigh two and one-half or three pounds.

Those hatched by hen power must be taken from the hen as soon as they are hatched and reared in a brooder, or they are no good as grub gobblers. They are afraid to leave their ma, and you don't want her along to work ruination.

I have done a good deal of hoeing and raking in the garden and among the strawberries, etc., last season, and of all the thousands of grubs and worms I turned up I am satisfied not half a dozen escaped the vigilant eyes and nimble beaks of my chicks. They have also kept the lawn, flower beds and garden entirely free from grasshoppers, while there are thousands among the clover not 300 yards away. About twenty are enough to have around, and as soon as they begin to scratch hard they should be sold or shut up and another lot of small ones brought in.—The Business Hen.

Agricultural Notes.

Whoever can produce good bacon or good sausage can sell the product at a good price in any reasonably sized town.

Don't be contented if the farm is gradually decreasing in fertility. By proper rotation, manuring, etc., it can be built up.

Sugar beets, mangels, rutabagas and turnips are all of inestimable value to the flock and should be raised for winter use in season if diseases are to be avoided.

The best way to keep manure is on a freshly plowed field. If rain soaks it in, the valuable substance will go down into the soil, and the work of spreading may be done in the winter. The saving of labor and the exposing of manure on the ground will be advantageous next season.

A specialty in stock keeping is all right after you have thoroughly learned the business of handling them. But until you have done that, it is wise to keep stock as an adjunct to the business of general farming, and to keep as much of a variety as you can, so as to utilize in the best way the products of your land.

An exchange names the following important points in farming: First, raise all the feed you can, all the stock you can, improve your farm all you can, vote for all the improvements you can, elect all the honest men you can to office, breed to the best stock you can and send your children to the best neighborhood school.

Household Helps.

When milk is used in tumblers wash them first in cold water, afterwards rinse in hot water.

A correspondent of the London Lancet points out that when sugar is partly burned in a gas flame it is destructive to mice.

Bread and cake bowls, or any dishes in which flour and eggs have been used, are more easily cleaned if placed in cold water after using.

Many ladies are troubled with dandruff; a simple remedy is a teaspoonful of borax dissolved in a cup of water. Brush the hair thoroughly before applying the solution to the scalp.

For frying, always put a pound or two of fat in the pan. This is no waste, as the same fat can be used over and over by pouring it through a strainer into a crock kept for the purpose.

Malachite, agate and azurine, when broken, may be cemented with sulphur, melted at low heat, so as not to change its color, in which different pigments are stirred to give it proper tints like the stones.

Turnips boiled with their jackets on are of better flavor and less watery. A small lump of sugar added while the vegetable is cooking corrects the bitterness often found in them. If to be served mashed, run through a colander.

To shrink baby flannels, or white flannels of any sort, indeed, they should be put into an earthen basin and have boiling water poured over them; let them lie until the water is quite cold; in drying them, don't wring, but shake, stretch and fold smoothly to keep the fabric even and then hang out. Bring them in while still damp, roll smoothly, and in about half an hour iron with nearly a cold iron.

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

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts		$241,407 87
Real Estate Furniture and Fixtures		16,784 00
U. S. Bonds		15,200 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	4,376 00
Circulation	13,500 00
Deposits	225,319 37
Total	$333,196 36

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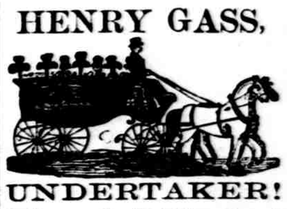

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