The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXV.--NUMBER 1. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER 1,249.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

Harvard is about to build a $15,000 school house.

There is not a vacant house in Verdon. More are needed.

The village of Plymouth, in Jefferson county, is to be incorporated.

Emerson's hotel, a fine structure, is rapidly approaching completion.

Shiloh veterans had a reunion at David City, with a large attendance.

Gov. Crounse was in Grand Island last week to inspect the soldiers' home.

The town of Miller, in the Wood River valley, wants a tonsorial artist badly.

An elevator with a capacity of 12,000 bushels, is to be erected at Nemaha city.

Grand Island's new postmaster has received his commission and entered upon his duties.

Several stores in Pleasant Dale, a small village in Lancaster county, were robbed last week.

E. B. Berggreen, of Fremont, fell through an elevator shaft into the cellar and broke his neck.

Leo Marks has been bound over to the district court of Lancaster county on the charge of forgery.

Jim Baker of Otoe county snared twelve young wolves in one day, and the harvest from their scalps was great.

For the fourth time in seven years Jimmy Mattison's general merchandise store of Hubbel has been broken into and burglarized.

Isaac Dean, a pressman employed by the Lincoln Newspaper union, was seriously but not fatally injured by being caught in the machinery.

F. M. Dawson of Stockville was taken before court upon the serious charge of selling the meat of debiliated animals. A jury found him not guilty.

Dr. Parkinson, a prominent Stockville physician, fell dead from heart trouble while eating supper. His remains were sent to Monmouth, Ill., for interment.

Thieves broke into the grocery store of Arnup & Nedrick of Tekamah. The cash drawer was broken into and about $10 secured. Cigars and confectionary were also taken.

There are preparations being made in North Platte for a big race meeting for the Fourth of July. The track is being worked now to have it in good shape by that time.

William C. Peterson of Dodge county was bound over to the district court in the sum of $500 to answer to a complaint filed by Ida Jordan charging illegitimate parentage.

Arrangements are rapidly being completed for the erection of a new seventy-five barrel roller mill at Waunteta. Teams are now at work cutting the race and grading the grounds.

The waterworks bonds voted by Calloway last fall have not been sold. It is the intention of the incoming board of trustees to push the matter and get the work started early in the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Parkhurst, an esteemed old couple of Beaver City, were given a reception at the court house by the citizens, and presented with $65 in gold. They had been married just sixty years.

W. A. Dalton, who was arrested in Table Rock some time since and taken to Humboldt, charged with forgery, was sentenced to eighteen months in the penitentiary in the district court last week.

The hardware store of J. H. Castle at Clarks was burglarized last week. About $100 worth of knives, revolvers and razors were stolen. Entrance was effected by prying up a window with a railroad spike.

Elmer Sears, a prominent farmer of Otoe county, was bound over to the district court last week in the sum of $500 on the charge of disposing of mortgaged property. The charge was brought by the Bank of Palmyra.

The hardware store of George Scheidel at Platte Center was burglarized last week. Entrance was gained through a back window and razors, knives, silverware and revolvers were taken. The loss is about $300.

Despite the hard times merchants of Calloway are doing a fair business. Not a single failure has been recorded during the panic, and with the prospect of a good crop this season confidence and prosperity will be restored.

Deputy United States Marshal Allan was in West Point last week to levy on the property of the West Point Water Power and Land Improvement company, and a sale will follow to satisfy judgments against the company.

Prof. A. T. Waltz of Des Moines has accepted the position of principal of the business department of the Fremont Normal school. Mrs. W. H. Clemmons says they have 400 students to commence the spring term of school.

A telegram from Henry Furnam, formerly of Fremont, states that he has been acquitted of the charge of embezzlement of the city funds of Seattle in connection with the city treasurer. It is understood that the deficiency has been paid.

Postoffice Inspector Stein was Beaver city last week taking evidence in the postoffice matter. An attempt had been made to remove the office to a new location without the consent of Postmaster Ager. No decision has yet been given.

The jury in the Schultz murder case at St. Paul came into court with a verdict had been rendered Judge Kendall sentenced Schultz to the penitentiary for twenty years.

The farm mortgage record for Lincoln county in March is as follows: Total amount of farm mortgages filed, $3,486.32; amount released, $3,696; city mortgages filed, $2,810; released, $2,100; chattel mortgages filed, $20,975.98; released, $10,276.75.

One of the most sweeping religious revivals ever witnessed in that part of the state is in progress in Callaway, conducted by Evangelist Hoopingarner of Lincoln. People are coming for miles in every direction and almost 200 converts have been made.

The store of Marsteller Bros. at Wilcox was robbed last week. The thieves effected an entrance at the front door by the use of false keys, broke open the money drawer, from which they secured $2 or $3 and a gold watch. The safe was drilled but nothing was in it.

The Dawson mill, operated by a stock company of that place, was destroyed by fire last week. The fire started in the chute that conveys the grain to the bins. It is not known whether it was of incendiary origin or not. The mill was completed about a year ago and was insured.

Jefferson county mortgage report for March is as follows: Fifty-eight farm mortgages filed, $62,444.75; sixty-eight released, $59,020.50; sixteen city mortgages filed, $7,002,85; twelve released, $6,665.80; chattel mortgages, 124 filed, $25,560.47; forty-three released, $19,-139.80.

A little son of Mr. and Mrs. Kennan of Hebron fell while running with a bamboo whistle in his mouth. His palate and throat were badly injured by having the whistle driven well toward the back of his neck, but it is now thought the boy will sustain no permanent injury.

Judge Furguson, in an exhaustive opinion, reviewing fully the facts and the law in the case, has decided that Jefferson square in Omaha cannot be used for market house purposes.

H. W. Cook, a blacksmith, said to be a heavy drinker, aged about thirty years, was found dead in his room in Sutton. Beside him was a bottle of laudanum with two ounces gone. In his pocket was a letter from Frank H. Snodgrass, dated March 18, at Curtis, Neb. It is supposed to be a case of suicide.

The work on the Cody-Dilion irrigation ditch, says a North Platte dispatch, is progessing rapidly. A large grader and sixty plows are at work. The ditch will water 2,000 acres of Colonel Cody's land. He proposes cutting the land into eighty-acre tracts and bringing a colony of Quakers here to farm it.

Lawrence Clark and William Bounes escaped from the city jail at Lincoln through the carelessness of a deputy, who left the door unlocked while he went into the next room for a bucket of coal. Clark is a young man about 20 years of age, caught in West Lincoln a few hours earlier charged with horse stealing.

Judge Ferguson of Omaha rendered his decision in the case wherein Frank Ramge sought to enjoin his striking tailors from interfering with the men he had put to work in his place. The court decided that the strikers could use peaceable means to induce the others to quit. The striking men regard this as a victory.

A man by the name of Miller, living on the farm formerly owned by J. Sterling Morton, three miles northeast of Syracuse, lost a horse in a peculiar manner. He was working with his team in the field, when one of the horses ran against a sunflower stalk, which penetrated to a sufficient depth to cause its death in a short time.

Sheriff Kyd returned to Beatrice last week from St. Louis, having in charge Jack Marshall, a traveling salesman for the Red Cross Vinegar company, who March 20 was a guest at the Paddock hotel and secured the endorsement of the proprietors to a draft of his firm for $5. The act is liable to send Marshall over the road.

The Lincoln labor club recognizes the existence of Coxey's army and has instructed the secretary to forward the following to the boys: "Resolved, That the Lincoln labor club, with its four hundred members, extends to Coxey's army its best wishes for the success of the object for which the army is formed, and that we wish them godspeed on their mission."

Sidney Sapp, who was arrested at Perry, Okl., and brought to North Platte on the charge of embezzlement, is once more a free man. It appears that the amount embezzled was smaller than claimed, and he was released on the original charge brought against him. The plaintiff declined to prosecute for any lighter offense, and Sapp was released from custody.

The depots of the Burlington and Elkhorn roads at Crawford were robbed while the agents were at dinner the other day. They secured in all about $50. Deputy Sheriff Handy of Chadron being at Crawford began search at once. He arrested two suspicious toughs and lodged them in jail, at Chadron, Crawford not being considered a safe place to confine them.

A contest has been commenced by C. Christiensen, the democratic nominee for councilman in the Third ward at Fremont, against W. H. Harris, the republican nominee, who has been declared elected by a majority of three votes. It is claimed that five votes for councilman found in the box used for the school election were not counted and that they may change the result.

It is stated upon good authority that the authorities at University Place, have discovered the identity of one of the parties implicated in the incendiary fires which destroyed the Haish Manual Training school and nearly destroyed the main building on three occasions. Although no arrests have been made it is stated that the guilty party is a student and the son of respectable parents.

One of the hardest postoffice fights in Nebraska occurred at Orleans. The successful candidate was Mrs. Emma J. Graft. She owes her success to Hon. Jerry Farrell of that city. Mrs. Graft's husband was postmaster there under Cleveland's first administration. Mr. Graft and Jerry Farrel were bosom friends. Since Mr. Graft's death Jerry Farrell has looked after the welfare of his friend's widow and children.

April 7th was a gala day at Pine Ridge, occasioned by the visit of Col. Cody (Buffalo Bill) for the purpose of securing 125 Indians for the Wild West show. Nearly all the Indians on Pine Ridge reservation gathered to meet Cody and to feast at his expense. A choice lot of braves were selected and will go east to become showmen about May 1. Col. Cody went west from Rushville to arrange for establishing his stage route from Sheridan, Wyo., to the National park.

Receiver Hayden of the Capitol National bank will soon commence a legal contest to secure possession of the magnificent Mosher residence property at Fifteenth and K streets, Lincoln. The property is worth at a low estimate $20,000. The receiver believes that he will soon have enough evidence to prove to the court that the residence present occupied by Mrs. Mosher.

At a meeting of the depositors in the defunct Holt County bank held last week it was decided to spend $500 as a reward for the arrest and delivery to the agent of the state David Adams, defaulting and absconding president of the bank. The matter was placed in the hands of County Attorney Murphy and the probabilities are that he will successfully accomplish the desire of the depositors. Adams skipped from O'Neill last August about the time that Barrett Scott did and left depositors to the tune of about $118,000.

Sylvanus Halsted, who was on trial before the district court of Tekamah, charged with rape upon his 4-year-old daughter, and was discharged through a technicality, narrowly escaped hanging. Two parties were organized, one with the intention hanging him, the other with intending to drive him from the state. He was found by the latter, escorted to the Missouri river, ferried across to Iowa in a skiff and admonished never to show himself in Nebraska under penalty of death. He is the father of five girls and is charged with having criminally assaulted them all.

An amendment to the agreement entered into between the G. A. R. of Nebraska and the Nebraska Wesleyan university, whereby the latter is to dedicate the north half of the upper story of the proposed Haish manual training school for a museum and storage place for department records, provides that the agreement may be abrogated at the wish of the G. A. R. There is talk now of the introduction of a bill in the next legislature providing for the setting apart of a large room in the state house for a Grand Army museum and safe place for the preservation of relics of the late war. Adjutant-General Gage of the state militia now has quite a collection of flags and relics.

WESTERN EXPRESS.

"I love her, mother," said Guion Esterhall.

He was not in a general way, much of a talker. Consequently when he spoke, his words had the weight of sense and rarity. But Mrs. Esterhall, the fine old lady, who sat erect before the clear, sea-coal fire, was too much excited to consider all this.

"The wife of my son, Guion," said she, "should be a lady, born and bred—not one of those girls who have had to fight the world until all gentleness, grace and unselfishness are ground out of them. No, I can never give my consent!"

The young man smiled slightly.

"Mother," said he, "the diamond itself hardly possesses its true financial value until the facets are ground with much friction."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Esterhall. "No one is talking of diamonds."

"I may bring her to see you, mother."

Mrs. Esterhall shook her head.

"I have no desire to receive her," said she. "But, Guy, here are the tickets for Henry Irving to-night. Carrie Chippendale has promised to accompany me—of course, you will be on hand at half past seven to be our escort?"

"If you wish it, mother."

The old lady smiled to herself when Guion was gone.

"A little management," she thought, "a little judicious firmness, and Guy will get over this boyish fancy of his. The idea of a shop-girl for my daughter-in-law—for Mrs. Guion Esterhall! I think the lad must have taken leave of his senses!"

And in her secret heart she rejoiced with an exceedingly great rejoicing when Miss Chippendale arrived that evening in a pale blue moire gown, cut decollete, with a glittering necklace around her perfect white throat and a bunch of hot-house roses in her corsage.

"If we are to have a private box," said Miss Chippendale, buttoning the seventeenth button of her glove, "one may as well go in full dress, don't you know?"

"My dear, you are looking lovely," said Mrs. Esterhall, approvingly.

Miss Chippendale was a sort of human camellia japonica—fair, graceful and serene—with big, expressionless blue eyes, cherry-red lips, flax-gold hair drawn in fluffy crimps over her forehead, and an unchanging society smile perpetually hovering around her lips. She had been highly educated, and she was destined by her parents to make a brilliant match. The Chippendales belonged to the aristocracy—that is to say they had never done any work and had always spent a great deal of money. And Mrs. Esterhall had decided that Carrie Chippendale was the very wife for her son.

If only she could convert Guion to the same opinion.

Guion Esterhall was exceedingly courteous to Miss Chippendale that evening, but not a whit more than he was to his own mother. The old lady was somewhat disappointed.

"But never mind," she said to herself, "one must have patience."

She went shopping the next day to match a shade of Berlin wool, to buy some lace flounces and to decide on new portieres for her drawing room down at Esterhall manor. At 1 or 2 o'clock she experienced, not hunger, but a ladylike sensation that "tired nature" needed some sort of "sweet restoration."

"I will go into Maricotta's," she thought.

Maricotta's was full, as it generally was at that time of day; but presently the old lady succeeded in obtaining a seat in a curtained angle, where the waiter took her order for a chicken salad and a cup of tea. Just then she heard a clear, low voice on the other side of the drapery, as a party settled themselves at a reserved table—Miss Chippendale's soft, well-modulated tones.

"Oh, yes, Irving was very fine," said Carrie. "Oysters, please—a box stew for one and fritters for two and three cups of Vienna chocolate, nicely frothed waiter—But all the same I nearly died of ennui. The old lady is the most dreadful bore you ever knew, and Guy is a regular prig. Handsome you know and very talented, of course; but one don't want to be on full-dress parade as to one's brains the whole time. He isn't half as nice as Freddie Fortune—only poor dear Fred hasn't a cent to bless himself with, and papa looks thunder clouds at me whenever he calls. But once I'm married, it——"

A chorus of well-bred giggling interrupted Carrie's words. Mrs. Esterhall rose hurriedly from her seat, grasped her gloves and eye glasses and made all haste out of the restaurant. When the waiter came with the chicken salad and tea, he found his customer gone. The unconscious Miss Chippendale and her friends enjoyed their Vienna chocolate and oyster fritters very much indeed.

Mrs. Esterhall decided to return to the manor at once. Carrie Chippendale's graceful treachery had affected her more than she had deemed possible; and, leaving a hastily written note [illegible] press which reached Cleveden Junction at nine, there connecting with a branch train for Esterhall Station. She was traveling alone, as her maid remained to pack up the last things and follow her the next day.

There had been a heavy snow-fall, the night had settled down dark and tempestuous, and the train was running behind time. At last it came to a full stop. Mrs. Esterhall started from a doze and looked anxiously around her.

"Ten o'clock," some one said, consulting a watch. "Why, conductor, we are due at Clevedon at five minutes before 9."

"Yes, I know, sir," spoke the official, "but the road is all blocked and the western express is overdue at this point. We're waiting here for the signal to move on."

"And what's to keep us from waiting all night?" petulantly inquired the old gentleman.

"Nothing, sir—unless the western express is heard from."

Mrs. Esterhall began to be a little frightened.

"Conductor," said she, "is there any danger of a collision?"

"No, ma'am—not as long as we're on this side of the switch."

"Isn't there a dining car attached to this train?"

"No, ma'am—this isn't the through express, but I hope we shall not be detained here much longer," the conductor cheerfully added.

Slowly the minutes dragged themselves by, gradually lengthening into hours. The passengers gathered in knots and whispered. One or two of the more adventurous spirits got out, peered into the darkness, flecked only by the driving snow, and then got in again, with the customary uncomplimentary comments on the railway management. Mrs. Esterhall was nervous and unaccustomed to travel alone. She began to cry softly behid her veil.

"Ah," she thought, "if ever I live to get safe home again, I'll stay there. I'll never tempt Providence more, on these night roads."

Across the aisle two young girls were seated—the one pale faced and rather plain, as Mrs. Esterhall had already noticed by the light of the cluster of lamps under which they were seated; the other, a brilliant young brunette, with soft, hazel eyes, peachy checks, and wavy, dark brown hair, brushed carelessly back from a low, broad forehead. Presently the latter arose, and coming to Mrs. Esterhall's side, asked in a soft, sympathetic voice:

"Are you ill, madam?"

"N—no," stammered the old lady, quite forgetful of her society dignity. "Orly I am so faint and weary. I expected to dine at home, long before this hour; and I took almost nothing to eat—before I started."

"I have some nice, home-made chicken sandwiches in my bag," suggested the pretty girl. "My aunt insisted on my taking them, although I dined heartily before leaving home; and I have a little alcohol lamp with every convenience for making a cup of good strong tea as well. If you will allow me to prepare it for you——"

Mrs. Esterhall was a genuine tea maniac. A new brightness came into her eyes at this suggestion.

"You are very kind," she said. "But you will want it yourself."

"No," smiled the girl. "I don't care for tea. But my kind old aunt would put the things in. Now I am glad that she did so."

In five minutes, Mrs. Esterhall had eaten and drunk, and felt infinitely refreshed. How it happened she did not pause to question herself, but she presently found herself reclining comfortably, with her head on a pillow impverished out of the folded blanket shawl that belonged to the young girl, and, mingled with her drowsy reflections, came to the soft, low murmurs of the sweet-eyed brunette, who had changed her seat and that of her companion to the one directly back of Mrs. Esterhall, and was talking almost in a whisper.

"No, I am not going back; and I do not intend to communicate my address to any one."

"Not even to him?"

"No, not even to him."

"But he loves you, dear."

"Yes, and that is the very reason I am determined to create no dissension between him and his friends. Perhaps he will forget me."

"He will never do that."

"But at least I shall feel that I have done my duty," said the hazel-eyed girl, firmly. "I shall love him to the end of his days, but I shall not have ruined his future."

"And all this," cried the companion, "out of deference to the whims of an old woman whom you have never seen."

"Out of deference to his mother, Alice," gently corrected the first speaker.

"What a Quixotic notion!" dreamily mused Mrs. Esterhall. "But she has an excellent idea of duty, 'his dark-eyed little girl!'"

"That is you, all over, Effie!" said the friend. "You are always chacing yourself in favor of some one else. Here you are giving all your tea and sandwiches to a person you have never heard of, abandoning your seat to a poor little woman with a crying baby, because it is a trifle nearer the stove, and to cap everything, giving up the man you love and who loves you, because——"

"Because it was my duty," said Effie. "Please, Alice, don't let us discuss the matter any longer. It is because I love Guy that I am willing to sacrifice everything for his sake!"

"Guy! Bless my soul! Guy!" thought Mrs. Esterhall, straightening up. "But of course, there are other Guys than mine in the world."

Just then there was a tremble of the frozen ground under them, a roar and rush of lighted cars past them.

"The western express at last!" shouted the choleric old gentleman, bobbing up in his seat like an India-rubber ball.

"My dear," said she, between the throbs of the engine, "is it Guion Esterhall that you are speaking of?"

The girl started and colored. She could not repress a cry of surprise.

"Yes? I thought so. Come over here and sit by me. I am his mother, and I want to talk to you."

It was 2 o'clock in the morning when they reached Esterhall Station, but the covered sleigh was waiting for them, with hot soapstone foot warmers and about half a ton of fur robes and wrappings. And Effie Dallas stepped into the luxurious conveyance with Mrs. Esterhall, for the old lady had insisted on taking Effie home with her to the manor.

"She is such a contrast in every way to that selfish, cold-hearted Chippendale girl," said Mrs. Esterhall. "I'll telegraph to Guion at once. Really, it does seem as if there was a special Providence in our train being kept so long waiting for the western express to pass."

As if there is not a "special Providence" in everything that happens in this world of ours!—Amy Randolph in New York Ledger.

MILLIONAIRE'S PAWNSHOP.

Notable Men Ready to Lend Money to the Poor.

It is a company of New York men notable for most wealth, for association and conspicuous for charitable endeavors that has applied to the legislature for a charter for what may be called the Millionaires's Pawnshop. Mr. Robert L. De Forest, the Rev. Dr. Greer, Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Morgan and nearly all of those who have been aiding the United Charities Society in its wide-spread work in that city have asked for a charter for a corporation empowered to loan money at interest upon personal property.

Of the proposed capital of a hundred thousand dollars, more than half has been subscribed and the rest promised. There is no purpose on the part of these men to create a money-making corporation; the scheme is essentially of a charitable nature.

Yet it is proposed to run this establishment upon strict business principles and for two reasons one that applicants for loans may not consider a favorable answer as the mere grant of a charity, and the other because business principles must prevail in the management or else the plan will fail.

The application is doubtless due to the success which has attended Dr. Greer's experimental loan shop, established in connection with the great social and mission work done under his supervision upon the East Side of New York.

It is quite possible that branch shops may be established in every ward in the city, and there are some men who believe that the promoters of this plan will be astonished to find that not only a charity but a very great business enterprise will result from the establishment of these shops.

The pawnbrokers are alarmed, and that indicates that they are fearful that these shops may seriously cut into their business.

Agriculture.

WATER IN SOILS.—It has been demonstrated that 100 pounds of sand will absorb 25 pounds of water; 100 pounds of loam, 40 pounds; 100 pounds clay loam, 50 pounds; 100 pounds of clay, 70 pounds. This explains why some soils always appear drier than others, and why after a shower some soils become like a thick paste, while others are only comparatively damp.—Ex.

SURFACE CULTIVATION.—The whole theory of modern cultivation is that crops do better when they are given surface cultivation throughout the season. This process is much easier than the old-fashioned deep cultivation, and it can be done in half the time. By it the surface soil is kept loose and moist all through the season, and this keeps the moisture near the roots of the plants. The loose top soil acts as a mulch to the plants, and is invaluable in dry seasons. More and more every season are farmers coming to see that fineness of surface soil encourages moisture and consequently nitrification, by capillary attraction, which largely increases the crops in dry weather, and as there is scarcely a summer without dry spells, it is advisable to prepare for these as early in the season as possible.—Ex.

Condition of Our Soils

The Minnesota Experiment Station has published bulletin thirty, containing the results of their investigations as to the deterioration of our common soils under the present unsystematic methods of cropping. The summary of the bulletin is as follows:

1. The continued cropping of soils to grain crops only without any system of rotation or other treatment is telling severely upon the original stock of half decomposed animal and vegetable matters and nitrogen. Soils which have produced grain crops, exclusively, for ten or fifteen years contain from a third to a half less humus and nitrogen than adjoining soils that have never been plowed.

2. Soils which have been cropped until the organic matters and humus have been materially decreased, retain less water and dry out more readily than when there is a larger amount of organic matter present in the soil

3. Soils which are rich in humus contain a larger amount of phosphates associated with them in available forms than the soils that are poor in humus.

4 Soils which are rich in humus and organic matters produce a larger amount of carbon dioxide that acts as a solvent upon the soil particles and aids the roots in procuring food.

5. One-half of a sandy knoll, heavily manured with well rotted manure, contained nearly a quarter more water during a six weeks' drought than the other half that received no manure.

6. The supply of organic matter in the soil must be kept up because it takes such an important part, indirectly, in keeping up the fertility of the soil. A good system of rotation, including sod crops and well prepared farm manures, will do this, and will avoid the introduction and use of commercial fertilizers which are now costing the farmers of the United States over thirty-five million dollars annually. It will not do to wait until this question forces itself upon us.

7. A rotation of crops will soon be necessary on account of the peculiar composition of some of the soils and the corresponding subsoils, especially those in which the surface soils are richer in phosphates and nitrogen while the subsoils are richer in potash and lime. By means of rotation the full benefits of the strong points of both the top soils and the subsoil will be secured.

Soil Exhaustion.

The richest soils in the world, if badly used, will produce but few crops, after which they become less and less productive, until in the end the fields are left barren or to weeds, says "Indian Agriculturist." This has happened in the most fertile places, where wheat-growing has been followed with a persistency that may well be termed heroic, the result being that any one who now desires to make a living on one of these "worn-out" farms must undertake a settled course of improvement of the land. Fortunately, the soil is really inexhaustible. It may be misused and reduced in natural fertility in part, but only so far as the plow has penetrated hitherto. Below this will be found the virgin soil, cold and coy it may be, but yet susceptible of awakening into the warmth of vigorous life and of becoming as productive as the upper soil which preceded it. It is a common belief that land regains fertility by rest, and especially if the fallows be well stirred. This is as old as the ancient Romans, whose writers, taking as eager an interest in agriculture as we do at this day, often referred to the land resting, and being improved by the rest. And this is true, for the soil is made up of earthy particles that are slowly soluble, and, as time passes, the water and the air together cause these to decay, and let loose the fertility they have held locked up. But this is not a civilized way to manage the land, and neither is it the most profitable. It is an aboriginal method, and not a scientific one. The exhaustion of the land is more economically prevented by the action of vegetable growth upon it, nature's course, which she enforces when man neglects his duty and leaves it to slow recovery; the better way is to cultivate and sow it, and make it produce something profitable while it is recovering. It has come to this, that if farmers can not grow wheat, except by bare fallowing, then wheat-growing will have to be given up after the virgin land has been cropped a few times, for the simple reason that the cost of maintaining fertility by this process is greater than the crops produced will pay for.

Early Potatoes.

Western Plowman gives this plan to secure early potatoes: We take a lot of old tin cans and put them in the stove long enough to unsolder them. This leaves only the rim of the can. This rim is filled with good rich dirt, and a part or a whole of a potato planted in it. Keep the rim together by tying a string around it and place the cans where they will be kept warm, watering them with lukewarm water frequently. When the sprouts appear above the ground they should be exposed to the sun as much as possible. When the proper time has arrived for transplanting, prepare your hills, cut the strings around the cans and you will find the earth in a compact mass ready for transplanting. The potatoes will grow right along without noticing the change and you will have early potatoes for your own table, and nice ones too, if you have attended to them properly. This may not be practicable in raising early potatoes to sell, but for home use we can recommend it, and at this date, while the ground is covered with snow, we have new potatoes well under way.

Good Draft Horses.

At a recent institute B. Throasel said: Men who generally use good judgment in other things sometimes exhibit the poorest in breeding. There have been first-class stallions in this country for a great many years, but they have not done as much as the inferior ones for the last few years. The only way to account for this is by the difference in the price of their service fee. Thus the good horses gradually gave way to horses not so good, and it is a deplorable fact that in so many cases the good have yielded their places to the bad, because they would not justify their owners in keeping them. Men are often fooled by breeding to a good horse and a poor one at the same time to experiment. They find when the colts come that the one from the cheap stallion looks as well as the one from the imported sire. They instantly resolve that they will no longer pay $15 for a colt, when, as they say, they can get as good a one for $5. They certainly have failed to observe nature's law with reference to offspring. Had they done so, they would have noticed that the superiority in blood asserts itself more decidedly as the animal nears maturity; that the full blooded Texas calf is as fine at two months old as that from the Durham, but no one will admit that it matures into so fine an animal when it is fully developed. A plug looks better at a very early age than ever after, and this induces many to breed back to the plug sire before they have discovered their mistake. It is too bad that after twenty years breeding we have made so little real progress, but we can yet remedy the evil. It can only be done, however, in one way. The first step in this direction is to sort out the plugs. Give them away if they will not sell. The harder they are to dispose of, furnishes us still further evidence of the fact that they should be gotten rid of. Do not allow a mare on your farm that is not a good one. When you get her keep her if she breeds right, if not, sell her. See that she is bred to the best horse you can get each year, even though it costs you a little more to do it than it would to breed her to the scrub. There is only one straight and narrow way to reach the desired point. Pursue this course, and in a few years you will have the satisfaction of owning nothing but good horses. You will then be a better Christian and the world in general will look brighter and more promising to you. The next thing I want to consider is, will it justify us to breed good horses? It certainly will, and now is the time to do it. It takes four years to raise a horse, and who knows but what the price of good horses will then be very high? They always have been, and it is reasonable to suppose that they always will be, in demand. They are as indispensable to this country as the farm wagon or the plow. We must have them, and the time has come when those who use them appreciate good horses. Electricity may ruin the sale of the light horse, but the large, heavy draft horse is partially secure from such competition. The price of good horses has not fluctuated as much as one would think, and at least has only followed the general decline brought about by the existing conditions. When I say raise good horses, I mean good ones. Not what we thought were good ones ten years ago, but ones that would be considered good at the present time. People have learned something in the last few years. They have at least discovered that a low down, heavy horse is the kind for draft purposes. It is but a principle of mechanics they should have learned at school, but it seems we learn the lessons of this life only by experience. They now want the draft horse heavy, because they want him strong and for the purpose of draft work only. They want him low down because the daylight under him does not add anything to his strength. They want him blocky because he will keep fat on half the feed that a long rangy horse will, and the farmer wants him the same way because the eastern buyer does, and for the further reason that he has to feed him only three years to mature him, instead of five, as he used to the long, lank horses of the past.—Farmers' Review.

The Hired Girl.

The discussion of the "servant girl question" has become so one-sided that it is well to call a halt and try to even up matters, says "Boston Budget." Surely, the shortcomings can not be all on the side of the maid; there must be a few for which the mistress is guilty. Each should realize that there is room for improvement, and that the best way to accomplish the most work and relegate the domestic problem to the background is by combining the peculiar and individual abilities of one with those of the other. Both the mistress and the maid should bear in mind that the secret of happy results in the household lies in unity of purpose and mutual obligations. They should remember that while managing a household they are managing a peculiarly organized business, and that evenness of temper and pleasant mutual relationship are absolutely necessary.

In too many homes nowadays faithfulness on the part of the maid is unappreciated by the mistress. The maid, on the other hand, should be willing to receive instruction patiently. As a rule, she is young, with lack of mature judgment and experience, but if she falls into the hands of a mistress who has patience and ability to instruct, she will not only be an apt and eager pupil, and willing, but [illegible] respect and esteem. Women blessed with homes of their own," says the "Housekeeper," "should have a womanly interest in all young creatures who have to face the world and labor to suit every one's whim in the house, without the privilege or power to mold surroundings. The life is hard enough without unjust exaction. Women who themselves can not prepare a wholesome meal are often fastidiously exacting, and expect a maid to know intuitively just the thing that they wish, which is sometimes more than they themselves could define. Every housekeeper who has a young girl serving her has an opportunity to aid in that girl's education; she can be her good friend and adviser as well as the administrative mistress. In nine cases out of ten the maid will respond with faithful understanding and good will." And again: "A kind word may be as instructive as a harsh one. Commendation may show what pleases, as readily as criticism can express dissatisfaction; and when the mistress says 'well done,' let it be an incentive to the maid to sustain the standard winning the commendation. When honest effort has accomplished good results let the kind word be spoken."

WATERING HOUSE PLANTS.—Methodical watering of plants is, however, of the greatest importance and can be best acquired by careful observation and exercise of good judgment. One safe rule may be suggested and that is, whenever watering is necessary, let it be done thoroughly and well, and not repeated until the surface of the soil shows signs of dryness. The size of the pot, the nature, age and roots of the plant will have much to do in regulating this matter, so that while some plants need a good drink only once in every two or three days, others may be so thirsty as to require water even twice a day.

Poultry Yard.

Two Systems of Judging.

We do believe a judge competent to score a bird intelligently and correct, can judge the same class by comparison, and yet the best bird win, says "Fancier's Review." Hence with capable judges a show would be correctly judged and for very large shows comparison would probably be best on account of its being quicker done. But for all shows the score card would be the best for each and every exhibitor, be he veteran or amateur, as it gives each and every bird a value. Young fanciers and new fanciers buy of the veteran. The veteran may show at a comparison show and his bird be beaten for first, second and third place, yet he may know his bird is a good one, good for 92, but the buyer, a new man, don't care to buy the bird for a 92 point bird on the seller's "say so," but if he (the seller) can produce a score card signed by a good judge that foots up 92 he will buy. Why do breeders, who claim to be comparison men, when showing their birds to visitors and in pointing out a particular bird and saying he won first at New York or Philadelphia, also add "and first at Worcester and scored 94," and if the judge who scored him 94 be known as an expert on this particular variety, add by "so and so?" Why do they do it if they think the scoring system a farce? Simply because it has a value over and above the mere fact that he won first. A good, honest score by a competent man is valuable all along the line. It teaches the young fancier and exhibitor where his birds are deficient. It gives him an insight how to mate and breed. It places a value on his breeding-pen and gives would-be customers confidence to buy or not to buy of him. It enables a customer 500 miles away to know if the bird is what he wants to use in his yards or not, and is a direct benefit to the business in consequence. If he, as an exhibitor, is shut out of the prizes at a show where competition is hot, he nevertheless has something to show the worth of his bird, and he can be kept or sold on his merits, whereas if at a comparison show the young breeder is entirely at sea without even a plank to hang to. He knows he was beaten, that is all. He doesn't know how badly. He doesn't know if his bird is a rank cull or, notwithstanding the fact he was beaten, yet quite a good bird. For these reasons, among others, we like the system of scoring for the general good of the poultry business, and think it will be many moons before it will be abolished.—Farmers' Review.

Success with Poultry.

At a New York institute a Mr. Dawley gave an address on "Poultry for the Farm," in which he spoke of the cost of broilers, the prices they are sold for, and the failures made by certain parties who went into the business, because they were wholly unacquainted with it and made it still worse by employing unskilled labor. He also spoke of the duck farming business on Long Island, and named some of the profits derived by some of the specialists there; all who embark in it, however, do not succeed; there are more or less failures in the poultry business just as there are failures in other business ventures. He believed the farmer should not attempt to raise broilers, but eggs, instead; and, to make it a success, only egg producing breeds should be employed, and winter egg production made the specialty. The great trouble with the farmer's hens is inbreeding. They are all inbred in a neighborhood, and are thus weak and effeminate. Select males every year from a distance and that are wholly unconnected with the hens. He also spoke of the great return derived by some poultrymen in this state, one of which reported 192 eggs per hen from a flock of 600 White Leghorns, two or three years since. Other men keeping as many as 300 laying hens, reported 150 to 190 eggs per hen for a year. All these eggs were sold in special markets at 4 to 6 cents above the top market price, showing what can be done by making a proper effort, working for a special purpose and properly packing and marketing the product.

Hens in Confinement.

It has been very generally conceded that hens will not be a success unless given a large range, and kept in small numbers. This is probably correct, but there is a bare possibility that it is not. We find that kindred ideas have been held as to other live stock, but the ideas have not been able to stand investigation. For example, it is believed that sheep should be kept in flocks of not more than fifty, and this belief is widespread in this country. Nevertheless foreign flocks frequently number from 3,000 to 5,000 and are successfully handled. It was believed that cows should by all means be kept at pasture; yet the solling system has proved a success. Now is it possible to keep fowls in close quarters and have them a success? We ask our readers to bring their experiences to bear upon the solution to the problem, and we propound the following questions:

1. How large flocks can be successfully kept?
2. Can large flocks be kept free from disease?
3. Is exercise an absolute necessity?
4. If exercise be necessary, can a flock in confinement be given needed exercise?
5. What breed will endure confinement best, without injury to egg production?
6. What breed will endure confinement best without injury to health?

By "confinement" is meant detention throughout the year in a house and yard of moderate proportions.

GROWING CABBAGE.—No vegetable does well on a stiff or clayey subsoil. Pulverize the soil well with a plow and harrow. Many prefer spading, but for me, not much. Too much work, and besides I can do better work with a good plow and team of horses. I am satisfied that it is a good plan to plow the cabbage ground in the fall, if not, in fact, all the garden. It turns the soil up to be pulverized by the action of the frost and also turns up many insects (the eggs and larvæ) to be destroyed by the same agent. Manure thoroughly and evenly about two or three inches deep. Cow and horse manure mixed and well rotted can not be beat. Horse manure alone is not what is wanted, as it heats so violently.

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And a 4.00 creel,
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And 4.00 flies
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Thus he spends....$40.00 ere he starts out,
And returns in a
week with.....10 worth of trout,
And the ——
But a blank won't supply
The thirty-nine, ninety—the sum he is shy.

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