A YANKEE IN GRAY.

By Charles B. Lewis ("M. Quad.")

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He picked up his bundles and hastened on and 10 minutes later was telling Steve Brayton what had happened.

"Glad of it!" replied the latter. "Reckon I orter go up thar and make shore he's dead, fur I sorter think his name are Ike Baxter. Hain't got no time, though—not jest now. This way, Uncle Ben."

They passed between two great bowlders which had fallen from the bank above, followed a ravine into the hills for about 200 feet, and after a climb up the right hand bank found the hiding place among the rocks. There was a small fire burning against a great bowlder, and on a bed of leaves and branches lay Royal Kenton with a bullet wound in the calf of the right leg. It was a bit of good luck for him in the midst of adversity that the bullet had passed clear through without touching the bone. It was a painful and temporarily disabling wound, and he had lost much of his strength before the bleeding could be checked, but he was inclined to make light of the situation as Brayton and Uncle Ben appeared. The old darky knew Kenton only by sight, but the sight of him lying there in that helpless condition was a call for him to throw himself down on his knees and moan out:

"Fo' de Lawd an fo' de Lawd, but what am Miss Sunshine gwine to say an do when she knows dat he has bin shotted wid a dozen bombshells?"

Kenton soon made the situation plain to him, and then as the two talked about affairs at the house Steve Brayton washed and bound up the wound afresh, made up a comfortable bed, arranged one of the blankets for a shelter and saw that Kenton ate as well as talked. The adventure which Uncle Ben had on the road was felt to be another menace to be guarded against. After leaving the house where they had taken breakfast and encountered the Confederate sergeant, they had hastened up the side of the mountain and headed direct for Rest Haven. Within an hour they found that a number of men were on their trail, and two or three times during the day they were obliged to hide themselves for an hour or two. No shots were exchanged until about 5 o'clock in the evening, and then they were fired upon by three men in ambush. Kenton was hit and fell, but he struggled up and made a run of it, with Steve Brayton covering his retreat. Pain and loss of blood finally brought the wounded man down again, and he appealed to Steve to leave him and make his own escape.

"Couldn't think of it, Yank—couldn't possibly play any sich dirt on a man who has fout 'longside o' me so often!" was the hearty reply. "Thar was only three of 'em when they fust popped at us, and I'm sartin shore thar hain't but two now, and mebbe one o' them is wuss off than yo' ar'! I hain't been shootin five or six times jest fur the fun of it! If yo' can't walk, yo've got to be carried!"

Heeding none of Kenton's protests, the faithful fellow got him on his back and picked his route through scrubs and over rocks until he reached the spot where Uncle Ben found them. He knew it was within a mile or two of Rest Haven, and he was about starting for the house when the old man came along.

"I'll take a trot up the road and see how the nigger's dead man is," said Steve when he could do no more for Kenton. "It's my everlastin opinyun that the chap will turn out to be Ike Baxter, and I shan't be overly sorry if sich ar' the case. I'll hev to git the body outer the way anyhow, befo' anybody stumbles over it."

In the course of 20 minutes he reached the spot, but no man, living or dead, was to be found. He made a thorough hunt, but nothing could be discovered.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Uncle Ben returned to the house at midnight and found Marian anxiously waiting for news. Royal Kenton had told him what to tell her, and while she was comforted in one direction she was frightened in another. If Kenton and Brayton had been followed over the mountains and blood had been shed, would the pursuit cease until they had been hunted down? If the man whom Uncle Ben had struck down in the darkness was Ike Baxter, wouldn't his information bring Captain Wyle and his company into the neighborhood at once? Provided it was not Ike Baxter at all, it certainly was an enemy of some sort, who would demand revenge. The outlook was indeed an anxious one, but they could only wait and hope.

It was well for the mother that she was too ill to realize that anything unusual was happening. The doctor had exercised his skill to no benefit, and though permitting Marian to hope that a favorable change might occur he realized that the chances of recovery were very remote. All that long night she lay as one sleeping heavily, and but for the many distractions the daughter would have noticed that the change was for the worse.

Neither Marian nor Uncle Ben had reason to suspect that Mrs. Baxter had seen or heard anything that night, but she must soon know all. The girl had determined that Kenton should be brought to the house and cared for. The thought of his rude shelter, wounded and suffering as he was on that cold winter's night, almost drove her wild. It was hardly 7 o'clock in the morning, and she had simply tasted breakfast, when she went out to Uncle Ben and said:

"I am ready to go and can't wait another minute. We will take some more provisions, but I shall have Mr. Kenton brought to the house."

"What about dat woman?" he asked.

"I don't care for her. If she doesn't like his being here, she can go."

"Jest look into her room, Miss Sunshine!"

The door was ajar, while the woman herself was at the other house. There was a bloody towel on a chair, bloody water in a washbowl, spots of blood on a chair and on the floor.

"It looks as if some one had sought to murder her!" exclaimed Marian as she looked about in astonishment.

"I know what happened," replied Uncle Ben. "Dat pusson I knocked inter de middle o' last summer was Ike Baxter. He was follerin me from de house. Boaf of 'em knowed what was up. He cum to arter a bit an cum yere to hev his hurts tooken car' of. I heard a noise 'bout daylight, an I reckon dat was when he left."

"I'm glad you didn't kill him, but I expect Mrs. Baxter will now feel like taking revenge upon the whole household. Let us be going."

Half an hour later they were challenged by Steve Brayton, who had already prepared breakfast for the wounded man and was able to report that Kenton had passed a comparatively comfortable night. He met them just outside the camp, and with a wink to Uncle Ben he said to Marian.

"Go right along, Miss Percy; he un's heard yo'r voice and is waiting fur yo'. I want to speak a word or two to Uncle Ben."

"What yo' want to spoke to me 'bout?" cautiously inquired the old man after they had walked away a few steps.

"Nuthin, yo' old son of Africa!" answered Steve. "Don't yo' un know what b'longs to good manners? D' yo' reckon that gal wants anybody around when she fust claps eyes on the feller she loves like a house afire and is gwine to marry arter this cussed scrimmage is over?"

"Hu! I see!" chuckled Uncle Ben.

"Of co'se yo' sees arter I has pinted out the way, but then yo' is only an ole nigger and can't be spected to hev any feelin's onless kicked by a mule or licked by a passel of guerrillas."

Ben then told him of the discoveries made at the house and of his belief that his victim was Ike Baxter, and Steve looked very serious as he replied:

"Then yo' kin bet we ar' in fur a red-hot time! Ike Baxter will be back befo' noon with a gang at his heels, and the chances ar' that somebody will git shot!"

At this moment Marian called to them, and as they entered the camp they found her dressing Kenton's wound and preparing for his immediate removal to the house. While the raiding party had stolen the horses, as before mentioned, none of the vehicles had been taken, and she argued that it would be easy for the two men to get Kenton down to the road and then convey him to the house in one of the carriages. He looked upon the plan favorably, but when she turned to Steve Brayton he said:

"Beg pardon, miss, but I can't agree with yo'. Yere ar' the situation: Over thar on the other road yisterday mawn-

The girl had determined that Kenton should be brought to the house.

in we uns was tooken fur Yankee spies. He un's a Yank straight 'nuff, but not a spy, while I'm a purty good rebel, as the t'other side calls us. We uns had a fuss with a fool of a Confederate, and he got help and tried to run us down. It wasn't over two miles away that I dropped one and winged another. Is that plain to yo', Miss Percy?"

"Yes."

"Waal, them critters hain't goin to give it up without knowin who we ar' and all about us. We uns will hear from them today fur shore. Then thar is Ike Baxter to look out fur. Pity yo'r nigger didn't strike a leetle harder and finish him, but it seems that Ike got away. He un was probably sent to spy on yo', and yo' kin bet that Captain Wyle and his critter company hain't tur off. We shall also hear from them befo' the day's over."

"Well, suppose we do?" asked Marian. "Mr. Kenton has been true and loyal to Virginia and the south. He is here in Confederate unitorm and has only escaped from the Federals after being taken prisoner in another battle. Suppose the Confederates do come?"

"That's yo'r way of lookin at it, Miss Percy," said Steve as he twirled his hat in his hands. "My way is a leetle different. Captain Wyle, Ike Baxter and the rest of the crowd want revenge. If they find Mr. Kenton in yo'r house, they'll take him out and carry him off to some camp. They'll use him rough. They'll make charges. They'll stick right to him till they hev his life. I'm not figgerin on myself 'tall. If they don't shoot me offhand, I'll git court martialed and be chained up sumwhar till the eand of the war. Fact is, Miss Percy, I've jest about dun cut loose from this glorious old southern confederacy and gone over to the Yanks!"

"Then what would you advise?"

"Leave he un right yere fur awhile. We uns' got two guns and a revolver, and if the crowd comes we kin stand 'em off a good deal better than at the house. Meanwhile let Uncle Ben sot out down the valley to find the Yankee soldiers and tell 'em what's up. If 'nuff of 'em cum, and they cum in time, we will be all right. If not, we might as well say our prayers!"

Both Marian and Kenton realized the situation as he presented it, and within five minutes Uncle Ben had his instructions. It was believed that he would run across Federal cavalry within 10 miles of Rest Haven. He was to ask for General Custer, and if he found that commander to ask him in the name of the Percys to come at once. He was to call at the house and say to Mrs. Baxter that Marian would be home within an hour.

"And while yo' un's yere to look out fur the patient," said Steve Brayton to the girl as the old man moved away, "I'll jest git ready fur the call I'm expectin!"

The camp had plenty of natural defense, but by moving some of the bowlders with a lever and using such stones as he could lift as "chinking" he had the place proof against anything but artillery within an hour. While he works and Marian and Kenton plan let us follow Uncle Ben. He had been intrusted with a message to Mrs. Baxter, but on his arrival at the house he failed to find her. Entering her room in the "quarters" in his search, he found things in such disorder that he felt certain she had packed up a few articles and fled from the place. Under no other circumstances would he have dared to look into the bedroom of the "missus" in the other house. Alarmed at the thought that she was helpless and abandoned, he ventured to intrude. She was lying with her face toward him, and the first glance brought a moan to his lips. He called to her, passed into the room, called again and finally reached out and touched the white and wasted hand resting on the cover. It was cold as ice. He pushed forward an old black hand which had served her and hers for half a century and more and laid it on her face.

"Fo' de great Lawd in heaben, but de missus has dun died!" he cried aloud as he hurried from the room with chattering teeth and trembling limbs. She had seemed to be sleeping when Marian left the house an hour or more before, but she might have been dying then. The old man's first thought was to hurry back to camp and tell the girl what had occurred, but as he moved away he checked himself and muttered:

"Jest wait now till we figger a leetle. De good Lawd has dun tooken de missus away, an my ole heart's ready to break wid sorrow, but I mustn't give up to de feelin. Dar's Miss Sunshine, an dar's Mars Kenton an dat soger Steve, dey's all alive an in danger. If I tole Miss Sunshine, she couldn't do nuffin now 'cept to wing her hands an cry. No, I won't go back dar! I'll hurry up an find dem Yankees an tell 'em to cum as quick as dey kin!"

He had turned about in his tracks when he heard a great clatter up the road, and next minute he was surrounded by about 20 mounted men. Some were in uniform, and among these he noticed one with his head bandaged and at once identified him as Ike Baxter. There were others in citizens' dress, and while he was wondering who they might be one of them laughingly exclaimed:

"Hello, yo' old son of satan! How does yo' un feel after the lickin yo got last night?"

There was a sergeant in command of the squad, but Ike Baxter appeared to direct operations. He at first drew his saber as if to give the old negro a cut, but checking himself he said:

"Now, men, look alive! Some of yo' uns search the house and drag out that cussed Yankee and Steve Brayton, and the rest of us will drive a stake and find a chain and some firewood! I'm goin to burn this old nigger alive fur tryin to kill me last night!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Although surprised and confounded by the sudden turn of events, Uncle Ben did not entirely lose his head. When he heard the men crying out for revenge and looked into their pitiless faces, he felt that his last hour had come. And yet the devotion of the old slave was never better illustrated than in what followed. As a portion of the crowd started for the house, no doubt fully expecting to find Kenton there, the old man shouted at the top of his voice:

"Cum back yere—cum back! Yo' kin kill me if yo' wants to, but fur God's sake doan' put yo'r feet in dat house!"

"What's the matter?" asked one as the gang came to a halt.

"De ole missus am lyin in dar dead an all alone, an it hain't fitten dat yo' should go in!"

"Whar's that Yankee? Whar's the gal? Whar's Steve Brayton?" was shouted at him.

"Dun gone—all dun gone!" he answered. "It's jest like I tole yo'—nobody in dar but de dead missus!"

"Go on, go on!" yelled Ike Baxter, "but look out fur yo'selves! The hull crowd of 'em ar' in thar, and they'll likely make a fight fur it!"

The men cautiously entered the house, firearms held ready for instant use, but at the end of seven or eight minutes they came out to report that "the cussed old nigger" had told the truth.

"Dead, eh?" exclaimed Ike Baxter as they told of the corpse on the bed. "Waal, I'm goin to burn the house jest the same, though mebbe some of yo' uns will lug the body outdoors fust. Time 'nuff fur that after we git through with this old nigger. Run he un up to that post! Now, then, chain him there! Yo' old black devil, but I'll make yo' suffer fur the rap yo' giv me last night! I'm goin to begin at yo'r chin and skin yo' cl'ar down to yo'r heels! After yo've bin skun we'll build a fire around yo' and roast what's left!"

He went to his saddle for a rawhide, one he had seemingly brought along for the occasion. When he returned with it, Uncle Ben was stripped of coat and vest and his shirt torn away from his shoulders. They were going to take his life, not mercifully, as one kills a savage beast by a bullet through the heart or brain, but they would torture him for hours perhaps. He could not fail to realize this, but he did not beg for mercy. He simply shut his eyes and prayed God to give him strength to endure everything for the sake of those in hiding down the road. He would be asked to betray them. His refusal would bring other tortures, but he would refuse.

"Now, then, yo' black hound, whar ar' the rest of the folks?" demanded Ike Baxter as he walked up to Uncle Ben and flourished the cruel whip.

"Aye, he knows the exact spot whar they ar' hidin, and he's got to tell!" shouted two or three in the crowd.

"Of co'se he knows, and I'll hev it outer he un mighty quick!" replied Ike. "I'm goin to give yo' a powerful lickin, ole man, fur the way yo' banged me last night, but I'll make it a leetle easier if yo'll tell whar they all is hid away."

"I has nuthin to say," quietly replied the old man as he looked about him.

"What! Yo' won't tell me?"

"Give it to him! Cut his hide into strings!" yelled the crowd.

Ike responded by striking Uncle Ben about 20 blows across the bare back. Each blow raised a welt, and as each one fell the victim strained and tugged at his lashings. Uncle Ben had been whipped the night before, but that was more in the nature of an assault or an attack by armed men. For the first time in his life he had been tied up and his back bared. He felt the shame and indignity almost as much as the blows.

"Yo' kin see what brung on this yere war," said Ike as he paused for breath. "Them air Yankees was tellin our niggers that they was jest as good as thar masters. Yere's a case of it right yere. If he'd bin my nigger, he'd hev bin as humble as pumpkin pie, but the Pereys, who hev allus bin half Yankee themselves, brung him up to think he un was as good as anybody!"

"Hurry up. Give he un some more!" yelled the crowd.

"Thar hain't no rush about it," replied Ike as he flourished the whip. "I want to make it last as long as I kin. It's a dod gasted pity we hain't got 15 or 20 other niggers yere to look on and take warnin by his fate. I've allus itched to lick a nigger, but never had the chance befo'. Ar' yo' goin to tell me, yo' infernal old imp, whar that Yankee is hidin out?" Uncle Ben simply shook his head. "Yo' hain't, eh?" screamed Ike. "Then everybody stand back, fur I'm goin—I'm goin to make the blood fly all over the yard!"

"Stop!"

(To be Continued.)

An Extraordinary Eruption.

A very singular phenomenon occurred last winter in Iceland. Along the seacoast, near the center of the southern shore of the island, there is a broad level region called the Skeidara Sands, bordered by glaciers descending from the mountains. A postman crossing the sands was startled by a long, groaning sound issuing from the glacier two miles away. Then he saw masses of ice shooting into the air, followed by a flood of water and ice pouring across the sands. Being on horseback he quickly got out of the reach of danger. After six days, on again visiting the spot, he found the sands covered with a "belt of ice-waves" reaching from the glacier to the sea, a distance of twenty-five miles. The precise cause of the eruption, which apparently took place underneath the glacier, is not known, but according to a report in Nature, it is believed to have some connection with the great earthquakes that shook Iceland last summer.

Electric Power in Africa.

Attention was recently called in this column to the proposed use of the cataracts of the Nile for the generation of electric power. At a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers in London a short time ago, Prof. Forbes reported that he had been consulted about another similar enterprise in the "dark continent." This was a proposition to employ the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi river in supplying electric power to the gold mines in Matabeleland and the Transvaal. He thought the scheme was not so chimerical as it had at first appeared to him. In his opinion "the distance over which power might be profitably transmitted by electricity was not far short of 1,000 miles."

JIM AND JOHN.

Jim and John were townsmen and chums, and went out to see base ball. It was a red hot afternoon, and the bleechers were like frying pans at breakfast time. Jim had a bald head and John had a crick in the back. They sat for an underdone roast and laughed at everything. Jim's bald spot was a shining mark, like a brass door plate. A stray ball, fierce and sharp, from a false bat, struck the spot and ploughed a furrow. It dazed him. Jim's eyes and face looked like a sick owl's, and John laughed. He laughed an hour straight along. The game ran late into twilight. Meanwhile John had shed his coat, and a cool damp draft got in its work on his back. The time came to leave, but John couldn't. He couldn't bend or get up. Lumbago had set in, in its worst form. He laughs best who laughs last and Jim had revenge. But they got down town to Jim's room, when he said, "Here's something all those athletes use for hurts and ailments, and it's the best known cure for lame back." He rubbed it on John's back and some on his own head. They were both feeling cured and comfortable from the use of St. Jacobs Oil, which Jim always kept in a handy place. He was a sport himself and knew what was best. They went to bed. John laughed in his sleep. Both rose in the morning fresh as daisies; then Jim laughed at John.

Nebraska's New Ballot Law.

The new ballot law of Nebaraska, passed last winter by the legislature, is causing some confusion, as it revolutionizes the manner of arranging the ballots. The tickets will be printed in separate columns, with a pictorial device at the head, and not a single column, with the names of the candidates arranged alphabetically, as heretofore. The choice of judges and clerks of election is also vested in the county judges. The changes are so radical as to create a fear of trouble at the November election.

Mob Drill in the Navy.

The men of the United States navy are to be taught how to handle mobs. Whether this decision has been brought about by the frequent eruptions among the labor element in the last few years or just on general principles, the naval authorities refuse to say. Certain it is that the drills are to be generally introduced, and the results are expected to be highly beneficial to good order.

Greater New York's Police.

Greater New York will have a good-sized army of peace preservers. The uniformed force will be increased to about 10,000 men, and they will all be clad in blue, with plenty of brass buttons and gold lace. The police surgeons and matrons will have to don the blue.

Paper Insulated Cables.

A new invention is one to insulate telegraph cable wires with paper. The interior cable is lead covered, and thin spirals of paper are wound around each interior wire. The cost is said to be one-fifteenth of rubber insulated cable

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Taking off the hat or cap as a sign of reverence or respect was mentioned in the time of Caesar.

In Larue county, Kentuky, it is said that Charles Williams has grown a bunch of white blackberries.

It is said that in the best districts of China the tea crop will average from 300 to 400 pounds per acre.

Bears have been so thick around Idaho that it has been said there was a bear for every bushel.

Over 4,000 frozen rabbits are annually exported to the London markets from Victoria, Australia.

The one thing for which lace paper may be used and be considered good form on a table is for cheese.

Marriage at midnight, the ceremony being performed by a coroner, is the last Kansan eccentricity reported.

The tea plant is said by Chinese writers to have been cultivated in that country from at least 3,000 B. C.

The gossamer iron made at Swansea, Wales, is so thin that 4,800 plates are needed to make an inch of thickness.

There are in the United States 70,000 bee keepers. The average product of each hive is twenty-two pounds.

There are in France 1,302,400 unmarried women between the ages of 25 and 50, and 1,376,6 unmarried men aged over 30.

The difference between a planet and a star is this: A star shines by its own light; a planet by light reflected from another body.

Near Alvord, Iowa, a can of stamps which were stolen from the postoffice at Lester, in that state, two years ago, was plowed up recently.

The speculative astronomers are now arguing that the moon is in the shape of a plumb bob, and that the large end is always towards the earth.

The nephews and nieces of the English sovereign are entitled to wear strawberry leaves in their crowns instead of the fleurs-de-lis appropriated to the use of princes and princesses.

Evidence of the complexity of cathode rays is found by M. H. Deslandres in the fact that when a ray is turned aside by a neighboring body it is divided into several unequally deviated rays.

Anthropologists have ascertained that the Andaman islanders, the smallest race of people in the world, average less than four feet in height, while few of them weigh more than seventy-six pounds.

Lion tamers, as a rule,, prefer lions to lionesses, and dislike a troup of both sexes mixed. In such cases the danger of entering the den is quadrupled, and mischief is pretty sure to result sooner or later.

What Neglect Leads To.

Mrs. Chas. King's Experience.

A woman's body is the repository of the most delicate mechanism, and yet most women will let it get out of order just as if it were of no consequence. Their backs ache, heads throb and burn; they have wandering pains, now here and now there; experience extreme lassitude, that don't-care and want-to-be-left-alone feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, and the blues, yet do nothing to help themselves. These indicate womb complications.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will relieve all this trouble.

MRS. CHAS. KING, 1815 Rosewood St., Philadelphia, Pa., says:—

"I had bearing-down feelings, backache, burning sensation in my stomach, chills, headache, and always had black specks before my eyes. I sometimes had four and five fainting spells a day. I had several doctors, and tried many patent medicines. I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I never had anything give me the relief that it has. I can

THE FARM AND HOME

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

There Is Too Much Waste of Lands and Crops—Proper Way to Water Horses—Help for the Threshing Season—Have Harness that Fit.

Too Large Farms.

Our farms are too large. They are not tilled thoroughly enough. There is too much waste—both of lands and crops. A man may not be able to become rich in a few years upon a few acres, but by care and thoroughness he can make a comfortable living for his family, and also save something for old age's support. In Scotland, according to a recent government report, there are 9,227 agricultural holdings of one acre and under, 20,150 of from one to five acres, 33,921 of from five to fifty acres, 25,568 of above fifty acres, and seventy-six of more than 1,000 acres. There are in this country abundant opportunities for the "small farmer"; growing cities are consuming more and more of the products of Mother Earth, which no one can produce so well as the "small farm" man, who can give them the infinite pains necessary to their best development, and is willing to take care to get them to market in proper condition. This is the secret of the "small farmer's" success.—Farm News.

Watering Horses.

In no other way do farm horses suffer so much as from being inadequately watered. They are compelled to work steadily for five full hours each half day in the broiling sun with no water. The farmer is very careful when he goes to the field to see that his jug of drinking water is not left behind, and he drinks often if the day is hot. But it never enters his head that his horse is a sweating animal, and in proportion to his body has a smaller stomach than a man, and needs as large a supply of water and at as frequent intervals. Not only is it humane to provide water for the horse, but it pays. The sweating process is a cooling one. This is nature's way of counteracting the heat, and when water is given in sufficient quantity to sustain the sweat the horse can do more work with safety. It is but little trouble to give a team a drink two or three times each half day, and any man who will try the experiment will never abandon it. By providing a barrel on a log boat, or even on a wagon, enough water can be taken to the field to last two or three days, and if the barrel is a clean one the water will keep in good condition. With a pail the horses may be given a drink a couple of times each half day. No time need be lost, for it will take no longer to give them a sip of water than to sit on the plow handle while they are resting. There is another very great advantage in this occasional watering. When so watered the team on coming to the stable may be allowed to drink all they want without fear of bad results, and the grain may be given so as to give them plenty of time to eat it. When not watered from morning until noon it is not safe to give drink until they have stood and cooled off, and every one should know that it is not the best way to feed a horse before he has drank.—Germantown Telegraph.

Help for Threshing.

When threshing is done by steam power, it is the constant effort of those who run these threshers to have the work of threshing in each neighborhood hurried through in as short a season as possible. Their own expenses are quite heavy, and the threshing business will not pay unless they can get steady work while the season lasts. It is the farmer's interest, on the other hand, to postpone grain threshing until fall work is well out of the way. The grain is in better condition for threshing then, and, what is quite as important, it is not so difficult to secure the help needed. To keep a steady flow of grain in the straw mow or stack to the machine requires three, four or five men, according to the distance the bundles have to be pitched. All are needed that can work without being in each other's way. It is the hardest work that is now left to be done on the farm, and is also the dirtiest. There is always some heating in the mow or stack, and this means some dust from the partial decay of straw or chaff. The men who go with threshing machines get bigger wages than they can at any other farm work, and they fully earn what they receive. Few people can go through a job of threshing without taking cold and having throat and lungs and nostrils greatly irritated for several days after. It is under such conditions that tubercular consumption is most apt to begin.—American Cultivator.

Burning a Clover Field.

I am decidedly in favor of burning over my fields once in three or four years, writes Waldo F. Brown, in National Stockman, as by so doing we kill myriads of insects as well as the spores of fungi, and there can usually be enough stubble left on a Mammoth clover field to do this. There is no crop better to burn over than clover, because nitrogen is the only thing lost, as the phosphoric acid and potash are made more quickly available by burning, and as the larger part of the nitrogen generated—or developed—by the clover is stored in the roots there is usually enough of this important element of plant food left after burning, and as the atmosphere is a great storehouse of nitrogen, upon which we can draw whenever we grow clover, I do not mind burning a little of it. My first experience in burning over a field was more than forty years ago, and the result was so satisfactory that I have watched and experimented with it ever since, and am convinced that it is "good farming" and scientific to do it. The heaviest yield of wheat grown in Ohio of which I have any knowledge, an average of fifty bushels per acre on a ten-acre field, was on a field of Mammoth clover which was burned over before plowing, simply because the owner found it impossible to turn under the mass of haulm on the land. I have proven that burning will destroy the cutworms and save the crop of corn also. I would use judgment in doing this, and would not burn what I could turn under on a soil lacking in humus, but I recommend readers to carefully experiment along this line and note results, and in my judgment they will reach the same conclusions that I have, that under some conditions burning is an advantage.

Painting Farm Machinery.

The wooden parts of all farm machinery should be painted every three or four years and the iron parts that are worn should have a coat of paint every season, and the sooner after the season's work is over the better. No matter how well protected, the polished metal portions will draw dampness and corrode, some grease the more harm than good. The proper way is to paint them.

Get five or six gallons of raw linseed oil, a gallon or two of white lead, a small box of Russian blue, a small box of chrome yellow in paste form and ten to fifteen pounds of venetian red in powder. For the wooden parts there is nothing better than venetian red and raw linseed oil. The mixture will make a dark red. If a bright red is preferred mix some chrome yellow with it in the proportion of fifteen parts of venetian red to one part of yellow. This makes vermillion, the brightest red known. If blue is wanted mix with white lead, four parts, with one of Prussian blue. This will give a dark blue, which can be made as light as wanted by adding white. Green is made by mixing yellow and blue. Any of these colors will answer for the wooden portions of the machinery. Do not use any drier, as the paint will last much longer without it. In winter a much longer time between coats is required for paint to dry than in summer, but when it has become solid it lasts much longer than if it dries rapidly.

Do not use white lead to paint metal surfaces of any kind, for the acetic acid it contains will tend to corrode them. For all this kind of work use venetion red and oil or get some of the common black paint sold especially for this purpose. For the portions which are expected to scour, mold boards, plow shares and similar points, etc., use a paint made as follows: Mix yellow ochre with coal tar and thin to a working consistency with turpentine. This will effectually prevent rusting, but it will rub off quite readily when the plow is to be used.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Eating Peaches.

It is somewhat fortunate that the woolly coating on the shin of the peach is so objectionable to most people that they remove it before beginning to eat the fruit. It is almost always the receptacle of germs, which, if taken into the stomach under certain conditions, are extremely injurious. Hence, whenever the peaches are eaten raw the skin should be removed, not alone because its woolly covering is unpleasant, but still more because it is unhealthful. For still stronger reasons peaches should never be dried with their skins on. In such case the number of germs which a pound of dried peaches will carry can hardly be estimated. Still, if the stomach be entirely healthy, any number of germs taken into it will do no injury. Nobody can surely know this of himself or herself. That some can eat the peach, peeling and all, without injury is no proof that others can do so.

Make the Calves Gentle.

Much of the value of a cow depends on her being gentle. There is no way to make sure of this except by accustoming the heifer calf from the first to be handled and petted so that she will never fear man's presence as threatening injury. There is another object in this. By free handling of the heifer's udders, both they and her teats will be enlarged. This will also cause the milk glands to develop, making the cow a better milker all her life.

Rye as Hog Feed.

On light, sandy soil corn is a very uncertain crop, and many seasons it will not yield so much grain as a crop of rye which usually succeeds well there. We have known some farmers on sandy land to grow rye to feed their hogs. It is excellent for growing pigs, but when fattening time comes some corn should be fed, even though it has to be purchased.

Farm Notes.

A flock of turkeys will clean out the large green tomato or tobacco worms in short order. In the large tobacco fields of the South the turkeys are given full liberty and perform valuable service.

Nature evidently intended that the p ; should eat little at a time and often, and its stomach was fashioned accordingly. The most successful breeder is the one who recognizes that fact and governs his feeding operations accordingly.

Do not feed corn to pigs, colts or calves, but use ground oats, bran and middlings, as those foods contain more mineral matter than corn and better promote the formation of bone and tissue. It is time to put the fat on the animal after the framework is completed.

Straw may be added to the barnyard manure because it is plentiful, but it is better to utilize the straw in some manner before it reaches the heap. It should be cut with a feed cutter and used for bedding before throwing it away, in which condition it is an excellent absorbent and more quickly decomposes in the heap.

We judge of a farmer by his own farm and of a farm by what we see in passing it, says a contemporary. If all is neat, and tidy, fences and outbuildings, as well as dwelling houses, in good repair; if tools, wagons and machinery are housed and painted and animals sleek and contented, we are satisfied that the owner is a good farmer and is prosperous.

The comparative values of corn, wheat and barley for pork making seem to be about as follows from recent experiments at the Canada and United States experiment stations: To make 1 pound of pork, 4 pounds 11 ounces of barley was consumed, making the barley net 50 cents per bushel. Its market value was 25 cents. On wheat, a pound of pork was made from 4 pounds 6 ounces, returning 70 cents per bushel. Four and one-half pounds of corn was required, making its cash value 63 cents. At market prices, barley, 25 cents; wheat, 55 cents; corn, 35 cents, the pork cost 2.5 cents, 4 cents and 2.85 cents per pound, respectively.

Paper Sails.

Sails of paper are coming into use and are found more economical than cloth ones. They are made by adding to the paper pulp glue, alum, alkaline silicate, fat, and bichromate of potash, then rolling two sheets of paper, which are pressed together before drying, and afterwards treated with sulphuric acid, which turns the united sheet into parchment paper. When washed with a soda solution and dried, the parchment paper becomes very strong and resisting, and is made into sails of any size by means of cement of the same pulp which enters into the composition of the paper.

The Czar Calls Himself a Farmer.

The Czar recently filled up the regular census paper in his own handwriting, giving his Christian names, "Nicholas," etc.; surname, "Romanov;" social status, "Czar of all the Russias;" profession, "Master of all the land of the Russian empire;" accessory occupation, "Landed proprietor and agriculturist."

Our idea of a very energetic woman is one who lives next to a greenhouse, and leaves up an extensive flower bed.

Artesian Water in Sahara.

One of the most important results of the Egyptian expedition up the Nile has been the discovery that by sinking deep wells water may be found in the desert in many places where its presence had not been suspected. Not only will this give a secure basis for military operations, but it is possible that water may be found in sufficient quantities to serve for irrigation, in which case the Sahara may be turned into a flower garden. Its aridity comes from no material sterility of the soil, but simply from lack of moisture.

ALMOST INSIDE OUT.

The stomach that is not turned thus by a shaking up on the "briny wave" must be a well fortified one. The gastric apparatus can be rendered proof against seasickness with that stomachic so popular among travelers by sea and land—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It defends the system against malaria and rheumatism, and subdues liver complaint, constipation and dyspepsia.

To make white soup use veal for stock, and beef for brown stock; to color amber soup use a little burnt sugar, just enough to make the desired amber shade.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark.

I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look Carefully at the wrapper and see that it is *the kind you have always bought*, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

Persons who suffer from the cold should wear loose clothing in chilly weather, remembering that two thin garments retain more heat than one thick one.

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY, & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

If you should spill grease on your floor cover it at once with corn meal or try baking soda. Moisten the soda and rub it on the grease spots with a cloth.

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. *"Tea Garden Drips"* is made from Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO. All genuine *"Tea Garden Drips"* have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

For binding of cut and wounds always use linen, not cotton, as the fibres of cotton are flat and apt to irritate a sore place, while those of linnen are perfectly rounded.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. R. Madison, 2409 42d Ave., Chicago, Ill.

If the glass stopper becomes fastened in the neck of your bottles try placing the neck of the bottle in hot water for a few minutes. This will generally loosen the stopper.

Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

There is nothing so repulsive as underdone game. Be sure it is well done in the cooking.

$2000.00

Schilling's Best tea is the best you can get for anything like the money it costs.

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Take for a nervous headache a cup of moderately strong tea with two or three slices of lemon, infused.

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Takes the Snap Out of a Man.
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Nothing hurts a man's vitality more than Varicocele. It drains the mental vigor as well as the physical force, and the man who has it is only half the man he ought to be. Nothing cures it so quickly as Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt, which is now arranged especially for this trouble. Its work is done quickly, the worst cases yielding in one or two months.
"I bought a No. 6 Belt last March for Varicocele and wore it every night until I was entirely cured of my trouble. I had Varicoc