

VOL. XIV. NO. 13.

It is not my object at this time to discourage the cultivation of potatoes or any other of the staple articles so essential to our sustenance, and so important in the economy of the country, but to induce the people to strive to obtain an occasional luxury in the shape of a dish of delicious strawberries or a few quarts of raspberries and blackberries as a dessert to break

the monotony of the universal "hog and hominy" or corn dodger so common all over this Western country.

The possession of these luxuries is not so difficult a matter as many suppose. I will attempt a few simple directions, which I think will help any one to all they will be able to use of these delicious fruits at but little expense.

I must first insist upon compliance with one or two simple conditions, the neglect of which is the most prolific cause of failure.

The conditions are these: you must attend to your strawberry and blackberry plants at the proper time, just when they need it, and not put it off until a more convenient season, like most persons are disposed to do with their spiritual interests.

The amount of work required is but trifling, if done at the time, but if neglected, becomes a Herculean task and is not very remunerative.

STRAWBERRIES

I mention strawberries first, for two reasons: First, because it is the earliest to ripen, and second, because it will make a return for the outlay of labor sooner than any other.

For garden culture would plant in beds 10 to 15 feet in width, setting the plants in rows about two feet apart and the plants 12 to 15 inches from each other. The month of April is the best time to plant, all things considered.

Keep clean of weeds during the summer, letting the runners spread and mat over the ground, and after the ground becomes frozen pretty hard in the winter, cover $\frac{1}{2}$ or two inches in depth with straw, or a layer of hay or corn stalks, and my word for it you will be rewarded with such a crop of berries as you never saw, provided however that the above directions have been strictly followed, and that a judicious selection of varieties has been used. The difficulties to be encountered thus far have been the risk of getting good plants and in getting them to start evenly, and the great and prevailing tendency to neglect them during the summer for more important work, and let the weeds smother them.

In the spring but little care is necessary, except examining the mulch to see that it is not thick enough to smother the plants so that they do not get up through it, and pull up any stray weeds that may have the temerity to attempt to occupy the ground along with the strawberries. After the crop is gathered, go over the bed with a sharp scythe and mow closely all the tops and rake or gather them with the mulch and stack carefully in a pile for next winter's use, and with a spading fork dig up the old row leaving a strip about 8 inches wide of the young plants in what was last season the space between two rows, and treat as before.

In the long list of varieties in cultivation the Wilson's Albany is about as good as can be got, as it will not suffer by a little neglect. The Green Prolific has been very successfully raised, all over Kansas, but is pistillate and should have about one row in five of Wilson's, or some other strongly staminate kind planted with it to produce pollen, to fertilize the blossoms. Charles Downing, Triomphe de Gand, Kentucky, Downer's Prolific, Nicanor, and a number of others are more or less valuable and have their friends and advocates.

Samuel Miller of Missouri, well known as the originator of the Martha grape, has produced some promising varieties of strawberries. A seedling that he introduced some eight years ago, I have been cultivating since I have been in Kansas and I think it is valuable. It is not of very high flavor but is the hardiest of 13 kinds that I have grown and is quite early, and very firm fleshed, making it easy to handle without soiling.

RASPBERRIES

Second in the order of ripening comes the raspberry. Although second on the list, I think it deserves first rank as a fruit for profit.

The strawberry, although it is delicious in flavor and fit for the palate of an epicure, yet is ephemeral in its character. It lasts but a day and it is gone, while the raspberry can be dried and is but little inferior to the fresh fruit. When grown largely for market, if the supply should exceed the demand, the surplus is easily dried and will in the dried state sell at paying prices. Raspberries should be in rows not less than six and better eight feet apart, and the plants about two feet apart in the rows. The culture is about the same each year as a row of corn requires—keeping the ground clear of weeds and the surface loose. Plant in the spring early, and at the approach of the first winter, cut all the growth off within an inch or two of the ground, and draw a small mound of earth over the root. As the young shoots grow each year they should be pinched at a height of from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 feet, according to the vigor of the cane to induce the laterals to grow, thereby forming a kind of hedge, each plant assisting to support the others. After the fruit has been gathered cut out the canes that have borne and remove them so as to allow room for the new shoots to develop. Proceed thus from year to year and you will reap a rich reward for the little bit of labor necessary to care for them and keep them in order.

Davidson's Thornless is early and free from thorns, but a very ordinary fruit. Seneca, good but quite late. Mammoth Cluster, large, luscious and every way desirable, and Doilittle, good and popular. Many excellent ones can be found in the timber along our water courses by observing them at the time of ripening and marking them so that they may be found again and removed to the garden at the proper season.

BLACKBERRIES

The same general directions for the planting and care of raspberries will apply to blackberries. No blackberry has been found to excel the Kittatiny so far.

I have not attempted to give directions for commercial growers or the market gardener, but for the amateur and farmer, hoping that I may induce more persons to grow the delicious fruits more abundantly. I know this medicine is much easier taken than quinine and other villainous doctor's stuff, and I am convinced that if more of it was used, doctors would not build such fine houses, and drug stores and patent medicine vendors would not be so plenty all over the country.

Plant your big fields of corn, and wheat, raise your herds of cattle, increase your number of brood sows, and lay up something for a rainy day, but while doing this don't forget that the great Creator implanted in your breast a sentiment not given to the "hog" that could see nothing but potatoes, a sentiment that elevates man above and beyond the mere groveling instincts of the brute, a sentiment that if properly cultivated leads to a higher, a purer, and more lasting enjoyment of life and a better fitting for the life to come than a mere gratification of the animal appetites of his nature can ever afford. Cultivate fruits for your children that they may be made better, and not allowed to seek those pleasures that are only to destroy.

APPLES FOR A COMMERCIAL ORCHARD.

O. H. P. Lear, of Hannibal, Mo., writes to us as follows in regard to the varieties of apples which he has found most profitable to raise for market:

"After twenty-six years of experience in growing apples for market and testing one hundred and thirty varieties of the leading sorts recommended in the books I have received more money from three varieties, viz, Winesap, Geniton (Rawles Janet), and Willow Twig, than from all the other varieties combined. The Ben Davis has proven more valuable than either of the three varieties above named, but it was not known here when I put out my first orchard of forty acres. I was the pioneer in planting improved fruit for market in this part of the country; had no experience in fruit growing, and worse than all, my neighbors knew no more than I did; we all thought that the man who had the greatest number of varieties had the best orchard. We all made the same mistake. If I had set out the three first varieties named, it would have been a success. The Genitons have been gradually failing for a number of years, and the trees decay early, over-bear alternate years, and consequently the fruit is very small; it is now discarded. The Willow Twig has not been a complete success with me, yet it is a success all around me. Winesap has failed once in twenty-six years; the tree is very hardy—the fruit is rather small but it bears handling better than any other sort. The Ben Davis is a perfect success all over the West. The tree is hardy, a good grower, bears young, and is full every year. Its fruit is very attractive in appearance, and sells at from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. higher than any other variety—the grower does not have to hunt buyers, they hunt him. I am removing my old orchard at the rate of 200 trees yearly, and will in the future plant nothing but the Ben Davis. I will also set between all my other trees, as they, (the old ones) will be gone by the time the young trees begin to bear.

If all the apple trees within marketable distance of Hannibal were the Ben Davis, they would bring half a million of dollars annually into the County, as we are in the centre of the finest fruit growing region in the West.

THE MANAGEMENT OF SHEEP.

N. W. H., in the New York Tribune, thus discourses on the success in sheep feeding:

In choosing ewes to breed from, care should be taken to select those which are rugged and well formed. If too old they will be weak in the spring, therefore it is better to let them go barren and fatten them the coming year. Neither should they be too young, not less than two years old past, so that they may be three years old the spring their first lamb is dropped. I will give my rules for telling the age. A lamb has eight small teeth on the lower jaw, called the sucking teeth. When it comes one year old past, the two centre ones come out and two wide ones fill their places. Thus they change, two coming out yearly until they are four years old past, at which time they have a full set of these wide, short teeth, setting closely together. After this they grow long and narrow, and in time will loosen and fall out. Sheep will do well as long as these teeth remain firm, so they can feed in the summer. I have known the native or coarse sheep to live and do well until fifteen years of age. Select a ram with large, full chest, which indicates a good constitution. If the flock is small the ram may run at large with them for a short time morning and night. In no case should two rams be allowed in the same flock at the same time, for if so, many ewes will not prove with lamb. Managed in this way one ram will suffice for from fifty to one hundred sheep, if properly fed. His food should consist of good early cut hay, with a few oats, also potatoes, pumpkins, or other vegetables. Corn is too stimulating.

The ewes will usually drop their lambs three days less than five months from the time of their service. They should be kept in good condition throughout the year. Sheep, unlike other stock, require much fresh air. They should have a warm enclosure for cold, stormy weather, one that can be well ventilated when the weather permits, also plenty of outdoor exercise (with free access to water), for it is well known that they invariably select the highest point of land in the pasture to pass the night; but in a storm a more sheltered place. Sheep in summer eat much browse and herbage; thus they are the best stock to eat up the poor hay, such as grow on low or new land. But this should in all cases be cut early. Some choice clover and timothy should be reserved for them just before and after lambing, to insure a good flow of milk. They should be required to eat up their hay close, but the refuse shaken out and fed to colts and horses, which will thrive well on it, even when taken from under their feet, the dust being all out. Sheep should have corn enough to keep their flesh up during the winter. In addition to this, raw potatoes and oats should be given them to start the flow of milk. As soon as the lamb is dropped, it and its mother should be marked alike, so that they may readily be distinguished from the rest of the flock. See that the milk is started in the teat and that the lamb sucks as soon as it is strong enough. It is well to put them for a few days in a separate pen, and see that it sucks both teats. If the sheep should fail to have enough milk, steal, if possible, some from another sheep, rather than suckle them on a cow. But they should be fed on oats and potatoes until they have a supply. When about three days old, or strong enough, their tails should be cut off and the rams castrated. Lambs should be allowed an apartment by themselves, where they have access to wheat, fine feed or oats, with plenty of clover hay for them to pick. Sheep should be kept well enough so that the lambs look straight and handsome. Managed in this way sheep will retain nearly all their wool and shear a heavy fleece; but if allowed to get poor after lambing they will lose many of their lambs, also much of the wool from their legs and belly. Make a weak liquor of tobacco, put this in a tub and let two men take the lambs by its legs and head and dip it in, taking care that none gets into its eyes and mouth. Strip the liquor out of the wool as much as possible with your hands. This will effectually kill the ticks.

THE DAIRY AT THE CENTENNIAL.

Editors Western Rural:—The Centennial Committee of the American Dairyman's Association are making active preparations for the erection of a model cheese and butter factory on the Centennial grounds with large display rooms for the exhibition of cheese and butter.

We have raised about one-half the amount necessary and now require the remainder to carry out our plans.

It is proposed to expend from \$10,000 to \$15,000.

The United States Centennial Commission will issue shares of stock for all sums of \$10, which, it is expected, will give good return.

The Commission have made no preparations for a consecutive display of cheese and butter, and therefore a proper exhibit of these goods depends wholly upon our efforts. They will assist us all they can and it is believed that no feature of the exhibition will possess greater interest to the general observer than an equipped cheese and butter factory and a good display of dairy products. It is of the utmost importance to every producer, manufacturer and dealer in the country that this industry should be well represented. Thus weighing the matter, we take the liberty of requesting your aid in the manner suggested above. Remittances may be made direct to the treasurer, to any member of the Committee or to the undersigned, but wherever made, the sub-Executive Committee in Philadelphia should be notified and all correspondence should be addressed to the undersigned. Certificates of stock will be issued immediately upon subscription being received. Full particulars as to exhibits will be furnished in due time. We desire to erect a building sufficiently large to accommodate exhibits from every cheese factory in the country and we hope you will assist in the effort by subscribing yourself and inducing your neighbors to do the same. Kindly reply at once stating how much stock you will take.

D. L. POPE, J. H. REALL,
Chair. Sub-Ex Com. Sec'y Sub-Ex Com.

GOOD VS. BAD COWS.

It has often been a cause of astonishment to me why so many farmers that are pretty smart in things generally relating to their profession, seem to use no care or judgment in selecting and caring for their milk cows. I remember hearing a story to the effect that Washington kept no cows, and did not make enough butter for family use. I suspect Aunt Chloe and Uncle Joe could have told why. I know of some people who ought to have better to use and to sell, judging from the number of cows they milk; yet they do not—and why is it? The answer may be briefly summed up as follows: Poor stock, poor feed, no care in keeping their cows from the storms and cold of winter. The difference between a good and poor cow is not generally appreciated, and the market price generally determines the amount of milk a cow ought to give, which is a poor way of estimating her value. My father once bought four cows, for which he paid \$5, \$8, \$12, and \$15—in all \$40. He put them in charge of a German, who returned one-half the net profits, so that they cleared themselves the first year, and did better every year for four years, when they were sold for \$160—all on account of good care, feeding, and warm winter quarters. My own experience is, that two cows, well fed and cared for, serve us as well as four formerly did, cared for as cows usually are. Besides, I now save the care and capital invested in two cows, and at least the feed of one. It will take two cows half cared for to produce as much butter as one well cared for, at double the expense, and certainly ruinous to the farmer. It is evidently a fact that, sooner or later, the American farmer will learn to produce more at less expense. The interest now being taken by the best and most prudent and thinking farmers throughout the country, is one of the most cheering signs that an improved and better grade of milk cows is to take the place of the common scrub stock that has so long held a prominent place in the American family dairy. The Jersey and Alderney are fast displacing the common stock of milkers, and our prominent stock raisers are deserving of the great benefit of every intelligent farmer, for the great benefit they have conferred on the people of America, be they producers or consumers.—Frank Lee, in Rural World.

Topics of General Interest.

Written Expressly for the Kansas Farmer.

INDUCEMENT TO OFFICE.

In your issue of February 22nd, 1876, a very excellent article quoted from the *California Agriculturist*, says: "The remedy for political corruption is in a system that will drive out bad men by ceasing to offer inducements to them to seek office and that will at the same time offer inducements to honest patriotic and philanthropic persons to accept offices of trust and duty."

We think the system of offering inducements beyond fair compensation, to officers required to exercise legislative or judicial ability, is wrong, and does not secure the best persons for these positions (nearly all other offices might be filled quite as efficiently and much more cheaply by contract with the lowest responsible, competent bidder). What inducement can be offered "to honest patriotic and philanthropic persons" that would not be equal to "unscrupulous politicians."

The best way to "drive out bad men" would be to drive in good men. Our best men will not generally run for office; not because they object to the duties of the office itself, but because they are unwilling to run the "gauntlet" of a campaign, incur its libelous attacks upon their character, and the drain upon their finances. To secure honest elections we want honest nominations, our delegates should be procured by some kind of draft and obliged to assemble and make nominations with the full convention, that they could nominate any eligible person to office without asking him if he would consent to run. We should be able to vote at the polls with the full conviction that the persons elected were obliged to serve in office unless they could show sufficient excuse (such as want of health).

The principles of Freedom and Justice would not be violated any more in placing a man in nomination for commissioner, representative or judge against his will, and if elected, compelling him to serve than they now are in compelling a man to act as school director, sit on jury or defend his country, the principle is the same. Our Government protects us in right, provides for our public institutions and improvements, and has a claim upon us for that protection or provision for which our taxes alone will not compensate. It has and it ought to have an indisputable right upon the services of any of its citizens who will best fill its offices, providing it compensates them for that service. The fact that

we can get men enough to fill our higher offices without compulsion is no argument against it, for these most available men are not generally "honest and patriotic." With such men, laws, with the above provisions would be very unpopular; because they would lessen their chances of obtaining office. We would not be confined in our elections to vote for an undesirable candidate, because a desirable one would not run, on the contrary, modest, unassuming, "honest patriotic and philanthropic" men would be elected to office, because their modest refusal or unobtainable consent would not prevent their election, as it now does. For a candidate to accept a nomination, virtually means that he solicits our votes and has arranged with his friends to nominate him and "electioneer" for him.

"Honest and patriotic" men seldom get office and "bad men" never get it without seeking it. The difficulty of electing good men, lies in the fact that we are confined to elect those "and those only," who "consent to run"; but in a law providing for nominating men without their consent and compelling them to serve if they refuse, we would not be thus confined in our choice at election, but would vote for the best man for the position with whom we were acquainted, without obtaining his consent.

J. W.

THE GROWTH OF DEBTS AND TAXES.

The growing importance of taxation and indebtedness in this country has induced the New York *Bulletin* to anticipate the next census by making up a statement of the population, taxable wealth, taxation and indebtedness of all the States in 1875. The table is an interesting and valuable one as showing what progress we have made under the several heads in five years. The comparison is made with the year 1870. The population of all the States in 1875 is 44,100,000, an increase, since 1870, of 12,875,000, or 51 per cent.; the taxable wealth is \$18,380,000,000, an increase of \$5,832,000,000, or 46½ per cent.; the annual taxes are \$70,464,000, an increase of \$43,199,000, or 158½ per cent.; and the total indebtedness is \$367,146,000, an increase of \$100,364,000, or 38 per cent. In fifteen years, therefore, the population of the States has increased from 31,200,000 to 44,100,000; the taxable wealth has increased from \$12,547,000 to \$18,380,000; the taxes have grown from 27,300,000 per annum to \$70,400,000, and the debts have grown from \$266,800,000 to \$367,146,000. All these figures, it should be stated, relate to the States only; they do not include the taxation and indebtedness of the counties, towns and cities. It is surprising to note that the New England States make the worse showing in this exhibit, and the Western States the best. The taxes in New England have increased from \$1,646,000 to \$10,456,000; and the debts from \$8,645,000 to \$46,476,000; while the population has increased 633,158; and the taxable wealth \$1,501,549,000. The population has increased only 20 per cent. and the wealth 100 per cent., while the taxes have increased 535 per cent., and the debts 537 per cent. The Western States have increased their population 6,305,000, or 69 per cent., and their wealth \$4,331,000,000, or 163 per cent.; while their taxes have grown \$9,283,000, or 103 per cent., and their debts have been decreased \$20,000,000, or 31 per cent.

The statement shows that the State governments cost the people an average of 90 cents per capita in 1870, and that they cost \$2.20 per capita now; that the state indebtedness was about \$8 a head in 1870, and is about \$12 a head now.

The federal debt and taxes, and the county, town, school and city taxes have increased more largely in the fifteen years referred to than even the State debts and taxes. Indeed, the decade and a half has been a period of unequalled extravagance, and involvement; as the *Bulletin* remarks: "The various forms of taxation have been steadily increased from year to year till the expenditures of government, in one form or another, eat up the whole surplus earnings of the people, if not even a larger sum; we are impoverished to the verge of bankruptcy."

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

The Centennial year is a fitting time to bring again to mind the advantage of the metric system of weights and measures, which has been approved by the United States government and which is gradually finding its way into the commerce of all civilized nations. To bring it into general use is to give the whole world a uniform standard and do away with the puzzling reduction from one sectional system into the system of another, before one can form an idea of the quantities signified.

The matter is freshly brought to mind by a circular issued by the Boston Society of Civil Engineers, calling upon all to petition Congress to fix a date after which the metric weights and measures shall be the only legal standards.

It will only be remembered that the chief points of excellence in the system are two: first, it is decimal, always increasing or decreasing by a fixed number, 10; second, all the units of length, surface, solidity and weight are closely related to each other, because two data are only used, the meter, and the weight of a cube of water, the side of which is one-hundredth part of a meter. The meter is one ten-millionth part of a quadrant of the earth's surface, so that it is a fixed standard, enduring as the earth itself. All the other units are derived from this.

This system is sure to prevail, because of its simplicity and its fixed standards. One has only to think for a moment of inches, ell, bushels and cents, long tons and short tons, rods and leagues, and the hundred other measures which exist even in our own language, to perceive the advantage of a single uniform system. And then think that each nation has as many of its own, and the diffi-

culty of conveying ideas of quantity appears. The new tables appear queer to some of our older scholars who are familiar with the various units, but by studying them they will become familiar and intelligible.

We give below three of the principal metric tables, and we may repeat them occasionally that the eye and mind may become familiar with the new and uniform weights and measures of the world.

METRIC TABLES.

The following are the principal metric tables:

LENGTH.	
10 milli-meters	make a centimeter.
10 centi-meters	make a decimeter.
10 deci-meters	make a meter. (39.363 inches.)
10 meters	make a dekameter.
10 deka-meters	make a hectometer.
10 hecto-meters	make a kilometer.
10 kilo-meters	make a myriameter.
CAPACITY.	
10 milli-liters	make a centiliter.
10 centi-liters	make a deciliter.
10 deci-liters	make a liter. (2.113 pints.)
10 liters	make a dekaliter.
10 deka-liters	make a hectoliter.
10 hecto-liters	make a kiloliter.
10 kilo-liters	make a myrialiter.

WEIGHT.	
10 milli-grams	make a centigram.
10 centi-grams	make a decigram.
10 deci-grams	make a gram. (1/28 ounce.)
10 grams	make a dekagram.
10 deka-grams	make a hectogram.
10 hecto-grams	make a kilogram.
10 kilo-grams	make a myriagram.
The liter is a cubic decimeter.	
The kilogram is the weight of a liter of water.	

—Pacific Rural.

PREACHING VS. PRACTICE.

Bro. Taylor, of the Wyandotte Gazette talks square to the point about reforms within the reach of every voter.

If it was wrong for Pomeroy to offer York \$7,000 for his vote, for Lappin to attempt to steal \$20,000 from the school fund of the State, or for Belknap to try to keep up a costly style of living in Washington by selling post-trader-ships, then it is wrong for men who run for Mayor, Marshall or Constable, or for Representative, State Senator or Member of Congress, to treat to the cigars or drinks, to pay for men's dinners at the hotel when they come in from the country to attend nominating conventions, to pay railroad fares and hotel bills at Congressional conventions to secure their nomination or election, and it is equally wrong for the other parties to take these bribes; for bribes they are and nothing else. And we here and now charge it home to the great mass of voters that they are willing and anxious to be paid something for their services, in a political way, and that as a body they will encourage and support a known corruptionist, as long as he has not been convicted and pointed out as guilty of some gross act of corruption, before they will another man, known to be better qualified in every respect for the position, who is known to be strictly honest.

When the Supreme and District Court Judges and the members of the Legislature travel on passes, and nearly all candidates for office undertake to purchase the support of the voters by paying out directly and indirectly more or less money, according to their means, and all the people say Amen, we think the people themselves need blame nobody but themselves for the existing state of things. The preaching of political morality for a few weeks after the fall of one like Belknap amounts to but little, if we are to go right on in the old way and sustain the little knots of shysters who in the main are the controlling spirits in our town and county conventions, and who are known to use all the money they can get and think they need in their endeavors to control nominations and elections in their several localities.

Written expressly for the Kansas Farmer.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

A child bereft of a father's protection or a mother's loving care is one of the most pitiful sights one sees in this world. A few days since while standing by my garden fence a little child—whom I had often seen with his father and mother, a happy gleeful boy—their youngest, and the darling of their declining years passed by and how sad the change. The small hand hardened and brown with toil—a weary, careworn look on the young face, clothes shabby and all too thin to shield him from the piercing wind. A few months ago the husband and father after weary days and months of sickness, passed away. He had located on a homestead with little besides his hands to do with, yet hopeful of making a home for those dependant on his care. But He who loveth and careth for us all saw fit to call him to another and better world, and little J. is fatherless.

The kind voice that never spoke except in accents of tenderness to his cherished child is hushed. The eyes that ever beamed kindly on that young face are closed forever. The willing hands that would have borne the burden resting all too heavily on those young shoulders are peacefully folded over the heart that can never throb again. Whatever of good he may have done while here is still shedding its silent influence around us, if aught of evil—the last great day when all will be judged for the deeds done in the body will be sufficient time for their remembrance. A life on a Kansas homestead without means to improve it, is a hard lot under any circumstances, but when the husband and father is taken away by death and the desolate wife and mother is left with young children to bear the weary burden alone it is doubly hard. K.

RULES FOR ARRANGING FLOWER BEDS.

A few simple rules in the arrangement of flower beds will materially enhance the effect produced. Among these are:

1. Avoid placing rose-colored next to scarlet, orange or violet.
2. Do not place orange next to yellow, or blue next to violet.
3. White relieves any color, but do not place it next to yellow.
4. Orange goes well with blue, and yellow with violet.
5. Rose-color and purple always go well together.

FARMERS and others wishing first-class laborers, can procure just what they want by addressing JOHN M. CHILDS, Real Estate and Emigrant Agent, Joliet, Ill.

Literary and Domestic.

EDITED BY MRS. M. W. HUDSON.

THE LESSON WHICH MRS. BELKNAP'S CRIME SHOULD TEACH AMERICAN WOMEN.

History tells us of numerous Queens and princesses and ladies of the royal blood, who had such influence with monarchs and great warriors, that those who wanted favors of these great personages, first beguiled the wife or the favored lady into interceding for them. Great injustice was often done in this way, for these influential women were not always wise, nor good; some were very ignorant and others very easily flattered; but whether they were pure-minded women and exerted their influence for good only—as many of them undoubtedly did—or whether they were corrupt, and sought to strengthen tyranny and injustice, we do not remember an instance where one of them sold her power outright for gold. Nearly all seem to have been content with the glory that power gave them, and it has been reserved for one of our proud Republic's daughters to so disgrace her womanhood as to make money the only consideration.

That she alone was to blame no thoughtful person will insist; she was tempted, and urged by the undeniable fact that money gives a social status that nothing else can give—to be sure it gives political power and power of every kind, but it is presumable that the ambition of a woman like Mrs. Belknap was to reign socially, and nothing but great wealth could give her the power to do that in our national capital. She is not responsible for the fact that money is the object of our idolatry, and must not be censured too severely by those of us who have never been tempted by its alluring power. Neither would it be womanly in us to forget that she has been doing what all women do, striving to make her self agreeable to and beautiful in the sight of men. She has been surrounded by men who seek out and flatter and admire and pay their court to the wearers of handsome toilets. There is no denying this, albeit they are Cabinet officers, Senators and Congressmen, and just so long as men load women with fulsome flattery for their folly, so long will women wear extravagant costumes at any cost; and men should bear part of the blame. If there is any difference, we believe men more than women need to cultivate a taste for simplicity. Furthermore, in Mrs. Belknap's defence, it does not look probable to common mortals that the Secretary was unaware of her crime. He is probably sufficiently human to take enough interest in his wife's fortune to know just how it was invested and what revenue it brought, and if he did know this and knew that she was receiving money from some other source which he would not openly take for fear of injuring his reputation, then it seems to us the most cowardly act in the drama for him to assume any self-sacrifice now, or to allow his friends to assume any for him, in order that he may defend his wife. A husband's duty to a weak woman would have been to lift her clear of such breakers.

But if, on the other hand, Mrs. Belknap is guilty, without her husband's knowledge, to our mind we have the saddest phase of all. If the fascinations and temptations of fashionable life have become so degrading that they will induce a wife to risk her husband's good name and honorable reputation, and sell her own conscience for a bribe, it is a high time for every good woman to lend her influence towards bringing about a civil society reform. Does not the contemplation of such an unnatural crime in a woman—for what is dearer to a wife than her husband's honor—cause every woman to query whether the seclusion of her own fireside a part of the time, is not necessary to enable her to see clearly the straight and narrow path of rectitude?

A man in any walk of life is subjected to influences and temptations that ordinarily women do not come in contact with, and if her influence is to be a potent one for right, it must nearly always be because her moral vision is cleared by looking through the calm and refining influence of home. A life of constant fashionable dissipation will not give a woman this privilege, and if she values her honor as a wife and mother, and the honor of her country which her children must help to sustain, she will not indulge in it.

From the Cincinnati Times.

FRAGMENTS.

From A Young Wife's Diary.

I have been married seven weeks. * * I do not rave in girlish fashion about my perfect happiness. I do not even say I love my husband. Such words imply a separate existence—a gift consciously bestowed on one being from another. I feel not thus; my husband is to me as my own soul.

Long, very long it is, since I first knew this. Gradually, not suddenly, the great mystery of love overshadowed me, until at last I found the truth, that I was my own more. All the world's beauty I saw through his eyes; all the world's goodness and greatness came reflected through his noble heart. In his presence I was a child; I forgot myself, my own existence, hopes and aims. Everywhere—at all times and all places—his power was upon me. He seemed to absorb and inhale my whole soul into his, until I became like a cloud melting away in sunshine, and vanishing from the face of heaven.

All this reads very wild and mad; but oh Laurence, Laurence! none would marvel at it who had once looked on thee! Not that he is a perfect Apollo, this worshipped husband of mine; you may meet a score far handsomer. But who cares? Not I! All that is grand, all that is beautiful, all that makes a man look godlike through the inward shining of his

godlike soul, I see in my Laurence. His eyes—soft, yet proud, his wavy hair, his hand that I sit and clasp, his strong arm that I lean on, all compose an image wherein I see no flaw. Nay, I could scarce believe in any beauty that bore no likeness to Laurence.

This is my husband—what am I? His wife, and no more. Everything in me is only a reflection of him. Sometimes I even marvel that he loved me, so unworthy as I seem; yet, when heaven rained on me the rich blessing of his love, my thirsty soul drank it in, and I felt that had it never come, for lack of it I must have died. I did almost die, for the joy was long in coming. Though, as I know now, he loved me well and dearly; yet, for some reason or other, he would not tell me so. The veil might never have fallen from our hearts, save for one blessed chance. I will relate it. I love to dream over that brief hour, to which my whole existence can never show a parallel.

We were walking all together—my sister, Laurence and I—when there came on an August thunder-storm. Our danger was great, for we were in the midst of a wood. My sister fled; but I, being weak and ill—alas! my heart was breaking quietly, though he knew it not—I had no strength to fly. He was too kind to forsake me; so we staid in an open space in the wood, I clinging to his arm and thinking—God forgive me!—that if I could only die then, close to him, encompassed by his gentle care, it would be so happy—happier far than my life was then. What he thought I know not. He spoke in hurried, broken words, and turned his face from me all the while.

It grew dark, like night, and there came flash after flash, peal after peal. I could not stand; I leaned against his arm. At last there shone all around us a frightful glare, as if the whole wood were in flames. A crash of boughs, a roar above, as though the heavens were falling, then—silence.

Death had passed close by us and smote us not, and Death was the precursor of love. We looked at one another, Laurence and I; then, with a great cry, our hearts, long tortured, sprang together. There never can be such a meeting, save that of two parted ones, who meet in heaven. No words were spoken, save a murmur—“Emma!” “Laurence!”—but we knew that between us there was but one soul. We stood there, all the while the storm lasted. He sheltered me in his arms, and I felt neither the thunder nor the rain. I feared not death, for I now knew that in either I should never be divided from him.

Our was a brief engagement. Laurence wished it so, and I disputed not—I never disputed with him in any thing. Besides, I was not happy at home—my sisters did not understand him. They jested with me because he was grave and reserved—even subject to moody fits sometimes. They said I “should have a great deal to put up with; but it was worth while, for Mr. Lane's grand estate atoned for all.” My Laurence! as if I had even thought whether he was rich or poor! I smiled, too, at my sisters' jests about his melancholy, and the possibility of his being a “bandit in disguise.” None truly knew him—none but I. Yet I was half afraid of him at times; but that was only from the intensity of my love. I never asked him of his for me—how it grew—or why he had so long concealed it; enough for me that it was there. Yet it was always calm; he never showed any passionate emotion, save one night—the night before our wedding day.

I went with him to the gate myself, walking in the moonlight under the holly trees. I trembled a little; but I was happy—very happy. He held me long in his arms ere he would part with me—the last brief parting ere we would have no need to part any more. I said, looking up from his face into the stars, “Laurence, in our full joy, let us thank God, and pray Him to bless us.”

His heart seemed bursting. He bowed his proud head, dropped it down upon my shoulder and cried: “Nay, rather pray for Him to forgive me. Emma, I am not worthy of happiness. I am not worthy of you.”

He talked in this way, and about me! In answer I said nothing, so that he might feel how dear was my love—how entire my trust.

He said, at last, half mournfully: “You are content to take me, then, just as I am, to forgive my past—to bear with my present—to give hope to my future. Will you do this, my love, my Emma?”

I answered solemnly “I will.” Then, for the first time, I dared to lift my arms to his neck; and as he stooped, I kissed his forehead. It was the seal of this promise—which, may God give me strength to keep evermore!

We were laughing, to-day, Laurence and I, about first loves. It was scarcely a subject for mirth; but one of his bachelor friends had been telling us of a newly married couple, who, in some comical fashion, mutually made the discovery of each other's “first loves.”

I said to my husband, smiling happily, “that he need have no such fear.” And I repeated half in sport the lines:

“He was her own, her ocean treasure, cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love and her last.”

“So it was with your poor Emma!” Touching by the thought, my gayer melted into tears. But I laughed them off, and added: “Come, Laurence, confess the same. You never loved any one but me?”

He looked pained, said coldly, “I believe I have not given cause—” then stopped. How I trembled; but I went up to him, and whispered, “Laurence, dearest, forgive me.” He looked at me a moment, then caught me passionately to his breast. I wept there a little—my heart was so full. Yet I could not help again murmuring that question—“You love me? You do love me?”

“I love you as I never before loved woman. I swear this in the sight of heaven. Believe it, my wife!” was his vehement answer. I hated myself for having so tried him. My dear, my noble husband! I was mad to have a moment's doubt of these.

* * * Nearly a year married, and it seems only a brief day; yet it seems also like a life-time—as if I had never known any other. My Laurence! Daily I grow closer to him—heart to heart. I understand him better—if possible, I love him more; not with the wild worship of my girlhood, but with something deeper—more homelike. I would not have him an angel, if I could. I know all his little faults and weaknesses quite well, but I do not shut my eyes on any of them, but I gaze openly at them, and love them down. There is love enough in my heart to fill up all chasms—to remove all stumbling-blocks from our path. Ours is truly a wedded life; not two jarring lives, but a harmonious and complete one.

I have taken a long journey, and am somewhat weary at being away, even for three days, from my pleasant home. But Laurence

was obliged to go, and I would not let him go alone; though, from tender fear, he urged me to stay. So kind and thoughtful he was, too. Because his engagements here would keep him much from me, he made me take likewise my sister Kate. She is a good girl, and a dear girl; but I miss Laurence; I did especially in my walk, to-day, through a lovely wooded country, and a sweet little village. I was thinking of him all the time, so much so, that I quite started when I heard one of the village children called after as “Laurence.”

Very foolish it is of me—a loving weakness I have not yet got over, but I never hear the name my husband bears without a pleasant thrill; I never even see it written up in the street without turning again to look at it. So, unconsciously, I turned to the little rosy orphan, whom his grandamma honored by the name of “Laurence.”

A pretty, sturdy boy, of five or six years old—a child to glad any mother. I wondered had he a mother! I staid and asked. I always notice children now. Oh! wonderful, solemn mystery sleeping at my heart, my hope, my joy, my prayer? I think with tears, how I may one day watch the gambols of a boy like this; and how, looking down on his little face, I may see therein my Laurence's eyes. For the sake of the future, which God grant! I went and kissed the little fellow who chanced to bear my husband's name. I asked the old woman about the boy's mother. “Dead! dead five years.” And his father? A sneer—a muttered curse—bitter words about “poor folk” and “gentle folk.” Alas! alas! I saw it all. Poor, beautiful, unhappy child!

My heart was so pained that I could not tell the little incident to Laurence. Even when my sister began to speak of it, I asked her to cease. But I pondered over it the more. I think, if I am strong enough, I will go and see the poor little fellow again to-morrow. One might do some good—who knows?

To-morrow has come—to-morrow has gone! What a gulf lies between that yesterday and its to-morrow!

* * * Kate and I walked to the village; she, very much against her will. “It was wrong and foolish,” she said; “one should not meddle with vice.” And she looked prudent and stern. I tried to speak of the innocent child—of the poor, dead mother; and the shadow of motherhood over my own soul taught me compassion over both. At last, when Kate was half angry, I said I would go, for I had a secret reason which she did not know. Thank heaven, those words were put into my lips.

So we went. My little beauty of a boy was not there, and I had the curiosity to approach the cottage where his grandmother lived. It stood in a garden, with a high hedge around. I heard a child's laugh, and could not forbear peeping through. There was my little favorite, held aloft in the arms of a man, who stood half hidden behind a tree. “He looks like a gentleman; perhaps it is the wretch of a father,” whispered Kate. “Sister, we ought to come away.” And she walked forward indignantly.

But I staid still—still looked. Despite my horror of the crime, I felt a sort of attraction; it was some sign of grace in the man that he should at least acknowledge and show kindness to his child. And the miserable mother! I, a happy wife, could have thought of her, too? He might; for, though the boy laughed and chattered, lavishing on him all those pet diminutives which children make out of the sweet word “father,” I did not hear this father answer by a single word.

Katie came to hurry me away. “Hush!” I said, “one moment, and I will go.” The little one had ceased chattering; the father put it down and came forth from his covert.

Heaven! It was my husband.

* * * I think I should then have fallen down dead, save for one thing. I turned and met my sister's eyes. They were full of horror—indignation—pity. She, too, had seen. Like lightning there flashed across me all the future, my father's wrath—the world's mockery—his shame.

I said—and I had strength to say it quite calmly—“Katie, you have guessed our secret; but keep it—promise.”

She looked aghast—confounded.

“You see,” I went on—and I actually smiled—“You see I know all about it, and so does Laurence. It is his child.”

May heaven forgive me for that lie I told—it was to save my husband's honor.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

A NICE DISH.—To cook fine hominy, boil with considerable water until soft, and thicken just before serving with corn starch dissolved in cold water.

OATMEAL AND COCONUT.—Oatmeal mixed with grated coconut makes a very attractive cake to both old and young. Take three heaping teaspoonfuls of grated, or two of prepared desiccated coconut; add to it half a pint of fine oatmeal and two heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar; stir into it one gill of boiling water, and mix thoroughly together; turn it out on the rolling board, roll thin, and cut out as for common crackers. If wanted very nice, put a piece of citron and half a dozen currents into each cake, sticking them into the dough. Bake in a slow oven, and watch carefully lest they brown a shade too deep. To make crispy, let them stand a day or two in an uncovered dish.

The following paragraph appeared recently in the *Scientific American*: For each quart of water only one fish; as goldfish cannot thrive if crowded. Do not change the source of water, whether from well or hydrant. In summer renew it daily, in winter only every second or third day. Shallow glass dishes should not be used. They should be deep, and kept in the shade, strong light and a heated room being detrimental to the fish. The bottom of the globe should be covered with smooth gravel to absorb the excrements and keep the water clean. In changing the water for cleaning the globe, take out the fish with a fine net, but never with the hand. Do not feed them with bread or cake, or any food containing tannin, but give them wafers, and eggs, flies, yolk of eggs, water cress, etc., but only once in three or four days, and then sparingly. In the months of November, December, January, and February the fish should not be fed at all, as this is their hibernating season, and food in this season is unnatural. In March, April, and May they should be fed little.

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