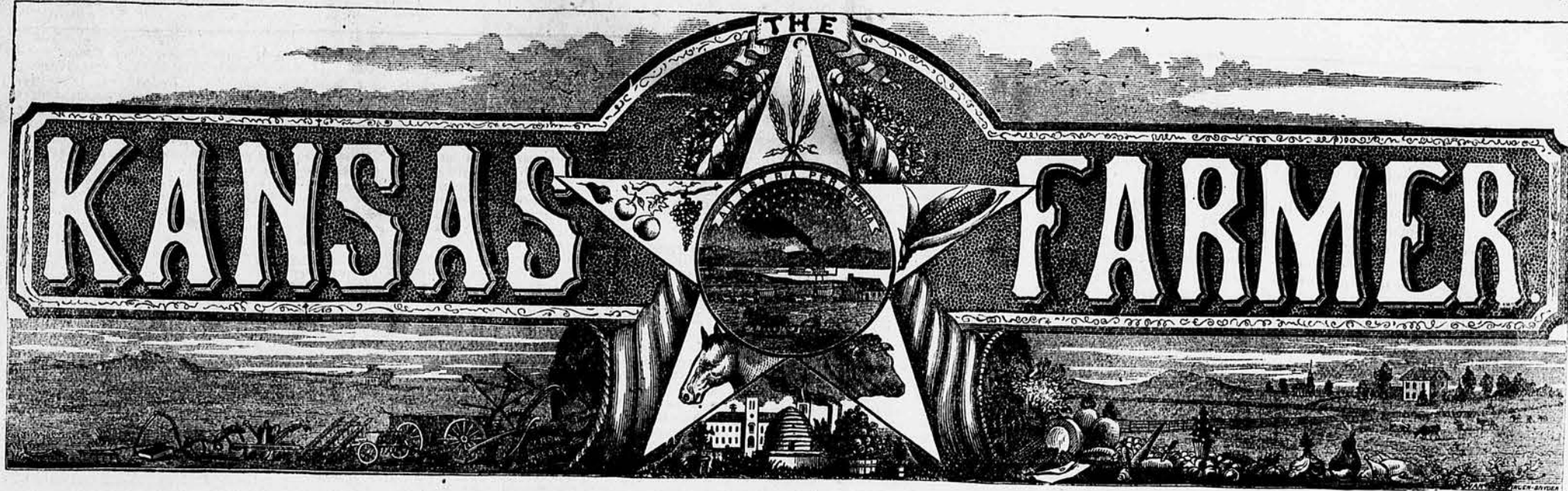




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## The Kansas Farmer.

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### WHY DO YOUNG MEN LEAVE THE FARM

(An address to the Patrons of Husbandry at Hannibal, Mo., and to the County Agricultural Society, of Henderson Co., Ill., at Elginville, by W. C. Fessenden, President of the Illinois State Farmers' Association.)  
FELLOW CITIZENS—I have come here to-day at the invitation of the officers of your society, to speak to farmers; and I shall speak from a farmer's standpoint. But, as I shall not doubt be listened to by some who are not engaged in agriculture, or who, if they are, are not in sympathy with what is called the farmers' movement, I wish to say in advance that whatever facts I may adduce, I shall only claim for the farming class of this country what under a republican government, we have an inalienable right not only to claim but to take—equal and exact justice."

My friend Smith, for expressing a similar sentiment, in somewhat stronger language, at a meeting in a neighboring county, has been bitterly attacked by writers whose only excuse is that they have not examined into the facts that he knew, and upon which his remarks were predicated. I hope, however, in what I say to-day to prove my case; and that whatever may be your conclusions as to causes and remedies, that you will agree with me in saying, that the drift of events is towards an impoverishment and debasement of the agricultural class—a violation of our fundamental law of equity—and, as a remote consequence, the destruction of the spirit, and perhaps of the form of republican government.

Thus much to introduce myself. And now a word before entering on the more particular topic of my discourse. I have noticed that there are three classes of persons whom every body feels competent to advise: first, children, second, women, and third, farmers. The men are few, and the writers are fewer, who do not think themselves competent to govern a child, to tell a woman how to keep house, or advise in the management of a farm. We have more hair-brained amateurs, accordingly, in education, house-keeping and farming than can be kept out of print.

One unflinching source of fruitful conjecture to this advisory class—and, I am sorry to add, a frequent and sore topic for farmers in their latter years, is that ever-recurring conundrum: Why do our young men leave the farm? We have answers without number, complaints without end, warnings innumerable, not to do it; but still the exodus goes on.

The abstract argument is largely on the side of the deprecators. Country life, though by no means what it might be, is more wholesome physically, morally and mentally than that of towns. Farm life, however dull and dreary its drudgery, can be, and generally is, more independent than any commercial or than most mechanical pursuits. It has the consciousness of a livelihood earned by useful, creative labor, and not produced by shrewd buying and selling—giving less than value here, asking more than value there, not by organizing the thousand and one methods now devised for taking a maximum of pay for a minimum of service. It can be shown by our statistics that a large percentage—97 per cent.—say some of those who engage in commerce fall in business; that our cities are crowded by young men who cannot obtain employment, or who are working for starvation wages that incite them to speculation and theft. City editor, agricultural orator and foggy farmers, all agree in these statements, and we cannot gainsay their truth; but still the innumerable caravan of hopeful young men moves cityward:—

"Eager-hearted as a boy, when first he leaves his father's field,  
And at night along the dusty highway, near and nearer drawn  
Sees in heaven the light of London, flaring like a dreary dawn;  
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,  
Underneath the life he looks at, in among the throngs of men."

This drift cityward is to a certain extent a natural and useful movement. The rural districts usually produce surplus population, or rather population that can be spared, just as it produces surplus corn and cattle. It is country thrift and integrity, country self-denial and earnestness of purpose, country muscle and accumulated power of endurance that wins the places of honor and profit against all the superior advantages of city breeding, education and culture. Physical stamina, manliness, sincerity of purpose, are not town products, usually; and as things go, larger rewards are offered for these qualities country-bred. The merchant prefers a country bred shop boy just as he prefers country milk, because his chances of getting a pure article are better.

The significant fact is that the merchant can hold out prospects of advancement, of high wages and ultimate wealth, that the farmer cannot; and with these, the possibility of better dress, more pleasures, less labor, and other desirable things that money can buy in the city. The young and excitement-loving youth gravitates toward city occupations. The ambitious youth will go the same road. The indolent, half-price young man, who wants a good salary for a small amount of indifferent service, seeks it, by favor, in the towns. On the other hand, youth of more steadiness and gravity do not care for the excitement of many faces and the glitter of dress. Young men of strong love of personal independence, or of adventure, prefer a simpler life rather than crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrills may follow fawning. As in other pursuits no small number will stick to the farm by mere force of inertia. They are negative persons, and having no positive predilection for any thing they simply stay where they were put.

Such men as Jim Fisk, Geo. Francis Train, A. T. Stewart, Stephen A. Douglas, to say nothing of a large tribe of persons too frivolous to have any known exemplar, tend cityward. Such men as Washington, Emerson, Thoreau, Kit Carson, omitting again a great host of negatives, find no permanent use for a city. To them it is only a market place, for buying and selling more conveniently; and its material comforts of gas and hot water are of no weight; against the advantages of more perfect independence and self respect.

But "where the carcass is, there are the eagles gathered together." The wealth of our great commercial cities, and still more the opportunities of accumulating without really earning, wealth, that they afford, are irresistible attractions to a large body of our youth. "In democracies," said De Tocqueville, "nothing is more great or more brilliant than commerce; it attracts the attention of the public, and fills the imagination of the multitude; all energetic passions are directed toward it."

I have taken the pains to examine the census of 1870, in reference to the wealth per cap-

ita held by the inhabitants of our large cities, as compared with the remainder of the states in which they are respectively situated. I find that, notwithstanding these cities contain large bodies of common and skilled laborers of small means, and great numbers of beggars, paupers and criminals, they yet show an average holding of wealth far beyond that of the rural districts, even if we include in the latter enumeration considerable towns and cities.

|                            |           | Census of 1870. |         | Had per Had per     |              |
|----------------------------|-----------|-----------------|---------|---------------------|--------------|
|                            |           | pop.            | wealth. | ct. state ct. state | pop. wealth. |
| County of New York         | 3,700,000 | 22              | 53      |                     |              |
| Adding Kings County        | 3,073,000 | 31              | 64      |                     |              |
| Remainder of state         | 876,000   | 18              | 47      |                     |              |
| Omitting Kings County      | 786,000   | 69              | 36      |                     |              |
| County of Philadelphia     | 1,771,000 | 19              | 31      |                     |              |
| Remainder of Pennsylvania  | 906,000   | 18              | 69      |                     |              |
| St. Louis County           | 1,441,000 | 20              | 40      |                     |              |
| Remainder of Missouri      | 707,000   | 19              | 60      |                     |              |
| Cook County                | 1,643,000 | 14              | 27      |                     |              |
| Remainder of Illinois      | 706,000   | 86              | 73      |                     |              |
| Baltimore County           | 1,213,000 | 41              | 63      |                     |              |
| Remainder of Maryland      | 537,000   | 50              | 37      |                     |              |
| Suffolk County             | 3,089,000 | 19              | 64      |                     |              |
| Remainder of Massachusetts | 1,091,000 | 10              | 35      |                     |              |
| Hamilton County            | 1,310,000 | 18              | 16      |                     |              |
| Remainder of Ohio          | 737,000   | 19              | 85      |                     |              |
| Orleans Parish             | 960,000   | 26              | 47      |                     |              |
| Remainder of Louisiana     | 257,000   | 74              | 43      |                     |              |
| San Francisco County       | 1,738,000 | 26              | 41      |                     |              |
| Remainder of California    | 914,000   | 74              | 59      |                     |              |

Percentage of the state population and state wealth in the great cities in 1860 and 1870:

|                               |    | Per cent. pop. |      | Per cent. wealth. |      |
|-------------------------------|----|----------------|------|-------------------|------|
|                               |    | 1860           | 1870 | 1860              | 1870 |
| New York Co., N. Y.           | 21 | 22             | 19   | 53                | 64   |
| Philadelphia Co., Pa.         | 19 | 19             | 24   | 31                | 40   |
| St. Louis Co., Mo.            | 15 | 30             | 31   | 40                | 40   |
| Cook Co., Ill.                | 8  | 14             | 13   | 27                | 40   |
| Baltimore Co., Md.            | 39 | 41             | 40   | 63                | 64   |
| Suffolk Co., Mass.            | 16 | 19             | 19   | 64                | 64   |
| Hamilton Co., (Cincinnati) O. | 9  | 10             | 11   | 15                | 16   |
| Orleans Parish La.            | 24 | 26             | 17   | 47                | 57   |
| San Francisco Co., Cal.       | 15 | 26             | 17   | 41                | 59   |

In these figures we find that the average inhabitant of New York county is worth \$3,700 while the inhabitant of the suburban and rural districts, including even Brooklyn and Buffalo, is worth but \$876—or not one quarter the sum. Each inhabitant of the county of Philadelphia averages \$1,774, the remainder of Pennsylvania, \$906. St. Louis county has a wealth of \$1,441 per head; the balance of Missouri, \$504—or not much more than one-third the amount. Each inhabitant of Cook county averages \$1,643. Each other inhabitant of Illinois, \$706. In Baltimore county we find a wealth of \$1,213 per head; in the remainder of Maryland \$537. In Suffolk county, including Boston, there are \$3,089 per person; in the remainder of Massachusetts, \$1,091. The average wealth of Hamilton county, including Cincinnati, is \$1,310 per head; in the rest of Ohio, \$737. In the Parish of Orleans every individual on the average is worth \$960, but in the remainder of Louisiana only, \$257, not much over a quarter of the amount. In San Francisco county the citizens already average \$1,738 per capita; in the remainder of California, \$914. In the ten great cities of the country the average wealth per citizen is \$1,775, while in the nine states in which those cities are situated, the remainder of the citizens are worth but \$725 or less than one half the amount.

Moreover, the relative wealth of these great cities increases much faster than their relative population. New York county had 21 per cent. of the population of the state of New York in 1860, and 23 per cent. in 1870; but its wealth, which was 19 per cent. in 1860, was 53 per cent. in 1870. Philadelphia had 19 per cent. of the population of Pennsylvania in both decades, but it advanced from holding 24 to 31 per cent. of the aggregate wealth. St. Louis county advanced from 16 to 20 per cent. of the total population, but made the far greater advance of holding 40 instead of 21 per cent. of the wealth of Missouri. Cook county had 8 per cent. of our population in 1860, and 14 per cent. in 1870. It had 18 per cent. of our wealth in the former period and 27 in the latter—more than doubling its per centage. Baltimore county population was 39 per cent. of the total population of Maryland in 1860, and 41 in 1870. Its wealth advanced from 40 to 63 per cent. of the state wealth. Suffolk county (Boston &c.) increasing in relative population only from 16 to 19 per cent. made the almost unequalled advance of from 22 to 64 per cent. of the state wealth. Hamilton county, (Cincinnati), much more moderate, advanced from 9 to 10 per cent. of population, and from 11 to 15 per cent. of Ohio wealth. The Parish of Orleans gained only 3 per cent. on the population of Louisiana (from 24 to 26 per cent.), but it advanced from 17 to 57 per cent. in its hold on the state wealth. The war and reconstruction

troubles may, however, partially account for this. San Francisco in 1860 had 15 per cent. of the population of California, and 26 per cent. of its wealth. In 1870 it had 17 per cent. of its population and 41 per cent. of its wealth. These nine great cities of the country have not gained 4 per cent. on the states in which they are situated in population; but they have gained nearly 24 per cent. in relative wealth, or as 6 to 1.

In 1860 these great cities held a part of the wealth and not much above their relative population. Even New York county with 21 per cent. of the population of New York State had only 19 per cent. of the wealth. In 1870 these same cities had more than double their *pro rata* share of wealth.

Where did all this wealth come from? Was it brought in by capitalists, or created by manufacturing? Partly, but to no great extent. These extraordinary gains represent more generally profits in trade, dividends on stocks and other commercial and banking investments. And as all wealth must be created by labor before it can be accumulated, this capital, if it be capital and not credit, now accumulated in the great cities, has been created by somebody. A portion has been created by local manufacturers, but the great part has been gained off the products of agriculture of manufacturers from interior points, &c. It means a relative depletion and exhaustion of agricultural districts and a depression of the profits of dependent manufacturers to build up these great cities that are at once our pride and our greatest political danger. The game is evidently not worth the powder. "Wealth accumulates and men decay." A smaller and more equal growth of a larger number of to us would be more profitable for the industrial classes and far better for the form of government under which we live.

But however gained, wealth exists in the great cities in a much greater ratio to population than in the rural districts; and the ratio increased with immense rapidity between 1860 and 1870. On the other hand the regions outside these great cities, have necessarily sunk in comparative wealth. Especially is this true of the agricultural class. The relative number of persons engaged in farming has not decreased more than one per cent. between 1860 and 1870. But their relative share of the wealth of the country has decreased from 56 per cent. in 1860 to 37 per cent. in 1870. To take an extreme case: Suffolk county, Massachusetts, as you will remember, went up in relative population from 16 to 19 per cent. in that decade while in wealth it went up from 22 to 64 per cent. But the agricultural wealth of Massachusetts which was 18 per cent. of the whole wealth in 1860, remained nearly absolutely stationary and was only 6 per cent. in 1870. The number of farms in Massachusetts decreased during the same decade, 25 per cent. and increased in size, 10 per cent. Farms exceeding 500 acres in size increased in number, while all smaller holdings of from 3 up to 500 acres diminished in number—the greatest diminution being in the number of the smaller sized farms of from 3 to 20 acres, where the decrease was actually from 40 to 45 per cent. In the report of the Statistics of Labor for that state—1872 p. 544—we find it stated by Francis Dodge, Farmer of Danvers, that an accurate calculation of the value of returns on one of the most favorably situated farms in Essex county, disclosed the fact that for twenty years past, it had only been at the rate of 2½ per cent., and he adds, "I do not believe that the farms in the county or in the state, have averaged so much as that for the last three or four years."

You see the contrast, Boston banks and bonds, if you can once get within the privileged circles or a hard life on the generally well-worn ancestral acres. Ike Marvel gives us his own experience, and it is that of many a young New Englander, in the introduction to his rural studies, "One way the brooks, the oaks, the crops, the memories, the homely hopes lured me: The other way, I saw splendid and enticing phantasmagoria—London Bridge, St. Paul's, Prince Hal, Fleet Street, Bolt Court, Kenilworth and wild ruins. Next morning I gave the key of the corn crib to the foreman, and bade the farm land adieu."

I have given you the darkest side of the picture; for Massachusetts is old; her farms never very fertile, are weather-worn and com-

paratively exhausted; her manufactures predominate over other industries; and the tillers of the soil are but a small part, and that an unimportant part of her population. But give time and a full play to influences now at work, and this is the future of states fairer and more fertile than rock-bound Massachusetts. The drift of Eastern, Southern, Western and Pacific society is different only in degree.

Our young men, like our old men, are liable to what Theodore Parker called "the Danger from an exclusive devotion to Riches." You remember how the American mind was startled by the assertion of the immortal Agassiz, that he "could not waste his time making money." It was a new thought to most of us. The average American in ordinary times sees no temporary object more worthy of pursuit than wealth. We have no nobility, no primogeniture, that makes any family, by power of birth, a permanent force in the Republic. A man is simply what he can prove himself to be in the democratic competition for wealth, place and power. This is correct in theory, but unless the citizen is educated to higher aspirations, it becomes a brutal and debasing struggle for ignoble ends in practice.

Our whole American society is permeated with the idea that wealth is the greatest good. It is unconsciously expressed in a hundred ways. The biographer says of his hero: "He was born of poor but honest parents," as if poverty were a disgrace to be excused and balanced by a virtue. The very minister in the pulpit, when he declares that "although a man have riches," etc., intimates that if it were not for the risking his condition in the future life, the money maker is wise in his own generation. And yet we wonder why young men, bred up to these notions, leave the farm and its healthful influences to seek wealth in the great cities.

The truth is, that in our Republican Democracy, as Theodore Parker said long ago: "Money is power; the only permanent and transmissible power; it goes by device. \* \* \* It gives rank to the church. \* \* \* The priests of Commerce will think twice before damning a man who enhances their salary and gives them dinners. In one thing the American Heaven resembles the New Jerusalem—its pavement is of fine gold." \* \* \* In society money is genteel; it is always respectable. The high places of society do not belong to ecclesiastical men, as in Rome; to military men as in St. Petersburg; to men of farmers' family, as in England and Spain; to men of science and literature, men of genius, as in Berlin; but to rich men. \* \* \* In politics, money has more influence than in Turkey, Austria, Russia, England or Spain. For in our politics the interest of property is preferred before others. National legislation almost invariably favors capital and not the laboring hand. \* \* \*

"Here nothing but the voters' naked ballot holds money in check; there are no great families with their historic traditions, as in all Europe; no bodies of literary or scientific men to oppose their genius to mere material gold. The church is no barrier, only its servant, for when the minister depends on the wealth of his parish for support, you know the common consequence. \* \* \* No political institutions check the authority of wealth; it can bribe and buy the venal; the brave it can sometimes intimidate and starve."

If that were true in 1854, in view of \$300,000,000 in the "peculiar institution" of slavery, and the representatives of fifteen States pledged to its support, how much more true is it to-day, when more than \$400,000,000 are said to be invested in railway property; over \$3,000,000,000 in national indebtedness, including \$500,000,000 in national bonds, besides large amounts in other forms that I will not stop to enumerate; when railway attorneys and directors, bank directors and capitalists, pervade and manipulate every legislature, state or national, that has a privilege to grant, to "encourage the introduction of capital." When Nevada sends its two great capitalists to the Senate of the United States; and when the well called "Commercial" press of the cities ceases to represent ideas and convictions, and becomes simply the experiment of the interests of consolidated capital. The great image, not of gold, but of inflated "securities," is set up in the plain of our modern Babylon, and who has refused to fall down and wor-

ship it? Shall we not expect our young men to join in the devotion?

Young men leave the farm generally in pursuance of the lessons they have been taught; and the training rather than the young men is culpable, so far as their departure is an evil. They follow wealth where it exists. They share the common vice. But the consequences are deplorable.

"There is indeed," said Tocqueville, a most dangerous passage in the history of a democratic people. When the taste for physical gratifications amongst them has grown more rapidly than their education and their experience of free institutions, the time will come when men are carried away, and lose all self-restraint at the sight of the new possessions they are about to obtain. In their intense and exclusive anxiety to make a fortune, they lose sight of the close connection which exists between the private fortunes of each and the prosperity of all. It is not necessary to do violence to such a people in order to strip them of the rights they enjoy; they themselves willingly lose their hold. The discharge of political duties appears to them to be a troublesome impediment, which diverts them from their occupations and business. If they are required to elect representatives, to support the government by personal service, to meet on public business, they think they have no time—they cannot waste their precious hours in useless engagements. Such idle amusements are unsuited to serious men, who are engaged with the more important interests of life. These people think they are following the principle of self-interest, but the idea of that principle is a very rude one; and the better to look after what they call their own business, they neglect their chief business, which is to remain their own masters."

As I read this passage from the great student of our American government, I am reminded of a class of men in this republic who have shirked their political duties, who have devoted themselves to hard labor in the pursuit of wealth and who find both their liberties and their fortunes in danger. I presume most of you know who they are. Composing a majority of the nation, and therefore able to control its destinies, they have carelessly and criminally permitted its public opinion, its commerce, its manufactures and its government to be shaped and controlled, not as the common weal would dictate, but as private avarice required. Although representing all that is best and noblest in our national life, in greater measure than any other class, they have permitted mean and base men to lead them, and public affairs and public men and politics to become a by-word and a reproach. Creating a very large share of the wealth of the country, they retain a pittance while the traders in their commodities grow rich. It is not to be wondered at if young men desert this occupation and even join the ranks of the trading and parasitic classes.

If we could retain our young men, then, in the simpler, more healthful and better life of the country, we must not only make our farm houses more pleasant and attractive, as many have already insisted, but we must place our calling on a paying basis. We must follow out earnestly the plans begun by our Patrons of Husbands.

1. We must educate ourselves. We must know more than how to read, write and cipher. We must know our relation to the world, as the great producers and consumers, and understand the cost of our products and the cost of the products of those with whom we exchange. We must understand something of the money and banking systems of the world, of trade and transportation, and learn with how little regard to popular rights and public welfare all these have been organized, "encouraged" by law, and carried on by conspiracy.

2. We must act on the information thus acquired. We must reform by the power of intelligent public opinion; by our own practices and by legislation, the gross abuses now existing in finance and commerce. We must, by vigilant co-operation, cut down the inordinate profits of middlemen and increase our own until an equality of remuneration is established between men of equal ability, experience, honesty and industry, although one be a farmer and the other a banker.

3. We must remove from our statute books all legislation "granting privileges to any class. The special privilege of issuing their promises to pay as money, granted to national and state banks; the practical monopoly of transportation, granted to our railway companies; the gratuities granted to protected manufactures; the power to inflate credit by watering of stock, discounts, etc., granted to capital in these forms, but denied to laboring men and their small fortunes—all these must be swept away to restore entire equality before the law of our states and of the United States.

A fair field and no favor is the very least we can ask. I find critics of the Farmers' Movement talking of free trade—of the advantages of depending on the law of supply and demand. Are these critics ready to restore the equality before the law that we ask and which natural right, the spirit of the Declaration and their own theory demand? I fear not. Privilege dies hard. I suspect their idea of free trade is to let the present drift of affairs go on. Like another privileged class, some fifteen years ago, they only ask "to be let alone." They certainly could ask no more for their selfish interest.

We shall not, I hope, stop at a full realization of *laissez faire doctrine*. The interests of the great masses of the people demand the

governmental performance of certain functions. We want one credit money issued by the government in the form of greenbacks; our mails carried and distributed by governmental agencies. We shall want, after a little more hard experience, our telegraphs and railroads managed by public authority for the public welfare. "There is indeed perceptible," says Charles Francis Adams, Jr., "a continual tendency in Europe, and in a less degree in this country, towards the development of a theory which has its basis in what is called communism, through which the government is to become a cooperative machine, as it were, for the better carrying on of certain functions of civilized life. The idea has not yet received its full development, but time is long and the world still young."

I have little doubt that in co-operation—socially in our industrial organizations, and legally in our governmental organizations, we shall restore the balance now so sadly deranged, between the small fortunes of the masses of our people and the consolidated capital of corporations. I believe corporation—communism, in its highest and best sense—to be as inevitable as the spread of republican democracy over the earth, and I hail their coming as the dawn of a social and political millennium.

### Horticulture.

#### A LARGE APPLE GROWER.

The following description of the large estate of Mr. Pell and his success as an orchardist, is taken from the *Troy Times*. It is well worthy a careful reading.

"If you should be walking with me on almost any pleasant day in Fifth avenue, near Madison square, I might point out the most successful pomologist (or apple grower) in the world. You would in this case see a large finely built man, tastefully but not showily dressed, whose manners are suggestive of the old school, and who mingles literary and social culture with the highest art in agriculture. He is a scion of British nobility and the chief among American farmers; that is, his lands are made to produce a better return to capital than in any other instance on record. Robert L. Pell, the gentleman to whom reference is now made is the lineal descendant of Lord Pell, a peer of the realm, who obtained a patent for a vast tract of land in Ulster county, near the old town of Esopus. Mr. Pell occupies the ancestral farm, which contains 1,200 acres, all of which he cultivates by his own personal attention. During the spring, summer, and the autumn he resides upon the place, but when winter approaches he removes to his Fifth avenue palace, and thus becomes a resident of this great city.

Mr. Pell's father, who was noted for his good judgment in agricultural matters, stopping many years in the little village of Newtown, L. I., observed two pippin trees of English origin, whose fruit was much sought for. The one produced an apple tinted with yellow and red, and the other of a green hue, the difference in color being solely caused by the difference in soil. He was so much pleased with the fruit that he determined to create an extensive orchard of a similar kind. The cuttings were obtained from time to time, trees were planted and drained, and after many years of perseverance and labor the grand orchard was in existence. Mr. Pell then could show 200 acres planted with the Newtown pippin alone, and containing 21,000 trees. He then remarked 'if each tree should yield his son one dollar a year it would be a handsome income.' His plan, however, has been greatly exceeded, for some of these very trees have yielded eighteen bushels at a picking.

While so many rich sons fall victims to their own wealth by the vices that haunt prosperity, Robert L. Pell found his tastes better satisfied with his country seat and its enormous crops. He studied the arts of pomology and learned how to assist Nature in her efforts to support mankind. Commonly speaking, the apple tree bears every alternate year. Mr. Pell determined to have an annual harvest, and to give his orchard a handsome start he sacrificed the crop of a bearing year. All the apples were picked green. He had discovered that the germ of the next year's fruit was in existence at the time of the apple harvest; but that the tree would be so exhausted that this germ would fall of development, and a year of rest would follow before another crop could be produced. Having stopped his trees from fruiting in the manner I have mentioned he was sure of a crop on what was generally the off year, and he determined to follow this up by a treatment that should abolish the off year.

He learned that trees require a variety of food, the chief of which is potash, lime and soda, and his orchard has been thus fed with all the success that could have been anticipated. The potash is found in wood ashes, lime is obtained from oyster shells at low cost (stone-time being undesirable), while soda is supplied by common salt. An orchard thus fed and judiciously pruned cannot fail to succeed. His plan is to fill his barn-yard with swamp-muck in the fall. This absorbs the drainage, and it is at the same time supplied with the above mentioned ingredients. In the spring it is hauled to the orchard, which is plowed and sown with clover as an additional fertilizer. A nursery for the purpose of renewing the orchard is a part of the scheme, and most of the latter at present is young and in the most thrifty condition.

During apple harvest about 100 men are employed, and the work generally requires a fortnight. The rule is to pick the trees clean, and not to let go an apple until it rests in the basket. The latter are laid carefully on the ground, and the teamster picks them up with equal care and conveys them to the apple house. The latter is one of Mr. Pell's inventions, and he has four in use. They are spacious structures, perhaps 40x100 feet (such, at least, is my recollection from seeing one of them), and what may be called two stories high. The first story has no windows. You enter by a wide door, and the apples are seen covering the entire interior to the depth of four feet. The upper part of the building has a few windows and the door is graded, so that when closed there is an ascending draught. The fruit will while in this place discharge a large amount of moisture, and thus deliver itself from the chief cause of decay.

An apple-house at such a time is really a *deceit*. In three days the sweating is done and the draught removes the moisture. The fruit is then sorted and below a certain size are carted to the cider mill, while the rest are

packed for shipment. They are placed in boxes, each of which contains 100 of the best Newtown pippins, and are at once shipped to Liverpool. Mr. Pell's fruit is as well known there as here, and he has adopted the custom which prevails in the orange and lemon trade in this city, viz., of selling it by auction. The sales are largely attended and the pippins from the Pellham farm are sold all over Europe. They sometimes bring fourteen cents apiece by the box. Such is the value of a reputation, and in this point the Pellham fruit has for forty years been unrivaled.

Mr. Pell has eighty acres devoted to grapes, which are in great demand in this city. He has a peculiar way of placing the best (if there be any difference) at the bottom of the basket; and hence his brand needs no recommendation. He has 800 acres under general cultivation, and with the assistance of improved machinery the work is done by nine regular hands, with an extra force during fruit picking. His hay is got in the same day it is cut, and hence does not often get injured by a shower. His cider is as popular as his apples, and he has sometimes ground and pressed 350,000 bushels. His walks around his mansion are nine miles in extent, and kept in perfect neatness.

Mr. Pell's corn is as great a curiosity as his orchard. It has measured eighteen feet high, and has yielded 150 bushels of shelled corn to the acre, while other farmers were complaining of the lightness of their crops. Mr. Pell explains this very philosophically. He tells me that the leaves of corn, being very broad, are meant to inhale the gases floating in the atmosphere. Hence this plant should be driven forward as rapidly as possible, in order to get this gaseous food at an early part of the season. To accomplish this end, the land must be manured in a lavish manner.

When corn is planted on poor land, according to this theory, it has to send its roots far and near in order to find food; and hence, its development is checked. Mr. Pell's corn has small roots, relatively speaking, and the expense of tops enables him to make it a profitable crop when land is worth \$300 per acre. If his views were generally adopted a better style of farming would prevail."

#### SELF SUPPORTING WORK FOR WOMAN.

(An Essay by Miss Ella M. Gale, a member of the Engraving class of the Kansas State Agricultural College.)

Considering all the obstacles woman has had to meet and contend with, and the rapid advancement she has nevertheless made in science, literature and art, can we call it anything but wonderful? Yet she is far from holding her true place on the stage of life. It is the efforts of the active present that cause us to turn our eager and hopeful faces to the future for a full and final settlement of our case. I think if the Good Father spares our lives to see the close of the present century we will look back to what it has done for woman, and call it emphatically the "woman's century."

Woman does not wish to crowd man from his place, but she wishes to stand on equal ground with him. She wants equal pay when she works as well. Without interfering with his work she can find stations of usefulness which she is just as capable to fill, and perhaps more so than he. A few of these vocations we will now mention.

Let us first speak of those which seem to belong almost exclusively to women, such as housekeeping, sewing, laundrying, dress-making, millinery etc. The first we have named is particularly adapted to woman. It is a graceful and fine accomplishment to be able, in the words of the homely old phrase, to "keep house properly." If a woman has a home of her own she has the power to make it a pleasant, happy home or the reverse. But all women kind are not blest with a house to keep. They are dependent on themselves for support. It is for such that we wish to speak. In the laundry and sewing room many poor women are dragging out a miserable existence. They toil on from day to day unmindful that they are demoralizing their very lives, and that sooner or later the whole superstructure of their being will fall to the ground. And the miserable pittance which they receive for their toil is found insufficient to defray their expenses. This is because these trades are so overcrowded. Our great cities are thronged with poor uneducated women who find it impossible to earn a penny in any way but with the needle or washing machine. Many of these women were once rich and happy, surrounded by comforts and luxuries, but by some stroke of misfortune have been reduced to poverty. It is in their youthful days they had been instructed in some useful trade, instead of spending so much of their time frivolously they would now, when hurled from wealth to poverty, have something to fall back upon by which they could easily support themselves; and thus, according to the common rule of "supply and demand," those who remained in the laundry and sewing room would receive higher wages.

Dress-making and millinery are trades especially suitable for women, because I believe it is agreed that woman possesses more taste; but these trades are, like those before mentioned, overcrowded. Teaching is a profession also over-crowded—there seems to be at least two teachers for every school,—or let us turn our thoughts to find some place where there is room.

Printing and telegraphy are trades as easily learned by women as men, and she has just as much right as he to command her \$50 or \$75 a month at these trades. In setting type her fingers are found much more deft than his, because they are generally constructed with more delicacy of touch. At the type case as well as in the kitchen she is found to make less unpalatable "pi" than he. In telegraphy she is found to possess as ready an ear to detect the slightest differences of sound as men.

Scroll sawing is fast becoming an open trade; all, both rich and poor, are wanting beautiful brackets, card baskets, picture frames, music holders, etc., to adorn and make beautiful their homes. Ladies, while you want these fancy and useful articles, did you ever think it was a kind of work as easy and fascinating and fully as refined as embroidery, and that you might as well saw them out with a little bracket-saw as to pay others for doing it for you. And you who wish to make your own living, did you ever think it was profitable work—because such things are always in demand?

Closely connected with the above is wood carving. It surely is a beautiful thought that with the aid of a few carving tools the graceful forms and outlines which we see in nature can be copied on wood. Everything in nature comes to our aid with suggestions for this art. Every little flower, each rock, each leaf and insect gives food to the mind, and the imagination can thence convert it into something useful. The comfort and attractiveness of many hours can be traced to this simple art. No art is attended with more pleasurable

results than this. Think of the rich and elegantly carved ottomans, frames, chairs, tables, mouldings and church furniture so pleasing to the eye; and think, too, it is all the work of human hands. Did we ever ask whose work it was? And did the thought ever come to us that perhaps we could do this kind of work easily and profitably? Wood engraving is like carving, fascinating and profitable. With a proper knowledge and practice of drawing a woman can make a many fine "cuts" as man, and of course have equal pay. Some have taken this up by themselves and, after a few months, have become proficient enough to earn \$40 or \$50 for a week's work. Some of the finest illustrated volumes were embellished by woman. Indeed they seem to excel in delicacy of outline and elegance of finish. There have been turning lathes constructed very lightly for woman's use, and she can thereby turn out articles both useful and ornamental, which are ever in demand.

Photography is another profitable work. With careful study in a few months a woman can learn to report even the fastest lectures. Photography also is a trade which requires taste and skill, and really is more of a woman's work than man's. Women as post office and store clerks are no longer objects of condemnation and ridicule.

Then there are the professions into which women are not forbidden to enter. Many of leading medical colleges have thrown open their doors and admitted women on equal terms with men to learn "the divine art of healing." As preachers women have not had equal opportunities with men, but by some cases it has been illustrated that she is not deficient here, although she has been scooped at as "strong minded." With sufficient education a woman can make as good a lawyer as a man. Women as a class possess minds equal to those of men, and men themselves will allow that "she is not slow of speech." Artists and sculptors women occupy a prominent and high position. In authorship and journalistic ability she is found to compete with man. She is now obliged to hide behind masculine "nom de plumes" to insure the publication of her writings. As orators and lecturers women are taking their places with the most successful of men.

Time will not permit us to mention half the employment which might be pursued by women, but from what has been said we can see that the so-called "woman's sphere" is widening. There are many new avenues opening their gates to woman. She is advancing to higher fields of usefulness. She is securing for herself a broad and more thorough mental and physical culture.

#### OVERWORK.

Dr. Samuel Wilks, physician to Guy's Hospital, in the *London Lancet*, takes ground in opposition to the popular opinion that society at large is really suffering from an amount of work, physical and mental, which is injurious. He believes that, on the contrary, if both sexes be taken, the opposite is nearer the truth, and that more persons are suffering from idleness than from excessive work. Medically speaking, he sees half a dozen persons suffering from want of occupation to one who is crippled by his labors. He has, therefore, very little sympathy with the prevalent notion that nervous and other diseases are due to overwork. Among girls, so far from studies or other work being injurious, he has known many cases of restoration to health on the discovery of occupation. Very often, when a business man complains of being overdone, it may be found that his meals are irregular and hurried, that he takes no exercise, is rather partial to brandy and soda, and thinks it not improper to half poison himself with nicotine every night and morning. But we will let Dr. Wilks speak for himself on this subject. The following is a portion of his article:—

"When the man of business presents himself, with his nerves really overstrained, he is found to be a man of delicate or actually insane temperament. The rule, however, is that when a patient comes before me with his nervous system, unstrung, hypochondriacal, and goes through the whole machinery of his body to inform me of its working, previously committing all the facts to paper lest an important one should be forgotten, that man is getting rusty from having no occupation. . . . We forget sometimes what a formidable machine is the animal body, with its force-producing nervous system. The brain is an engine of many horse power; its energy must be accounted for in some way; if not used for good purposes it will be for bad, and mischief will be found for idle hands to do. It is fortunate that, with many girls, the frivolities of life keep them idly busy, and so, having a safety-valve, they are harmless to others and themselves; but let a girl occupy herself neither with what is useful nor with amusement, she falls into bad health, she becomes a prey to her own internal fires or forces, and every function of her body is deranged, as well as her moral nature perverted. Cases of this kind appear to me of the commonest order, and at the same time very difficult to cure, because the mother's aid can rarely be gained to assist the doctor; but, on the other hand, her sympathies too often only foster her daughter's morbid proclivities by insisting on her delicacy and the necessity of various artificial methods for her restoration, as well as her resistance to the doctor's advice for a more natural life, since she is sure it cannot be undertaken. Her daughter is too delicate for any of the occupations or modes of exercise proposed. What she requires is medical attendance, and to be alcoholized and physically sick. It is remarkable, however, what a young lady can do under the power of a stimulus; as, for example, a gentleman lately expressed his surprise to me how his daughter, who could not walk many yards for a long time, owing to a pain in her back, was soon able to walk many miles a day when she procured the support of her lover's arm. It is from considerations of this kind that, when the superfluity of women, amounting to half a million, doomed to be unmarried, ask for employment, I cannot deny it to them. The human body is made for work, physical and mental. The amount it can do is of course proportionate to the power of the machine; but, unlike all other machines, its strength is only maintained by use, as assuredly it rusts and decays by disuse. Just as the muscles are better prepared for work by previous training, so the nervous system, whether it be the brain or spinal cord, becomes more energized by use. If healthy and vigorous persons be taken, there appears no absolute necessity for rest at all, in the popular sense of the term. The rest re-

quired is gained during sleep, during meals, and in necessary healthful exercise. It is only during sleep that the brain is actually inactive, although even then not absolutely, for at meals cheerful conversation keeps the mind employed, and even in our walks the attention is fixed on objects around. In times so occupied there are many persons whose minds are never idle, and who yet live to a good old age. Practically they have no rest, for when one object of study is complete, they commence to pursue another. It is by the happy faculty of diverting the powers into different channels that this is accomplished. Instances might easily be quoted of statesmen, judges, and members of our own profession who know no absolute rest, and who would smile at the suspicion of hard work injuring any man. I make it a custom to ask young men what their second occupation is—what pursuit have they besides their bread-earning employment. Those are happiest who possess some object of interest, but I am sorry to say there are few who find delight in any branch of science. The purely scientific man finds his best recreation in literature or art, but even in intellectual work so many different faculties are employed that a pleasant diversion is found in simply changing the kind of labor. For example, a judge after sitting all day, and giving his closest attention to the details of the case before him, may yet find relief in his evenings by solving problems in mathematics. The subject of overwork, then, is one of the greatest importance to study, and has to be discussed daily by all of us. My own opinion has already been expressed, that the evils attending it on the community at large are vastly over-estimated; and, judging from my own experience, the persons with unstrung nerves who apply to the doctor are, not the prime minister, the bishops, judges, and hard-working professional men, but merchants and stock brokers retired from business, government clerks who work from ten to four, women whose domestic duties and bad servants are driving them to the grave, young ladies whose visits to the village school or Sunday performances on the organ are undermining their health, and so on. In short, in my experience I see more ailments arise from want of occupation than from overwork, and, taking the various kinds of nervous and dyspeptic ailments which we are constantly brought to, I find at least six due to idleness to one from overwork."

#### THE TURKISH BATH ON THE FARM—A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, some interesting statements were made concerning the use of Hot Air or Turkish Baths as a remedy for the diseases of domestic animals. Lord Scriven declared that his own experiments in the use of these baths, covering a period of over four years, proved conclusively that they would cure all ordinary diseases incidental to horses and all farm stock. The remedy is especially efficacious in cases of colic, dysentery, lung complaints, swellings and inflammations, and serves also as a protective against approaching diseases. These baths can be constructed cheaply. Those in Ireland generally consist of a close room, the walls being double, the steam thrown around the room, which is thus heated up to 150° or 180°, and even higher, without injuring the contained air for purposes of respiration. By paying proper attention to ventilation, allowing no steam to escape into the room, but with pure, dry, heated air, a single application in the bath will cure the most severe cases of garget. In case of swelling or sprain, a vigorous rubbing adds materially to the good effect of the bath.

We hear of the epizootic and cattle disease spreading in all parts of the country. Here is a chance for a big speculation for some horse or stock man who knows enough to put up a Turkish Bath for horses and cattle, buy up the sick ones, cure them up, and sell them, if people won't use the same means to save their own stock.

Every farmer who owns horses and domestic animals should have a Turkish Bath. Briefly stated, we may mention six several reasons why its use is so commended:

1. Cure of sickness in cattle, sheep and pigs.
2. Saving of mortality in young stock.
3. Fortifying the horses engaged in plowing and heavy work.
4. Increasing flesh and milk.
5. Increasing the productiveness of stock.
6. Collateral advantages: drying harness, clothes, saving damaged grain and seeds, saving of sickness to farm servants, and also to the farmer himself and his family.—*Turkish Bath Advocate*.

#### THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

If there is any truth in the aphorism that "History repeats itself" or that "like causes produce like effects," we are rapidly nearing the time when it will be necessary to copy the example of England, suspend the habeas corpus process and garrison our towns to be ready to enforce the specie redemption legislation of congress, as England under much less oppressive legislation was obliged to do to re-establish the bullion supremacy.

#### A PAGE OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

Thomas Doubleday, though a thorough bullionist, thus reports (see his *Financial, Monetary and Statistical History of England*; London 1847, p. 238 *et infra*):

Prices fell, on a sudden, to a ruinous extent—banks broke—wages fell with the price of manufactures; and before the year 1816 had come to a close, panic, bankruptcy, riot and disaffection had spread through the land. Vast bodies of starving and discontented artisans now congregated together, demanding a reform of the parliament, a repeal of the corn laws, and a reduction of taxation. The contents, the governments, as usual, put down by an armed force, who with the constitution in their mouths, sabred the people *a la Cosaque*. . . . As the memorable first of May, 1833, drew near, the country bankers, as well as the Bank of England, naturally prepared themselves, by a gradual narrowing of their circulation, for the dreaded hour of gold and silver payments "on demand," and the withdrawal of the small notes. The effects of the distress produced all over the country, the consequence of this fall we have yet to see.

The distress, ruin and bankruptcy which now took place were universal, affecting both the great interests of land and trade; but amongst the landlords whose estates were burthened by mortgages, jointures, settlements, legacies, &c., the effects were most marked and out of the ordinary course. In hundreds of cases, from the tremendous reduction in the price of land which now took place, the estate barely sold for as much as would pay off the mort-

gages; and hence the owners were stripped of all and made beggars.

Mr. Doubleday then quotes instances of great individual hardship and ruin, but as we have daily experiences of greater severity, the direct result of Secretary McCulloch's con traction policy, we have no occasion to quote from across the water.

We will narrate one or two as reported to us:

A valuable suburban estate, in default of the owner's ability to pay interest on an \$8 000 mortgage, was offered by the Sheriff for sale.

The general rule is, that, desirable as a property may be, if not protected by the owner or his friends, it is knocked down at whatever the creditor may bid for it over the sheriff's fees, and the debtor is considered fortunate if the creditor is liberal enough to bid so as to cover the principal, interests and costs, thus freeing the debtor by the loss of his investment only, in lieu of what often happens of having in addition, a big judgment written up against him.

But, in this instance, the property was remarkably valuable, and the incumbrance was small proportioned to its real worth.

An outside party carefully examined the premises evidently with a view to buying, but was approached by the creditor's agent, and did not bid.

The property was knocked down at the incumbrance, \$8,000, and deeded to three, one of whom was the creditor's agent, and another the new owner.

The next day the new owner sold his undivided third to the other two for \$30.00 cash, all of which now days is called good financing, but was formerly called con spiracy with intent to defraud. That illustrates the effect on the landed interest.

Another experience is of an honest sailor; a New England sea captain, part owner of and agent for his brig. He arrived in Sept. 1873, with a cargo of coffee consigned to one of our strongest New York houses to whom he had often come before.

Being short of money to pay off his hands, he requested the customary favor of an advance of \$500 to be deducted from his freight money.

The consignees regretted their inability to respond, but if their note at thirty days would be of any service it was at his disposal. Having large acquaintances in the city, he promptly took it, not doubting of negotiation; but even with such a security as that, the signers worth a million, and he as endorser with the brig and freight list, a hundred thousand more was forced to sell for \$400-\$100, or twenty per cent. off for thirty days.

Friends write me from Philadelphia that the Sheriff is selling out that city home by home, and lot by lot, and the Boston Globe reports that mechanics are borrowing money even in that favored city, at five per cent. per month and security on their tools, and that the Clerk of the Court reports three per cent. per month as the average rate.

The New York Tribune of Sept. 22nd with a grim humor worthy of a Calligula or a New, refers to the unprecedented number of foreclosures and sheriffs' sales thus:

INCREASING ACTIVITY IN REAL ESTATE.

PROPERTY CHANGING HANDS BY FORECLOSURES—LARGE TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

The increased number of foreclosure sales during the past week and the large number of announcements for the present week have given a livelier aspect to business at the Exchange Salesrooms and in the offices of the auctioneers, who have had a very dull time during the present year.

In many instances the plaintiffs in these foreclosure suits become the purchasers or possessors of the property offered for sale, and hence acquire it at a low figure.

Among the recent real estate investments by capitalists is the sum of \$100,000; advanced by August Belmont last week on Twenty-third-st property, near Seventh ave.

The last clause is especially instructive. It is well known that August Belmont is agent for the Rothschilds and their fellow conspirators of the Bullion Ring who are to all intents and purposes, owners of our congress. It is also well known that Sir Robert Peel and his crusade conspirators, so contracted the real estate value of Great Britain as with the assistance of the armies of the same, acting as sheriffs' possess, they were able to absorb four fifths of the homesteads of the kingdom and turn the former owners homeless and moneyless out of doors (the exact figure of reduction of owners was from 160,000 to 30,000—but, dependent as we were at the success of the plotters, we really did not think the time had yet arrived for Mr. Belmont to begin to "gather them in" for his Hebrew employers. We cut as follows from The Elizabeth Journal of Sept. 21st.

Report says that the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York and the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of Newark, have come into possession of half a million of dollars, worth of real estates in this city by foreclosing mortgages. The testimony reaches us from all quarters that at no time in twenty years has there been such a season of foreclosures as the past has been. It is said that about the only sales in New York now are of that character. Men who thought themselves well off two years ago are now reduced to poverty owing to the shrinkage in the value of real estate and the steady increase of the incumbrance. We have heard of a case like this which happened in a neighboring city. A young married man with a good salary bought a house for \$20,000 and paid one half down and gave a mortgage for the balance. In a short time he lost his position and was unable to pay the interest. The mortgagee

foreclosed and he lost all. The above may be an exceptional case and yet we fear it is too common.

And as all the devastation resulting from the predatory raids of the bullionist, resulted in a most ignominious failure to obtain the coveted prize in England, may we not safely conclude that our efforts for a specie basis will in like manner fizzle out. That even the directors of the Bank of England had no faith in the manipulations of Peel's speculators, or as Lord Canning termed them.

THE CANNIBALS OF CANNIBAL ALLEY is illustrated by the following incident: In December, 1825, a most violent "crisis" broke out, and it is thought that the specie basis would have disappeared, but for the "lucky discovery" of a box of pound notes which, to use the language of one of the directors, "at the lucky moment" enabled the bank "to save the credit of the country."

A shrewd Yankee would guess that the wise ones, knowing the utter unreliability of the specie dodge, had all along kept this "box of pound notes" as a reserve to fall back upon. The Bank of England is not so slovenly in its management as to allow such materials to be carelessly shoved away with rubbish.

We will endeavor in the next issue to demonstrate the utter sense of failure of the specie contractionist's plan in England, by showing the recent action of the

COMBINED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE of Great Britain which unanimously pronounced the thing "a delusion and a snare,"

JOHN G. DREW.

Elizabeth, N. J.

## Communications.

### FROM KANSAS TO JERSEY.

Leaving Topeka, on the eastern bound train, on the 10th. I saw, in passing through Missouri the next morning, what was to me the first hard frost of the season. Some of the corn fields were still green, and on patch of potatoes just in blossom. But the universal abundance of mammoth corn, and huge stacks of grain and hay, look as if Kansas and Missouri could take care of themselves this winter, and compare favorably with their sister states next year at our centennial home coming. The foliage was aglow with its autumnal tints, and many of the prairie knolls were carpeted in crimson by the young scrub oaks scarcely higher than the grass. And the scarlet creepers covering the rough trunks and branches of trees made gorgeous arches to support the yet unchanging green.

But as we came farther east the more somber hues and nearer ripened corn, told of earlier planting and also harder frost. And near Pittsburg I heard they had a light snow, which melted as it fell on the morning of the 12th. Corn cutting and potatoe digging just begun in eastern Missouri, was well under way through Illinois and Indiana, though through these two states in many places the floods have so injured the corn, that it is unfit for fodder, and nothing on in to husk. Further east near the Delaware, all such work is done, and apples are being gathered, and one variety of the Smiths Cider is very plentiful. Ohio has none to gather and indeed had very little fruit of any kind, except Elder berries which must be very abundant, as I heard of one woman who had gathered and sold twenty-two bushels.

Poor Jersey however abused must still be given the palm for the quantity and quality of her sweet potatoes.

Speaking of corn shocks reminds me of that easy, independent, don't care feeling we have in the west, so enjoyable, so hard to do with out, once you are used to it, and like anything else, a nuisance when carried to excess, and when it shows its self even in the corn shocks, careless, slipshod, tumble-down things that they are, wasting not only time and labor but fodder and corn. Scarcely till I reached the keystone state did I see one tied up with the good old fashioned rye "batton."

A ride over the Alleghany I suppose would be rather tame to one who had been to the Rocky mountains, but the scene on the Horse Shoe Curve at sun rise was very enjoyable as was the balance of the ride. Though the foliage was past its beauty, and the varied panorama which had been whirling past for several days had made me anxious to reach a quiet nook up the North Pennsylvania R R where the a stone house stands, with its grand old trees; and vines and flowers which they have sheltered and protected from the early frosts, and where I knew the chestnuts were dropping and the spring run babbling as if to welcome me home, to the comforts and convenience of an old settled state, but I miss the Kansas breeze and the daily routine of my work and would gladly assist again in the office of your weekly visitor, the Farmer.

Respectfully &c,  
ANNA SMITH.

### LETTER FROM RUSSELL COUNTY KANSAS.

EDITOR KANSAS FARMER.—Without any remarks by way of introduction, I wish to give my opinion through the columns of your valuable paper, as to what Russell County needs more than anything else.

We have plenty of grain to grind but no good mill to grind it, which we need at present more than anything else that I know of.

We want some one with the capital to come here and build a good flouring mill. This is just what we want, the country demands it, and such an investment would pay the party so investing a good per cent. on his money.

Another thing we want very much, is the removal of the "Dead Line." We believe the (foreign) Texas cattle trade to be the greatest curse that we have to contend with.

Drouth and grasshoppers are not dreaded or feared equal to that. It is hoped by the people of this County that our legislative body will this winter have a little mercy on us, and show it by removing the "Dead Line" so that we may not longer be infested with this dreadful curse, for it not only retards settlement, but keeps those already here from making that permanent and valuable improvement that they would, under other circumstances, such as opening up large fields, bringing in large herds of domestic stock, establishing dairies, cheese factories &c. These improvements could be taxed and so be a public and lasting benefit, but how is it with the majority of foreign Texas cattle dealers.

They pay no taxes, but trample upon the rights of the settlers by pasturing their stock upon our ranges and allowing them to devour our crops, with no intention whatever of paying any damages.

E. W. DURKEE.

Written expressly for the Kansas Farmer.

### TO KEEP FOWLS FREE FROM LICE.

Lice kills more fowls every year both old and young than all the other diseases. This is the time to whitewash and kill them, and by providing a dust for the fowls to dust in no trouble will be had next season raising young chickens. Wood ashes is the best thing I have found yet for them to dust in, and I find by spreading it under the roosting places the house can be cleaned much easier and it also acts as a disinfectant and sure death to lice.

To kill lice on young chicks I use coal oil which kills them instantly by anointing the head and wings, same time care must be taken to keep the oil from coming in contact with the flesh of the chick, the feathers should only be slightly oiled. All that is necessary for the older fowls is the dust-bath which every poultry keeper should keep as chickens bathe as well as birds only they prefer dust to water.

GEO. H. HUGHES.

Topeka, Kan., Oct. 27th, 1875.

MAJOR HUDSON.—Will you, or some of your intelligent subscribers, be so kind as to inform me just how many of the farmers of Kansas who now own farms, will own them five years from now if prices keep shrinking to keep pace with the demands of the specie resumptionists, and the currency becomes so contracted as to make it impossible to obtain the amount necessary to lift any mortgages that may be upon them.

I confess that I have been compelled to give this problem up and wish some philanthropic individual would help me out A-10.  
Kansas, Oct. 25th, 1875.

### GROWTH OF THE ORDER DURING THE PAST YEAR.

The growth of the order during the year now closing is in the highest degree satisfactory. The total number of granges that have been organized to date may not reach the figures of the enthusiastic and unreflecting members who based their estimate upon the record of 1874; but it exceeds that of the more thoughtful, who looked, and almost in vain, for new fields of work. There are no means of knowing positively, but the most careful estimates that can be made place the total membership of the order at the present time at 1,440,000—double that of 1874. This increase of strength has come mainly from initiations, (although the addition by the organization of new granges is no small fraction), and means that the order has been tried, and found to be good. The organization of granges proved merely that something was demanded differing from what the farmer had. The number organized showed merely how widespread was the dissatisfaction at the old order of things. The grange was an experiment, and nothing more. Despite their enthusiasm at the unexpected success which had thus far crowned their efforts, the leaders of the movement could not but feel at the last convention anxiety for the future. Their responsibility was far greater than they had expected, and the members had a right to demand of them results which would be commensurate. No such feeling will be present at the coming session of the National Grange. The addition during the past year of nearly half a million to membership in old granges shows that the movement is no longer an experiment, but a solid and substantial success. For it must be remembered that these additions have not been made upon the strength of brilliant promises held out by fluent speakers, nor from enthusiasm that hailed any change as possibly productive of something better, but that they have been made solely from observation by persons outside of the gates of the benefits accruing to those within the order.

The growth of the order in membership is a subject for congratulation in the character of the new members. During the past year a higher standard has been required of candidates, and none have been admitted whose whole work could not be given to its objects. It has been demanded that the applicant be more than an enthusiastic friend and well-wisher; he must be one who could give material assistance as well as aid and comfort. More than this. The new members are mainly those conservative farmers who could afford to wait and see what came of it. Without reflecting upon the older members, to whom all honor should be awarded as pioneers and guides who broke the way for others to tread, it may be said that the additions have given weight and stability which were essential to perfect success. They were men who always counted the cost of every undertaking. When their hand was upon the plow they never turned back. Hard to move, but persistent when once started, they form an indispensable reserve against which opposition from without and within will be dashed to pieces.

Never before was the prospect so cheering. All the prophecies of disruption that have so freely been made have come to naught. The dangers that threatened the stability of the order have in a great measure passed away; and with the same wise management that has, all things considered, been given the order during the past year, its future is brilliant with promise.—N. Y. World.

Our readers, in replying to advertisements, in the Farmer will do us a favor if they will state it in their letters to advertisers.

## Grain & Seed Cleaner

MANUFACTURED BY

E. H. OSBORN & CO., QUINCY ILL.

LIKE everything else, the old fashioned Fanning Mill has had its day. Every farmer and dealer in grain, who has seen Osborn's Grain Cleaner, will say, "Wish I had seen Osborn's Grain Cleaner before buying a Fanning Mill." The manufacturer of these celebrated machines have striven to place upon the market an article having real merit, not to see how cheap and plainly they could be constructed. We claim to have the only machine made that will do what ours is guaranteed to do: Separate wheat, rye, corn, oats, and all four seeds from chaff; clean, crack, and polish perfectly. Separates every foot seed from chaff. Separates red top and clover from timothy; cleans castor beans, and, in fact, all kinds of grain and seed raised by the farmer. Machines have taken the highest premium at all the fairs, and the Grand Gold Medal at the Kansas City Exposition given for the best invention in Agricultural Implements. Endorsed by all the leading Agricultural men and farmers. If your dealer don't keep them, send your orders to the Factory. Machine will pay for itself in a very short time. You can better afford to own it than be without it. Machines shipped to order or on trial. Strangers may send money with order. They are very simple and well built. We use a large variety of costly material and cannot compete with cheap Fanning Mills.

PRICES.—Farm size, \$35. cash; Flax screens, \$3 extra; Warehouse, \$65 and \$80 complete.  
E. H. OSBORN & CO.  
Quincy, Illinois.

## GRAPE VINES.

EXTRA ONE YEAR OLD.

|                              | PER DOZ. | PER 100 |
|------------------------------|----------|---------|
| Concord (\$3 per 1,000)..... | \$1 00   | \$4 00  |
| Catawba, lives.....          | 1 00     | 4 00    |
| Delaware, Goethe.....        | 2 00     | 12 00   |
| Martha.....                  | 2 50     | 10 00   |
| Iona.....                    | 1 50     | 8 00    |
| Salem, Wilder.....           | 3 50     | 20 00   |

TWO YEARS OLD, STRONG:

|              | PER DOZ. | PER 100 |
|--------------|----------|---------|
| Concord..... | \$1 50   | \$6 00  |
| Goethe.....  | 2 50     | 20 00   |

Parking done well in moss and no charges made for it. Terms cash. Orders to send C. O. D. must be accompanied by one-third of the amount in cash.  
SAUER & RAUE,  
Nurserymen and Florists, Kansas City, Mo.

## Pure Bred Berkshire Pigs.

It is to the interest of the people of Kansas to know that the undersigned has the

Largest and Finest  
Herd of pure blooded Berkshire Pigs in the State. None but No. 1 breeders shipped. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. SOLON ROGERS,  
Prairie Centre, Johnson Co., Kansas.

## Pure Cotswold Rams

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned have twenty superior Cotswold Rams for sale. They propose to sell low. Correspondence solicited. Address C. J. JUDY, Independent, Mo.  
JEWETT & FUGLEY.

A. HOUSTON & CO.,

State Agency

Patrons of Husbandry of Illinois,

For the sale and purchase of Farm Products, family supplies, and Farming Implements, No. 304 North Commercial St.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Consignments of GRAIN solicited.

## IMPORTANT to GRANGERS

And all Consumers.

HARPER BROS.,

## Wholesale Grocers,

44 State Street, Chicago, Ill.,

Make a specialty of supplying Granges and Clubs with Tea, Coffee, Spices, Fruits, and General Groceries in any desired quantities at WHOLESALE PRICES. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Circulars, with full explanations and new price lists, are now ready, and will be sent to any person requesting the same.

ADDRESS FOR PRICE-LIST: R. K. DEDERICK & CO. AND ALBANY, N. Y. SALES MAY BE MADE AT THE PERPETUAL BALING PRESS.

Requires but two horse power; either horse or steam; and bales either hay or cotton without tramping or stopping. Thirty bales of hay per hour discharging with out assistance. Twenty bales of cotton per hour, sacked, or covered by the machine without assistance.

## C. JEVNE,

Importer of Teas,

Nos. 1 & 3 North Clark Street,

CHICAGO, ILL.,

IS SELLING TO

Clubs and Granges

at lowest possible prices in any

desired quantity.

Gunpowder Tea, at 50, 80 and \$1.00.

Young Hyson at 50 8 and \$1.00.

Imperial at 50, 75 and \$1.00.

Japan at 50, 80 and 95.

Oolong at 50, 60 and 80.

Sent by Express, C. O. D.

## Florida! Florida!

MATLAND GRANGE assures all Patrons wishing to locate in Orange County, that they may be kindly cared for, and amply assisted in selecting a home in our midst. Her members are scattered over a large area of the best part of the county, which is now rapidly settling up, and the object is to protect immigrants to our section from imposition. Address

V. E. LUCAS,

Maitland, Orange County, Florida.

## The Burns Raspberry

IS the HARDIER Raspberry in existence. Send for a price list of grape vines, etc. Also a circular giving the experience of fruit growers in different states with the BURNS RASPBERRY. Their experience proves it to be the HARDIER in cultivation, better than any ripening with it. HEART, DROUTH and cold does not affect it. Has fruited every season for fifteen years. But send for the circular and read the testimony, then judge for your lives. Address  
A. N. BURNS, Manhattan, Kansas.

## ORANGE COUNTY STUD BOOK.

GIVES THE HISTORY OF ALL STALLIONS OF

note raised in Orange Co., N. Y.; the system of breeding colts by the best breeders; the author, a native breeder of Orange county of over twenty years' veterinary practice, gives his great secret of locating disease or lameness with as much certainty as if the horse could speak. His recipes and celebrated cures for crib and wind suckers, spavin and ringbone, quarter-cracks and hoof-bound horses, poll-evil, fistulas, founder, and splints, contracted hoofs, scratches, worms, broken knees, blind staggers, distemper, halts, thrush, heaves, stiff shoulders, and Siring halt; how to make an old horse appear and feel young; to give him a sleek and glossy appearance; to put a star on his forehead, or to spot him like a circus horse; to sound horse appear sound and kind; to feed him when he has lost his appetite; to tell his age; to make slow horses fast and fast horses faster; to break a horse from rubbing his tail; how to cure all diseases the horse is heir to. It should be in the hands of every owner and breeder, as Orange county is the source of wood horses. It is worthy of a large sale.—Middle-town, Orange Co., Press Mailed for \$1; 3 copies for \$2.50. Address DAVIDSON & CO., P. O. Box 2,396, 86 Nassau St., NEW YORK.

## TRIUMPH RUPTURE CURE,

384 BOWERY, N. Y.

The Triumph Truss Co. ask no advance

payment for curing Rupture, and offer

\$1000 Reward for any Case they cannot

Cure.

THEY employ a first-class lady Surgeon.

Their chief Surgeon has had 30 years' unflinching

Examination and advice confidential and free.

Orders filled by mail or express. Send stamp for

descriptive pamphlet to

DR. C. W. H. BURNHAM,

General Superintendent.

## JOINT PUBLIC SALE

OF

SHORT-HORNCATTLE

DEXTER PARK, CHICAGO,

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 10th, 1875.

THE SUBSCRIBERS announce that they

will hold a public sale of Short-horn cattle at Dex-

ter Park, Chicago, on Wednesday, Nov. 10th, 1875.

About 90 head, all told, will be sold, embracing a

more than usually large proportion of choice bred

stock. Ten Rose of Sharon, Young Mars, Gwynnes,

Lady Newham, Young Phyllis, Red Rose, Golden

Pippens, and descendants of Lady Abigail, Imp. Caro-

line, Mr. Mason's Flora, and other noted imported cows

will be included among the offerings. Oxford Lang-

shires, a deep-red Sable Bull, and Royal Coat,

mandor, practically a pure Booth, will also be

included in the sale.

Terms.—A credit of six months will be given, on

satisfactory note, bearing six per cent. interest. A

discount of five per cent. will be paid for cash.

JAMES M. KANKAKE, Ill.

E. L. DAVISON, Springfield, Ky.

Col. J. W. JUDY, Auctioneer.

At the same time and place, Mr. E. C. LEWIS, Arm-

strong Place, Deer Park, Ill., will sell 3 Lotens.

\* Attention is directed to the sale of the herd of

H. B. CONGER, which will be held at Dexter

Park on the day following this sale.

## PUBLIC SALE

OF THE

"WALDBERG HERD,"

OF

SHORT-HORN CATTLE

THE entire "WALDBERG HERD" of Short-horn

cattle will be sold at Public Auction, without reserve, at

DEXTER PARK, CHICAGO,

ON

Thursday, Nov. 11, 1875.

The herd consists of about 40 head, including repre-

sentatives of such strains as the Rose of Sharon, the

Princesses, Gwynnes, Waterloos, Garlands,

Bracelets and descendants of Imp. Lady Liver-

\_\_\_\_\_



## Literary and Domestic.

EDITED BY MRS. M. W. HUDSON.

Written for the Kansas Farmer.

## HER CHOICE.

The butter she turned with dimpled hands,  
Into shapes artistic, like fairy wands,  
Was not a whit more golden or fair  
Than the lambent gleam of her sunny hair;  
And the delicate glow of the sunset's flush  
Was nothing, compared with her dumure blush.

O, she merrily sang like a tireless lark,  
All the day long, from daybreak till dark!

And she was wooed—as one so fair  
Is apt to be—this maiden rare;  
Robin and Roland, country and town;  
Hands soft and white, hands russet brown,  
Hands gracefully fashioned, hands clumsy and rude,  
Were laid at the feet of this little pride.

But she merrily sang like a tireless lark,  
All the day long, from daybreak till dark.

"O, Roland loves me because I am fair!  
Like an ancient picture my yellow hair,  
And he says my eyes are true poet's blue,  
I wonder if townsfolk are always true?"  
She sighed, though thinking how fine 'twould be  
To marry a man as splendid as he.

She, who sang like a tireless lark,  
All the day long, from daybreak till dark.

"Ugly old Robin, how does he dare  
To say that he loves me, or even to care  
Whether I vow to live single or not?  
I'm sure I'm suited best with my lot!  
He loves me because I can bake and brew,  
And darn his old stockings! 'Twill never do!"

And she merrily sang like a tireless lark,  
All the day long, from daybreak till dark.

Sweet o'er the fields of fresh-grown clover  
Floated the song of her rustic lover;  
And beauty flushed, with lips a-tremble,  
And eyes that failed to scorn dissemble:  
'Ah! me! I wear the same red rose  
He made me wear, if him I chose!"

Will she always sing like a tireless lark,  
All the day long, from daybreak till dark?

Will she always sing like a tireless lark,  
All the day long, from daybreak till dark?

## WINTER BOUQUETS.

If you have beautiful, feathery grasses,  
gathered while they were green and dried in  
the dark, not hanging from the ceiling, but  
standing upright in their natural position so  
that the little branches will fall apart and  
look as feathery and graceful as only a bunch  
of fine grass can: and have ferns pressed,  
and autumn leaves dried when they were  
the brightest, then you have enough to make  
very handsome winter bouquets, and orna-  
ments, even if you do not succeed in skele-  
tonizing any leaves and have not raised any  
ever-lasting flowers. And when you get ready to  
arrange them, let us beg of you first not to  
crowd them. If a mass of fine grass is packed  
together until it looks like a bale of hay or  
a sheaf of oats, all the effect we are striving  
for is lost. A few varieties of grass, very care-  
fully put together so as to preserve a light and  
airy appearance, are much prettier than a solid  
bunch of the finest varieties.

The nicest way to mount ferns is to fill a  
vase with sand, or salt if you want something  
white, and stick the stems into it, studding  
some edgewise, some flat, and so on, the largest  
in the background and the smaller and more  
delicate ones in front, always being particu-  
lar not to put too many together, but en-  
deavoring to make them look like a natural  
cluster of fern leaves. A very pretty device of  
leaves, is a corner or right angle, tapering to  
a point either way about eight inches from  
the angle; two of these placed around the  
lower corners of a picture a few inches from  
it and fastened to the wall, look very pretty,  
and a semi-circle of leaves above a picture,  
with the points down, is also very pretty.

Wreaths made of leaves are much more  
graceful if tapered toward the top and finished  
by the meeting of the points of two  
leaves, than when they are made the  
same width all around. It is a great  
mistake in arranging leaves to try to  
make them all stand up, as nearly all leaves  
hang when on the tree and will look more  
natural in that position. Don't crystallize the  
grass nor varnish the leaves nor paint the  
ferns; they are a great deal prettier without  
and will last all winter, and then the marvel-  
ous summer will bring us more.

## VENTILATE THE CELLAR.

Don't fasten the cellar up too tight. Leave  
a window that can be opened on warm days  
for ventilation, no difference how much trou-  
ble it is to make it frost-proof. We have said  
a good deal on this subject, but as the season  
is at hand again for closing up these store  
houses of vegetables, meats, soap, pickles,  
milk, etc., we must repeat that those who have  
given sanitary and physiological subjects the  
most attention, agree that there is no more  
fruitful source of disease in the modern, private  
house than the cellar. Being below the  
surface of the ground, they are always more  
or less damp and the vegetables they contain,  
usually in a more or less decayed state, gener-  
ate gas and vapors very unhealthy to breathe,  
and whose only outlet is through the living  
rooms of the house.

Milk, butter, lard and meat cannot be kept  
in a cellar with pumpkins, turnips, potatoes  
and cabbage without absorbing a part of their  
odor and the vapors arising from them. Be-  
side these edibles there are often stored in the  
cellar: soft soap and soap grease, fuel, and  
old trash generally, which should never be  
allowed. A cellar is bad enough where it is  
kept clean and the decayed vegetables con-  
scientiously carried out, but when it is made

the receptacle of things that are not fit to eat  
as well as all kinds of food, it is simply ter-  
rible, and we marvel that so many people sur-  
vive over such a mine of destruction.

"We have to have some place that can be  
kept above freezing temperature, and what  
are you going to do about it?" some one asks.  
Why, suffer it, of course, for a long, long  
time, until civilization has out-grown cellars  
and builds caves entirely detached from dwell-  
ings; or, better still, store houses, with walls  
so thick that winter and summer are the same  
within them; but in the meantime we hope to  
induce a few housekeepers to have a way to  
ventilate the cellar from the outside all the  
year round, and whenever it is warm enough  
open it a few hours and let the noxious gases  
go out, instead of up into the house to create  
sickness.

## TWENTY YEARS.

When I hear people talking about romance  
having died a natural death in this busy nine-  
teenth century, and how prosaic and uninter-  
esting our lives have become, I always think  
of my old friend Phil Rodent. I don't think  
I ever heard a story quite like his. Twenty  
years of a man's life spent in waiting! and  
waiting is the hardest kind of work.

The other day he came into my study, look-  
ing worn and anxious. "What is the matter,  
Phil?" I asked, as he threw himself into an  
easy chair.

"Why, that Johnston woman is dead. No  
need of her dying any more than you or me,  
and her husband just come home—as fine a  
lad as ever stepped. Nice news to meet a man  
with—Here's your wife dead; now, what's to  
be done with the children?" His vessel was  
wrecked, you know; and though she heard the  
crow were picked up, that foolish woman was  
bound to have him drowned. I tried my best  
to keep her alive, but she just fretted herself  
into her grave."

"All have not your patience, Phil," I said  
gently.

He sat thinking for some minutes, while  
that calm, resolved look came into his face that  
I loved to see there. The lines in his forehead  
smoothed themselves away. We often sat thus,  
each thinking his own thoughts. I could  
guess what Phil's were. I knew the thought  
that brought that light of rest and strength.

What a grand, grave face my friend had!  
His powerful frame bore very lightly the bur-  
den of his threescore years. His step was quiet  
and elastic, and his hand—soft and white as a  
woman's, yet with a grip like steel—was as  
firm and steady as it had ever been.

Presently he rose and began drawing on his  
gloves. "I must go now, Archie, my patients  
will be very impatient this morning. I fancy  
you have done me good, or taught me how to  
do myself good, which is better; and Archie,  
if you think the story of my life may help  
some other life that is weary of living, tell it,  
Archie, and tell them though the way be long,  
the 'rest' that 'remaineth' is at its close."

So I laid aside my sermon and began my  
labor of love. Need I say my sermon was laid  
aside, what nobler sermon can there be than a  
good man's life?

I must ask your patience while I go back a  
long, long way to begin my story properly.  
How like picture galleries seem the years as  
we look back upon them. Here an open mead-  
ow, with the sunlight sleeping warm and  
bright upon it; there a bit of rocky coast, on  
which the long line of breakers crash and  
thunder, the only hint of life a tiny sail far  
out to sea; and as we grow older we see more  
and more plainly that to learn the real beauty  
of the pictures, the light must come from  
above.

One evening about ten years ago I was sit-  
ting in my cheerless, unhome-like hotel par-  
lor, when a letter was handed me bearing the  
postmark of a remote little village among the  
Connecticut hills. I had been there once long  
years before, and as I took the letter a waft  
from the breezy hills and fragrant woods  
swept over my remembrance, causing again  
the thrill of pleasure with which I first wel-  
comed them.

I opened my letter; the writing was fami-  
liar. I glanced at the signature. It was that  
of my old college friend Phil Rodent.

I shut my eyes then and thought a while.  
The tide of memory was too strong for me; I  
had to let it float me away. Twenty-six years  
before, Phil and I had clasped hands over our  
seawall, he to finish his medical studies  
abroad, I to enter the theological seminary.  
And now here was I an old man with failing  
health, and he the physician of the quaint lit-  
tle village where we had once idled away our  
summer vacation, with many a jest at the old-  
time ways and customs of its primitive in-  
habitants. Are lives ever what they hope to be?  
How many tired feet fall and falter; how many  
eyes grow dim with watching for the dawn  
that never breaks. Oh, may we not hope that  
in the great hereafter blighted buds swell and  
blossom into the perfect flower?

"I have heard of you, my friend," wrote  
Phil. "You are out of health and spirits. Come  
to me, and we will cheer you up. I have a  
room ready for you in my bachelor's hall, and  
we need you here. Our old minister, good old  
man, has gone to his well-earned rest, and we  
are a shepherdless flock. We have had a young  
man preaching for us, talented and good inten-  
tioned, but he soared among the clouds too  
much for us; our heads grew dizzy watching  
his aerial flights, so we shut our eyes and left  
him, thinking that, as he seemed to know the  
way, he would some time reach terra firma  
again. But that is not what we want. We  
want to be baptized and married and buried in  
the good old way, and you must do it for us  
day when you will come, and Ned (my horse)  
and I will meet you at the station."

Kind and hearty as ever. "If any man can  
give me strength and happiness, it is Phil Rod-  
ent," I said to myself.

Early in the next week the train left me at  
the quiet station, little different from what I  
remembered it; and no sooner had I stepped  
upon the platform than a cheery voice exclaim-  
ed, "Welcome, old fellow; come at last," and  
Phil clasped my hand in both of his. I saw  
the brakeman smile as we two old men walked  
off together. Phil's arm thrown across my  
shoulder—a boyish trick of his—but I thank  
God in my heart for this strong, faithful  
friend, who had kept the memory of our boy-  
ish days still fresh and green amid the frosts  
of age and the chilling winds of change and  
adversity.

One balmy September morning I was install-  
ed pastor of the old-fashioned little church,  
and then I went to housekeeping. Phil and I  
were busy all one week getting my home  
ready, and then I wrote to Abby, who, poor  
girl, was glad enough to leave her boarding  
place and come to keep house for me. Many  
years ago she had buried her hopes of happi-  
ness in the grave of young Richard Phelps,

and since then her life had been a rather  
oblivious one. We had two brothers married,  
but though "Aunt Abby" was very useful if  
the children had measles or scarlet fever, there  
was no place she could call her "home;" so  
now we two, the odd ones in the family, plan-  
ned to end our days together. Phil and I were  
much with each other, and one evening in the  
beginning of December we were sitting in his  
sanctum smoking a quiet pipe together, and  
he was telling me of some improvements he  
meant to make on his place, when I said jest-  
ingly: "What a pity it is you haven't made  
some woman happy with the gift of your hand  
and pleasant home, with all its et ceteras of  
lame horses and charity patients." Phil puff-  
ed a cloud of smoke into the air, and sat watch-  
ing the soft rings in silence for some moments;  
then he said quietly, "I have been waiting  
these twenty years, Archie, for my wife, and I  
still believe that she will come, though it's a  
long time," he repeated musingly.

Was my friend dreaming? I said nothing,  
but sat waiting some farther enlightenment.

"You never knew my brother Paul, did you,  
Archie?" Phil commenced in his full, quiet  
voice. "Poor fellow, he met with an accident  
when a child which lamed him for life. When  
he was—let me see—about twenty-two (he was  
eight years younger than myself) I took him  
to Germany to consult a famous physician, in  
whose skill I had great faith. Just before our  
sailing three passengers came on board, who  
attracted my attention and interests from the  
first. One was a man between forty and fifty,  
handsome and stylish-looking, but with an  
unpleasant air of bravado about him, and a  
furtive way of watching people, which impress-  
ed me very unfavorably. He was followed by  
a man some years younger than himself, on  
whose arm leaned a young and very pretty lady.  
As they passed into the cabin many 'eyes'  
were turned upon them. The men were talk-  
ing wholly in French, and paying little or no  
attention to their silent companion.

"Paul had his meals brought up on deck, and  
at dinner I found I was seated next the young  
lady who had so excited my interest that morn-  
ing. I never asked you, Archie, whether you  
cared to hear this long story; my heart was so  
full of it to-night that I began almost without  
thinking. If I weary you, you must try to  
pardon me.

"Well, that night many glances of admira-  
tion were cast upon my neighbor, glances not  
unmingled with pity; the pale, beautiful face  
was so very sad, and the large brown eyes  
seemed heavy with unshed tears. As she raised  
her hand I saw she wore a wedding ring. The  
elder of the two gentlemen was evidently her  
father, the likeness between them was so  
strong, and the other, I became convinced, was  
her husband, although he seemed strangely  
indifferent to her comfort or convenience. As  
we left the table she dropped her handkerchief,  
and when she raised her eyes to mine in thank-  
ing me for restoring it, whether she saw the  
interest and sympathy I felt revealed in my  
face I could not tell, but a slight blush tinged  
her cheek as she turned away.

"The next morning when I returned from a  
search for Paul's books and rug, I found her  
seated beside him. She apologized very sweet-  
ly for her intrusion, then said with a glance  
at her husband, who was leaning on the back  
of her chair, 'Mr. Lambert had some books  
which he thought your brother might like to  
see.'

"Mr. Lambert acknowledged my thanks  
with a careless bow, saying, with a scarcely  
perceptible sneer in his voice, as he strolled  
away, 'My wife is devoted to invalids.'

"Mrs. Lambert glanced up at me with a  
troubled look, as if she feared my being offend-  
ed; but as I endeavored by my manner to re-  
assure her, she was soon chatting quite cheer-  
fully to Paul, who seemed to have taken one  
of his violent fancies to her at once.

"After that not a day passed that did not  
find her seated on the deck, trying to amuse  
and interest my poor boy, who used to lie on  
his cushions with his pale cheek resting in his  
hand, and his large blue eyes fastened on her  
eloquent face with a look of the most intense  
admiration and love. Once she apologized to  
me for usurping my place in performing some  
little office for Paul which I had been accus-  
tomed to render, saying with a pathetic long-  
ing in her voice, 'It is so sweet to me to have  
some one who will let me love and care for  
him; and my Paul, accustomed to petting all  
his life, soon demanded the most exclusive at-  
tention from Kathleen, as he learned to call  
her. She would often come on deck looking  
pale and troubled; but a few minutes beside  
Paul's couch and her face would clear, her eyes  
grow soft with womanly tenderness, and the  
smile that played upon her lips was all the  
sweetest for the tears that had preceded it. Her  
two companions seemed to leave her almost  
entirely to herself, and before the voyage was  
over I strongly suspected that in the intermi-  
nable games of cards always going on in their  
cabin, a good deal of money belonging to some  
of the other passengers passed into their hands,  
and yet good company and good wines made  
their society very attractive. They were both  
very gentlemanly in their manners, and Mr.  
Lambert was especially witty in conversation,  
though his wit was of that sarcastic kind that  
wounds oftener than it pleases. Many a time  
have I seen Kathleen's cheek flush and her  
eyes fill with tears, at some careless sneer from  
this man who had sworn to love and cherish  
her, and then, Archie, I confess I had to clench  
my hands to keep from collaring him and  
pitching him over the rail. The mystery of  
that union I never fathomed; he seemed utter-  
ly indifferent to her, and that she did not love  
him I was certain; that she feared him I was  
almost equally sure. Her father seemed kind-  
er, and for him she evidently entertained great  
affection. One day he joined our little party,  
saying as he laid his hand upon his daughter's  
shoulder, 'Trying to replace the poor little  
Parisian, Kathleen? Well, that's right. Then  
he added, half sadly, half jestingly, 'I wonder  
if the good deeds of an angel can blot out the  
sins of one of the evil ones? ask that pale boy,  
Kathleen; he looks as if familiar with the ways  
of angels.'

"Kathleen bent her head with a vivid blush,  
but Paul reached up and took her hand, say-  
ing, with his own bright smile, 'I have been  
lately, sir.'

"I believe you, my boy,' her father said, ha-  
stily; 'may it do you more good than it has  
done me.' Then he turned away, and I follow-  
ed, for I thought Kathleen would rather be  
alone with Paul for a time.

"When I returned Paul was saying, 'Do you  
know, Kathleen, with all your dear little  
motherly ways, I am four years older than  
you?'

"In years, perhaps, but oh, Paul, not in sor-  
row. No,' she continued, in answer to his re-  
proachful look; 'how gladly I would bear  
your sorrow, heavy though it is, no words can  
tell.'

"Then I withdrew as quietly as I had come,  
knowing that my gentle brother could comfort  
her better than I could. One day Paul men-

tioned our destination, a German watering  
place. Her face lighted up. 'We are going  
there too, at least I think so. I have heard  
them mention it.' Then she stopped abruptly,  
and changed the subject before either of us  
could reply.

"Paul used to lie and talk of her for hours  
after I took him down stairs, and one night  
when he had been telling me how loyally  
Kathleen's lips kept secret the misery my  
child might read in her face, he looked  
denly at me with a penetrating, startled glance.  
Then he laid his hand gently on mine. 'Poor  
Phil,' 'Poor Kathleen,' I answered, wondering  
at his words.

"When we reached Liverpool, Mr. Lambert  
suddenly decided to go first to Paris, so Paul  
and I went on alone. We did not speak much  
of Kathleen now, but my boy missed her sad-  
ly, and as his health began to fail I knew he  
longed daily for a sight of her sweet face,  
a touch of her cool, soft hand. 'My little sister,'  
I heard him say once when he thought he was  
alone, 'if you knew Paul was dying, I think  
you would come to him.'

"His words wrung my heart with a terrible  
pain and fear. If I had only known Kathleen's  
address I would have written to her, but I had  
no means of learning it. Paul said nothing  
to me about his wish to see her, but when the  
doctor advised change of air he asked me to  
take him to Baden Baden.

"Why, Paul, do you think—  
"I think Kathleen may be there," he said  
quietly. And he was right. Two days after  
our arrival a carriage passed me in the street.  
Glimping up, I saw Kathleen leaning, pale and  
sad-looking among the cushions. As she  
caught sight of me she started violently; then  
stopping her carriage she made me a sign to  
enter it. The street was crowded, so I obeyed  
her. 'How is Paul?' she asked anxiously, as I  
seated myself beside her. When I told her  
how rapidly he had failed she said eagerly,  
'Will you take me to him? I have so longed  
to see him again!'

"Now? I questioned.  
"Yes. No one cares where I go; and the  
tears rushed to her eyes.

[To be concluded next week.]

In order to take out sewing-machine oil,  
wash with cold water and soap. Wetting it  
with hot water leaves an indelible stain.

A piece of red pepper the size of your  
finger-nail, put into meat or vegetables when  
first beginning to cook, will aid greatly in  
killing the unpleasant odor arising therefrom.  
Remember this for boiling cabbage, green  
beans, onions, chickens, mutton, etc.

THE BEST WAY TO COOK CODFISH.—Strip  
it of its skin, and cut it in pieces about the  
size of one's hand; place it in water, and  
allow it to simmer on the stove until it becomes  
tender. It should never be allowed to boil.  
Boiling hardens and darkens the fish, and  
deprives it of its flavor.

DRIED BEEF FRIZZLED IN CREAM.—Chip  
the beef as thin as paper with a very sharp  
knife. Melt in a frying-pan butter the size  
of an egg, stir the beef about in it for two or  
three minutes, dust in a little flour, add half  
a teaspoonful of rich cream, give a boil up, and  
serve in a covered dish.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of sour  
cream; 1 cup of molasses; 1 egg; a heaping  
teaspoonful of ginger; a small spoonful of sal-  
eratus dissolved in a little hot water, and a  
little salt. I have no rule for flour. It makes  
a beautiful light, spongy cake, if not made too  
stiff. H. A. L. Elm Hill, Conn.

WASH DAY PUDDING.—One pint of flour,  
three eggs, one teaspoonful of pounded sugar,  
one cupful of milk, half a teaspoonful of soda,  
one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one full table-  
spoonful of butter, rub the soda through the  
flour, dissolve the cream of tartar in the milk  
and stir all together quickly, just before din-  
ner is served; bake in a quick oven, and eat  
with sauce either hard or soft. Baked in  
small tins or open pans, this forms nice tea  
cakes.

APPLE PIE.—F. G. tells how to bake an  
apple pie. I will tell how to make one—plain,  
simple, yet wholesome and toothsome. In the  
first place I give a recipe for the crust. Many  
a mother makes her pie crust by her own  
judgment, but a recipe will aid her daughter  
greatly when she wishes to learn the art.

Five cups of sifted flour; one cup of lard  
worked in slightly; a heaping teaspoonful of  
salt; one cup of water. Mix quick and work  
very little. This is just enough for three  
large pies. Quarter the apples and lay them  
evenly, rounded side up. Lay the top crust  
on, and cut off the edge without pressing to-  
gether, so that it will be easily removed when  
baked, by passing a knife around between the  
crusts. Then sweeten with half a cup of dry  
sugar, grate in a little nutmeg, and a little  
piece of salt. Mix with a knife, and turn  
your crust back again. Apple pie made in  
the manner described above will rescue this  
article of American cookery from disgrace.  
H. A. L.



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I hitched my ocher close to her an' shet my eyes an' said:

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With that she fatched a scream, an' arter awhile she said:

"Peter!"

"What is it, Sally?"

"Yes," sed she, hidin' her face.

You may depend upon it, I felt orful good. "Hooray! I must hollow, Sal, or I'll bust wide open. Hooray! Hooray! I can jump over a ten rail fence; I can do anything a fellow could or ort to do."

With this I sorter sloshed myself down beside her an' clinched the bargain with a kiss. Talk about your molasses, talk about your nite-blooming serious, they warn't no where; you couldn't have got me n' 'em, they would have sed sour arter that. O, broom straws with lasses on 'em.

If Sal, daddy hadn't bawled out, "It's time all honest folks wux in bed," I do believe I'd stayed all nite.

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"I will tell you how I used to do," said a sharp young African, as he walked up China street with an ebony companion, "I used to have de worstest kind o' sickness and have to go to bed when dere wux any work to be done."

"Know what I used to do?"

"No."

"I'll tell you," spoke up the other boy, "soon's I git my breckfus I hear a boat below, an' I run in de hall and say, Missus, boat comin'! Den she tell me go to de pos'office, an' I stay dere putty near all day."

"What she do to you den?"

"Dont do nuffin. When I go back home I say, Missus, such a crowd at de pos'office I couldn't git inside, an' when I try to scrooge in white folks troump my feet."

"Do dat sasti'fy her?"

"In course it do. Dont s'pose she want me to be tramped to deff, do you?"

And as they walked on the other young African became silent and meditative, merely remarking: "Sing'er I never thought o' dat."

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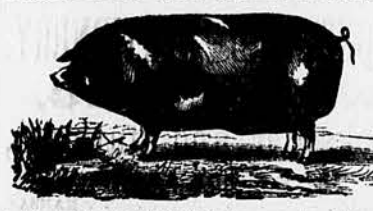
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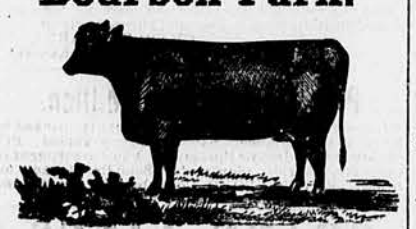
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