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Agriculture.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A SUCCESSFUL NEW YORK WHEAT GROWER.

We copy from the *Country Gentleman*, part of a report by George Geddes, of a recent visit to John Johnston, believing that nothing is more valuable to young farmers than reports of the operations of successful ones:

Mr. Johnston became the owner of this land when he was by no means a rich man. He purchased in pieces, as his means and credit permitted, until he had about 300 acres (since reduced to about 100). He now tells the story of certain careful bankers' lending him money without security on his note for eighteen months, to drain this land. He does not yet see how they dared to trust him with such large sums to invest in what was considered by most of his neighbors as a wild scheme of "burying crockery" in his land, as they deridedly talked when they passed by, wagging their wise heads. "But, Mr. Johnston, did you pay that large note by the time it became due?" "Long before," was the prompt reply. The two crops of wheat that came in during the time, by their increased yield, wiped the debt all out, and gave him and some others confidence in his policy—which may be summed up by saying that he first took the stagnant water from his land, and then made all the barn-yard manure he could by feeding sheep and cattle during the winter, and turning into the ground, great crops of clover and grass, when he plowed his pastures and meadows, to raise wheat. The immense work he performed will be best comprehended, when it is stated that he laid about forty-five miles of tile drains—and this, too, on what is called uplands, not, as has been said, made wet by springs, but by the water that fell upon it from the clouds—and he is recognized as the very father of the now so generally practiced system of upland drainage in this country.

The prejudices he encountered may be understood when we are informed that to do the work thoroughly on one of his fields it was necessary, for an outlet, to make a drain through a field belonging to a neighbor, and that he could not obtain consent from the owner to do so. "Why," said he, "if you should cut a ditch through my field two or three feet deep, you would take all the moisture out of it, and ruin it." He had to purchase this field, which he was only able to do after long negotiation. Once in his possession, the whole field was speedily cut into strips two rods wide, bounded by tile drains. The immense crops that followed astonished the former owner, so that he might be seen very early of a morning, when he thought he was unobserved, looking over the new line fence, upon the once wet, soggy land, that would give him very little but aquatic plants and nearly worthless grasses. How our venerable friend loves to tell this story!

He had a field of forty acres that was seeded to clover, and most of it (all but three or four acres in one corner) had been drained, which he wished to put into wheat, and he did not wish to plow it until the clover had become fully grown. To this end, he purchased in the early spring three pairs of strong oxen, intending to put on each plow a span of horses and a yoke of oxen—a boy to drive and a man to hold the plow.

Acquaintances as they passed along the road began to ask why he did not plow his summer fallow; but he bided his own time, pasturing ten sheep to the acre after the clover had become well grown and until quite late in June. Then with his three span of horses and his men, he went to the field, sending in another direction for the oxen. For some reason, there was delay in bringing the oxen, and having nothing else on hand, he started a team of horses before one of his plows, and was surprised to find that two horses on a plow were enough, and no oxen wanted. So when the oxen came, the boys were told to drive them back, and let them get fat to be sold for beef.

This saving of a boy to drive and a yoke of oxen, was due to the draining. The tenacity of the soil had been broken up by freeing it from water. This was demonstrated when the plow came to the part that had not been drained—left, as in Mr. Johnston's judgment, not wet enough to materially injure crops. To plow this undrained land, it was necessary to use three horses to a plow. The lesson taught was improved, and drains were at once put in to this piece. So it was not merely the increase in the crop, but the lessened cost of producing it as well, that was gained.

The after treatment of this field consisted in keeping the surface mellow, and leaving the clover in the furrow. In regard to this method of summer-fallowing, Mr. Johnston said that in 1859 he harvested 12 acres of Mediterranean wheat that measured 35 bushels to the acre, weighing 64 pounds to the bushel (making the merchantable average 37½ bushels). He plowed an old-sod in June, deep, using three-horse teams, and kept the surface mellow by harrowing, but no other plowing.

The largest yield of wheat was in 1837; 20 acres averaged 42½ bushels to the acre. So it turns out that this master-workman

has never been able to produce, on a field of real mother earth, more than 42½ bushels to the acre of wheat in one crop.

With all Mr. Johnston's knowledge and industry, his wheat crop this year is nearly a failure. His Deihl wheat, that was exposed to the cold winds of March and April, was just ruined, and the timothy seed sown in early October, 1874, has matured into a fine crop of hay, and has been cut for hay.

The Deihl that was sheltered by a thick belt of woods along the lake shore is barely middling, and ripening very unevenly.

The Clawson wheat, of which he sowed only a strip along the side of the ruined field of Deihl, is middling.

I was at Mr. Johnston's last season, just previous to wheat sowing, and saw the perfect cultivation of his field, that has failed so entirely, so far as the Deihl wheat is concerned. The summer-fallowing had been very thorough, and the Canada thistle roots, that the nurserymen had introduced while raising trees in this field, were being dug up as far as they could be traced, and nevertheless, the cold winds and frosts of spring destroyed the Deihl.

SAVING SEEDS.

We do not as a rule advise that farmers should save seeds from the vegetables they cultivate, and simply for the reason that most seeds can be bought cheaper, and fully as good and many of them better than those raised at home. The labor of transplanting, drying, saving, and cleaning is tedious, and is rarely economically done, except by those who make a business of it and have the proper appliances therefore.

When seeds are saved they should be attended to as they ripen, and carefully saved. Peas when ripe should be dried, and immediately threshed, cleaned, and then be thinly spread in some airy place to become seasoned and hard.

Beans when ripe should be pulled, the roots of each handful pressed firmly together, the handfuls placed on their tops in open windows and when dry enough, be threshed and spread like peas until they are thoroughly dry and hard.

Lettuce, radish, beet, parsnip, onion, etc., should be dried in the shade. So with pot herbs; but these should be cut while green, and when sufficiently dry ought to be enveloped in paper or put in paper bags until wanted for use. If the seed is wanted they may be saved like those of lettuce. But of the seeds mentioned in this paragraph except radish do not wait until all are ripe else you are sure to lose many and the best from dropping.

The husks of sweet corn should be stripped down as soon as dry, and allowed to harden somewhat in the sun, or if plucked immediately the ears may be tied two and two and hung in a warm airy place over something sufficient large to keep them apart while drying. If smoked a little after becoming tolerably dry it will assist the curing.

Tomatoes, cucumbers and other pulpy fruits, should be allowed to become perfectly ripe before being picked. They should then be laid away until quite soft, then broken and macerated in water to separate the seeds, and spread thinly in the sun until dry. It allowed to remain in water too long, or until fermentation has fairly set in, the seeds become blackened.

In saving any seed, never neglect to properly label each kind with its proper name, and the year in which it was saved. Do not be content with marking the packages cucumber, radish, lettuce, etc. If it be white spine cucumber, write it so; if long green, write it long green cucumber. If you have white silesian lettuce, short top scarlet radish, trophy tomato, or what not, mark the packages so that they will show exactly what they are, and thus save much vexation perhaps when wanted for planting.

If you have been in the habit of saving seed heretofore, and without giving varieties their special names, commence anew. Throw away the old, buy new seeds of some reputable seed sower, place plainly marked stakes to them when planted, and hereafter in saving seed always mark them properly. It is so pleasant when giving a neighbor some nice seed to be able to tell them exactly the variety they are getting.—*Prairie Farmer*.

THE EUROPEAN CROP.

The *Mark Lane Express* of July 13th, in its weekly review says the crops have been progressing favorably, and the reports to this effect have produced a quieter feeling in the London market, where prices had begun to advance. But there has been further improvement in the country, prices in many places being again one to two shillings dearer for wheat; and as the idea of having a crop equal to last year's is given up, and stocks decrease, there is plenty of room for a further rise. In France the damage to crops from the floods has been very extensive in the provinces, and the figures show a rise in wheat of from one to two shillings.

From Mitchell County.

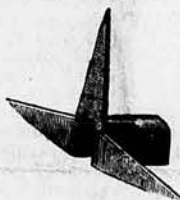
August 2—Small grain crop fair; corn enormous; cattle men would find it to their advantage to come here to feed, as forage for cattle was never better, grass large and plenty, and we will have corn to winter feed thousands of cattle in this valley. We have too much rain at present for small grain.



The Greatest Invention of the Age—The Cheapest, Most Effective and Durable Fence in the World.

The barbs consist of three strong, sharp points cut from No. 18 Belgian tack-plate iron and are firmly clasped, by machinery, around No. 9 fence wire, 7 ins. apart. The whole being nicely japanned, rendering it impervious to wet and rust. Its points of superiority are as follows:

1. It is the only three pointed barb in the market, presenting a point on every side of the wire, giving it double the effectiveness of any two pointed barb.
2. It is put upon a single wire, giving less exposed surface than where two wires are used, and bringing the strain equally upon all the material, and there is no twisting of wire to break the grain.
3. It is the cheapest, weighing least per rod.



THE BARB.

We also sell the barbs separate from the wire, packed in kegs. They can be attached to any old wire fence anywhere. They are immovably clasped around the wire after the fence is built with pinches furnished for the purpose. They are being put upon every rod of old wire fence in the United States, and render them literally impassable for stock of all kinds. Farmers prefer a thorn upon wire to hedge, as there is no shade or trimming. The Barbs and Barbed Wire are being placed in the hands of hardware dealers everywhere. Samples and circulars sent free to all.

Address KENNEDY, BARNES & CO., Aurora, Illinois.

STEAM CULTIVATION.

Surely steam cultivation is to be the base on which will safely and permanently rest the profitable future of agriculture. Its aid comes none too soon, for that great national complaint "consumption" increases enormously, and I am filled with anxiety and fear when I reflect upon the possibility of a naval war which shall interrupt the flow of a large portion of the foreign supply of food, on which 16,000,000 of our people are depending for their daily nourishment. The first naval engagement in which Britain is concerned would send up food prices enormously, and affect most injuriously our cheapness of manufacturing. Bread and meat would go up; farmers with long unexpired leases would make a purse, while the unfortunate renewer of an expiring lease would go in at war rents, and go out, probably at peace prices, a ruined, or impoverished man; just as it was in the "good old times," within my recollection, when gold displaced paper; plenty and content would vanish before war prices and obstructed supplies. Well, then, let us make hay while the sun shines, multiply the use of agricultural steam machinery, and make our land so productive that our dependence on foreign nations for our food shall be a minimum instead of (as at present) a maximum. We all know how this can be done, but to do it, many of our old legislative and other antiquated notions must make way for modern exigencies. Security of tenure by lease and absence of restraint as to cropping may be safely granted when accompanied by a power on the part of the landlord to oust a bad tenant or compel him to amend his ways, as is provided in Lord Leicester's commendable leases. The great want of British agriculture is a departure from antiquated agricultural attachments, and a recognition and adoption of modern requirements. Foremost among these are the concentration and increase of acreable capital, both on the part of land owner and tenant, and such facilities for the inflow of, at present, outside capital, as shall induce it to become available for the great increase of both food and profit. All this is "no easy task," but the very reverse, so somebody must keep "pegging away."—*J. J. Mecht, in Dublin Journal of Agriculture*.

From Rooks County.

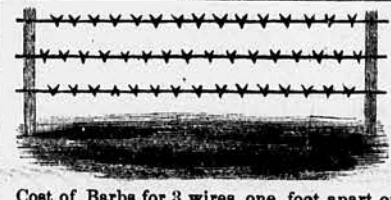
August 1—Rye and wheat will make about 20 bushels to the acre; oats short, about half crop; corn looking splendid, bids fair to make 60 to 80 bushels per acre. Grasshoppers passed over this county at intervals from about the 10th of May until the first of July, but have done no damage. Stock looking magnificent.

A. J. F.

KENNEDY'S PATENT BARB WIRE FENCE.

4. Posts may be put from twenty to thirty feet apart.
5. It can be built with one-fifth the labor of board and rail fence.
6. Enough can be drawn in one load to fence one quarter section of land, with one-half the cost of a board fence.
7. When desiring to move the fence it can be laid upon the ground and dragged to any part of the farm desired, without injuring or displacing the barbs.
8. It is stock, wind and freshet proof.
9. If it does not answer our recommendation, it may be returned and the money will be refunded.

It is wound on spools of 100 pounds each, reaching 90 rods. Delivered all over the United States at 18 cents per pound.



Cost of Barbs for 3 wires, one foot apart on each, 11 cents per rod.

We are receiving many letters like the following:

"Messrs. K., B. & Co.:—I have 200 rods of two wire fence, barbed ten inches apart, one wire 26 inches from the ground, the other 38 inches, and corn ten feet high, the entire length of the fence, and 150 cattle grazing on the other side, but corn and cattle never mix. We had a good post and rail fence, but were bothered daily with cattle breaking in. We have also one wire 80 rods along a corn field, and it turns the stock completely."

Pomona, Kansas.

C. F. CURRY.

NOW IS THE TIME TO IMPROVE OUR GRASS LANDS.

"No grass, no cattle; no cattle, no manure; no manure, no crops; no crops, no farmers; no farmers, no nothing."

We have heretofore called attention to the fact that pastures as well as meadows have been greatly injured by the hard winters and dry summers of the last three or four years, in a large portion of the grazing districts of the United States. But the summer of 1875 has, thus far, been generally most favorable to the growth of the young grass, and the thickening of old meadows and pastures, especially where there has been surface dressing; and it is probable that the fall will be equally favorable for sowing grass seeds and the improvement of meadows and pastures.

We again urge upon our readers the importance of this work, and the bad economy—the great waste, in fact—of light crops of hay and poor pastures.

If the moist weather continues, rotted manure may be applied to grass lands with advantage at any time, and it will be especially remunerative in the fall.

In sowing grass seeds, we are thoroughly convinced that most farmers sow too thin. Many farmers do not sow more than four quarts to the acre, when experience has demonstrated beyond question that at least double that amount is not too much.—*National Live Stock Journal*.

MISTAKEN POLICY.

Many farmers entertain the opinion that a cow gives the largest yield of milk when she is poor in flesh, in low condition, and this, we suppose, explains the reason why we see so many wretched, poor and half-starved cows coming out of the barns of this country every spring. But a more careful observation of the points connected with the condition of the cow will invariably show that this cannot possibly be the case—that if the condition is low, the system emaciated, the yield of milk is of necessity comparatively small, that is, small to what any particular cow would be capable of yielding on the same food were she in better condition; and if the yield is large in quantity it will be poor in quality, because much of the food which should go to yield milk will necessarily be drawn upon by the animal to maintain its bodily condition. This point has too often been overlooked in considering the true economy of dairy management.—*Massachusetts Ploughman*.

"Get out of the way? what are you good for?" said a cross old man to a little bright-eyed urchin, who happened to stand in his way. The little fellow, as he stepped one side, replied very gently: "They make men of such things as we are."

Horticulture.

KANSAS FRUIT AND FRUIT CULTURE.

OUR OBJECT.

It is our wish to reach the simple facts in regard to fruit culture in Kansas. We are even more anxious for these facts than to make a good showing for Kansas. We are not in the advertising business, and do not propose to put the "best foot forward" in the sense of ignoring any facts. We shall not seek to advertise one locality nor another, nor yet the whole of Kansas, but to gather up the results of past experience in fruit culture and put it in such form that conclusions can be added and made available for future work.

Every one who has given the least attention to the subject knows that there are very marked differences in the value of certain varieties of fruit for fruit culture in Kansas. Many varieties valuable in the East must be discarded here. There are also marked differences in soil. There is something also in peculiarities of location. There are also marked variations in climate even in Kansas. These peculiarities are none of them well understood; and yet we have had experience enough already to throw some light on all these points if that experience can be gathered up and made available. Thus much it seems necessary to say directly to those who may be interested in fruit culture, with the view of securing their hearty co-operation. We believe it possible to make the combined experience of all fruit-growers available for the general good, and hence we solicit reports of facts and actual experience from all parts of the State, so that we may secure in the end a comprehensive view of what has been accomplished in fruit culture.

The nursery and orchard of John Davis, Esq., is located on high ground about three miles from Junction City. The soil is a calcareous clay, with traces of iron, very similar to that mentioned in the last number only somewhat thinner and with a greater inclination of surface; hence the growth will be ordinarily slower and perhaps better prepared to withstand climatic changes. The ground is high, inclination in all directions except east. This plantation consists of about ten acres. The first trees were planted in 1871. While this case will not throw any light upon the fruiting qualities of different varieties it will give us a view of what the unfortunate and exceptional trials—grasshoppers, drought, fall rains and extreme cold of the winter—of 1874 did for trees on high and dry ground. There is on these grounds an occasional buffalo wallow where trees will not grow. In these cases probably thorough manuring and deep culture will be the only remedy. There are here from sixty to eighty thousand trees in nursery, all two or more years old. The three-year-old trees here are not larger than those two years old grown on lower land; and this will probably account, in part at least, for their comparative immunity from injury last year; for while on lower grounds peach trees were seriously injured, of twelve thousand seedling peach trees here scarcely one hundred were ruined. Of the apple trees about forty per cent. were unfitted for last spring's sales; many of these will recover, so that not more than ten or fifteen per cent. will be a final loss. The northern slope suffered more than other parts of the plantation, though perhaps caused in this case from buffalo wallows and from working the ground up and down the hill. Of budded peach trees forty to fifty per cent. are lost.

Pear trees have received little attention. Those on the ground are mostly dwarfs. Loss of those twenty-five per cent. The standards from special causes have been neglected but have suffered less than the dwarfs.

The injury to the apple trees is comparatively slight. Those which have suffered least are the following: Benoni, Red June, Sweet June, Early Harvest, Douchess of Oldenburgh, Maiden Blush, Red Astrachan, Fameuse, Porter, Rambo, Autumn Swaar, Yellow Ingestrie, and the Crabs, Winter Sweet, Ben Davis, Stark, Milam, Rawl's Genet, Sweet Romanita, Rock Pippin, Park's Keeper, Lawyer, Press Ewing, Newtown Pippin, Winesap, Willottwig, Fink, Hew's Virginia Crab and Wagener. Among those which have suffered most severely may be named Keswick Codlin, Nickajack, Stanard, Rome Beauty, Grimes' Golden and Carthouse. Of grapes fifty per cent. are dead. Those two years old in the nursery have suffered more than the vineyard. The evergreens are dead except Austrian Pine and Red Cedar.

Forest trees, maples and poplars on northern slope, badly damaged. Mulberry slightly injured. European Mountain Ash fifty per cent. dead. European Larch all dead. Butternut, Juglans Cineras, badly damaged. Box Elder, Elm, Black Walnut and Ash are all right.

Query: How much soil and location to do with Mr. Davis' comparative immunity from injury?—[Prof. Gale, of Kansas State agricultural College.

TWO FLORAL MARVELS.

The *Horticulturist* gives an account of two novelties among flowers, which it is almost tempted to treat as fables until their verity is established by personal inspection. The following is the description of them:

"One is a black lily in Santa Clara, California, with three large blossoms, each nine inches long, and perfectly black outside of the green

petals. The other is to be seen at Constantine and described by an eye witness as belonging to the Narcissus genus of bulbs. The flower represents a perfect hummingbird. The breast of a bright emerald green, is a complete copy of this bird, and the throat, head, beak, and eyes are a perfect imitation. The hind part of the body and the two outstretched wings are of a bright rose color, one might almost say flesh colored. These wondrous bulbs should have been sent to the Vienna Exhibition. They will be in abundance by the time of our Centennial Celebration in 1876. And yet they can hardly be greater curiosities than the strange and mysterious 'Sancta Spiritus' flower of South America, with its life like representation of doves."

PROFIT FROM FOREST TREES.—It matters little whether it be Norway Spruce, White Pine, Scotch Larch, American Elm, Red or Soft Maple, etc., all and each with many more are rapidly and easily grown. The simple course is first to sow the seeds thinly in beds with rows four inches distant each from the other. Shade them, from the time of seeding, both winter and summer, until they have grown to be four to six inches high; then, having made the ground loose and pliable, transplant into rows four feet apart and the plants one foot apart in the rows. This will give something over 10,000 plants to the acre. At the end of three years every three plants out of four should be taken up from out of these rows and replanted in another field at a distance of four by six feet. The growth now of both plantations will be rapid, and in three years more one-half of the whole will be of twelve to twenty feet in height, and a diameter of four to six inches, and valued for various purposes at thirty to fifty cents each. The removing of these trees for all of previous labor, and safe to say, in six years more we sell for \$1,000 per acre. So much for a calm view of judicious investment, where money can be spared and the future looked to for its return at a large profit. The few varieties I have named are as nothing, for the Chestnut, Butternut, Black Walnut and many more of fruit producing trees, have in them qualities valuable for timber, and should the investor grow 1,000 acres, less or more of them, their production of fruit would fully compensate him.—*E. R. Elliott.*

Farm Stock.

HORSE BREEDING IN IRELAND.

Major Borrow, in the absence of Mr. M'Farlane, who had placed a motion on the minutes regarding the necessity of giving effect to the movement set on foot by Lord Calhoun, as to encouraging horse breeding in the sister country, brought the subject under the notice of the council, and in doing so urged that it was one of vital importance to the agriculturists of this country, and calculated materially to benefit their interests. In support of his argument he showed from the return of Mr. Donnelly that the total number of stallions in Ireland, including thorough and half-bred, in 1871, was 908. Taking the area of Ireland there was only one to thirty-one square miles. This was a state of things which in his opinion, ought to be remedied, and, therefore suggested that the society should take some action in the matter by contributing something towards carrying out the object in view, or the members subscribing £10 each for five years (which he personally prepared to do), to make up the sum required. In conclusion, he moved a resolution substantially to the effect stated by him, and offered to increase his subscription by £10 a year, provided nine other members did the same.—*Dublin Journal of Agriculture.*

CARE OF HORSES.

The London Horse Book says: All horses must be fed in the same proportion, without regard to their ages, their constitution and their work; because the propriety of such a practice is self-evident. Yet it is constantly done, and is the basis of diseases of every kind.

Never use bad hay on account of the cheapness, because there is no proper nourishment in it. Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious, because it brings on inflammation of the bowels and skin diseases. Chaff is better for old horses than hay, because they can chew and digest it better.

When a horse is worked hard its food should be chiefly be oats, because oats supply more nourishment and flesh-making material than any other kind of food; hay not so much. Rack feeding is wasteful. The better plan is to feed with chopped hay, from a manger, because the food is not then thrown out, and is more easily chewed and digested.

Sprinkle the hay with water that has salt dissolved in it, because it is pleasing to the animal's taste and more easily digested. A teaspoonful of salt in a bucket of water is sufficient.

JUDGING OF HORSES.

The purchasers of horses for the French army always endeavor to obtain a first look at the animal when he is tranquil and in the stable; noting if the animal supports itself well on all its legs, and if one seems to yield, to especially examine it. Attention is then directed to the largeness of the pupil of the eye, which ought to be more dilated when in the stable than when exposed to full light. After the animal has been led out of the stable, the eye ought to be again examined; observe the pupil contracted—if not, the sight is feeble. Others, to test the power of vision, feign to strike the forehead with the hand. If the hollow over the eyes be profound, and temples grey, old age is to be concluded. Wounds about the temples suggest attacks of staggers, and when the end of the nose presents circular scars it may be concluded the horse has been twitched with a cord to insure his quietness while being shod, or having to submit to severe painful operations.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

TIME MADE BY FAST HORSES.

Goldsmith Maid, 2:14; American Girl, 2:16½; Lulu, 2:16½; Occident, 2:16½; Gloster (dead), 2:17; Dexter, 2:17½; Nettie, 2:18; Red Cloud, 2:18; Lady Thorne, 2:18½; Lucy, 2:18½; Judge Fullerton, 2:19; George Palmer, 2:19½; Bodine, 2:19½; Camora (dead), 2:19½; Flora Temple, 2:19½.

Taking good care of stock, means in a general way, making animals comfortable. That is about all there is of it. To be successful in feeding stock a man must become interested; the work must be a pleasure, not a task; the person must be quick to apprehend the wants of the animals, and prompt in supplying them. A blundering, heedless man has no business among stock.

MULES AND HORSES.

Whatever may be said of the horse as an agricultural laborer above the mule at the North, certain it is that the position of the Arkansas correspondent of the *American Farm Journal*, favoring the mule in Southern agriculture, is well taken:

Mules on an average are more valuable than horses, are not so subject to disease, and are not likely to run away in wagoning and plowing, are longer lived, will do more work, and require less feed and attention; they are stronger, will draw heavier loads, and stand a great deal more hardship, and are in every way preferable to the horse for general farm use. Mules come in earlier, being ready for light work when three years old. They will then do enough work on the farm to pay for their feed, and after having attained the age of four years, they are ready for any kind of service. But the horse (colt) must be kept until he is four years old before he is worked at all, and when he is four he must be a first-rate colt to bring as much as the mule will at two years old. But assume the animals are both required for farm work, see what a difference there is in favor of the mule. The working life of a mule can be safely estimated at thirty years, and that of a horse at ten years. So while a mule is working its life out, three horses are required to do equal service. But these are not the only items. The saving of feed is at least one fourth, or not less than 45 bushels of corn and 427 tons of hay. These amounts, added to the original saving in purchase of animals, show an advantage in favor of the use of the mule over the horse of over \$1,000 during the ordinary life of the animal. The mule is less dainty about food, unground grain and dry feed being just the thing for him. There are still other advantages in favor of the mule too numerous to mention.—*Exchange.*

FEED AND BREED OF DAIRY COWS.

Dr. Sturtevant, of Massachusetts, closes a paper contributed to the Report of the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture, with the following summary of the conclusions at which he has arrived on this subject:

1. That the production of butter is largely dependant on breed.
2. That there is a structural limit to the production of butter, to each cow.
3. That when the cow is fed to this limit, increased food cannot increase the production.
4. That the superior cow has this structural limit at a greater distance from ordinary feed, and more ready to respond to stimuli, than the inferior cow.
5. That consequently the superior cow is seldom fed to her limit, while the inferior cow may be easily fed beyond her limit, and as a practical conclusion, increased feed with a superior lot of cows will increase the butter product, but if fed to an inferior lot of cows, waste can but be the result.
6. That the character of the food has some influence on the character of the butter, but even here breed influences more than food.
7. That there is no constant relation between the butter product and the cheese product.
8. That the casein retains a constant percentage, and that this percentage does not respond to increase of food.
9. That the casein appears to remain constant, without regard to the season.
10. That increase in the quantity of milk is followed by an increase in the total amount of casein.
11. That insufficient feed acts directly to check the proportion of butter, and has a tendency to decrease the casein of the milk and substitute albumen.
12. That the best practice of feeding is to regulate the character of the food by the character of the animals fed; feeding superior cows nearer to the limit of their production than inferior cows; feeding if for butter, more concentrated and nutritious food than for cheese; feeding for cheese product succulent material which will increase the quantity of the milk yield.

THE FASHIONS.

It is probably true that fashion is generally established and controlled by minorities, the majority submitting often against its better judgment, because it is supposed that the fashion is or will be established.

Fashion is an inexorable tyrant and most of the world its willing slaves.

It is not often that this tyrant undertakes to govern any department of agricultural industry, and it seems strange that he should undertake to influence a business so practical as the production of beef and milk!

In England, we are told by Mr. Thornton, that "the limits within which bulls are selected are constantly narrowing." And of course the same must be true in regard to females.

In America, we have the same indications, although a large majority of our best breeders are satisfied that the fashion is opposed to all sound principles of breeding, and tends to impair the excellence of our stock.

It may be expedient for dealers in Short-horns to follow the prevailing fashions, provided they do not hold too long; but the breeder who intends to go on with the business should be careful how he invests extravagant sums in mere pedigrees, because here, as in other departments, fashion is fickle and changeable. And, moreover, as our business is, in its ultimate results, the production of beef and milk for the people—a matter of practical utility—it cannot long remain subject to such caprices of fancy as are now controlling it in the fashionable circles.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

WHY CATTLE REQUIRE SALT.

We know why the animal craves salt, and why it ultimately falls into disease if salt is for a time withheld. Upwards of half the saline matter of the blood, (57 per cent.), consists of common salt; and as this is partly discharged every day through the skin and kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the body becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. Therefore, if the supply of salt be stinted, neither will the bile be able properly to assist the digestion, nor the cartilage be built up again as they naturally waste. And when we consider it to be a fact, that without salt man would miserably perish; as among horrible punishments entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in barbarous times, we may become partially convinced, at least, of the necessity of feeding salt to our stock; that it is one of the necessities as well as one of the luxuries of life for man and beast; and it should be profusely provided at short intervals, in proper places, if it cannot be kept by them continually, so that each and every animal may satisfy the demands of his nature.

Then it shall not be said of us, that while our pudding is well seasoned and salted, our stock are allowed to suffer for want of the same ingredient, which is as truly necessary for their food as for ours.—*Prof. Johnson.*

A Man of kindly nature is apt to provide for the comfortable old age of a horse that has long carried him, and would be grieved to sell such an animal to a poor master for mean work and miserable treatment. Poverty may force consent; but a certain gratitude is felt for old and faithful service, still more where there is personal affection, as in a dog. But where there is no personal relation it would seem that our rights over animal life are increased by a certain domesticity. If by defending sheep we cause their numbers to increase, our right to take the lives which would not have existed without our care appears greater than in the case of wild animals wholly independent of us.

DON'T BREED FROM PIGS THAT ARE UN-THRIFTY.

Our readers know how constantly we have insisted upon the importance of good growing and feeding qualities in cattle; not only in the race but in the individual. But in no variety of animals is this so obviously essential as in swine, where, without these qualities, they are absolutely worthless. Breeders, therefore, who send out "runted" pigs, not only wrong their customers, however superior the blood, but do themselves a great injustice.

Every breeder has observed the great difference there is in individuals, not only of the same blood, but of the same litter, some being very superior, and some fair, while one or two may be found decidedly objectionable. Now pigs of the latter description should never be served as breeders. As we have said elsewhere, the excellence of our various breeds was originally established by a long course of careful breeding, where only the best specimens were reserved; and we cannot hope to maintain this excellence without rejecting all individuals of objectionable form and qualities—we mean objectionable as affecting the useful qualities of the animal.

These considerations we especially urge upon the attention of breeders of Berkshire swine, as, that breed being now in great demand, the temptation is great to reserve all individuals of the pure blood for breeders, whether they be good or bad specimens, so as they have the fashionable color and marking, comparatively unimportant as these latter particulars are. In some sections this evil has greatly injured the reputation of this most excellent breed, and all breeders should set their faces against the practice, as being neither judicious nor, in the long run, profitable.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

BLIND STAGGERS IN PIGS.

Prof. Law gives the following directions for the treatment of blind staggers in pigs:

When the hogs are attacked, dash bucketfuls of cold water over the body, throw purgative injections into the rectum, composed of six ounces of sulphate of soda, and one or two teaspoonfuls of spirits of turpentine in ten ounces of water. Setons saturated with turpentine may be inserted under the skin behind the ears, or the back of the neck may be blistered by rubbing in the following mixture: Spirits of turpentine and liquid ammonia, one ounce each; powdered cantharides, two drachms.

Poultry.

POULTRY.—QUALITIES, BREEDS AND PROFITS.

In the June number of the *Gazette* we ended our gossip about fowls by alluding to the hope that poultry would stand as high in national importance as cattle, horses, etc. Perhaps no branch of rural industry is so much neglected in this country as the want of proper attention to the rearing and management of fowls. In the generality of farmyards they are allowed to roost around in pig-stys and out-houses, in horse stables, to the great annoyance and injury of horses, soiling their feed, laying in their manure, and producing generally a bad effect. In other places you will see them perched on apple trees and shrubbery surrounding a house; even in large farming establishments there are no suitable accommodations for fowls in particular—no convenient and retired places for laying and hatching. No proper system or management appears to be necessary. In England, and especially in France, poultry raising is one of the most important parts in the economy of the farm. The small farmer in France depends more on the proceeds of the poultry yard than anything else. They have a regular system of breeding and fattening. The different fowls are stored in pens, and treated the same as we prepare our sheep, pigs and cattle for market. The cockerels, at the age of two months, are that they call caponized—depriving them of the power of reproduction—and immediately put in their respective pens and fed. The hens undergo a similar operation, called making poultards. These, at the end of about four months, are ready for the market. In and around Paris, large establishments are kept for the express purpose of raising and fattening fowls. The hatching is done by means of an incubator. This is a square box, with alternate layers of hot water, between which the eggs are placed. The heat is supplied by a lamp, and regulated to the proper degree by a thermometer. Several hundreds can thus be hatched at once. The chickens are raised by artificial mothers made of wool or sheep pelts heated artificially. The caponizing process alluded to has a tendency to make the fowl feed much quicker, grow to a larger size, the flesh realizing, in American currency, 25 cents per pound. The price paid for well fattened fowls in the principal cities of the United States far exceeds this. Mr. John Black, two years ago, on his farm of 125 acres, near Mt. Holly, N. J., sold, in poultry alone, 325 capons weighing 3320 pounds, at 35 cents per pound, realizing \$1127; and eggs and other fowls to the amount of \$843 50—total, \$1970 50, besides using freely both eggs and fowls for his family.

The work on the whole farm was done by himself and his brother.

It is often asked, which is the best breed of fowls to keep? This is like asking which is the best horse? If you want a horse to run for the Derby, you would not choose a cart horse, and if you want a dray horse you would not choose a fine bred blood. The same with fowls; if you want egg producers you want one kind, and if you want flesh or good hatching you want another.

About common fowls, or mongrels, this is the difference between them and pure bred—the one has no distinguishing properties, whilst the other has. It is impossible to combine the prolificacy of the egg-producers, to retain it, with the feeding and hatching

properties of the other. For the food that is converted into producing eggs will certainly not produce fat and flesh; and conversely, the elements of nutrition which go to building up the body cannot be converted into supplying eggs. The properties and qualities of thorough bred fowls have been attained by the same attention to breeding that has brought other stock to perfection—by observing the qualities most developed in the animal.

The following may be beneficial to those not acquainted with the prominent points of some of our pure breeds:

In the egg-producing class, the Leghorns stand pre-eminently above all others. This variety consists of the white and brown. The browns appear to be the favorites, being hardy, easily raised, and maturing quickly—the pullets often laying at four months. Pullets of this breed frequently lay as high as 200 eggs during the year, their large comb and pendants require a warm house during our rigorous winters.

The next in high favor is the black Spanish; these, like the former, are non-setters and prolific, but not so easily raised. They do not, until nearly grown, get their full feathers, being generally half naked for a considerable time after hatching. These, like the Leghorn, require comfortable winter quarters, owing to their large comb and wattles.

The Houdans, a French breed, come next as layers and non-setters. This is what they call a *made breed*, between the Poland and Dorking—showing the characteristic crest of the former and the fifth toe of the latter. Although not as continual layers as the two varieties mentioned, yet they possess points superior to the others in size, delicacy of flesh and hardiness, but very liable to disease.

The small breeds, the different varieties of Hamburgs and Polands, have their admirers as fancy fowls. They are excellent layers, partially non-incubators, but are recommended, owing to their size, as likely to improve our present stock of common fowls.

The Dorkings.—This class may be considered the standard English fowl, and combine more general qualities than any other; regular setters, large size, plump, square built, delicate flesh, and highly flavored. They lay a full supply of eggs, and are probably the best table fowl raised. They likewise have large combs and pendants, like the Leghorn and Spanish. They do not thrive well on damp soil.

The Asiatics are the most extensively bred and most fashionable class at present raised in America, and on the whole are probably better adapted to the rigorous winter of the United States and Canada than any other, being well supplied with an abundance of feathers down to the toes, having smaller comb and wattles, no danger thus arising from those parts being frozen.

This large class is divided into two families, the Cochins and Brahmas. A description of this important class will be given in the next issue. W. L. BROWN.

Apiary.

SEASONABLE HINTS.

In August, colonies of bees that have been kept strong through the season of white clover and linn blooming may safely be divided. In our experience, large colonies with fifteen or sixteen combs do not winter as well as those containing eight or nine. If you want more bees, divide your colonies judiciously, by any of the ways so often given in the *Journal*, and you may depend on having them build up into good strong colonies, in any location where buckwheat is raised, of where smart weed and golden rod are found.

For most parts of the West, honey, in the fall, is abundant nine years out of ten, and if an increase of bees is preferred to surplus honey, there is no better time to divide than now. I need not say that all who have a surplus of queens on hand will make a great gain by giving every new colony a queen. One correspondent writes: "Last year I had eighteen colonies, in large hives, of eighteen frames each. I had them full of bees when linn came into bloom, and it was wonderful to see how fast the honey was stored. I extracted it twice a week (I have no doubt I could have done it oftener), and secured an average of two hundred pounds to a hive; yet, when the linn went out, the hives were all full of bees and honey. I divided ten of them the 8th of August, giving each hive nine frames each, full of comb and some brood, but very little honey. They all did well, and by the last of September I extracted an average of sixty-two pounds each of golden rod honey, with some buckwheat. All of these twenty colonies (nine frames each) wintered perfectly, but not one of the eight large ones that I did not divide came through the winter well. I am not able to tell why; but after this give me large colonies to get great yields of honey from, early in the season—but smaller ones to winter well."

We agree with our correspondent in this matter.

Be sure, in this month, that you have a fertile queen in every hive, and also that she has room to deposit eggs. In this month she may be so crowded for room as to almost cease laying, and the result of this will be that your colonies have too few young bees for safe wintering.

This is a good time to introduce Italian queens to black bees. Colonies to which such queens are given now will be mostly Italians by winter, and from these queens you can rear others in October.

Bees, as a rule, too much neglected in the latter part of the season; it never pays better to be sure they are in good order than in the latter part of the summer. It is now that the foundation must be laid for successful wintering. Much honey is often stored by bees in this and the next two months, and this year we look for a good honey yield in the fall. The rains have made weedy corn fields inevitable—and from them we get good quantities of fair honey.

Do not take it for granted that the bees will do little more, and leave them with their hives full to hang about idle.

A man complained to me last August that his bees were doing nothing, and on examination we found every cell full of honey—not an inch of room where the bees could store anything. We used the extractor on a few combs and gave more room in supers, and he then obtained more honey than he had done all the season before.

Don't expect your bees to do the managing. They have no power to put on boxes or to empty the comb. Give them every facility for their work and if there is any honey they will find it and store it.—*American Bee Journal.*

From Jewell County.

August 30.—Corn maturing finely and will make a magnificent crop. Potatoes good. Frequent showers and very warm. Remarkably clear of insect pests, etc. D. L. PALMER.

Entomology.

BOT FLIES.

BY C. HENRI LEONARD, M. D.

Seeing recently in the columns of your paper your answer to a correspondent upon the "grubs in cattle's backs," in which you referred to a former article of mine, I thought possibly a continuation of the subject, as I there presented, might prove of interest to your readers. For the present article I have chosen the subject of our common

HORSE BOT FLY.

It belongs to the same family *Destricta*, as the fly giving us the grub in cattle, etc., as pointed out in your article, and also in that former one of mine to which you referred.

This fly is known to naturalists as the *Gastrophilus equi* ("the stomach friend of the horse," is the translation). It will not be necessary for me to give you a description of the parent fly, for your readers must all have seen the female of that insect class often times to their horses' disadvantage. The male fly is a little darker than the female, and has a rounder abdomen. The female of this species prefers to lay her eggs upon the long knee hairs, tails and manes of our horses, agglutinating them thereby by a peculiar viscid secretion with which she surrounds the egg. These eggs are fastened sideways to the hair; are of quite good size, pointedly oval at one end, flattened at the other. They contain more or less matured larvae at the time of deposition; and when they are mature a few drops of moisture dissolves their casing and lets them out of their hatching place. It takes them but a few days to reach their maturity, after deposited upon the hairs of our horses.

The way they find entrance to the animal's stomach, is, that as the horse licks itself, the moisture upon the tongue dissolves the egg coating of the mature larva; the larva, instead of dropping to the ground, adheres to the tongue, are swallowed, and then attach themselves to the stomach's mucous membrane by means of the numerous hooks with which the different segments of the body are provided.

The spiracles or breathing spores are found at the posterior extremity; just the same as in the larvae of other bot fly species. The mouth is at the end of the head, surrounded by four hooks, which go to make up the mandibles or jaws. At the seat of their attachment to the horse's stomach, they appear to be little pits or places where the stomach's membranes have been eaten out by these unfriendly (despite their scientific name) fellows. They have been accused of perforating the stomach. This the best authorities seem to doubt. It would certainly appear more reasonable to attribute the lesions here observed to post mortem changes, due to the action of the gastric juice; just as I often see in the stomachs removed from my fellow-men. The most usual site for these fellows is at or near the pyloric orifice (or outlet) of the stomach. There are good anatomical reasons why this should be so, for the stomach here just as it empties into the intestine, is guarded by a valve, as well as puckers down upon itself, so that it looks much as your tobacco pouch does when tied. It makes a sort of a trap door, that, with the spines of the intruders, hinders for a while their further journeying.

When mature, or nearly so, they loosen their hold, pass into the intestine, sometimes clinging thereto for a few days, and finally pass out into the world. When attached to the intestines is the time the horse manifests irritation and pain, not when in the stomach. Except there be quite violent symptoms, it is generally conceded best to let them have their own way about the time when they shall leave the horse; as the effect of medicine is rather doubtful.

After reaching the ground they bore down some little distance into the earth, change to the pupa state, in which condition they remain from forty to fifty days, when they leave their case and emerge from the ground the mature fly, ready for the further propagation of its species.

As a preventative I would recommend a shearing-off of the hairs on which the eggs have been deposited, and a wash (to be applied twice daily, for the double purpose of keeping the fly away if possible, and the horse from licking itself) composed of one drachm of crude carbolic acid to two quarts of water. Sponge the legs, mane and tail with this. I don't know as it will do much good; but it will do no hurt to try. It makes an excellent dressing to keep the "blow-flies" away from hospital patients, as I can bear abundant witness, and I can see no reason why it should not work well here. Need not be afraid of it.—*Ohio Farmer.*

CUT WORMS.

Searching for the worms when they come out to feed, or digging them from their holes near the plant, and killing them, is doubtless the most effectual remedy we can employ. Curtis says one-quarter ounce of salt dissolved in a quart of water will drive the grub away, and preserve the plant till washed off by rain. Tobacco water will kill them if it comes in contact with them. Quicklime will also destroy them if put on the plant when wet, and dry soot dug into the ground is very offensive to the grub. Soda made of one pound of soap to ten gallons of water, and applied warm, will cause them to dart out, when they can be immediately killed. Four ounces of aloes dissolved in a gallon of water and applied to the plants, is said to preserve them from the cut worm. Smooth holes made with a rake or hoe handle near the plants will serve as traps into which the worms fall, and may there be destroyed. Coal-tar and water, a spoonful of the former to a gallon of the latter, will, it is said, drive the worm away without injuring the plant. Where a few choice plants are to be protected, this may be done by wrapping stiff paper or walnut leaves around the stem when setting them out, leaving the paper a little above ground, and an inch or two below.

Cow dung stirred in water, and poured around the plant so that the solid part will remain and form a hard surface, through which the worm cannot penetrate, has been recommended. For a similar insect in Europe, Kollar advises lime ashes applied to the land, or lime water in damp weather. If the female moths are attracted by sweet liquids from which they may be killed; and as they are also attracted by lurid lights in the evening, they may be destroyed in this manner to some extent.—*Report of Sup't of Agriculture.*

From Pawnee County.

August 1.—Crops good; fall wheat averaging about 23 bushels per acre; oats good growth; spring wheat good; potatoes fair crop; early corn splendid, but troubled some by worms; sorghum good. C. H. F.

Letters from the Farm.

HOW THE PEOPLE ARE ROBBED.

BY GEO. H. EVERETT.

The great mass of the laboring people of this country pay as little attention to Government finance as though they were not in the least affected by it. Not so the capitalist. Every move of Congress which in the slightest degree affects finance is watched with a jealous eye, and when a bill passes which they believe to be injurious to the interests of capital, they beseege the President to intervene his veto powers, and, as all are aware, not without success; and we may say, without the least exaggeration, that capital directs and controls the financial policy of the Government without—as we intend to prove in this article—the least regard to the interests of the masses.

The present financial policy of our Government begins its history with the first year of the war. In the great necessity of the hour Congress authorized the issue of legal tender notes, and also provided that these notes should be exchangeable for six per cent. gold bearing bonds.

This was a wise scheme. Matured in the hour of need, in the exigency of the moment as it were, yet it is hard to see how a better policy could have been devised. It relieved the embarrassment of the Government; it gave the people a safe, sound and reliable currency, and to just the amount issued relieved the Government from paying interest, and of course the people from paying taxes; furthermore, every note accidentally lost, destroyed or burned was so much decrease of the public debt. And let us ever remember that every dollar saved to the Government is a dollar saved to the people—the tax-paying, the consuming and producing people of the land; the enriching of the Government is an enriching of you, reader, and of every other man in the country.

We have said that this was a wise policy, and we think we hazard no danger of dispute in the assertion. Why, then, was it not adhered to? Why, the answer is plain: the interests of capital were more potent than the interests of the masses. Men of capital who had always enjoyed, under state law, the privilege of issuing paper money, saw at a glance that "their craft was in danger," and demanded and obtained a modification of the aforesaid plan, which modification has resulted in robbing the people of this country of more than thirty million dollars annually in interest alone, besides the amount of money destroyed by accident, and the people have submitted to this wholesale robbery with scarce a protest, and every dollar filched from the people has gone into the plethoric pockets of the rich.

The plan devised by these moneyed men, and which they caused to be substituted for the above mentioned policy, was simply that upon which our National Banks are now based, which may be briefly stated thus: The banker deposits with the Government a certain amount of Government bonds, upon which he receives 90 per cent. of the amount deposited in National Bank notes, with authority to sign and issue them as money; so that while the people pay good interest on these deposited bonds, which goes into the pockets of the depositors, the banker turns around and loans out these National Bank notes to the people at exorbitant interest, while every note accidentally lost is so much gain to the banker. And what do the people gain by this grand financial scheme which almost doubled the capital of these bankers at one dash? Absolutely nothing in any way.

The new currency was not exchangeable for gold bearing bonds at par, and at once began to depreciate in value and continued to do so until it took two dollars and ninety cents to buy a dollar of gold, which could not possibly have occurred with the legal tenders, if the original policy had been adhered to. But in 1863 the law making them exchangeable for gold bearing bonds was repealed, thus bringing them to a level with the National Bank notes. Was not this done at the dictation of the bankers for the purpose of preventing the people from demanding the better currency? If not, why was it done?

This policy has caused the Government to pay interest for fourteen years on some \$500,000,000 unnecessarily, which would amount to \$30,000,000, and estimating the money destroyed at \$5,000,000, we have a sum total of \$400,000,000, or nearly one-fourth of our National debt, wrung from the people and given to the rich men in fourteen years; and how much longer shall we submit to being thus robbed? We boast that this is a government of the people by the people, but does not this look as though it was by the capitalists, to make rich men richer and poor men poorer? And the sequel is that there never was a time in this country when there were so many immensely rich men, nor when the masses were suffering so much from financial difficulties, as now.

The sequel is a logical result from cause to effect, plain and undeniable. Is it not time for the people to awake to a knowledge of this matter and use the power which is in their hands to overthrow this stupendous, oppressive monopoly?

In another article we propose to pursue this subject farther.

Mr. Noah Cameron, of Glen Burn, writes: "Please say that the statement published in the FARMER a short time ago, that Harbison lost 3,000 hives of bees, is a mistake."

LETTER FROM NESS COUNTY, KANSAS.

Well as this is a rainy day in this drouthy country I may as well write a few words to the FARMER: In spite of Professor Johnson's theories and a good many other folks theories that we are too far west clear out of the rain gauge and that we of western Kansas never can raise any thing, we have the best of crops of all kinds that have been harvested and for corn and all fall crops the prospect could not be better.

This is the fourth season that I have lived in western Kansas and during that time there has been no season but would raise a good crop of something; 1874 was the worst season and I raised oats that stood on an average four feet and seven inches high and yielded forty bushels per acre of good heavy oats and wheat had it been sown would have done equally as well corn and all late crops were eaten up by the G. Hoppers.

I do not believe crops are any more liable to fail here than further east. Tree seeds planted last fall and this spring have made as good a growth as I have ever seen made in Penn. or any of the eastern states. Peach trees from the seed are at the present from two to two and a half feet high. People east have been led to form a very erroneous idea about this country on account of the grass hoppers and also on account of Texas stock men who do not want the country to settle up and spoil their fine ranges. If this country was not a good farming country why would so many people stay here in spite of the many discouragements that the past year has brought them. I do not claim that western Kansas is the garden of Eden where a man can get rich without labor or capital, but I do claim that with a fair share of both he can do as well to settle here as any other place in Uncle Sam's domain.

How many People that now are working among the stones and stumps further east if they but knew the truth respecting our beautiful country here would gladly come and settle among us. Ness county has a soil unsurpassed any where both on her bottom lands and up lands, she has stone in abundance of the finest quality of both lime and magnesia composition she has the best of water and a reasonable amount of timber for fuel. There has been coal found in large quantities in the adjoining county west; as a stock raising country it will be among the best; for four winters past cattle have wintered on the grasses without hay, with hardly any loss. We now have about three hundred inhabitants; no county organization; have never had any law suits or trouble with each other. There is plenty of homestead and preemption lands here; no railroad lands in the county, as the county lies between the K. P. R. R. and the A. T. and S. F. R. R. about thirty-five miles from the center of the county to either road. S. P. REPINE, August 1, 1875.

Patrons of Husbandry.

Special Notice to Officers of Subordinate Granges. A Price List of all Blanks, Cards, &c., necessary for a subordinate Grange, will be forwarded free upon application at this office.

Any Grange forwarding 25 or 50 cents to pay postage, will be sent back numbers of THE FARMER containing Prize Essays, and much valuable reading.

The Patrons' Hand Book, which is mailed to any post office in the United States and Canada for 25 cents, is acknowledged to contain more practical grange information than any book yet published. Examine the testimony of the officers of State Granges all over the United States.

The use in subordinate granges of the set of receipt and order books issued at this office will prevent confusion and mixing of accounts; they are invaluable in keeping the money matters of a grange straight.

The three books are sent, postage paid, to any Grange, for \$1.50.

THE HONOR OF THE PATRON.

Patrons' faith is no doubt frequently abused. Men put faith in others because they are members of the order, and as a fruit of their trust they are often deceived. The obligations of the order, as all who have taken them well know, can only be violated at the expense of honor, as well of one's general integrity. What is called honor even in ordinary society demands civility and respect, as well as a strict regard for truth. No one can be an honorable man who violates or trifles with his own words or his own promises. They are his notes in the bank of honor, and if he suffers them to go to protest, his honor is gone, and he goes into moral bankruptcy. This is the result even in general business society, as well as in the common walks of life; but much more than all this is required in the Patron relationship, for there they take upon themselves voluntary obligations of integrity which they cannot violate without becoming guilty of moral perjury. Patrons owe to each other who are in good standing in the Order, respect and decent treatment, and in all their dealings they are pledged by these obligations to treat each other, or any other person, with a strict regard to justice.—Indiana Farmer.

The Granger is correct when it says that if abuses exist, the remedy rests with the subordinate Granges; but it is wrong when it says that it is their fault. Often men who are elected to some high office are, at the time of election, as honest as they claim to be, and take the office with the intention of remaining honest; but, in time, prove unable to withstand temptation.

We have known such in the Grange, ourselves. We have known men to accept Grange agencies who were as honest in their intentions as the purest child; but others of bribes and commissions and seeing others enriching themselves, they fell. It is not the fault of those who placed them there that they fell; but it is their fault, if they are kept

there, after they know that they have become corrupt.

The temptations are truly great from the Secretary or Purchasing of the Subordinate Grange, up to the highest office. We have known of bribes being offered, so great, that one can scarcely believe they could be withstood. Think of \$50,000 for one man's influence! or 50 per cent. on a class of goods which you are to-day buying at what you think is quite the cost price to produce! And yet such are facts.—Dillon's Grange Council.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, August 7, 1875.

EDITOR OF KANSAS FARMER: It seems to me a solemn thing to be a Granger. Never have heavier responsibilities been laid upon any body of men and women. Do you know I shudder when I observe that out of the many papers devoted to the cause of the Patrons, scarcely any are published east of the Alleghenies. What does this indicate? Simply that the eastern half of our Republic is already so sunk in demoralization that its producers have not the spirit necessary for their own deliverance. Granges of the West, to you it is given to save this country? Oh that Horace Greeley had lived to see this day. The old man really yearned to behold true liberty and equal rights—true, honest modes of living and doing business established. He did not content himself with saying "Go West!" How many private proofs of his great solitude have I witnessed. I was one of the directors of the Bureau of Migration of which he was President. The old man was so anxious for its success that day after day he came shambing in to its committee meetings, of which he attended 17. He would rush the proceedings, then say in his squeaking voice, "If there is no further business, let us adjourn"—put the motion, and then paddle off to some other duty. He never seemed much hurried. But men who never stop work, while awake, get through a "power" of it.

GREELEY THE GRANDFATHER OF GRANGERISM. One of Mr. Greeley's most memorable sayings was; I despaired of the future of the United States, until I heard of the success of the English Co-operators." What a rapture it would be to him to behold the wonderful success of the Patrons, within three years. With all respect to the noble man who is rightly called the Father of Grangerism, Horace Greeley should be called its Grandfather.

A mighty battle has begun—the greatest industrial fight the world has ever seen. Here in America, once for all it is to be decided, as Thomas Jefferson said, "Whether the many have come into the world ready saddled and bridled that the few may ride." Here in the East, we seem to be rapidly deciding this question in the affirmative.

The Patrons are, in many cases, wealthy, and have numbers of employees; but there are few of them who are not themselves hard workers, and in the best sense producers; therefore they naturally affiliate with all other workers and anti-monopolists. Great are the things already accomplished. Monopolies have been broken up; millions of dollars have been saved from the clutches of the middlemen, a beautiful system of social intercourse has been established, and women have risen to an equality with men in privilege, power and use as they never have in any society before.

NEW YORK THE HYDRA'S HEAD.

But the faith of many will wax weak, unless in some way and continually, even in their secluded prairie homes, Patrons are brought face to face with the sternest facts of the great battle that is in progress. Here in New York, the very citadel of all oppressions and monopolies, the fight is waged most fiercely, in some respects. For though we who have been able to hold our ground in the terrible city form only an "advanced skirmish line" of the great industrial army, we have a "post of honor," are ever "under a galling fire," and having always in sight all the awful engines of war of the enemy, and all the mighty captains who work them, are able to keep the main army of the people informed as to the plans and resources of those with whom they are contending.

Several years ago, I felt that I must return to my native city, since this focus of both light and darkness, good and evil, must eventually be the great battlefield of the people and their foes. For months there was a cry in my heart like that of old: "Who shall bring us into Edom? who shall bring us into the strong city?" Finally, though business attractions were strongest in the country, I came here in 1868, and have lived as a general writer for the principal periodicals.

LABOR REFORMERS NO LONGER LONELY.

I said to a friend lately, "For 20 years I have trodden the wine press almost alone, have felt myself 'a stranger and a pilgrim in the earth.' But now I feel no longer lonely. With 2,000,000 Granges in the country, and many strong papers representing their doctrines, I stand (though only middle-aged) like old Simeon when he took the Christ child in his arms, and thanked Heaven that the deliverer of the nations had come into the world."

WALL STREET CRYING FOR MERCY.

I have been ever full of forebodings, as in passing through Wall Street I have studied the massive brains and the even majesty faces of the kings of trade and finance, against whom the Patrons have entered the lists. Not one in a thousand of these strong, shrewd men has any true idea of the rights of the people. They have accepted the main doctrines of that well-named "Dismal Science," with its "Supply and Demand" and other absurd doctrines. They believe that if a man is down it is his own fault; and they are only willing to be little

gods—helping the poor (who deserve misery) out of their sheer magnanimous, uncovenanted mercy. But last week some of them were asking for mercy. Indeed you would have thought it would be a mercy to break up their whole system of business, had you seen the agony on their faces when Duncan, Sherman and Co. closed their doors. I was in an office near there, and seeing the rush, in a moment I was before that ponderous portal, and saw why old merchants and clerks and messenger boys were running to and fro as if a new Chicago fire had started. Did you ever lift a flat stone and see the ants tearing around with whatever property they could seize, and seeking a new place of safety for it? There you have the whole story. As for the Stock and Gold Exchanges, it was Black Friday over again. I could hardly hear a word from the gallery of the former. There was one long yell of frantic youths, middle-aged and white-haired men, who tossed their arms, and tried to unload their stocks at any price. "Western Union" went down nine per cent in three minutes, and recovered itself in five more. But many fortunes were lost in that brief space.

GREENBACKS TRIUMPHANT.

The fight over the "equal rights currency" waxes hot and furious. The arrogant bullionists are hauling in their horns a little, are not so insufferably impudent. Thurman rises to explain, and only shows himself an insincere trimmer, by asserting that the Ohio currency plank is unimportant. Sherman, coolly ignoring the funding of the interest-bearing Treasury Notes and other U. S. securities used as currency by the people, denies that there has been any serious contraction. But these artful dodgers cannot longer deceive the people. A flood of indignation, greater than that now sweeping down the Western rivers, will soon drive them from power. Who are the real inflationists? The Duncan and Sherman sort, and bankers generally, who do all their business on three per cent of coin and currency, and shove 97 per cent of "lying, irredeemable promises to pay" upon the public. We do not ask for an inflation of the currency, but only that the hundreds of millions of bonds, that are used as currency by all heavy operators should be changed into legal tenders, so that the poor as well as the rich should have a plentiful medium of exchange, and that these bills should be convertible into bonds bearing 3-65 interest. On this "unimportant" plank William Allen will be elected Governor of Ohio. The hard money N. Y. Sun of August 3 says that his majority will be about 30,000; and as all the wise men say that as goes Ohio in the next Presidential election, so goes the whole Democratic party and a large portion of the Republicans, we can begin to rejoice with trembling, and determine to make such renewed effort in what some call the "revolt of Grangers against Wall Street" as will ensure an overwhelming success, and bring a speedy revival of business.

SAMUEL LEAVITT.

THE LECTURER OF THE NATIONAL GRANGE.

Brother T. A. Thompson, Lecturer of the National Grange, is working in Kansas with all of his accustomed energy, and it is safe to predict with all of his usual success. His list of appointments is fearfully long and in many cases he is set down for two or three addresses on the same day at places so far apart that he notifies Patrons that he can but spend an hour and a half at each. As a matter of course it is not likely that Brother Thompson will be enabled to do much good in the material direction of extending the borders of the Grange in Kansas, because, thanks especially to the labors of that sterling paper, the KANSAS FARMER, the Grange is practically coincident with the agricultural community. It is strong, possessed of ample funds, harmonious and an unit for such reforms in the Order as will promote at once simplicity, economy, and the most radical simplicity and economy. But he will be able to effect a work no less important in conveying to the Patrons of Kansas assurances of goodwill from their brethren elsewhere, and words of encouragement to continue in and complete the good work they have so well begun.

It is to be hoped that Brother Thompson does not intend to retire at the conclusion of his term of office, which expires this fall, from labor in the Order to which he has given so many years of hard work and earnest thought. There is no brother among those early in the field so widely known or so deservedly popular. No suspicion of self-interest has ever breathed upon his name. If his worth and weight were appreciated by our leaders as thoroughly as they are by the rank and file, there might be some hope that it would be recognized, and the good and faithful servant bidden to a higher seat.—N. Y. World.

The Secretary of the Wisconsin State Grange reports only seventeen granges in that State as not having paid the dues for the last quarter of 1874. The quarterly report of the State business agent shows \$900.81 expenses, exclusive of a number of expenditures which should be chargeable to the whole year. The receipts from percentage on goods sold was \$347.63; The sales for the quarter amounted to \$12,152.66, not counting sales of machinery on trial. The agency has received a loan of \$1,000 from the members of the Order in the State.

NO ROOM FOR LOAFERS IN THE GRANGE.

We occasionally meet some who have gained admittance into the Grange, that have entered it under an entire misapprehension of its meanings or objects. They seem to have thought that all they had to do, to grow suddenly rich, was to join the Grange; and now, because their foolish and unreasonable expectations are not suddenly realized, they have lost confidence in it and think it a humbug. Now, suppose such a one had bought a farm with similar views (and they would be just as reasonable), and then sat down, expecting that farm to make him rich, without plowing, planting, cultivating, etc., would the farm be a humbug?—Monthly Talk.

Send \$1 and try the KANSAS FARMER six months.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

In answering an Advertisement found in these columns you will confer a favor by saying you saw it in the KANSAS FARMER.

FOR PATRONS.

MANUAL OF JURISPRUDENCE AND CO-OPERATION OF THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY. By A. B. Smiley, Master of Iowa State Grange. Published by Geo. Wm. Jones, office of *Patrons' Helper*, Des Moines, Iowa. 200 pages, bound in cloth. By mail, postage prepaid, \$1.25 per copy; by express or freight, in packages of five or more, \$1.00 per copy. Deputies and Masters are earnestly requested to call the attention of their respective Granges to this book. Send for copy at once.

OSBORN'S

Grain & Seed Cleaner

MANUFACTURED BY

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

THESE celebrated machines which met with such universal favor during 1874, have had a large number of valuable improvements added, besides they are being made much stronger. The fan has also been improved so that the operator has complete control of the wind force, checking it instantly, or turning on the full force.

We still claim to have the only machine on the market that will do what ours is guaranteed to do—separate oats and other refuse from Spring Wheat, separate Rye from Wheat (for seed perfectly), separate Oats from barley, Separates and cleans thoroughly Timothy and Clover. Cleans Flax seed perfectly, removing wild mustard, &c., and does everything in this line required. As a Timothy and Clover cleaner, our machine stands pre-eminently ahead of all others. They are in use in nearly every large seed warehouse in the leading cities. Machines shipped on trial to responsible parties. Send for circular. We use costly material, and cannot compete with the cheap article of fanning mills on the market. We have our price down to the lowest figure, \$35.00 cash. Flax screens, \$5.00 extra. Don't say the above cannot be done, but test it. Please state where you saw this advertisement.

THE GLEN FARM HERD.

Public Sale!

OF 100 head of first-class

SHORT HORN CATTLE,

The property of J. S. LONG, Monroe, Jasper Co. Iowa, to be sold on

Wednesday, September First, 1875,

On the Fair Grounds, Des Moines, Iowa.

This herd was established in 1865, and no public or private sales of heifers has been made up to this time, and the purchases made from the different herds in the east during that period, together with the natural increase, has enlarged the herd so as to render it necessary to be reduced in size. The sale will comprise the entire herd over one year old, except few not in sale condition. Since the herd was founded, care has been used to secure the services of the best males to be found in the country. Among them 8th Duke of Goodness, Plumwood Lad, Breastplate Jr., Major Duncan. The females are representatives of many of the most popular families of the day, and as for the individual merit of the entire lot, we can safely say are equal to any herd of like size ever offered for sale in the west.

Terms of sale, six months credit, without interest paid when due; if not, ten per cent. from date. Notes payable at First National Bank, Newton, Iowa.

Liberal discount on cash.

Catalogues on application.

J. S. LONG, Monroe Jasper county, Iowa.

Col. J. W. Juxy, Auctioneer.

N. B. The day after this sale, at same place, Dr. G. Sprague, D. M. Flinn and Mack Flinn, sell a large herd Short Horns.

J. B. SHOUGH, JAS. REYNOLDS.

SHOUGH & REYNOLDS

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Commission Merchants,

KANSAS STOCK YARDS,

Kansas City, Mo.

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Produce.

Large Public Sale

—OF—

Norman Percheron

HORSES.

A. W. COOK,

Importer of

NORMAN HORSES,

WILL SELL AT PUBLIC SALE,

On the Fair Grounds at Dubuque, Iowa, on the

9th and 10th days of September.

(the two last days of the fair), five imported Norman and Percheron Stallions, and one 3 year old & blood. Among the imported Horses are two pure Percherons 5 and 6 years old; the other three are large, stylish, active, desirable animals, from 3 to 5 years old. Terms will be liberal, and made known on the days of sale. Descriptive catalogues sent free on application. Imported and Grade animals of this celebrated breed of Horses for sale, privately, at all times, at my stables. Invite inspection and correspondence.

Charles City, Iowa, Aug. 10, 1875. A. W. COOK.

LOST OR STOLEN.

ONE LARGE DARK SORREL MARE, 16 hands high, rather leggy, with round white star in forehead. Went away with shoes on front feet. Strayed somewhere about last of April, last. Any information concerning this animal, that will lead to her recovery, will be liberally rewarded by addressing

JAMES REYNOLDS, Kansas City, Mo.

STRAYED

FROM the subscriber, sometime in April last, five head of HORSES; one, Dark Bay Mare, collar marks, about 14 years old; one eye out; one a Light Sorrel Horse, 4 years old; one a Dark Bay Horse colt, 3 years old; one Dark Bay Mare colt, 1 year old; one Iron Grey Horse colt, 1 year old, with a white ring around the tail. A liberal reward will be paid for information of their whereabouts, or to the person who will bring them to my place on the West Branch of Mill Creek. Address HENRY GRIMM, Wabasha county, Kansas.

\$100 to \$200 per month guaranteed to agent everywhere, to sell our INDUSTRIOUS WHITE WIRE CLOTHES LINES. Sample free. Address the HUBBARD WIRE LINES, 128 Main Lane, N. Y., or 18 Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

JOB PRINTING.

EVERYTHING from a card to a double-sheet Poster executed in the finest style at THE FARMER office.

We have had a fine growing season; plenty of rain and always in season—no fault here. Markets: Corn 80c to \$1 per bu.; flour, \$3 to \$3.25; potatoes, 75c; other vegetables scarce and high; cabbage 10c per head; beef 6c and 8c at shambles. No grasshoppers nor potato bugs; chinch bugs took from 5 to 20 per cent. of the last planting of corn. No barley; no wheat; no rye; no oats; no clover; no timothy; no nothing. Prairie and blue grass good.

B. O. DRISCOLL.

From Miami County.
August 16—Early corn good; late corn promising good if frost does not take it; buckwheat in full bloom and a good crop. Rain every week almost for the last month.

C. G. UPTON.

From Crawford County.
August 14—Flax and oats almost entirely spoiled from the rains, and wheat badly damaged; corn is very fine; potatoes good; vegetables generally good. Weather very fine for the last fifteen days. Markets: Wheat, 75c to \$1 per bu.; oats, 20c to 30c; potatoes, 25c to 30c; flour \$3.50; butter 20c; no corn on the market. No insects since the grasshoppers left us; chinch bugs are all drowned.

J. C. BARTER.

From Rush County.
August 12—Crops generally are in as good condition as at last report; no threshing done yet, and cannot tell the yield in bushels. C. W. Johnson's prediction that we would have rain up to the 30th of July is correct, and more so; have had an abundance of rain up to this time, and it is raining again to-day. Grasshoppers were passing over yesterday going south; a few stopped to rest, but they cannot injure the corn much.

FRANK B. SMITH.

From Osborne County.
August 10—Grasshoppers in countless numbers going south, but few lighting. Aug. 11, p. m.—Grasshoppers going north-west, some stopping, but are doing no harm. Aug. 12, 10 a. m.—No hoppers in sight; reports from fifty miles west say the grasshoppers are thick and doing some damage. Through the FARMER crop reports we learn that the potato and beet crops of this county have been destroyed by the bugs, while in this part of the county potatoes and all other vegetable crops are the best I have seen during eleven years in Kansas; potatoes will yield 200 bushels per acre; wheat average from 8 to 25 bushels per acre; the prospect for corn is simply enormous, and is fast maturing. Wheat is worth 50c per bu.; oats, 25c; rye, 40c; barley, 60c; potatoes, 35c. Weather fine; plenty of grass for hay; stock of all kinds doing well.

R. W. KNOX.

From Doniphan County.
August 9—Stock looking well, all healthy and fine; crops are poor; wheat does not average more than five bushels to the acre; a great deal was not out; corn planted July 1st looks well, four feet high, and is tasseling out. Plenty of rain; good growing weather; nights a little cool for late corn. The markets are well supplied; all kinds of vegetables are high owing to the destruction by grasshoppers; wheat good, No. 2, \$1.10 per bushel. Chinch bugs are taking some of the late corn; heavy rains take the bridges away nearly every week; some hard storms. J. L. BLAIR.

From Decatur County.
August 11—All crops not out are in fine condition except those injured by Hoppers, oats are just being out and are good. The weather still continues very fine. The Grasshoppers paid this county a visit on the 6th and stayed three days but did not do much damage only in a few places. Some pieces of corn were entirely eaten and others close by not touched.

G. PENSON.

From Harvey County.
August 10—There is nothing of very special interest relating to crops since my last report further than we still have plenty of rain, oats some damaged in consequence, corn sufficiently advanced to make a good crop without more rain. Fruit and forest trees making enormous growth where properly cared for, yield of wheat per acre from 20 to 30 bushels.

JOS. COOK.

From Dickinson County.
August 13—Grain all stacked (mostly in good condition) except where intended to thresh in the field. Corn "standing" as finely as the abundance of weeds permit. All other late crops same, all kinds of stock in healthy condition. A good shower of rain almost regular on or about Sunday for several weeks past. The Abilene wheat market reminds one now of the days of the Texas Cattle trade, in that town, so far as activity is concerned. Wheat of best quality so far as high as \$1.50. No insects doing damage to amount worth mentioning.

E. BAUMAN.

From Greenwood County.
July 17—The grain harvest being over we are now cutting our flax which promises well; a good yield, a sure crop and only a small amount of labor compared with other crops will make it a staple production, especially on new land unprotected from stock. Wheat principally in stack, some slightly damaged by the wet weather. Some threshing has been done yielding from 25 to 30 bu. per acre of good wheat, oats fair, corn tasseling and ears shooting out. Chinch bugs as plenty as last year.

WM. DUNHAM.

From Linn County.
August 11—Corn doing fine late corn is damaged some by heavy rains 30th July all our streams were highest known to oldest settlers, oats damaged badly in shock waste 1/2, wheat none in Co. No rain fall to amount to much since July 30. Not enough fat hogs to price, fat cows 2 1/2, gross, 4 year old stockers

3 1/2, Butter 12 1/2, eggs 10 potatoes 50 cts. Chinch bugs doing no damage, some few in places no complaints of any insects at present.

WILLIAM PUCHET.

From McPherson County.
August 9—Threshing machines busy, yield of wheat and oats very good, rye fair, corn excellent, Broom corn ditto, 3,830 acres planted in the county as shown by the assessors returns expected yield 1,000 tons. Weather wet and warm. Home markets not very good no R. R. in the Co. Salina and Newton are our principal shipping stations. No insect Pests, etc. Everything flourishing, farmers busy plowing for fall wheat.

JOHN RICHEY.

August 16—Weather splendid no rain since the 2nd. Grain all secured. Threshing machines all busy. Farmers rushing oats into market at 24 to 30 cents, oats yield fifty to seventy-five bu. Wheat and oats damaged a little by the wet weather. Corn getting hard enough to feed, and a big crop. E. M. P.

THE MINKLER APPLE-CROP REPORT, ETC.

A correspondent of the FARMER was a few weeks ago making inquiry whether any of your readers could give him information regarding the Minkler apple. The Minkler is a winter apple of large size, of reddish color, is a good keeper, has an excellent flavor, and is inferior to none for a market apple. The tree is a fast grower, a prolific bearer, has a smooth yellow bark, grows with a nice open top, and is the most hardy variety of apple tree I know of. The Minkler is an apple that is well known throughout northern Illinois. Its history is as follows: About thirty years ago Mr. S. G. Minkler, of Oswego, Ill., went into the nursery business, in which he still continues. When first commencing the business, he sent to southern Illinois for a quantity of scions. These scions, when brought into bearing, all proved untrue to name; but among them there was one choice apple, but entirely unknown to Mr. Minkler. He took a sample to a meeting of the State Horticultural Society, to have the fruit named. But the apple was a stranger there also. So the Society resolved to call it the Minkler apple. And ever since it has continued to grow into public favor. Mr. Minkler advises people when planting orchards, to put out fifty Minklers out of every one hundred trees. When the writer came to Pottawatomie Co., three years ago, and began on a new farm, he made inquiry for the Minkler apple; but could not learn that it was to be had in this part of Kansas. It is possible the trees may be obtained of S. T. Hutchinson, Kansas. Mr. Kilsey being a northern Illinois man, must be aware of the merits of this apple.

Corn in this part of Kansas looks remarkably well. Potatoes and the late gardens are coming forward finely. Plenty of rain to keep vegetation growing, though the creeks are nearly dry. The wheat and the oats turn out miserably. The best of the oats yield but fifteen bushels to the acre. Cause, grasshoppers and the oats taking a second growth. Grass is good. Cattle are doing well.

We are well pleased with the KANSAS FARMER. It seems to take the right view of every subject it speaks upon.

Yours Fraternally,
A. S. WORTAING.

Belvue, Kan., August 10.

From a report of remarks made in the Elmira Farmers' Club by Col. Brewer, we take the following:

"I beg leave to criticize remarks made by one of your members on the occasion of reading a letter I wrote your club long ago. In treating of this subject of enriching land by the use of clover, I cited the case of a field too rich for wheat. Some one asked, 'Can land be too rich for wheat?' I insist that it can. Such land produces too great a growth of straw at the expense of the grain. I have brought land to this condition, and there is also the difficulty that on such land the crop is apt to lodge, and under the lodged straw the clover seed cannot grow, or if it has made a good start it gets smothered out. I had a piece of three acres on which there was raised in one crop 110 bushels of wheat, but half of the ground had no clover. I seeded the bare spots after harvest, scratching the surface slightly, and the next season there was no difference to be seen between the portions so seeded and that which came from the spring sowing, except that the late sowing remained green and fresh later in the season. For many years I have made it a point to attend to such bare spots after harvest, and with very certain success in most instances. I have an acquaintance, a young farmer in Hector, Tompkins county, who raises four crops in his course, all good. His clover is cut early for hay, then the second crop for seed, then barley and wheat and clover again. He uses plaster on the clover. If the wheat is rather thin it will do to use plaster on that. It is my opinion that none of us sow plaster early enough."

Meteorology.

MONTHLY WEATHER REVIEW FOR JULY, 1875.

War department, Office of the Chief Signal Officer, Division of Telegraphs and Reports for the Benefit of Commerce and Agriculture.

LOCAL STORMS AND TORNADOES.

A few of the local storms have already been noticed, such as were immediately associated with, and whose courses lay along the central paths of the low barometer areas. But many others of serious import, traceable to the interaction of the high and low pressure areas, with their contrary conditions of wind, temperature and moisture, were reported. Among the principal local rain-storms and thunderstorms may be mentioned the following:

From the 9th to the 12th, large quantities of rain fell in Middle Tennessee, and on the 12th,

JUST PUBLISHED. WILLARD'S Practical BUTTER Book,

By X. A. WILLARD, M. A., author of Practical Dairy Husbandry, "Essays on Agriculture," Editor Dairy Department of Moore's Rural New-Yorker, President N. Y. State Dairymen's Assn., Etc., Etc.

Every Farmer and every Family where Butter is made should have this book for constant reference. It is

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AND IS REplete WITH

Practical Hints, Suggestions, AND Information

of value to every one who makes Butter. It contains 171 pages, in which the subject is treated both scientifically and popularly. Among the new topics of interest, and which heretofore have not been presented to the public are: Prof. Wilkinson's plan for controlling temperature in dairy rooms; the Swedish system of setting milk for cream in ice water; the new practice adopted at the Ridge Mills Creamery, and the recent method for improving skimmed milk in skimmed-cheese manufacture. These are very fully discussed. Sent, post-paid upon receipt of \$1.

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RURAL PUBLISHING CO.,
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the precipitation between Nashville and Decatur was very heavy. On the 13th, a severe local gale swept over Pittsburgh and vicinity. It was considered one of the heaviest storms of the season, occasioning much loss of property and injury to persons. Trees uprooted, chimneys demolished, and houses and mills damaged. A severe gale and thunder-storm visited Chicago on the night of Thursday, July 15th, and also, on same date, a similar meteor passed over Baltimore with destructive effects. On the 17th a very severe storm visited Petersburg, Va., following the course of the James river, proving very disastrous to houses and the crops in the neighboring country. Equally severe storms deluged the country around New Albany and Evansville, Indiana, drowning the crops in many localities, on the 21st and 22d. Also, in Baltimore, on the 27th, a very damaging thunder and rain-storm prevailed. A rain-storm which set in at Logan-sport, Indiana, on the 30th, continued, with but little interruption for thirty hours. On the morning of the 15th, about 1 a. m. a severe wind squall passed over Chicago, in which it is supposed, that a party of balloonists (who ascended the previous afternoon from that city, and were driven by a southwest wind over Lake Michigan,) were caught and perished. The squall came from the northeast. A very heavy thunder-storm was reported from Norfolk on the 6th. On the 25th of July, a violent hail-storm occurred at Ula, Colorado.

The great rain-storm which set in at Indianapolis at 10 p. m. of the 31st, lasted twelve hours, and the rain-fall was 3.00 inches. Heavy as the rains of the last week in July were at Dayton, and in the valley of the Miami, the precipitation of the 31st was observed many mornings at daylight; and at Fall River, Mass., white frost on the lowlands on the 19th.

PRECIPITATION.

The rain-fall is exhibited by the figures and shading on Chart No. III, and constitutes one of the most remarkable and significant items of the month's meteorology. From the graphic exhibit of Chart No. III, it will be seen that the rain-fall in the Middle Atlantic States is normal, and that for New England is only a little in excess, while a slight deficiency was reported from the St. Lawrence valley and the Lake region. There was a deficiency of nearly half an inch on the Pacific coast, where the month was nearly rainless. There was a very marked deficiency in the South Atlantic States, and also a large deficiency in the Gulf States. In the heart of the cotton-belt, the rain-fall has been about an inch. The deficiency in Minnesota was very great, exceeding four inches.

But in the interior, including the Ohio valley and Tennessee, and the central Mississippi and lower Missouri valleys, an equally marked excess of rain was reported. The excess was very great in the lower Missouri valley, amounting to nearly 5.00 inches, while in the Ohio valley and Tennessee the excess has been alarming and almost unparalleled, being five and a half inches more than is usual in July, or nearly three times the normal quantity that falls in that month.

In a large belt of country north of Kentucky and Missouri, the month's rain-fall ranged from 10 to 16 inches—a precipitation which has taxed the central tributaries of the Mississippi beyond their utmost drainage-power, and caused damaging floods and extensive ravages of the crops.

Some of the heaviest rain-falls for the month were as follows: At Louisville, 16.46 inches; at Indianapolis, 18.13 inches; at Keokuk, 12.70 inches; at Omaha, 10.00 inches; at Fort Gibson, 10.98 inches. At Beech Grove, Indiana, for the week ending August 1st, the rain-fall was 11.60 inches.

RAINY DAYS.

The number of days on which rain fell in any quantity averages about as follows: In New York and New England, 10; in the Lake region, Minnesota and Dakota, 9; in the Gulf States, 11; in the South Atlantic States, 4; from Nebraska, Kansas, and Indian Territory eastward over Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, 16. From many stations in the Ohio and central Mississippi valleys, over twenty rainy days, during the month, are reported.

THE KANSAS FARMER YOUNG FOLKS.

In answer to numerous correspondents we are now enabled to say that the first issue of the KANSAS FARMER YOUNG FOLKS will not be delayed much longer. It is almost useless to explain to our readers that drought and grasshoppers have interfered with many of our plans for the Farmer. We have however

promised the "Young Folks" and we again assure our readers they shall before the end of this year have every number that has been promised. Subscriptions now made to the FARMER for the balance of the year (75 cents) will secure 4 copies of this "Young Folks" paper the character of which, we believe will be a pleasant surprise to our readers.

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PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY
is especially solicited. We are also the manufacturers' agents for the sale of the THOMAS SMOOTHING HARROW, for which circulars will be sent on application. We beg to refer to D. W. Adams, Master National Grange, Waukon, Iowa; O. H. Kelly, Secretary National Grange, Washington, D. C.; Gen. W. Duane Wilson, Secretary Iowa State Grange; P. E. Allen, Master Missouri State Grange; J. K. Hendon, Editor KANSAS FARMER, Topeka, Kansas. Address or consign to
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"THE KANSAS FARMER, Topeka, Kansas."

Market Review.

OFFICE OF THE KANSAS FARMER,
TOPEKA, KAN., AUG. 18, 1875.

Topeka Money Market.			
BONDS.			
	Offer.	Ask.	
Kansas Pacific Gold Seven, May and Nov.	75 1/2	76 1/2	
Kansas Pacific Gold Six, Jan'y, June	75 1/2	76 1/2	
Kansas Pacific Gold Six, Feb. and August	75 1/2	76 1/2	
Kansas Pacific Income Seven, No. 11	13 1/2	14 1/2	
Kansas Pacific Income Seven, No. 15	14 1/2	15 1/2	
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe First Mortgage	10 1/2	11 1/2	
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe 1st & 2d Bonds	10 1/2	11 1/2	
LOCAL SECURITIES.			
Kansas 1st cent Bonds 100 City Script	95	96	
Kansas 5 cent Bonds 100 City Script	95	96	
State Warrants, par	Money on ap'd sec.		
County Warrants, par	per month	01@0 1/4	
County 7 per cent rail, par	Country 10 per cent		
road Bonds	65	Improv'm't B'ds, 55@90	

Topeka Grain Market.			
Corrected weekly by Kever & Fouch.			
Wholesale cash prices from commission men, corrected weekly by Kever & Fouch.			
WHEAT—Per bu. Spring			.80
Fall, No. 1			1.00
" No. 2			.90
" No. 3			.80
" No. 4			.70
CORN—Per bu. Mixed			.80
White, No. 1			.90
Yellow			.80
OATS—Per bu. No. 1			.50
RYE—Per bu.			.55
BARLEY—Per bu.			.45
FLOUR—Per 100 lbs—Fall, No. 1			3.75
" No. 2			3.50
" No. 3			2.75
Grades			2.40 2.75
CORN MEAL—Per 100 lbs			2.30
Corn Chop			1.80
Rye Chop			1.60
Wheat Chop			2.10

HIDES, SKINS AND PELTRY.			
Corrected weekly by Blackoff & Kraus, Dealers in Hides, Furs, Tallow and Leather			
HIDES—Green			04@06
Dry Flint			.11 1/2
Green Salt			.10
Green Salt Cured			.10
Calf, Green Salt Cured			.10
Kip, Green Salt Cured			.09
Sheep Pelts, green			50@1.25
TAILOW			07 1/2@1 1/2
SKINS—Timber Wolf			1.50@1.75
Prairie Wolf			.75 .85
Coon			4.00@5.50
Mink			1.25@1.50
Raccoon			.45@.50
Badger			.30@.35
Wild Cat			.20@.25
Minkskin			1.00@1.25
Skunk, Black			.50@.60
Small Striped			.50@.60
Opossum			.05@.10
Deer, dry, per lb			.30@.40
Beaver dry and clean, per lb			1.00@1.15

Topeka Produce Market.			
Grocers retail price list, corrected weekly by Davies & Manpeaker.			
APPLES—Per bu.			2.00@
BEANS—Per bu. White Navy			3.00@3.50
Medium			2.46
Common			2.00
Cashew			1.40@1.50
BRESWAX—Per lb.			.18
BUTTER—Per lb—Choice			.10
Common Table			.08
Medium			.08
Common			.05
EGGS—Per doz—Fresh			.15
ROMNEY—Per bbl.			5.25@5.50
VINEGAR—Per gal.			.30@.35
POTATOES—Per bu.			4.00@5.00
POULTRY—Chickens, Live, per doz.			3.00@3.50
Chickens, Dressed, per lb.			.15
Turkeys			.15
Geese			.15
BACON—Per lb—Shoulders			.15
Chests			.15
Hams, Sugar Cured			.15
Breakfast			.15
LARD—Per lb			.18
CABBAGE—Per head			.05
ONIONS—Per bu			.15
SEEDS—Per bu—Home			1.00
Millet			
Blue Grass			2.50
Timothy, prime			3.00
Common			7.00@7.50
Clover			1.75
Geese Orange			7.00
Corn			.35
Oats			.35
Onion Sets per lb			

Kansas City Market.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 17, 1875.

GRAIN.

The following are wholesale cash prices from commission men.

WHEAT—Per bu.—Spring Red			98@1.10
Fall, No. 1			1.15@1.20
Fall, No. 2			1.10@1.15
Fall, No. 3			1.05@1.10
CORN—Per bu.—New White			.70@.75
Yellow			.65@.70
Mixed			.60@.65
OATS—New per bu.—No. 3			.30@.32
RYE—New per bu.—No. 3			.70@.75
BARLEY—Per bu.—No. 3			.40@.45
No. 2			

LIVE STOCK.		
Prime, av 1,300 to 1,350.	\$5.50	\$5.75
Prime, av 1,200 to 1,300.	4.75	\$5.50
Fair to good, av 1,100 to 1,250.	4.25	\$5.75
Native stockers, av 1,000 to 1,150.	3.25	\$4.75
Medium, av 850 to 950.	2.50	\$3.00
Native cows, fat, av 1,000 to 1,100.	3.75	\$3.25
Medium, av 850 to 950.	2.50	\$3.00
Colorado, natives, fat.	3.25	3.75
Vinted Texas, fair to good.	3.00	4.00
" cows, good common.	2.25	2.50
" fair.	1.75	2.25
Through Texas, fat.	2.75	3.00
Through Texas, fair.	2.25	2.75
Alvies, each.	5.00	7.00

Literary and Domestic.

EDITED BY MRS. M. W. HUDSON.

For the Kansas Farmer.

HAY-MAKING.

A SUMMER IDYL.

The early freshness of the summer morn was past.
The heaven-sent dew was off the dark, green grass:

The birds sat idly silent in the leaf-bound trees;
The air was filled with buzzing bumble bees;
The portulacca in the pan upon the window-sill,
Of the hot and livid sunshine was taking in its fill.

I sat upon the door-step, in the shadow of the vine,
And saw the merry hay-makers forming into line.

Said Uncle Ephraim: "Boys, way off there in the west,
There's a thousand thunder clouds, I reckon, more or less;

"Our hay lies flatter'n a pancake down in the east lot,
And we'll have to hurry mightily to get it up in cook."

"The signs is all for rain—has been, a day or two,
Smoke settles on the roof, th' sky's most awful blue;

"But the thing I always build on, when I'm goin' to prophesy,
Is a feelin' in my bones and a thickness in my eye;

"I'm told they've got a weather-cock that goes before the winds;
But I've always found reliable—th' feelin' in my shins."

"Father," said young Jethro, "while you're talkin' all th' day
Bout the signs of all creation,—don't forget th' hay!"

II.

Sat I that day with vine-shade encompassed round about,
Saw I that day my lover with the sturdy men go out

Into the meadows sweet, his arms, like their's quite bare;
But their's were brown and brawny, his were white and fair,

Through my fingers currants slipped, slowly, one by one,
I sighed because my weary task was only half begun.

Spoke the voice I love, as my lover passed that way,
"I'm going out with the men, Jane, to labor hard all day!"

"You look like a lovely picture, dear, set in a leafy frame,
The currants on your little hand have left a ruby stain;

"Morning-glories all around you, purple throats and white;
Little bits of shadows, and little rifts of light,

"Falling all about you 'till your rich brown hair
Gleams like a saintly maiden's, glorified and fair."

Gaily laughed I then, as my lover went his way
Into the fragrant meadow, to help about the hay.

III.

Ere the noon-tide, when the shadows fall alant the door,
Came the voice of Aunt Maria, shrill enough for four:

"Get the basket from the pantry, the jug from off the shelf,
And take the boys their lunch! Now, Jane, bestir yourself!"

Into the perfumed meadows, just before the noon,
Stepped I, singing gaily, a little, lively tune.

Wind-rows of the clean, new hay rose up like a tide;
Found I not my lover standing by their side.

Brown arms tossed the hay in the hot noonday sunshine,
"Monst' them all were no white arms of any lover mine!"

But under a great oak tree, where shades perpetual keep,
Discovered I my lover lying—fast asleep!

IV.

Quoth Aunt, as we homeward came that summer day,
"Wouldn't give much for a man that can't make hay!"

GEORGE H. PICARD.

LONG BRANCH.

Joaquin Miller at the Seaside—A New Poem.
Cor. of the Daily Graphic.

LONG BRANCH, July 25.

When one has the opportunity to sit beside a great poet on the piazza of a watering place hotel, while he reads the proofs of his new volume, one feels a sympathy for that remainder of humanity which is forced to content itself with such pleasures as dancing, dining, winning, bathing, flirting, and so on. And if one is a newspaper correspondent, the inclination to make the world a sharer in the present joy, at second hand, is irresistible. So to-day I hid wait the commoner topics of watering-place existence, and give my letter to echoing the strains of Joaquin's latest song.

The iconoclastic spirit of the age, which loves to knock down idols and clip the wings of soaring genius, would enjoy, I know, a sensation from this pen which should riddle Joaquin Miller with sarcastic fun; but from the first I have placed myself on the record as an earnest admirer of this man's poetry, and

though inseparable declares I never would spoil a joke for the sake of the truth, I find myself unable to make sport at the expense of the great poet of the Sierras. I know how much "spicier" a critic is when he is "pitching in;" and I have comforted myself once or twice in my public career by this knowledge, when in some Western town a scribe who had instructions to make his critique of me "spicy" took all the skin off my knuckles (morally) in the effort to obey orders. But let those rasp Joaquin Miller's sensitive nature who will, I confess—dull though it be to praise—that I belong to the new sect of later Millerites.

"Did you say," asked one of Miller's admirers of Tennyson, "that Joaquin Miller was the greatest poet living?"

"No," replied the Laureate; "but I said he would be if he worked as hard as I do." And how hard Tennyson works is clearly enough shown by his own avowal that he once smoked twelve cigars while pondering over a single line. I know of my own knowledge that he kept proofs by him for eleven months, and when at last the printer got them there was found to be a Balzacian intricacy about them which was the reverse of pleasing in the compositor's eyes.

And here is one great difference between these poets. Joaquin pours out his soul in song and then never wants to look on the printed transcript again. "I never read my own books," he says. Tennyson is never weary of applying the file. Joaquin sits and inserts new lines in his proof (which is set up and read as carefully as a goldsmith overlooks the mounting of a Queen's diadem), while children are troling hoops, and babies are bawling, and bus-hounds are shouting "All aboard for the New York train," and countless other noises are rending the air. He scribbles his corrections with his glove on, and never smokes a whiff while thus engaged.

Far from being the sensation seeker he has been pictured, Joaquin Miller is one of the quietest of men, and I am certain that not more than a dozen people in this great hostelry are aware of the presence of this strong, sweet singer.

The poem of which he is now reading the proofs is the longest he has written, and is entitled "The Ship in the Desert." It has been printed in England, and is all ready for the market there; but, like George Eliot, when "Middlemarch" was published, Joaquin runs away from the London reviews, and left instructions that not one should be sent him until after the book had made its bow in this country. But don't you think that most of us could face criticism with a good deal of courage if we had written this? I give it to you before the public sees it, so you are safe to steal it and send it to your sweetheart as original.

"Her mouth was roses gathered from the South,
The warm, south side of Paradise,
And breathed upon and hunted down,
As red as battle-star of Mars,"
By angels on a stair of stars."

The italicized line is one which Joaquin recently inserted; it did not appear in the London edition. "I wanted redness in the mouth," said the poet last night, "but the battle-star is too hard for a sensuous picture. That will go out." I think myself that it is best that Mars should take a back seat.

Observing a word spelled wrong in one of the poet's pendings, I said:

"You do not take the trouble to spell correctly, I see."
—"Why, no," he answered with an amused smile, "one man can't do everything. What's a printer for? If a printer can't spell, he'd better quit the business. Spelling isn't my profession."

It is evident that an interesting story is to be solved in "The Ship in the Desert." What that story is I have not had enough of the proofs to know. The first pages are by a skillful and original device devoted to telling the reader not what the tale is, but what it is not. I give the opening stanzas:

A man in middle Arizona
Stood by the desert's edge alone,
And long look'd and lean'd.

He peer'd,
Above his twirl'd and twisted beard,
Beneath his black and slouchy hat—
Nay, nay, the tale is not of that.

A skin-clad trapper, too-a-tip,
Stood on a mountain top and he
Looked long and still and eagerly.
"It looks so like some lone some ship
That sails this ghostly, lonely sea—
This dried up desert sea," said he,
"These tawny sands of Ararat!"
Avant! the tale is not of it.

An Indian warrior lost his way
While prowling on the desert's edge,
In fragrant sage and prickly hedge,
When suddenly he saw a sight,
And turned his steed in eager flight,
He rode right through the edge of day,
He rode into the rolling night.

He leaned, he reached an eager face,
His black wolf skin flapped out and in,
And tiger claws on tiger skin
Held seat and saddle to its place;
But that gray ghost that clutched therat—
Arrete! the tale is not of that.

So for some pages run on these false starts of Pegasus—a notion not only unique, but managed with surprising ability. At last the story gets to galloping steadily, and we find out—so far as we find out anything in these pages—that the theme is the old one, Love. There is a heroine,

"A great and beauty, in whose eyes
Lay all the loves of Paradise."

FOR SAUCE.—Take the yolks of three eggs, one pint of milk, sweeten to taste; set in a vessel of hot water, and stir constantly till done. When nearly cool add a little salt, and flavor with vanilla or lemon.

THE ROCHESTER CAKE.

BY THE REV. A. MC ELROY WYCKE.

Some years ago, when the writer was much younger and less experienced in affairs of the world than he is now, he found himself a traveler eastward on a crowded train, at the city of Rochester. The train was somewhat behind-time, and could stop but a moment or two, and the traveler was quite hungry. Standing on the platform casting about as to where he might get something to eat, he saw a lad coming along with a clean basket and crying out, "Here you are, sir; nice fruit-pudding-cakes, ten cents!"

He threw a glance a-down into the inviting depths of the boy's commissary, and those cakes looked exceedingly inviting. They looked as comfortable as a bevy of New York aldermen around a board groaning with bewitching viands. They were as brown as a bun, full-dome, and then the fruit peeped out of the well-rounded tops, as if to coquette with the rising appetite; and as the raisins seemed to wink at us from the light, well-colored body of the cake, we found the invitation too much for our philosophy—that it is much better to eschew all sorts of cake than to chew them. So we invested, and as the train began to move off, began seeking satisfaction.

We broke open the inviting-looking compound, expecting a most cunning specimen of culinary conglomerate; but there was precious little conglomerate, so far as pertained to the fruit-yielding qualities. It was really a cunning bit of falsehood, and a piece of puffed-up conceit. Would you believe it? There were all told, just five raisins, and every one of these looked out at us from the top of their soft embedding. Of course the inference was, that there were plenty more of the same sort below, and yet the whole body of the compound was as destitute of fruit, as the baker was of honesty. It was, to be sure, a small affair; so was Franklin's whistle; but it raised within us, at the first flush, mingled emotions of disgust and resentment; and after the emotions had subsided, and the keen edge had been taken off from the appetite, there succeeded the calm of a little reflection and inward comment.

There was one of our earlier lessons in the ways of the world, and the operations of human nature. So, ever since, that Rochester cake comes up to us, and has the marvelous effort of moderating our expectation, correcting our judgment, and calming our wounded feelings, after some keen disappointment. It has its applications from the market clear up to morals. We look at a seemingly splendid barrel of apples, or potatoes; examine beneath the topmost layer, and inwardly exclaim, "Rochester Cake!" and pass on. We fall in with a faultlessly dressed individual, who is very plausible; he is winning, he is positively irresistible; in fact he is too full of kindness, by two-thirds, upon the first interview, and he would certainly have succeeded in his designs, if we had not, long ago, purchased, inspected and eaten that Western New York Cake; so at the very moment of being carried away, we inwardly exclaim, "Rochester Cake!" and pass on.

In fact, it would be exceedingly difficult to sum up all the good we have derived from that "Rochester Cake." Had it really been what it professed to be, we should have eaten it without a reflection, and forgotten, we had ever purchased such a cake; but as it is, it has proved a permanent investment. It has long ago been digested as to the body, but it has only just begun to digest as to the mind; and we think it will prove quite nourishing for the next fifty years, should we live so long. Without being misanthropic or sour-tempered, we have about concluded that the whole world is, for the most part, a "Rochester Cake."

Mr. Doubleprofit comes to us with a scheme of, splendid speculation. A most plausible, winning man is Mr. D—. He is so rich in information, and so elegant and fascinating in manner and elocution, that one feels as if he ought to pay him for the display of it all. "Indeed, sir, the scheme is quite sure: it will yield from sixty to one hundred per cent. within eighteen months!" And just as we are about to yield, up pops that "Rochester Cake," as suddenly as the loaf in the fairy tale fell down the chimney; our firmness rallies, and, thanking Mr. Doubleprofit, we bid him good-morning.

We see young people running after mere excitement, mere fashion, mere pleasure, mere indulgence; we see them putting on the mere outward polish, and superficial accomplishments, and we cry out, "Rochester Cake!" again. These things yield all the fruit, so much as they have, and sometimes it is only the five or six raisins at the beginning, and we soon come to the end of all that: then, afterwards, that which is a great deal worse, and it is often a great way to the bottom.

We have seen, too, a great deal of this sort of thing in married life. Young people come together in society, and they put all the raisins on the outside. It is a little music; a little French; a little of the common currency of every-day chat, with no thorough bottoming upon truth, principle, habits of obedience and patience. They marry, and they soon discover that married life, with nothing more for capital than what they have mutually brought into the partnership is, at best, only a "Rochester Cake," and a bad specimen at that. A little fruit in the honeymoon on the top; but all very soon picked out; then, in the centre all quite hollow, and at the bottom all quite heavy and quite "sad."

The fact of it all is, we have come to the conclusion we can no more get out of life what

we do not put into it, than we can get out of a cake what we do not put into it. If we want a rich and satisfying fruitage, we must mix the fruit plentifully in while the composition is yet in the dough. In the formative period the hard nuts of profitable truths must be cracked, and the rich meat put in; the luscious fruit, grown for a long season, and ripened upon the experience of the wise—those blessed molders of character, our able teachers and devoted parents—must be humbly taken and well stirred in; and then must go in the sweetening of a well-schooled temper, and the whole body of consistency known as a well-developed character; then let the cake be baked, and set out for a lasting source of real enjoyment. Otherwise we shall be worse off than Ephraim, who was burnt on the one side and dough on the other.

We are thankful for the teachings of the Rochester Cake, and deem it one of the best investments we ever made.—Sunday-School Times.

RUM AND CHEESE.

Moderate drinkers and defenders of moderate drinking, always plead their personal rights, and attempt to hold up the absurdity of denying "liberty" to human taste and appetite. A specimen of their logic, and a sufficient answer to it, can be seen in the following conversation, related by Mr. Gough. It shows that the absurdity is entirely with the drinker's argument:

A gentleman was dining at the table of a lady who refused to tolerate one drop of wine or spirits on her table, and who, when asked to entertain one of the British nobility, replied, "I can; but it must be understood that neither wine, ale, nor spirits are offered in my house."

This gentleman sat at her table, and replied: "I enjoy a glass of wine, and I have got in the habit of using it. By-and-by you will take from us all our luxuries. I think wine promotes digestion. Did you never hear of a man who could not eat cheese without hurting him?"

She replied, "Did you ever hear of a man standing under the gallows, and saying to the witnesses of the execution, 'Now, my friends, take warning by me, and never eat any cheese?' Or did you ever read in the newspapers, when a man is murdered in our streets, that 'those men had been eating cheese?' Show me that cheese produces nine-tenths of the crime, seven-eighths of the pauperism, one-half of the lunacy; show to me that cheese produces the result that drink does, and by the grace of God I will battle the cheese just as hard as the wine."

RECIPES.

CORN OYSTERS.—One pint green corn, grated, one egg well beaten, one small teaspoon flour, two table spoonfuls butter, salt. Fry on a griddle.

TOMATO CATSUP.—1 gallon ripe tomatoes, one table spoon salt, four of ground pepper, three of mustard, one teaspoon allspice, one of cloves, one of cinnamon, six little red peppers, simmer the whole slowly with a pint of vinegar for three or four hours. Strain through a sieve; cork tight.

DELICIOUS APPLE PUDDING.—Pare and chop six large apples, butter a pudding dish, put in a layer half an inch thick of grated bread, add bits of butter, then a layer of chopped apples with sugar and nutmeg, repeat till the dish is full, pour over it a teacup of cold water and bake.

GRAPE MARMALADE.—Rub cooked grapes through a fine cullender, measure the pulp and add the same amount of good coffee sugar cook till stiff, turn into cups and cover with egg paper.—Kansas Home Cook Book.

LEMON TARTLETS.—Rub a teacupful of sugar in lumps over the rind of a fresh lemon, so as to absorb all the essential oil; squeeze the juice of the lemon over the sugar; crush it fine with a sponge; add to it two eggs, well beaten, and two table spoonfuls of sweet butter; beat all together, and bake in little patty-pans, lined with puff paste.

CHOCOLATE KISSES.—Three heaping table spoonfuls of grated chocolate; one pound of granulated sugar; the whites of four eggs; beat the eggs to a froth, not too stiff; add the sugar and chocolate, and stir well together; flavor with 30 drops of vanilla; drop on buttered paper with a teaspoon; bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes.

DAISY EVERNIGHT.

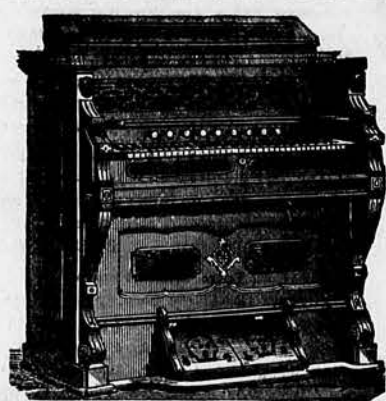
TO BOIL NEW POTATOES.—Wash them clean, then rub the skin off with the hand; never use a knife. Put them into boiling water with a little salt; when done, drain perfectly dry; add a cup of milk, with a little flour rubbed smooth in it; butter the size of an egg, and some salt. Stew it until the flour thickens in the milk.

TO FRY SLICED POTATOES.—Wash and pare the potatoes; slice with a potato slicer very thin; let them lie in cold water long enough to take out some of the starch, then drain and wipe dry; throw a few places at a time into boiling lard; as soon as they fry a clear golden brown color, take out with a perforated skimmer; put them into a colander or sieve to drain; sprinkle with salt and serve.

PLAIN CHARLOTTE.—Spread slices of nice, light bread with butter and fruit jelly; place layers of these in a deep bowl and pour over rich, thick cream, sweetened and flavored with lemon. Beat whites of eggs with jelly and pile high on the top.

SMALL SPONGE CAKES.—Beat well together two eggs, and then stir in a teacupful of powdered white sugar, and beat for five minutes; add slowly a teacupful of flour, beating all the while; grate half a lemon into it, and bake in scalloped tins.

SNOW CUSTARD.—Half box of Cox's gelatine; pour over it one pint of boiling water, stir until all is dissolved; add two cups of sugar and juice of two lemons; when nearly cool add the whites of three eggs; beat all forty-five minutes, and pour into a dish to harden.



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EDITED BY MRS. M. W. HUDSON.

For the Kansas Farmer.

HAY-MAKING.

A SUMMER IDYL.

The early freshness of the summer morn was past,
The heaven-sent dew was off the dark, green grass;
The birds sat idly silent in the leaf-bound trees;
The air was filled with buzzing bumble bees;
The portulacca in the pan upon the window-sill,
Of the hot and livid sunshine was taking in its fill.

I sat upon the door-step, in the shadow of the vine,
And saw the merry hay-makers forming into line.

Said Uncle Ephraim: "Boys, way off there in the west,
There's a thousand thunder clouds, I reckon, more or less;

"Our hay lies flatter'n a pancake down in the east lot,
And we'll have to hurry mightily to get it up in cook.

"The signs is all for rain—has been, a day or two,
Smoke settles on the roof, th' sky's most awful blue;

"But the thing I always build on, when I'm goin' to prophesy,
Is a feelin' in my bones and a thickness in my eye;

"I'm told they've got a weather-cock that goes before the winds;
But I've always found reliable—th' feelin' in my shins."

"Father," said young Jethro, "while you're talkin' all th' day
'Bout the signs of all creation,—don't forget th' hay!"

II.

Sat I that day with vine-shade encompassed round about,
Saw I that day my lover with the sturdy men go out.

Into the meadows sweet, his arms, like their's quite bare;
But their's were brown and brawny, his were white and fair,

Through my fingers currants slipped, slowly, one by one,
I sighed because my weary task was only half begun.

Spoke the voice I love, as my lover passed that way,
"I'm going out with the men, Jane, to labor hard all day!"

"You look like a lovely picture, dear, set in a leafy frame,
The currants on your little hand have left a ruby stain;

"Morning-glories all around you, purple throats and white;
Little bits of shadows, and little rifts of light,

"Falling all about you 'till your rich brown hair gleams like a saintly maiden's, glorified and fair."

Gaily laughed I then, as my lover went his way
Into the fragrant meadow, to hay about the hay.

III.

Ere the noon-tide, when the shadows fall a-slant the door,
Came the voice of Aunt Maria, shrill enough for four:

"Get the basket from the pantry, the jug from off the shelf,
And take the boys their lunch! Now, Jane, bestir yourself!"

Into the perfumed meadows, just before the noon,
Stepped I, singing gaily, a little, lively tune.

Wind-rows of the clean, new hay rose up like a tide;
Found I not my lover standing by their side.

Brown arms tossed the hay in the hot noonday sunshine,
'Mongst them all were no white arms of any lover mine!

But under a great oak tree, where shades perpetual keep,
Discovered I my lover lying—fast asleep!

IV.

Quoth Aunt, as we homeward came that summer day,
"Wouldn't give much for a man that can't make hay!"

GEORGE H. PICARD.

LONG BRANCH.

Joaquin Miller at the Seaside—A New Poem. Cor. of the Daily Graphic.

LONG BRANCH, July 25.

When one has the opportunity to sit beside a great poet on the piazza of a watering place hotel, while he reads the proofs of his new volume, one feels a sympathy for that remainder of humanity which is forced to content itself with such pleasures as dancing, dining, winning, bathing, flirting, and so on. And if one is a newspaper correspondent, the inclination to make the world a sharer in the present joy, at second hand, is irresistible. So to-day I bid wait the commoner topics of watering-place existence, and give my letter to echoing the strains of Joaquin's latest song.

The iconoclastic spirit of the age, which loves to knock down idols and clip the wings of soaring genius, would enjoy, I know, a sensation from this pen which should riddle Joaquin Miller with sarcastic fun; but from the first I have placed myself on the record as an earnest admirer of this man's poetry, and

though inseparable declares I never would spoil a joke for the sake of the truth. I find myself unable to make sport at the expense of the great poet of the Sierras. I know how much "epicure" a critic is when he is "pitching in," and I have comforted myself once or twice in my public career by this knowledge, when in some Western town a scribe who had instructions to make his critique of me "spicy" took all the skin off my knuckles (morally) in the effort to obey orders. But let those rasp Joaquin Miller's sensitive nature who will, I confess—dull though it be to praise—that I belong to the new sect of later Millerites.

"Did you say," asked one of Miller's admirers of Tennyson, "that Joaquin Miller was the greatest poet living?"

"No," replied the Laureate; "but I said he would be if he worked as hard as I do." And how hard Tennyson works is clearly enough shown by his own avowal that he once smoked twelve cigars while pondering over a single line. I know of my own knowledge that he kept proofs by him for eleven months, and when at last the printer got them there was found to be a Balzacian intricacy about them which was the reverse of pleasing in the composer's eyes.

And here is one great difference between these poets. Joaquin pours out his soul in song and then never wants to look on the printed transcript again. "I never read my own books," he says. Tennyson is never weary of applying the file. Joaquin sits and inserts new lines in his proof (which is set up and read as carefully as a goldsmith overlooks the mounting of a Queen's diadem), while children are trolling hoops, and babies are bawling, and "bus-hounds are shouting "All aboard for the New York train," and countless other noises are rending the air. He scribbles his corrections with his glove on, and never smokes a whiff while thus engaged.

Far from being the sensation seeker he has been pictured, Joaquin Miller is one of the quietest of men, and I am certain that not more than a dozen people in this great hostelry are aware of the presence of this strong, sweet singer.

The poem of which he is now reading the proofs is the longest he has written, and is entitled "The Ship in the Desert." It has been printed in England, and is all ready for the market there; but, like George Eliot, when "Middlemarch" was published, Joaquin runs away from the London reviews, and left instructions that not one should be sent him until after the book had made its bow in this country. But don't you think that most of us could face criticism with a good deal of courage if we had written this? I give it to you before the public sees it, so you are safe to steal it and send it to your sweetheart as original.

"Her mouth was roses gathered from the South,
The warm, south side of Paradise,
And breathed upon and hunted down,
As red as battle-star of Mars,"
By angels on a stair of stars.

The italicized line is one which Joaquin recently inserted; it did not appear in the London edition. "I wanted redness in the mouth," said the poet last night, "but the battle-star is too hard for a sensuous picture. That will go out." I think myself that it is best that Mars should take a back seat.

Observing a word spelled wrong in one of the poet's pencillings, I said:

"You do not take the trouble to spell correctly, I see."

"Why, no," he answered with an amused smile, "one man can't do everything. What's a printer for? If a printer can't spell, he'd better quit the business. Spelling isn't my profession."

It is evident that an interesting story is to be solved in "The Ship in the Desert." What that story is I have not had enough of the proofs to know. The first pages are by a skillful and original device devoted to telling the reader not what the tale is, but what it is not. I give the opening stanzas:

A man in middle Aridzone
Stood by the desert's edge alone,
And long look'd and lean'd.

He peer'd,
Above his twirl'd and twisted beard,
Beneath his black and slouchy hat...

Nay, nay, the tale is not of that.

A skin-clad trapper, toes-tip,
Stood on a mountain top and he
Looked long and still and eagerly.
"It looks so like some lone some ship
That sails this ghostly, lonely sea—
This dried up desert sea," said he,
"These tawny sands of Ararat!"
Avant! the tale is not of it.

An Indian warrior lost his way
While prowling on the desert's edge,
In fragrant sage and prickly hedge,
When suddenly he saw a sight,
And turned his steed in eager flight,
He rode right through the edge of day,
He rode into the rolling night.

He leaned, he reached an eager face,
His black wolf skin flapped out and in,
And tiger claws on tiger skin
Held seat and saddle to its place;
But that gray ghost that clutched thereat...
Arrete! the tale is not of that.

So for some pages run on these false starts of Pegasus—a notion not only unique, but managed with surprising ability. At last the story gets to galloping steadily, and we find out—so far as we find out anything in these pages—that the theme is the old one, Love. There is a heroine,

"A great sad beauty, in whose eyes
Lay all the loves of Paradise."

FOR SAUCE.—Take the yolks of three eggs, one pint of milk, sweeten to taste; set in a vessel of hot water, and stir constantly till done. When nearly cool add a little salt, and flavor with vanilla or lemon.

THE ROCHESTER CAKE.

BY THE REV. A. MC KEROY WYLLIE.

Some years ago, when the writer was much younger and less experienced in affairs of the world than he is now, he found himself a traveler eastward on a crowded train, at the city of Rochester. The train was somewhat behind-time, and could stop but a moment or two, and the traveler was quite hungry. Standing on the platform casting about as to where he might get something to eat, he saw a lad coming along with a clean basket and crying out, "Here you are, sir; nice fruit-pound-cakes, ten cents!"

He threw a glance at down into the inviting depths of the boy's commissary, and those cakes looked exceedingly inviting. They looked as comfortable as a bevy of New York aldermen around a board groaning with bewitching viands. They were as brown as a bun, full-dome, and then the fruit peeped out of the well-rounded tops, as if to coquette with the rising appetite; and as the raisins seemed to wink at us from the light, well-colored body of the cake, we found the invitation too much for our philosophy—that it is much better to eschew all sorts of cake than to chew them. So we invested, and as the train began to move off, began seeking satisfaction.

We broke open the inviting-looking compound, expecting a most cunning specimen of culinary conglomerate; but there was precious little conglomerate, so far as pertained to the fruit-yielding qualities. It was really a cunning bit of falsehood, and a piece of puffed-up conceit. Would you believe it? There were all told, just five raisins, and every one of these looked out at us from the top of their soft embedding. Of course the inference was, that there were plenty more of the same sort below, and yet the whole body of the compound was as destitute of fruit, as the baker was of honesty. It was, to be sure, a small affair; so was Franklin's whistle; but it raised within us, at the first flush, mingled emotions of disgust and resentment; and after the emotions had subsided, and the keen edge had been taken off from the appetite, there succeeded the calm of a little reflection and inward comment.

There was one of our earlier lessons in the ways of the world, and the operations of human nature. So, ever since, that Rochester cake comes up to us, and has the marvelous effort of moderating our expectation, correcting our judgment, and calming our wounded feelings, after some keen disappointment. It has its applications from the market clear up to morals. We look at a seemingly splendid barrel of apples, or potatoes; examine beneath the topmost layer, and inwardly exclaim, "Rochester Cake!" and pass on. We fall in with a faultlessly dressed individual, who is very plausible; he is winning, he is positively irresistible; in fact he is too full of kindness, by two-thirds, upon the first interview, and he would certainly have succeeded in his designs, if we had not, long ago, purchased, inspected and eaten that Western New York Cake; so at the very moment of being carried away, we inwardly exclaim, "Rochester Cake!" and pass on.

In fact, it would be exceedingly difficult to sum up all the good we have derived from that "Rochester Cake." Had it really been what it professed to be, we should have eaten it without a reflection, and forgotten, we had ever purchased such a cake; but as it is, it has proved a permanent investment. It has long ago been digested as to the body, but it has only just begun to digest as to the mind; and we think it will prove quite nourishing for the next fifty years, should we live so long. Without being misanthropic or sour-tempered, we have about concluded that the whole world is, for the most part, a "Rochester Cake."

Mr. Doubleprofit comes to us with a scheme of, splendid speculation. A most plausible, winning man is Mr. D—. He is so rich in information, and so elegant and fascinating in manner and elocution, that one feels as if he ought to pay him for the display of it all. "Indeed, sir, the scheme is quite sure: it will yield from sixty to one hundred per cent. within eighteen months!" And just as we are about to yield, up pops that "Rochester Cake," as suddenly as the loaf in the fairy tale fell down the chimney; our firmness rallies, and, thanking Mr. Doubleprofit, we bid him good-morning.

We see young people running after mere excitement, mere fashion, mere pleasure, mere indulgence; we see them putting on the mere outward polish, and superficial accomplishments, and we cry out, "Rochester Cake!" again. These things yield all the fruit, as much as they have, and sometimes it is only the five or six raisins at the beginning, and we soon come to the end of all that; then, afterwards, that which is a great deal worse, and it is often a great way to the bottom.

We have seen, too, a great deal of this sort of thing in married life. Young people come together in society, and they put all the raisins on the outside. It is a little music; a little French; a little of the common currency of every-day chat, with a large amount of mere sentiment and fancy, with no thorough bottoming upon truth, principle, habits of obedience and patience. They marry, and they soon discover that married life, with nothing more for capital than what they have mutually brought into the partnership is, at best, only a "Rochester Cake," and a bad specimen at that. A little fruit in the honeymoon on the top; but all very soon picked out; then, in the centre all quite hollow, and at the bottom all quite heavy and quite "sad."

The fact of it all is, we have come to the conclusion we can no more get out of life what

we do not put into it, than we can get out of a cake what we do not put into it. If we want a rich and satisfying fruitage, we must mix the fruit plentifully in while the composition is yet in the dough. In the formative period the hard nuts of profitable truths must be cracked, and the rich meat put in; the luscious fruit, grown for a long season, and ripened upon the experience of the wise—those blessed molders of character, our able teachers and devoted parents—must be humbly taken and well stirred in; and then must go in the sweetening of a well-schooled temper, and the whole body of consistency known as a well-developed character; then let the cake be baked, and set out for a lasting source of real enjoyment. Otherwise we shall be worse off than Ephraim, who was burnt on the one side and dough on the other.

We are thankful for the teachings of the Rochester Cake, and deem it one of the best investments we ever made.—Sunday-School Times.

RUM AND CHEESE.

Moderate drinkers and defenders of moderate drinking, always plead their personal rights, and attempt to hold up the absurdity of denying "liberty" to human taste and appetite. A specimen of their logic, and a sufficient answer to it, can be seen in the following conversation, related by Mr. Gough. It shows that the absurdity is entirely with the drinker's argument:

A gentleman was dining at the table of a lady who refused to tolerate one drop of wine or spirits on her table, and who, when asked to entertain one of the British nobility, replied, "I can; but it must be understood that neither wine, ale, nor spirits are offered in my house." This gentleman sat at her table, and replied:

"I enjoy a glass of wine, and I have got in the habit of using it. By-and-by you will take from us all our luxuries. I think wine promotes digestion. Did you never hear of a man who could not eat cheese without hurting him?"

She replied, "Did you ever hear of a man standing under the gallows, and saying to the witnesses of the execution, 'Now, my friends, take warning by me, and never eat any cheese?' Or did you ever read in the newspapers, when a man is murdered in our streets, that 'those men had been eating cheese?' Show me that cheese produces nine-tenths of the crime, seven-eighths of the pauperism, one-half of the lunacy; show me that cheese produces the result that drink does, and by the grace of God I will battle the cheese just as hard as the wine."

RECIPES.

CORN OYSTERS.—One pint green corn, grated, one egg well beaten, one small teaspoon flour, two table spoonfuls butter, salt. Fry on a griddle.

TOMATO CATSUP.—1 gallon ripe tomatoes, one table spoon salt, four of ground pepper, three of mustard, one teaspoon allspice, one of cloves, one of cinnamon, six little red peppers, simmer the whole slowly with a pint of vinegar for three or four hours. Strain through a sieve; cork tight.

DELICIOUS APPLE PUDDING.—Pare and chop six large apples, butter a pudding dish, put in a layer half an inch thick of grated bread, add bits of butter, then a layer of chopped apples with sugar and nutmeg, repeat till the dish is full, pour over it a teaspoon of cold water and bake.

GRAPE MARMALADE.—Rub cooked grapes through a fine cullender, measure the pulp and add the same amount of good coffee sugar cook till stiff, turn into cups and cover with egg paper.—Kansas Home Cook Book.

LEMON TARTLETS.—Rub a teaspoonful of sugar in the pores over the rind of a fresh lemon, so as to absorb all the essential oil; squeeze the juice of the lemon over the sugar; crush it fine with a sponge; add to it two eggs, well beaten, and two table spoonfuls of sweet butter; beat all together, and bake in little pattypans, lined with puff paste.

CHOCOLATE KISSES.—Three heaping table spoonfuls of grated chocolate; one pound of granulated sugar; the whites of four eggs; beat the eggs to a froth, not too stiff; add the sugar and chocolate, and stir well together; flavor with 30 drops of vanilla; drop on buttered paper with a teaspoon; bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes.

DAIRY EVERLIGHT.

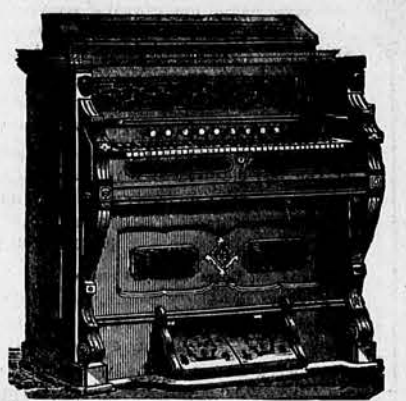
TO BOIL NEW POTATOES.—Wash them clean, then rub the skin off with the hand; never use a knife. Put them into boiling water with a little salt; when done, drain perfectly dry; add a cup of milk, with a little flour rubbed smooth in it; butter the size of an egg, and some salt. Stew it until the flour thickens in the milk.

TO FRY SLICED POTATOES.—Wash and pare the potatoes; slice with a potato slicer very thin; let them lie in cold water long enough to take out some of the starch, then drain and wipe dry; throw a few pieces at a time into boiling lard; as soon as they fry a clear golden brown color, take out with a perforated skimmer; put them into a colander or sieve to drain; sprinkle with salt and serve.

PLAIN CHARLOTTE.—Spread slices of nice, light bread with butter and fruit jelly; place layers of these in a deep bowl and pour over rich, thick cream, sweetened and flavored with lemon. Beat whites of eggs with jelly and pile high on the top.

SMALL SPONGE CAKES.—Beat well together two eggs, and then stir in a teaspoonful of powdered white sugar, and beat for five minutes; add slowly a teaspoonful of flour, beating all the while; grate half a lemon into it, and bake in scalloped tins.

SNOW CUSTARD.—Half box of Cox's gelatine; pour over it one pint of boiling water, stir until all is dissolved; add two cups of sugar and juice of two lemons; when nearly cool add the whites of three eggs; beat all forty-five minutes, and pour into a dish to harden.



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Let us Smile.

DANIEL S. DICKINSON'S WIT.

N. Y. Letter to the Boston Journal.

A party of gentlemen were together last week, and were telling old time stories. One referred to Senator Dickinson. He was not overlearned but was very shrewd. He knew absolutely nothing of the classics, and was greatly annoyed when one quoted Latin. Van Buren had swung off into Free Soil, and the burden of the party was on Dickinson's shoulders. A friend of Van Buren was eulogizing the ex-President in a speech. He spoke of Curtius, and compared Van Buren to that noble Roman. Dickinson went over to a seat occupied by a Senator who was at home in all that relates to the Romans. "Who is this Curtius the Senator is talking about?" "O, he is not talking about Curtius at all. He is talking of a noble Roman patriot. His name was Curtius, not Curtius." "Well, what did he do?" "Why, in the time of a great public calamity he threw himself into the breach and saved his country." "O, that's it, is it? What did you say his name was?" "Curtius." "Won't you spell it?" "C-u-r-t-i-u-s." "All right; thank you," said Dickinson, as he went to his seat. As soon as the defender of Van Buren took his seat, Dickinson arose, fresh, confident, exuberant. He closed like a man fresh from the classics. "And who is this Curtius, to whom the honorable Senator compares Martin Van Buren? But how unlike Mr. Van Buren. Curtius threw himself into the breach to save his country. But Martin Van Buren threw his country into the breach to save himself."

While stopping over night at a farm house out West, a traveler was astonished to see his hostess walk up to her husband about every fifteen minutes and box his ears or give him a pull. In the morning the guest, seeing the woman alone, asked an explanation of her strange conduct, and her reply was: "You see, stranger, me and the old man has been fighting for ten years to see who shall boss this 'ere ranch, and I have jest got him cowed, but if I should let up on him for a day he would turn on me again, and my work would all be for nothing."

She tried to sit down in a street car, but was pinned back so tight she couldn't. Old lady peeped over her specs and asked her, "How long have you been afflicted that way?" The young lady blushed and made "a break," sitting down sideways, and holding her knees together so tight that she looked as if she had on a one legged pair of breeches. Old lady noticed her sitting in this sideways cramped position, and whispered, "Bile, I s'pose; I have had 'em thar myself."

A rustic couple, newly married, marched in to a drug store and called for soda water. The obliging clerk inquired what syrup they would have in it, when the swan, deliberately leaning over the counter, replied, "Stranger, money is no object to me; put sugar in it."

Mistress—"Let you go to evening school, Mary? Why, I thought you could read?" "Well, ma'am, I does know my letters fust rate so long's they keep all in a row, but just as soon as they gits mixed up into words, I'm beat."

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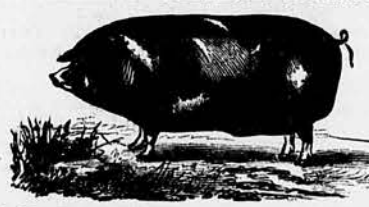
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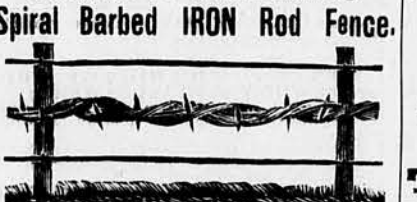
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THIS FENCE consists of a bar of half oval iron, punched every three inches, and the Barbs, made from No. 11 hard wire, are inserted under great pressure by an improved process. The rod is then twisted in spiral form, (see cut), which causes the barbs to project at every possible angle, and is painted with a weather-proof composition, to prevent rust. The rods are cut in lengths of eight feet each, the ends being punched for rivets, which are furnished with the rods.

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It is cheaper than any other barbed fence in the market.

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The greatest labor-saving invention of the day.

Four men and one team can stack more hay in one day with this machine, and do it much easier than can possibly be done with eight men and four teams in the ordinary way. All orders promptly attended to. Cost only \$20 and can be saved in two days work. Agents wanted everywhere. State and county rights for sale. For further information address or apply to PERRY RUSSELL, 39 South Canal St., Chicago.

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COST of Fence as above, exclusive of post, only 30

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