

THE KANSAS FARMER



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The Kansas Farmer

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SUBSCRIBE FOR THE FARMER.

The long nights are at hand when the farmers and their families will need some good books and papers to read, and no time should be lost in getting them. Farmers should remember that if they desire to keep the boys home nights, that they must furnish them some kind of amusement—something that will interest them, and if the habit of reading is early imbibed, there is nothing that will form a stronger home tie than this. They should remember too, that if they desire to retain their boys upon the farm, they must get them interested in the agricultural literature of the day. The many testimonials that we are getting, leads us to believe that THE KANSAS FARMER is acceptable to its readers, and we hope each of our present subscribers will do something to keep it growing. Two copies, one old and one new subscriber for \$2.

TRANSPORTATION OF CATTLE.

A law passed by the last Congress, goes into effect this month (October), which requires more careful handling of cattle, by transportation companies. The law requires that no animal shall be confined in cars or boats for more than twenty-eight consecutive hours, without unloading, feeding and watering, unless storm or accidents prevent. The penalty for a violation of this act, is a fine of not less than one, nor more than five hundred dollars for each violation. It has been a great disadvantage to those of our shippers that took the better grade of cattle to the extreme eastern markets, that no opportunity was given on the route to feed and water their stock, and the result has been a loss in flesh of from seventy to one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and perhaps in some cases, still more.

We do not know the exact time it requires for cattle leaving Leavenworth to reach, say the Albany or New York markets, but certainly not less than five or six days, or double the time it requires for passenger trains. This would give the shipper two opportunities at least to attend to his stock.

It is made the duty of all United States marshals to see that the law is enforced.

A CLOVER HULLER.

One of our old subscribers, Mr. U. T. LUELLEN, of Spring Hill, Johnson county, writes us that he has just purchased a clover huller in Ohio, and it will hereafter be kept for the use of his neighbors.

This will probably be the first machine of the kind in the State, and we are glad to chronicle the fact, for the reason that it denotes progress in Agriculture. There is no reason why Kansas should not only raise, but thresh its own clover seed, as it is a profitable crop, and from this time on, the State will annually consume thousands of bushels. An average yield of seed is about five bushels, and the average wholesale price not far from six dollars per bushel. We believe clover to be one of our most valuable crops, and we hope our farmers will sow it largely next Spring.

STATISTICS OF WABAUNSEE COUNTY.

BY A TILLER.

EDITOR FARMER: I herewith send you a few Agricultural statistics of Wabaunsee county. For the statistics of the crop of 1870, I am indebted to Ninth United States Census. For statistics of 1872, and amount sown in 1873, I am indebted to the kindness of the county clerk, G. W. Watson, who copied them from the Assessor's rolls at his office. The probable amount and yield per acre has been condensed from a correspondence with, and personal inquiries of farmers in all parts of the county:

	1870	1872	1873
Corn, 220,265 bush	526,577	309,218	309,218
" acres planted	21,962	11,868	11,868
" yield per acre	43%	26	26
Wheat, 63,451 bushels	29,974	67,688	67,688
" acres sown	1,830	4,835	4,835
" yield per acre	16%	79,530	79,530
Oats, 28,243 bushels	77,550	2,651	2,651
" acres sown	2,115	30	30
" yield per acre	36%	8,080	8,080
Barley, 1,874 bushels	13,115	539	539
" acres sown	539	14	14
" yield per acre	24%	4,935	4,935
Rye, 640 bushels	2,962	329	329
" acres sown	164	15	15
" yield per acre	20%	28,880	28,880
Irish potatoes, 35,669	65,790	722	722
" acres planted	612	40	40
" yield per acre	107%		

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES.

Butter, 69,685 lbs	109,562
Cheese, 12,054 lbs	33,245

LIVE STOCK.

	1870	1872
Horses	1,983	2,584
Mules	97	114
Swine	1,466	3,670
Cattle	6,570	10,229
Sheep	863	781

As will be seen, we have less acreage in corn and barley this year than last; more acreage in wheat, oats, rye and Irish potatoes. Corn has been king in this county, but wheat is rapidly taking its place.

AN ORCHARD OF ONE THOUSAND TREES.

VARIETIES.—Here is the most important part of this article, and where most farmers err, in not knowing all the varieties best adapted to the West. There are a great many popular eastern varieties that are worthless here. And a great many err in planting too many varieties. This injures a great many orchards that would otherwise be profitable.

If I were planting 1,000 trees for profit, I would not go outside of twelve varieties, and would plant as follows, to wit: 25 Early Harvest, 50 Red Astrichan, 25 Red June, 25 Maiden Blush, 25 Fameuse, 100 Missouri Pippin, 100 White Pearmain, 200 Jenton, 200 Winesap, 200 New York Pippin.

An orchard taken care of and planted of the varieties indicated, will average five bushels to the tree when they become to be nine years old.

I now close, and promise to give an article on pruning, and one on hedge growing, some time in the future.—B. L. Cook, in *Atchison Globe*.

We think the above as good a list probably as can be made. If we were going to make a change, we would take fifty of the Missouri Pippin and add them to the Jonathan, and twenty-five of them, and substitute some good Winter sweet apple. This is a good time to discuss this question, and we hope our readers will use our columns. Let us hear from S. F. RHEA, of Easton, Mr. WELLS, of Riley county, and other practical orchardists.

ONE OPINION ONLY.

We are glad that there is one man in the State at least, in public position, who is not afraid to denounce fraud and corruption, let it come from where it may. Honor to "WEB" WILDER. Read his letter:

To the Editor of the Commonwealth:

TOPEKA, Oct. 27th, 1873.

George A. Moore is the Republican candidate for the Legislature from the Second Ward in Leavenworth. Mr. Moore is the man who got through the last Legislature the act exempting mortgages from taxation, and the act commonly known as the "debenture law." They are twins, and he is primarily responsible for them.

C. C. Hutchinson is the Republican candidate for the Legislature in Reno county. He got through the last Legislature a bill which will be found on pages 154 and 155 of the laws of last Winter. The object of the law is to saddle upon unorganized counties bonded debts, and to make the State pay for the costs in all criminal proceedings in unorganized counties.

I am responsible for only one vote, but I will not vote for any man for the Legislature who will not work for the repeal of these three bogus laws. There is much said just now about the United States Senate, but our own Legislature is a body in which all of us have a far greater interest. It would have been better for Kansas had her two chairs in the Senate stood empty during the last dozen years. We are not likely to see them empty, or to have the pay and mileage of Senators to help pay our back taxes, but we are likely to suffer in legislation at home if we continue to be negligent and thoughtless. Very truly yours,

DANIEL W. WILDER.

Falling Stars.—Elsewhere we publish an interesting article for our Boys and Girls, upon the Falling Stars of 1833. It may not be amiss for us to say to our young readers that on the night of the 13th of November of each year there is a pretty fair display of what Mr. HANWAY is writing about. We say the 13th of November. This is usually the night, but it varies from the 12th to the 14th. It will pay our boys and girls to keep a sharp lookout on those nights from 11 o'clock, P. M. until about 3 o'clock, A. M.

We think that Mr. HANWAY is mistaken in regard to the extent of the shower of 1833, or otherwise there was another grand display in 1837 that extended as far north as Northern New York. Can some of our readers tell us?

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Strayed from the undersigned, one dark sorrel mare, 10 years old, 15 hands high, pitt or hole in neck. Also, foal, same color, five months old. PINDER & NEWBERRY, Ashland, Riley County, Kansas.

The Kansas Farmer

MATILDA FLETCHER'S LECTURE.

We are glad to be able to lay before our readers the lecture delivered by the above accomplished lady, entitled "Farmers' Wives and Daughters." We trust that every husband and father that reads THE FARMER will give it a careful perusal. It is plain, practical, pungent. Every reader will find something in it that will fit his shoulders. Read it aloud at the fireside, and then—practice its teachings:

I have shared in that laudable ambition that seeks to win the prize for bread, needle work, &c. I remember it with pleasure, and hope to compete again when a convenient time arrives. I am here for a different purpose to-day, because I believe that woman, equally with man, has a right to every bough and twig and leaf of the tree of knowledge. If I am correctly informed, it has been hers from the first, by right of discovery. It is time her soul should take possession of her goodly heritage—queen of the whole grand realm of human thought, and endeavor, remembering that she is immortal, and reaching ever for a luminous crown of wisdom, that shall be untarnished and unclouded.

In saying this, with what may follow, I mean not to disparage, but only to ennoble the practical lessons of the farm-house. That I have the most hearty sympathy with those who brighten and bless our rural homes, will not seem strange, when I tell you that I am

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER,

And the noblest woman I ever knew, was a farmer's wife; yet do not tell my mother that I publicly praised her, else she will grieve that her gentle teachings have come to nought. I would not do it, but being one of you, I feel to-day that I must have a free, social home talk, or can say nothing. In my heart there are only words of love and encouragement for the dear girls and brave women who are so nobly aiding your grand State to blossom with beautiful homes. It is because I know their possibilities and their cares, their hopes and their trials, that I would compel them if possible, to cast away half of their burdens, and laugh at the rest. Slavery is not dead, and never will be so long as any human being ties their whole soul to the routine of daily toil. Recreation and rest, companionship and aspiration are as necessary to humanity as the sunshine and showers to the growing grain. No spirit can grow, whether merged into a dust-pan or a plowshare. The house and the farm, with all their belongings, should be held subservient to the good of the family, and be thought of solely as the promoter of health and happiness; the moment they gain the ascendancy, their virtues might as well be dead. Surely American men and women should have enterprise enough to find a way, or make one out into the sunshine of life, whether their particular habitation be upon a farm or anywhere else; that superior and ever-receding state called happiness, is as near to the farmer's household as to any people in the world.

To be happy, one must have health, wisdom, purity of heart, and, if a woman—*beauty*. You smile that I should give beauty a place among the essential steps to happiness; I am thoroughly in earnest. Certainly no woman, who has soul enough to be worthy of the name, can be happy with no elements of beauty in her home and its surroundings; and she must be desperate indeed, when in addition to this, there be no beauty in the personal appearance of herself and associates. While I mourn that many people do live through life surrounded by all unloveliness and deformity, I am glad that woman has a soul so noble that it recognizes the sackcloth and ashes, and refuses to be comforted when beauty lies dead at her threshold. Beauty is one of the divine essences of the universe; it is the living smile of the Infinite, shining through all His handiwork. Filled with its precious breath, a single blade of grass can put to blush all finite wisdom. A flower is a revelation, before which all the paraphernalia of strictly practical lives dwindle to rags and wretchedness. "God is love;" but his mantle is beauty. "He clotheth himself with light!" Far in the depths of the mountain gorges, rough, old, granite bowlders are fringed with a delicate moss, as though His hand of love had tenderly caressed them into blossom! Beneath the thunder of the ever-lashing waters, His footsteps blossom into marvelous labyrinths of beauty. Shall we touch the hem of His garment without faith, only to mar it, and bring a curse upon ourselves? No! we will not do this; but with reverent and joyful hearts, and willing hands, we will build here temples fit for the holiest emotions of the soul, and surround them with a harmony surpassing Nature's

loveliest dream! What though we are beginning, we will mark the beauty of the landscape, the glory of the sky, the wealth of the soil, and call each other to witness that every stroke is a line of beauty. I know that the majority of those present, will agree that this should be the spirit pervading all our work, both in the house and upon the farm. I believe, also, that many of you will admit that the sweet benison of beauty should dwell in the personal appearance, habits, manners and conversation of people.

GRADGRINDS.

There are people in the world, however, who sneer at the love of beauty and harmony; people who are content to delve only in facts and finances. A smile, a sunbeam, a flower, a poem—all these are meaningless to them. Love and sympathy are strangers to their poisoned souls. Poor wretches! Miserable Gradgrinds! "Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed; treading the may-flowers with regardless feet."

Excuse strong terms; I cannot help but mean them. If there is anybody that I perfectly hate, it is a Gradgrind. They remind me of nothing but a mule, and a most ungainly one at that. Everybody knows that the heels of a mule have the disagreeable habit of flying out of their place, and making an impression upon anything that happens to be within reach. A colored boy was driving one of these animals, when its heels suddenly appeared in his face like a flash of lightning, and left him sprawling in the dust. The poor fellow slowly picked himself up, and looking after the vanishing offender, bitterly remarked: "That's why I 'spise a mule!" Now, there is such a thing as being knocked down in spirit as well as in body, and that's what makes me 'spise a Gradgrind. The mule heels of their dispositions are continually flying in the face of the young and sensitive, and leaving them sprawling in the dust and bitterness of existence. In nine cases out of ten, when boys and girls flee from their childhood home as they would from a pestilence, it is because their poor, wronged spirits have been knocked down once too often, with a Gradgrind at the helm.

FARMER GRADGRINDS.

Whenever you find one of these kind of men on a farm, he will pretend that stogy boots, and a shaggy head, with a gruff voice, rough manners and a general rudeness of surroundings, are the natural outgrowth of a rural habitation. Such people are a fraud; an unmitigated humbug, and the generous soil of their farms ought to resent such an imputation upon the harmonious mystery that buds and blossoms and matures about them from year to year. If they cannot be induced to cultivate the sweet graces of life within themselves, and in the sacred precincts of home; if they must remain blind to the glory of life to the end of their existence, I am inclined to pray that their days be speedily numbered; yet that seems a strange prayer, because many of these murky individuals believe themselves models of piety, really and truly God's anointed. They affect to think it a sin to make themselves or their homes attractive.

CATERPILLARS.

A short time since I visited at the home of one of these pillars of creation (caterpillars, I mean) a good man and a gentleman he supposed himself to be. To eat, to sleep, to accumulate money and land was the extent of his aspiration; and yet at family prayer he informed God complacently, that he "presented himself and family a living sacrifice to the service of heaven." Living, indeed! He was the dearest sacrifice extant. Dead to all grace and harmony of form, of color, of feeling. His family might have truthfully been called a living sacrifice to his pig-headedness. He had hundreds of acres of grain, extensive woodlands and orchards, droves of horses and herds of cattle, and his great barn of a house had not a single carpet nor picture, only the very plainest furniture, and not enough of that. His extensive library consisted of Patent Office Reports, Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, and a few interesting volumes upon horse doctoring and sheep raising. Good enough books in their way, and perhaps necessary to him, but not a book nor a picture to minister to the eager young souls clustering about his hearth. His wife was a silent, broken-spirited woman; his eldest boy had fled to the far West, hoping upon some crag or peak of the dear old Rockies to catch a glimpse of the sunshine of life; the eldest daughter, a sweet, intelligent girl of seventeen, was maid of all work. She had a wistful, troubled expression, which I could not hold but notice, although she tried to be cheerful and entertaining. In the evening she came and sat in my room until a late hour, and I was not surprised when in sentences broken with tearful emotion, she gave me an account of her trials. It seemed as though I could guess them all before she began. One thing was, they never had anything to lighten their labor, no sewing, washing nor wringing ma-

chine, nor even a pump in the cistern; but she merely referred to this, she was willing to work, and work hard. The burden of her complaint was that they never had anything to make the house attractive and homelike inside, and were never assisted nor allowed to beautify the grounds about the house. Once she had planted some flowers, but the father had mowed them down, because the care of them was a sinful waste of time. She moaned again and again "we never have anything beautiful and nice, and we are so unhappy, mother and us children;" and yet the dear heart kept saying "Father is a good man; he don't understand how we suffer for such things." Don't he? Oh, the contemptible man! I hope by some good fortune he is here to-day to be enlightened. After she had talked and wept, and became more composed, she said: "I have a friend. I want you to see her tomorrow. Her husband is a poor man; he only has forty acres, and one team, and a small amount of stock and a little home, yet they have everything, and are so happy, and sometimes it seems as though I couldn't live if I didn't go there once a week. I never have any books except what they lend me, and I have to read them on the sly, because father is too proud to borrow, especially of poor folks."

I am glad farm life does not often present such a picture; all over our beautiful West are springing up homes where the appliances of taste and culture "cover the rough and the rude of earth with a veil of leaves and flowers." Homes full of light and harmony, where the sturdy sons of toil feel the stirring impulse of a noble life, and tread their high destiny as "kings and lawgivers" in the noblest country yet vouchsafed to man. None of these will blush at the story I have told, and as for those who make a virtue of unloveliness, no rebuke can be too scathing, none more bitterly abusive than they deserve for their blind bigotry.

I am aware that extreme poverty may be an excuse for all things dreadful and disagreeable; but happily, the great majority of farmers are never in absolute want, and nearly all can have at least the comforts of life.

POOR FARMER.

I must take time to mention that I went with my young friend to visit the poor farmer, the man with "only forty acres and one team," and the grounds about his house were like a lovely park. The house was a little brown gem of a cottage, with green blinds, and dainty green trellis work here and there, with vines and flowers, while a great spreading oak at a little distance beyond the shrubbery, gave it all such a restful, comforting look, that we were prepared for anything to come, even in the line of miracles. As we passed to the door, we discovered that the windows of one whole side were furnished with delicate lace curtains, and we deliberately paused at the threshold of the parlor to survey its fresh loveliness. The farmer was there, as it was evening, and he never works late except in great emergencies. He wore a clean linen suit and gay slippers. It was decidedly the children's hour; they were five in number, and were distributed over him, in his arms, on his feet, leaning against him, and over the back of his chair. The mother was reading aloud a new book, in which they all seemed to take a lively interest; her dress and hair denoted that she paid attention to late styles, and the appointments of the whole house, and of the farm, as I took pains to ascertain, were in good taste, and wholly for the use and happiness of the family. Every room was carpeted, and although there were no expensive adornments, there were pretty chromos and lithographs and steel engravings; there were delicate shells and vases, and bouquets in abundance; there was a liberal supply of books, but their real library consisted of an excellent array of papers, among which I noticed the county paper, a leading metropolitan daily, a farm journal, Harper's three publications and the Independent. A splendid collection, and one that nearly every farmer could easily obtain. A poor man indeed! He lived for the happiness of his family, and he was rich and blessed in their love and intelligence. He could well afford to smile at the abundance that dwarfed and enslaved his rich neighbor.

I would not, however, decry abundance, even by intimation; neither would I condemn without mercy, a man or a woman who has grown sordid and unlovely in spirit, through continued struggling with adversity. If I have seemed to do so, it is only because I cannot help but recognize what a miserable failure a life is when the soul is allowed to grow callous to the finer feelings of our nature. A man who thus degenerates, commits a sin against himself, and a far more dreadful wrong against the tender souls who look to him for light and counsel; a mournful crime, that may darken their whole life.

What love, respect or honor can come to a man, if his family is unhappy, and look upon his home as prison walls. The applause of the world he may happen to win, but as age comes on he will realize

that it is all a wretched mockery, compared with the tenderness that could have been his from the dear hearts of his own household. Dust and mildew will cover his spirit, when it should have been aglow with ineffable peace.

Do you believe it is the occupation that takes the charm out of life? It is more likely the contemptible inclination to sacrifice all the glory of the present for an imaginary good in the future. Persisted in, this inevitably becomes absolute selfishness, the blight of everything that lifts humanity above the brute.

FARMER'S HOME.

Farmers, from their isolated lives, should struggle all the more to make all the appointments of home beautiful and attractive, that the tender chords of affection between themselves and their families may become a holy, enduring bond, and the home remain the one Mecca, to which the spirit ever turns through all the vicissitudes of life.

INSULT.

I have known farmers to feel flattered because a political speaker came to them in uncouth and shabby attire, when they could not receive a more direct insult, an insult I am glad to say, that their wives and daughters are quick to perceive and resent. In any toll that is liable to soil the person, rough clothes are well enough, but in hours of leisure, whether at home or abroad, in our family, or before the multitude, a decent respect for ourselves and for others, demands that we should remember, at least, that cleanliness is akin to godliness, and if we are wise, we will make ourselves as attractive as we consistently can. If we purposely become unlovely, we need not be surprised if other people recognize the fact, and treat us accordingly. Sometimes we hear of a great and good person, who is slovenly in attire, but we may be sure it does not prove his greatness; it only exemplifies the truth of the saying that great minds have their weaknesses. The truth is, a farmer should be a gentleman in fact and in appearance, in manner and in language, and his wife should be a lady in all these particulars, and besides, should be the most beautiful woman in the world; there should be nothing in the life of the woman of the farmhouse to prevent, and very much indeed to develop the highest type of beauty. The kind of work common to the household, constitutes the very best system of gymnastics ever invented; yet in common with the science taught in the schools, may be indulged to so great an extent, as to prove injurious. It is seldom the kind of exercise, but the quantity that does the mischief. If anybody works beyond their strength day after day, it will be impossible to retain their health, and when that goes, happiness, beauty, peace and goodness are very likely to vanish with it.

The most beautiful woman I have ever known was a farmer's wife, who attended to the household duties for a family of four, and also assisted in gardening, and the light farm work; and yet I never saw her hands rough and red, and never even saw a freckle on her nose. Impossible! you say; How did she manage? I never asked her, but she had some envious neighbors, who went slouching around with red, scaly hands, sunburnt faces, and hair matted with dust and oil, who let me into the dreadful secret. They informed me with many an ominous shake of the head, that she was just the proudest minx that ever lived; that she actually wore india rubber gloves when she used the broom and scrubbing brush, and always when she worked out-doors; that she also had a bonnet made of oil silk, completely covering the head, face and neck, leaving only apertures for seeing and breathing, thus securing perfect freedom from sun, wind and dust. Did you ever hear of such depravity? She also fastened her dishcloth to a stick, so that she need not put her hands in hot water. For the same reason, she accomplished her laundry work with a machine and wringer. And then to see her in the afternoon tricked out in a fashionable white dress, with a bright colored ribbon at her throat, and a rose in her hair, entertaining in the parlor, as though she was the greatest lady in the land, was more than their patience could endure. And how they did pity her poor children, because "she would not let them eat pastry nor greasy food, for fear it might spoil her complexion." The truth was, her plump little darlings always looked like fresh rose buds, and she met them coming home from school with so much love and beauty and grace, that I don't see how she could be improved one atom by becoming a veritable angel. And her husband! He had such a satisfied expression, that it was a perfect aggravation to ordinary people to look at him. He deserved to be happy, because he encouraged and helped her to cultivate beauty and goodness both in herself, her family and her home; and I don't know but her success principally belonged to him, because he bought all the new inventions that could lighten her labor, and all the delicate and pretty things she needed to adorn her

home, and when she was sick he wouldn't let her touch work until she was well and strong. Strange as it may seem, at such times he actually devoted himself to her with as much care and tenderness as he would if she had been the most valuable horse on the farm. Wise little woman; she knew how to improve her health and comeliness, and of course she was not ashamed to do it when she had his encouragement and approval. If, instead of her genial, noble-hearted husband, she had married a niggardly Gradgrind, she would probably have lost her health, her beauty, her sweet disposition, her whole interest in life, and become an unlovely, broken-spirited woman.

MARRIAGE.

Have a care girls, whom you marry. So much depends upon the man. I am persuaded that neither health, beauty nor wisdom can be easily gained by any human being, if hampered and tortured and thwarted by a selfish companion of either sex. Surely no woman can be healthy or beautiful if she is compelled to bear burdens heavy and grievous, and be exposed to the heat of the sun or the violence of the storm, at the caprice of a brutal husband or father; and I need not say that happiness is entirely out of the question. All the true and noble qualities that constitute a true and noble womanhood, languish and die where sympathy and love are lacking, except in those rare souls that cling to the divine love of our Father in Heaven, until they really live and move in another world, completely outside their thorny round of daily life.

SYMPATHY AND LOVE.

Sadly enough, all cannot do this. The majority of people are dependent upon the sympathy of their fellow mortals for the strength and hope necessary to a well-ordered life. If love is not all, love and common sense are the good angels that can bring order out of chaos, and convert the veriest dens of unloveliness into a paradise of beauty. An unloving heart creates a desert wherever it exists, as well in a palace surrounded by the finest parks of the world as in a farmhouse; but the desolation is more hopeless and bitter in the latter, because there is so little society and so few things to woo the mind from its misery. If there is a hopeless wretchedness, it is that of an unloved, unappreciated woman in a farmhouse. She is already dead and buried; her house is her tomb. And that woman is but little happier, whose husband comes and goes with never a little token that he thought of her in his absence, who, however much he loves her, never gives expression to his love; who looks upon her burdens, her griefs and her sicknesses with an unmoved, matter-of-fact air. Such examples do exist; they are due to a mistaken pride, a fear in man that he shall humble himself in disclosing the true divinity of his nature. Alas! that a man should ever so degenerate that he can look with complacency upon the woman he swore to cherish, the bride of his youth, the mother of his children, becoming a mere household drudge, a menial at his feet, with no hope of release but the grave. No man could be deliberately so cruel. It must be carelessness on his part, and a mistaken idea of duty on hers. If she only would assert herself, and make him respect her womanhood, it would be better for both, better for the children and better for the world.

DUTY.

Duty is a divine thing to be sure, but that individual makes a great mistake who supposes it their duty to be crushed. If a woman would as soon be a slave as not, she should love her husband too well to cultivate tyranny in his nature. I am happy to believe that such instances are rare; but the misery of life is so absolute where they do exist, that I will take this occasion to say to burdened and abused wives everywhere, don't go moping around, meekly accepting burdens and slights and cross words with the supposition that your heart will break, and you will die, and that he will writhe in an insupportable grief over his foolhardiness. Don't deceive yourselves; it won't pay with such a disposition. The meeker you are, the meaner he'll be. It is the duty of neither man nor woman to be crushed; our worst enemy will feel a certain respect for us if we will but show a hearty respect for ourselves. I knew a dear old lady with a blustering husband, who made her pay for all the vexations and discouragements of his life. Poor Christian! she bore it all without a murmur, because she believed that he loved her, and that it was just his temper, and he couldn't help it. On her death-bed, after thirty years of abuse, she told her daughters to "be very kind to father after she was gone, because he would grieve so much over the cruel words he had said to her." Didn't he grieve? Such an exhibition of despair I hope never to see again. He stood over the placid, worn face, and gave utterance to the remarkable words "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" It is better for mammy to go

first; I can battle with the world better than mammy can." Just three months from that day he was married to a gay young widow. "Battle with the world," indeed! If that young widow understands herself mammy will be most gloriously avenged. There may not be another man in the world who would have done precisely as he did; I suppose, not one, but the human heart is elastic, and every mother should defend herself in such matters, carefully cherishing her physical, mental and spiritual being, that she may remain upon the earth; a blessing to her children, remembering that there may be another wife to her husband, but that there can never be another mother to her children.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Farmers' wives and daughters, who really do work at housework are liable to have a great deal harder time than their husbands and brothers. I know what I am saying. Several years of my own girlhood were given to out-doors work, and I am sure I toiled as faithfully according to my strength as any farmer present has done. There was nothing that I couldn't do with corn, from planting and hoeing, cutting and husking, to shelling and making play-houses with the cobs, which I was never too tired to do. I have also assisted in haying and harvesting, in planting trees and gathering fruit, in building fence and driving team. Don't I remember that the glorious air alone repaid all the toil. Don't I know what pleasant hours of leisure you have at noon and in the evening, and how everybody waits upon you because you've been at work, and how you're never too tired to go horseback riding at night. You have emergencies, of course, when, as you sometimes express it, you "work like a horse." But your wife works like a woman, and only a woman can work when the washing or ironing or baking's going on, and dinner to get, and the baby crying, and the work room like an oven, and maybe, your frown looming up in the distance. Frown! How dare you do it? Frown at the mother of your baby about work or anything else! If I had my way about it, no mother of a baby should work till it is five years of age. Women who have to furnish this world with babies, and have the care of them besides, should be relieved of all other duties. If it cannot be accomplished in any other way, there should be a public appropriation for the beneficent purpose. Men talk of reverencing maternity, but I want to see it done in a practical, tangible way, that every mother may feel that she is directly in partnership with God in the mysteries of creation, and that all the world does honor to her holy office. When this is the principle that guides men's lives in regard to womanhood, we shall hear no more of frivolous and selfish mothers, who strike hands with crime above slaughtered innocents. The scales will fall from her eyes, and she shall behold what has been held a cross, a burden and a punishment, transformed into a starry crown, whose substance is of God, and whose light is of Heaven. How can any woman reverence maternity, or God, or anything else, when her burden is ten-fold greater than it should be, and her heart full of an unspeakable anguish over neglect and cruel words and blighted hopes? Many a dark picture comes up before me as I mention these things, but cannot trouble you with them.

"PUTTER 'ROUND."

One instance I may mention that occurred in that paradise of which we have all heard—"way down East." The wife did all the household work for a family of eight, and the husband used to boast that he "never hired a day's help; the old lady always managed somehow." After twenty years of grinding toil, she died, and when some one remarked that "she had gone to her rest from a hard life," the old gentleman earnestly asserted that "she never did anything but what she loved to; she only just puttered around about her little housework." Puttered around! We should think she did. She just got up in the morning at four and cooked breakfast, and washed the dishes, and milked the cows, and strained the milk and carried it up and down stairs, and made the beds, and swept the rooms, and scrubbed the kitchen, and churned, and gathered the vegetables from the garden, and got dinner and did up the work, and just made or mended a garment in the leisure hours of the afternoon, and got supper and did up the work, and milked the cows, and put away the milk, and just took care of the children through it all, and attended to the little extras that are always cropping out of household work; and this was only an ordinary day's work—Sundays and all, to say nothing of washing and ironing, and when the harvesters and threshers came. Oh, "she just puttered around about her little housework, and never did anything but what she loved to!" Talk of working like a horse; it's nothing to working like a woman. And then to think he should be such a dolt that he never realized it; I suppose he thought he supported her. Another dear woman not only went through this

endless routine of hard toil, but in addition to it, planned and directed for an inefficient husband, and finally, after years of patient endeavor, accumulated considerable property; then her husband and children died, and the majesty of the law must be vindicated, by taking two-thirds of her property and giving it to his drunken brother. Of course these anecdotes do not apply here, but it is well enough to tell them, that the women of this beautiful State may realize how much superior is their lot to that of many women, even in our fair Republic.

MEN OF THE WEST.

In all seriousness I will bear witness that the men of our Western States are in advance of those of the East and South, in a just appreciation of woman, and a general recognition of her talents and requirements. Year after year finds them modifying the laws in her behalf, and welcoming her with cheering words to new fields of endeavor. A few more years, and they will have erased the last vestige of barbarism from our laws, and in this good work the farmer has been faithfully keeping step with men of other callings. The farmers' girls are among the most brilliant of our graduates, both in our common schools, and in our higher institutions of learning. This is as it should be. To preserve harmony and progression and freshness in our rural homes, woman should be a philosopher in the best sense of the word; wise, learned, patient, hopeful, full of resources for the entertainment of the family, and for emergencies that will arise. In a city, a housekeeper can buy many articles of food properly prepared for the table; there are health officers to remove all injurious substances from the home and the vicinity, and physicians to come at a moment's warning in case of sickness; there are libraries and lectures and concerts, and many other things to attract and interest the family. In the country, people must depend upon themselves to a great extent in all these particulars, and no matter what the father may be, if the mother is inefficient and frivolous, there is but little hope and comfort for the children. A woman should be a cherishing mother to her children, not only in infancy, but throughout their childhood and youth, and on into maturity. To be this, she should have a thorough knowledge of practical chemistry, that will enable her to decide what is proper nutriment, and how to prepare it; of the symptoms and treatment of disease; the necessity of pure air and sunlight; how to detect and control miasmatic conditions; in fact, a general and complete knowledge of the means necessary to retain and perfect the health and comeliness of herself and family. As much as I admire the grand opportunities for liberal education to-day, I cannot help but feel troubled at the deplorable lack of practical knowledge noticeable everywhere. Many young people go through college only to find in the end, that they have lost all hold upon practical things, and must bear the humiliation of seeing the prizes of life carried off by those who have been too busy with real, living issues to know commencement day from the day of Judgment. A man may so lumber his brain with unavailable knowledge in striving to become learned, that he can only make headway enough in the battle of life to sadly reiterate "It's a muddle! It's a muddle!" It is one thing to be learned, and another to be wise. Let us think of this, and despise not any kind of knowledge, even though it comes through contact with roughest toil. There may come a time in which the most unpleasant duty of to-day will stand glorified above every other act of our lives. I do not mean to decry any system of education, nor any kind of knowledge; but it is simply my duty to urge the importance of a practical education. We cannot learn everything, and we should ignore the showy, the useless, the theoretical, and honor and exalt the practical lessons, whether of the school or home.

It has been the habit of some of our country schools to go to fractions one Winter, and begin at the beginning the next, and go to fractions again, and pursue a similar habit with other studies, year after year, until the student is nothing but a bundle of fractions, with hardly a whole, sound idea of anything; a chaos of half-learned facts haunting his brain; his mind gorged, but not trained; crippled, rather than strengthened, he instinctively feels that his education is a fraud and a burden. Emerson says that he reads only a few books, but when he does read one, he makes it his own. Many a person has laid the foundation for a successful and honorable life without books. This was particularly true of the wise philosophers, whose words have come down to us through the mist of ages. They spent their time chiefly in deep and earnest thinking, instead of reading other people's thoughts. Books and schools are but a small part of education; proper evolution of thought is the grandest acquirement of all; education that does not teach this is a failure. It was not books by which Newton discovered the key-note to the grand har-

mony of the universe. No; the wise old man said that he "kept thinking of it." I should be glad to know that everybody can have access to a good library of history, biography, poetry, fiction, travel, and everything else that can enlighten the mind, and smooth the rough places of life; but the fact remains, that these alone can never bring wisdom, fame nor success of any kind; the germ is all within. The soul must be alive, must think, must be able to use the knowledge it gains; must believe that persistence is the very pith of genius; must conquer every obstacle completely, and not be content with feeble, half-formed resolutions for a moment. Many things necessary to success and happiness are sadly neglected in the training of girls, and none more so, than the little items concerning her daily life.

One of the most brilliant girls I know is a hopeless invalid, and this is the reason why: Four years ago she bought her first corset; it happened to be five or six inches too small; every one she has had since has been troubled with the same deficiency. She was beautiful and robust when she began the diminishing process; Nature fought a good fight, but the shoulders have gone up in this style, and are much too broad for the decreasing girdle. She is sallow and haggard; the rose and the lily are dead and buried before their full blossoming—all for a corset, and all for fashion. How badly she must feel if she has found out that it is now fashionable to be stout. Don't tell her, because she can't sit up without her corset, and she would be sure to wind extra wrappings outside of that to be large enough for the style, and smother what little life she has left. I don't know that she could, however; she must have more lives than a cat, for she dies daily. Another lady friend of mine, who is a good linguist, and revels in the higher mathematics, and who is judicious both as to dress and exercise, is cadaverous and miserable. Dyspepsia and innumerable ills attend her, all because she can invent and eat pastry, fit only for a camel to digest. The last time that I visited her, she had a cake that she considered a perfect success. It was a compound of hard-cooked eggs, villainous spices, ruinous quantities of melted butter, raisins and sugar, with enough flour sifted in to make it stick together when cooked. She ate heartily of this, drinking with it strong green tea. I took a small piece to please her, and all that long night snakes wound themselves around and about me, tarantulas danced before my eyes with fiendish glee, until in a desperate effort to escape my tormentors, I stumbled into that fearful, and long-heralded bottomless pit. I am positive of this, because I explored it for miles and miles, down, down, till the horrid faces looking out of its darkness became so monotonous that I decided to return. With a sublime effort I came up, only to find a blinding headache, and a flourishing case of dyspepsia in my room, though whether it belonged to me, or was the property of the very furniture of the house, my stupefied brain could hardly determine. Only to think that she goes through that experience every night! No wonder the light of her eye is quenched, and the roses all scorched from her cheek.

It is easy enough to ruin health and happiness in spite of the most gracious smiles of heaven, if we will be absurd enough to do it. My friend is called a learned woman, but she is ignorant of the simplest hygienic rules; she is a failure, but she doesn't know it. I firmly believe that in an age of deeper mental power, and higher enlightenment, the care of the body, both in health and sickness, its high purposes and complex nature, and the adaptation of the food to its needs, will constitute one-half of the instruction both in our common schools and the higher institutions of learning. Know thyself! Heaven lies the germ of all wisdom, the key to all success worthy of an immortal soul. It is true that the wisest can only approximate to a knowledge of the body, and that the soul remains an undefined mystery, receding far into the unknown; nevertheless, true wisdom lies in this direction, and shall we not take the path that leads up to her shining courts? Doing this, even, we can gain so much of her precious spirit, that we may become healthy and good and beautiful; and if we are all these, will not happiness stream into our souls as freely as sunlight through a cloudless sky? Should not the human body, the mysterious and wonderful temple of the immortal soul, the sacred altar from which the aspirations of humanity float ever upward to the Infinite, be nourished with a tender care, and carefully guarded from everything that could mar it, even in appearance or effect?

Doubtless you are thinking that the ideas I have presented, apply equally to all classes of people; but it seems to me that the farmer should regard them with more emphasis, because of his isolated life. He should have a care that the mother of his children should be the priestess of a pure, true, home temple, able not only to care for the physical, but to make choice selections of mental and spiritu-

al food. She should glean from literature, from science, and from art, with the express purpose of incorporating what she has gained into family conversation. The press and telegraph, and our growing system of railroads, are rapidly converting our rural homes into suburban residences, that may, if their inmates please, have many of the blessings, and none of the discomforts of the city. There are few of our people so situated that they may not import through books, papers, and occasional journeys, the best life and thought and customs of the day. I have claimed much for woman, because I feel that she should establish her queenship in her own household, and because every wife should be an inspiration to her husband throughout the whole range of his thought.

THE GRANGE.

The farmer's family has suffered more from isolation than from all other causes combined. Happily, there are many indications of a change in this respect. The farmer has at least seen the necessity of co-operation. Woman is naturally more social than man, and it is so difficult for her to be happy without pleasant society, that it is not too much to say that many of the women of the farmhouse look upon the Grange as a good angel come to deliver them from a weary bondage. We have too many farmers who look upon their calling as only a means to a most unworthy end; that of merely making money enough to allow them to escape from its precincts as speedily as possible. They are the traitors who teach the young folks that anything is better and more respectable than farming. The Grange might counteract their miserable teachings. Its principles, rightly understood and applied, will not only increase the farmer's income, but surround him with more of the comforts of life. But what is far more cheering, it can be made the nucleus for social and mental improvement; libraries, essays, lectures, discussions, and other literary exercises, with music and pleasant conversation, should be its natural outgrowth. These would not fail to quicken and strengthen the best impulses, and strengthen the graceful amenities of life, till our rural population shall be recognized by all, as the very best representative of our grand Republic. It will, indeed, be a sad ending to this Society, if an ambitious few shall convert its meetings into political harangues and intrigues.

POLITICAL STRUGGLES.

I would not insist that the farmers should never unite for their own defense, but it seems clear to me that the political part of their struggle, if it must come, should be kept outside of the Grange. If brought within, it will be certain to create discord and bitterness, and destroy the Order; and this would be a disaster to the farmers, and a direct robbery of his wife and children, to whom the Grange has already become the means of social and mental improvement. Please gentlemen, don't fight your battles so injudiciously, that you undermine and destroy your own house; your shells should not be allowed to burst in your own ranks. I don't see any particular wisdom in abusing a merchant who has come to make his home among you, because he charges a cent more per pound or yard than you would have to pay in a city further east.

PURPOSE OF THE GRANGE.

The principal purpose of the Grange should be educational. It should institute neighborhood fairs, and encourage boys and girls to compete in farming, gardening, fruit raising, housework, and in mental and moral excellence. There is a certain nobility in independence in money matters. Girls should be taught this as well as boys, for women learn to understand it generally too late. This reminds me of a gentleman who wants women to vote and hold office, and yet his wife said one day in his absence, "Don't you think it very sad that a woman should work hard all her life, and raise a family of children, and never have a dollar that she can call her own, never a penny but what she coaxes out of her husband?" That question was a revelation as mournful as a tragedy.

I hope to see the Grange change all this. It holds woman worthy to fill its offices. Now let it encourage the girls to have their own garden, orchard or farm, to work at something, earn money, and invest it. Don't be alarmed girls. If you happen to marry a poor man, you will wish you had some money of your own, if you had earned it digging potatoes. I have faith that the Grange will ennoble labor, and so I pray for its success; but if it is turned into a mere political machine, for one, I am perfectly willing that the curses of discomfiture and defeat shall fall upon it. A secret political society should not be tolerated in a Republic. If you can preserve and strengthen the Grange, and leave it a heritage for your children, it may become to them better than broad-acred estate and hoarded gold.

FARMERS' UNIVERSITY.

It may be made by them the farmers' university, making practical all that he gleans from the

schools. Its methods of co-operation will naturally suggest manufactories, and numerous other blessings, that to-day seem like a far-away dream to our perplexed people. Better than all, it will inspire them with a deep respect for agricultural pursuits, a proud enthusiasm in improvement, and a tender love for its associations. All this I am saying while I look on the bright side; turning to the other, I see some who are stupidly willing to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. A little patience, and things will turn themselves to your liking, and you may yet save this Society for your children. After all, their happiness is the real dream of your heart, and God grant that you may so live in the sunshine of their fresh lives, that they shall rise up and call you blessed, with the sweet testimony that father is the noblest man in the world, and mother the queenliest, truest woman of them all. This is fame, and rest, and peace, and heaven. Teach them that labor is worship. Let this thought pervade our homes and schools until the veriest idler shall feel constrained to make a pretense of toil to obtain recognition in respectable society. Let hand work and brain work stand side by side, worthy of all honor, and the basis of our grand country is secure. Then shall our fair Republic be established forever, and the nations of the whole world turn to us for light and counsel.

THE LOCUST TREE AGAIN.

By referring to our issue of October 1st, we find that the types have made us say \$2,000 when speaking of Dr. WARDER's sales of locust trees. What we meant to say, and what we wrote, was \$20,000. This accounts for Col. ELLIOTT's criticisms in our issue of October 15th. We did not intend to detract anything from the profits of Dr. WARDER's experiment.

COST OF A BUSHEL OF WHEAT.

Mr. George Wells, who owns a farm of about 4,000 acres in Grundy county, Iowa, communicated to a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, the following statement, showing that he produced wheat at a cost of twenty cents a bushel:

As some of your correspondents think it ridiculous that a bushel of wheat can be raised for twenty cents, and also that the statement I made to your correspondent was intended to deceive, allow me space enough in your paper to satisfy that correspondent by figures from my farm book. The yield on that 140 acres which I was threshing the day Mr. Lyman visited my place, was 2,646 bushels. The cost of my raising the same is as follows:

225 bushels of seed wheat at \$1 per bushel.....	\$225 00
8 1/2 days labor sowing.....	8 50
15 days labor harrowing.....	15 00
60 days work harvesting.....	60 00
77 days work hauling grain from shock and threshing.....	77 00
Plowing said field this Fall at \$1 per acre.....	150 00
Keeping teams and use of machinery.....	50 00
Total.....	\$385 50

Which is a trifle less than twenty cents per bushel, and the ground is plowed and ready for seed next Spring. I will say to Mr. Frisbie or any other man, that I can raise wheat at a cost to me, of twenty bushels per acre, and that I have had renters to make \$1,500 a year. If the gentleman from Jones county would drive the seeder and reaper himself he will know more about the cost of raising wheat.

"Knitting and Talking."

EDITED BY ANN APPLESEED.

KNITTING ON THE ROAD.

DEAR CHILDREN: I am afraid your father and mother, what with the load of big pumpkins and premium potatoes, forgot to put you in the wagons for the Leavenworth Fair, and that is the reason your Aunt Ann determined to lay down her knitting and go and look for you, and tell you all about it. Time was when I might have taken my knitting along, and just knit as I walked or rode around. I have seen women knitting along the road as they went to town, with a basket of eggs on one arm, or a pail of berries; and more often still, I've seen them knit as they rode along in a lumber wagon, comfortably sitting in a kitchen chair. I have heard say too, that people who make

such a show of industry abroad, are very likely lazy at home, and so I did not dare take my knitting work—in fact, if I speak the truth to you, and I always do to children, I shall have to tell you I am pretty near being ashamed of my knitting work altogether. It is old-fashioned work anyhow, and it's slow work by hand, and knitting machines have come in, and with a whizz and a whir will do all your knitting in half an hour that you might work at by hand for a whole week; and worst of all, it is unfashionable among some people to work anyhow, and if you don't have an air of idleness, laziness, and "charming repose" about you, they don't think much of you. So for once, I went sauntering around as idly as the best of them, although my brain kept busy at work all the time. In fact, you know if your hands are still, you ought always to have your eyes and ears at work.

The "Kansas Agricultural and Mechanical Association of Leavenworth," have fitted up beautiful grounds just out of the city, and deserve great praise and thanks for the tireless energy and earnestness they have shown for no personal good. There is first a hall for display of machinery and mechanical skill. There were some beautiful carriages, a shining new engine, sashes and blinds, varieties of stoves and a new dog churn, with a handsome Newfoundland patiently walking over and over the tiresome wheel, and once in a while giving a jump, and sneaking off just as I've seen boys and girls do when they were so tired they grew desperate at the everlasting dish washing or wood sawing. But I noticed the fine dog, when his master called, would walk back, and looking penitent, jump on his wheel, and jog on. Just beside him was a loom at which a man sat weaving a handsome two-ply carpet. Over the weaver's head was a curiously perforated pasteboard, which was the pattern, and through its perforations or holes ran the various colored threads, that woven in, made scroll or leaf or flower. You must read about Jacquard the weaver, and then come and see the two carpet factories here.

The next building was the vegetable and flower hall. There was also a printing press fast at work every minute, telling on a little paper all the Fair news. Do you know who invented the printing press, or what Robert Hoe's improved press is? Through the center of the first floor of this hall was arranged evergreens, hanging baskets, and beautiful greenhouse flowers, and on one side bags of wheat, rye, barley and oats of the finest and fairest, and vegetables the biggest and best. One of the most talented ladies we know, took the premium for sweet potatoes as well as for the best hem-stitching, so you girls will see that garden work need not spoil your hands for fine needle-work. On the opposite side of the hall was such a beautiful array of amber, claret and golden jellies, and loaves upon loaves of bread and cakes; and above all, butter that was perfect to sight and smell. One happy woman went off with a silver ladle for the best, and two or three makers who took no premium, deserved a silver girdle, and we hope will get it, if only in silver dollars. There was so much excellence in the butter, fruit, bread and preserve department, that we left it all, passing by great brown, white, and marbled blocks of soap that seemed enough for all the politicians who wash their hands in invisible water over the coming Senatorial election.

Up stairs were fine harnesses and saddles, and brooms, &c., &c. Beyond this was Floral Hall, so full of curious and beautiful things, we cannot mention half. Loveliest of all, was the display of apples, pink, white, yellow, crimson and blush; grapes and pears, and three solitary plates of peaches. There were pictures of all sorts here, from delicate water colors, to hair, feather and coffee seed wreaths; bed quilts, silk, worsted and calico; bonnets and dresses, rifles, pistols, bowie knives and scissors, embroidered chairs, ottomans, and impossible faces in tapestry work; most ex-

quisite needlework and embroidery, and tatting by a boy—and pray why shouldn't a boy tat if he has time, as well as a girl? And such beautiful knitting as there was, delighted the heart of Aunt Ann. One dear old lady entered twenty pairs of stockings of her own knitting—so fine and regular, and well-knit too; and a boy took the premium for knit mittens, and I think that was right, for they were well-knit; and I wish all you boys would just decide to knit your own mittens this Winter, for you do wear them out so fast, and worry your mothers so in trying to keep both your fingers and toes warm. There were yards of silks and velvets that it would take a farm to buy, and small bits of lace that you would have to give your best cow for, and a moquette carpet that would cost as much as a barn, and chamber sets that cost hundreds of dollars.

Outside of this Pandora's box were the coops o' Brahma, Houdan, Leghorn, and other chickens, with imported ducks, and Hong Kong geese, and game fowls. Beyond, ranged in their stalls, the curious varieties of sheep chewed their cuds as modestly as if no blue or red ribbons were tied to the long wool of their backs; and yet further on, great fat pigs, as handsome as pigs can grow and be pigs; one of which was entered by the editor of THE FARMER; beautiful plump calves of the Devon breed, just as sleek and glossy as if they had put on new coats for the occasion; and cows, and oxen and bulls, and mules, and horses, as perfect of their kind as can be seen. A fine collection of agricultural implements were there too, just such as your father and the boys need to make work easy, plows, mowers, reapers, &c. Part of them came from the fine store of Grant & Prent Leavenworth, and if your father goes there to buy them, as no doubt he will, tell him it is the place to get beautiful hanging baskets, rustic stands or chairs, and rare and beautiful sea shells, as well as seeds of all kinds, for your Winter window gardens.

If this was not so long a story, I would tell you of the little and big boys riding, and the girls too; and how glad I was that a nice country girl took the premium, and a fine country lad bore off the blue ribbon for best riding; and then of the fast horses that ran for money for their owners, as bravely as if they had anything to expect besides oats and a whipping. No doubt they did their best because it is born into them as into some people, to do their best, and who will do it however quietly and unseen and unappreciated it is. Such people, as well as animals, come of what you may call thoroughbreds. They have in their veins the blood of ancestors who were proud and brave and heroic, and from whose nature all baseness and selfishness and low animalism filtered off long ago. We believe in the best of stock as well as the best of people.

Next year there will be another Fair here finer than this, and Aunt Ann hopes your little fingers will knit and sew and plant and gather something choice for the Exhibition. Do something, and whatever it is let it be best of its kind.

HOME HINTS.

As cold weather comes on, our need of food increases. Rich soups and large joints should take the place of light dishes, vegetables and fruits, though not excluding them. Professor Blot says that palatable, nutritious and healthy cooking is impossible without beef broth. It is easily kept two or three days in Winter time. Bones alone make a gelatinous broth, but not as nutritious as when used with meat. A pound of meat and bones makes a pint and a half of good broth; two pounds make a quart of rich broth. Pieces of the shin, leg, neck, round and chuck are just as good for broth, and come cheaper; also the trimmings of beef, veal or fowl are good, as well as pieces of the same that have been roasted. The meat must be entirely fresh; any taint spoils the broth. An earthen pot

is the best utensil for making broth; next is a copper or iron digester, or kettle lined with tin; a porcelain kettle, if the porcelain is not cracked, is good.

Process.—Put two pounds of beef in a kettle with two quarts and a half of cold water, a small tablespoonful of salt, and set it on a good fire. When the scum begins to collect, skim it off; when it begins to boil, add a wine-glassful of cold water to stop its boiling, and let all the scum come to the surface and skim it off. When no more comes up, add a small turnip, a medium sized carrot, two cloves, an onion, a stalk of celery, a leek and a clove of garlic. Simmer constantly for six hours; then add a tablespoonful of burned sugar. Strain the broth, and it is ready for use.

The dish used for making burned sugar, or caramel, cannot be used for anything else afterward. An old tin basin will answer. White sugar is better flavor than brown. Put two ounces of sugar in the pan; set it over a quick fire, and stir with a wooden stick until it is black, and begins to smell burned; then add a gill of cold water; stir and boil for four or five minutes; strain, and it is made. When cold, put it in a bottle; cork, and use when wanted.

The above is Professor Blot's receipt for broth, and will be found very fine. The French and German soups always excel ours. There are two reasons, or more for it. We do not cook our soups in close utensils; we do not cook them long enough, and then we always have some one flavor predominant; we do not strain carefully, or let it get cold to skim off all the fat. A French cook puts the cheap bone and a few scraps of meat in a pot right after breakfast, and will have by careful flavoring a most nutritious soup at the expense of a few pence. She will keep her soup pot almost constantly on the stove, and throws into it every scrap of meat and bone. Foreign cooks always marvel at the waste of meat in our kitchens; the scraps and rinds and bones and trimmings which we throw away, will furnish a foreign cook the materials for a good dinner.

Consomme is very rich broth clarified. It is the best of food for the old; it is called the staff of old age. It is made by taking the broth after it is strained, and putting it back in the pot with a few onions or carrots in slices, lean beef chopped and mixed with raw eggs, and then beaten into the broth, which is then set on the fire, and boiled for half an hour, or until perfectly clear. The more chopped meat is used, the richer the *consomme*.

CHICKEN BROTH.—Put in the kettle an old chicken, cracking the bones in several places. Add a quart of water to a pound of meat, and a little salt. Set it on a good fire; when it boils, add a gill of cold water, and skim. When no more scum rises, add a carrot, a stalk of celery and two leeks, simmer for two hours, strain and serve.

Veal broth for invalids is made like the above, using a pound of breast or neck instead of chicken. Mutton broth is made like beef.

FASHIONS.

In waterproof cloth the favorite colors are a dark blue, of a purple indigo-blue tint, called "Napoleon Blue," and a black flecked with white, not like the old, but looking like the iron-gray cloths. Cloth suits are made up of diagonal cloths, or smooth-surfaced ladies' cloth. In cloths these are made with the skirt cut off at the bottom, and finished by a kilt pleated flounce, headed by bias folds; a plain, round overskirt; a jockey basque, opening over a vest brightened by steel buttons, and edged with two silk cords. A coat collar and coat sleeves with close, stiffly lined cuffs, complete the trim costume.

Alpacas are made without flounces. The skirt has five or six bands (piped on each edge), placed straight around it, and these are crossed every half yard by diagonal bands. The bands extend beyond the diagonal ones, and finished with a button. A simple redingote with belt, coat sleeves, coat col-

lar, and ruff of the material, completes the suit. Or the skirt may be trimmed with two rows of kilt pleating; the lower one only half the width of the upper one. A double-breasted jockey basque, with an apron overskirt open up the back to the belt.

A reverse collar in front, with a box-pleated ruff behind, is a stylish way of finishing the neck of basques. Two cords on the edge of basques are more stylish than any finish of lace or fringe.

Calicoes have the double-breasted redingote, belted, with two rows of smoked pearl buttons down the front, and a single skirt with two lapped gathered flounces.

Twilled fabrics of all sorts are much in favor; cashmere, serge and English serge, and heavy navy blue serge flannel are all favorites. High ruffs, long waists and tight sleeves will be the distinguishing points during the coming season.

Black bonnets will be as popular as ever. If preferred, they may be brightened by cords or folds or ruchings of colored silk or plumes. Most stylish bonnets (unless the color of the dress), are all black, either felt trimmed with velvet, or silk and velvet, with black plumes, a steel or jet dagger and dark roses.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR FANNIE: You may remember that on the last day of my visit at your house two or three weeks ago, we were talking of Ann Appleseed, and of the entirely satisfactory way in which she was toying off her stocking, when you said that there was one thing about the knitting of a stocking that had bothered you as much as anything that she had mentioned, and that was *dropping stitches*. We all laughed, and your mother said as you left the room directly after, "Fannie always was a careless knitter."

An hour or two later, as I was seated in the car on my way home, I fell to thinking of our conversation, and wondered whether your mother meant nothing more than that you were literally a careless knitter, or whether she had in her mind some such recollection of your childish temper, as made her say to you one day in my hearing: "Unless my daughter learns to be a little more careful or a little more patient, I am afraid that after a while I shall have a very ill-tempered young lady on my hands, instead of the help I have been looking forward to." "She might have been thinking of that," thought I to myself, "for care is necessary certainly in learning to knit, to keep from dropping stitches, and if they are dropped, it sometimes requires patience to pick them up, so as not to injure the looks of the work."

And while I was, somewhat complacently in my own mind, supplementing the wisdom of our friend aforesaid, the whistle blew, and I gathered up my satchel, waterproof, fan and parasol, and when the train stopped, hurried off the cars. I had hardly stepped upon the platform, when the train swept away again, and I found that I had got off at the wrong station. "Well," thought I, "here is a stitch dropped with a witness!"

What should I do; at a solitary roadside station, two miles from anywhere? As I was at my wit's end to know, a civil looking man came up to me, and told me that he should be going on to the next station in about an hour and a half, on a hand-car, and if I had a mind, I could go on that. Of course I was only too glad to avail myself of the opportunity; but to wait an hour and a half in that place seemed intolerable, and I told the man I would walk on slowly, and the hand-car would probably overtake me before I got far. I accordingly set forth on the track, and although I did walk slowly, I had walked a full mile before the car overtook me. Once on board of it, I was astonished at its speed. Propelled by two strong men, its velocity was equal to an ordinary train, and I quite enjoyed it. When we reached the station, of course there was no carriage there, and I had another half

mile to walk before reaching home. "Well!" thought I, as I trudged along the darkening way, for it was by that time nearly seven o'clock in the evening, "I have picked up my stitch very badly, and have shown quite as great a want of patience in the whole thing as Fannie ever did in her most juvenile age. If I had looked to see what I was about, instead of acting on an impulse, I should not have got off at the wrong place, but having done it, if I had then patiently waited for the hand-car, instead of starting to walk, getting tired to death, and dragging my skirts on the dirty railroad track, and reducing myself to a demoralized state, both of mind and body, I might have had a pleasant and entertaining, because entirely novel expedition on the hand-car, and a walk of only half a mile instead of a mile and a half; and more than all, I should have saved my skirts and kept my temper, and you might have had an essay worth reading on "Dropped Stitches" from your friend

MRS. ANNA PAGE.

HARD TIMES.

Everybody, says our daily paper, must come down to the practice of rigid economy in the small matters of life, and those who come to it soonest, will be the first to emerge.

According to this, I shall be an early graduate from the tedious school. Judge ye.

Nothing is more useless among the housewife's stores than boughten vests and drawers after two or three winters' wear. A cold morning or two set me to investigating my stock of flannels, and a part of the resulting heap was two vests and two pairs of drawers, labeled "hopeless."

Adding to this material the upper part of an old polonaise pattern, and one day's work, I produced a good, nicely-fitting vest for myself and vest and drawers for six-year old. And now I am two dollars richer than if I had made mop-rags of the hopeless heap, and bought new flannels.

Go thou, if thou hast but seventy-five dollars a month to live on, and do likewise.

AUNT JANE.

WINTER BOUQUETS.

Autumn bouquets will now be prepared. The beautiful colored leaves may be preserved by pressing them with a warm iron whose surface has been covered with beeswax. In this way the leaves retain their beautiful colors, and may be arranged in wreaths, crosses, bouquets, or as garlands over pictures; and many a leaf is so exquisitely tinted, you will have the best of painting for no cost.

THE bride-cake for the Duke of Edinburgh, will be seven feet six inches high, and weigh over two hundred and thirty pounds. It will be in six tiers, and made to resemble the famous porcelain tower at Nankin, and will be surmounted by a profusion of orange blossoms.

THOSE who read the most excellent lecture of Matilda Fletcher's will lose the ineffable grace and charm of her manner in delivering it. She is one of the finest lecturers we have ever heard, and most sincerely in earnest to help working women.

WHAT AILS THE CHICKENS?

BY R. H.

EDITOR FARMER: Can you tell me what ails my chickens? They are attacked with what seems to be a disease of the hip joint. I have never noticed any premonitory symptoms. All at once one leg fails, becomes utterly useless, and the fowl grows poor; though that may be the result of not being able to scratch for a living. Most of them recover. Some die after a protracted struggle. What shall I do for them? Is there any such thing as tapeworm in poultry? I sometimes find a long white horsehair-like worm, apparently not confined to any particular organ.

Emporia, Kansas.

CORRESPONDENCE.

STOVER.

BY CO-BO-LO.

EDITOR FARMER: This term is derived from an old French word, and means coarse fodder, or coarse hay or straw. This, I believe, is its usual application in Europe to-day. But with us, and especially in the West, the name is confined almost exclusively, to corn-fodder. It is a farm product too much neglected by the Western agriculturist, and too often all but ignored; and so much so by the general Government in its Annual Reports, that it is seldom recognized in any published record. This, I think surprising, as the yield cannot be less than 60,000,000 tons per year; nor can its value in the country at large, fall short of \$200,000,000.

Before this paper can be published in THE FARMER, it will be too late in the season to arouse our agriculturists to cure it properly for use the coming Winter, but if they will heed its intended lesson, they may profit by it in years to come.

Placing the lowest estimation that we have ever seen put upon the intrinsic worth of stover, when properly cured, at \$2 per ton, it is worth as much, if not more, than the annual hay crop of the United States. But in sections of the country where hay is costly, stover is frequently worth to the stock-grower or dairyman five or six dollars per ton. To the majority of Kansas farmers it is not so valuable, because grass is abundant, and hay can be had for the cutting and curing; but even where this is the case, the farmer who neglects his stover, and spends time and money in "putting up" hay, acts unwisely for his purse, and ungenerously for his stock. Cattle of all kinds, like their masters, enjoy a change of food, and grow better when they have it.

I am not aware that the intrinsic worth of stover, and its nutritious qualities, as compared with straw, prairie hay and other forage, have ever been fully determined by the accurate analysis of their several chemical ingredients, but I am fully of the opinion, formed upon careful observation, that two tons of well cured stover will far more than supply the place of one ton of hay; will keep the cow, yearling or Spring calf in better heart, and will cause the first named to give a greater flow of milk, and the young animals to grow and thrive the faster. I fully agree with Joseph Harris, of Moreton Farm, N. Y., who says: "Corn fodder is succulent, easy digested, sweet and nutritious." "The value of stover," says the editor of the *Journal of Chemistry*, "when carefully preserved, is but little less than that of good upland hay, estimating ton for ton. There is much saccharine and nitrogenous material in the 'butts,' and animals will eat them if they are kept sweet and clean, and properly fed. Out of four tons fed to one here, a few Winters ago, not five hundred pounds were rejected, and we neither chopped nor steamed the fodder." Why a crop which gives an aggregate value to the nation of \$200,000,000 annually should have so little mention made of it in our Reports and Agricultural Press, is a mystery I cannot fathom, and what makes it more surprising, is the fact that maize is an indigenous product, particularly suited to our climate, thriving in every portion of our country, except Alaska, and on the mountain tops, and is the most valuable tilled crop that has ever been grown on the continent. The census tables record some product of but a little over a million dollars in annual value; yet here is a product worth at least, two hundred millions, which the Government has scarcely recognized. Enfield says that "the estimates of different farmers in regard to the money value of the stalk, as compared with that of the grain, vary as widely as their modes of treatment. Some of them compute the stover at less than one-half the value of the grain, and others place it as high as one-third. When the stalks are in good condition, the latter estimate is nearer the truth." And he adds, "it will always be found that the most successful cultivators place the high-

est value on their corn stalks, and for this good reason, that their method of cutting, curing and feeding is such as to impart to them a value that many farmers have little conception of."

I know it is often asserted that a large portion of the stover is rejected by the cattle; but experiments have again and again been made, and where the stalks were of ordinary length and well cured, the waste was but three-thirteenths or about one-fourth. Our ordinary prairie hay, unless very free from weeds, wastes nearly as much. Had our Western country farmers held a true view of the value of their stover, they would not have left their corn-stalks in 1873 uncut in their fields until December, and then sold them standing, to stock-growers, at from forty to fifty cents per acre.

Much has been said about stover as a green crop for cattle during Summer and Autumn. Dr. Geo. B. Loring, of Massachusetts, says it is the poorest food for milch cows that he ever used; but other eminent experimenters declare that if it is not cut until after it has blossomed, and if it has grown with plenty of air and light, the natural juices of the plant are richly saccharine, and that it is one of the best soiling plants grown, and secretes an abundance of milk. It is, I think, safe to assert that there is no other way in which an equal amount of nutritious food can be extracted from the same extent of ground. On good ground, well cared for, twenty tons to the acre can be raised, and higher yields are reported. This beats the largest yield claimed for lucerne, and places it at the head of the family of *gramineae*.

Now, considering the amount of this provender that can be grown on a small area, and, according to numerous experimenters, its unrivaled excellence as a succulent food, is it not surprising that it is so much ignored in those parts of our State where good pasturage is becoming limited, and the product of the dairy of great value?

The Hon. Horatio Seymour, of New York, tells us that the dairymen in his neighborhood use it extensively, and while many drill it in, he sows it broadcast, three bushels to the acre, and uses the large Western corn. He says "this variety gains in nutritive qualities until Autumn." He adds further that "in the dairy regions where cows are milked both in Summer and Autumn, sowed corn can be used at the time when fodder is most wanted; that is, when the pastures are usually dry."

While "corn is king," for it is indeed our national crop, even under our proverbially bad culture, let us not ignore its stover until at least, we can substitute something better, and raise it at an equal cost.

CROP NOTES AND OTHER ITEMS.

BY JOHN W. FISHER.

EDITOR FARMER: For the first time since your reception of our wedding cards, have you heard from us. We have been very busy this year, hiring but little, working for others, and trying to farm 125 acres with but one hand, and find it hard work. In the Spring we were kept in check by the wet weather, and the dry Fall with early frosts, has made our Fall crop fall short. Corn is but half a crop; winter wheat was badly shriveled, and oats are light. We have a good market (Nortonville), within four miles of here, and are able to get better prices here than in Atchison, and get our necessaries in the dry goods and grocery line as cheap as in Atchison.

We have Farmers' Clubs, Granges, and Conventions, which are largely attended, and a great deal of interest is manifested in the coming conflict. The condition of our county can readily be seen by perusing the contents of the *Champion* or *Globe*. We like THE FARMER better than heretofore, and we think the club list is not surpassed by any paper. If you have a few copies to spare to canvass with, we will gladly try to increase your subscription list.

Surely THE FARMER has shown great energy in

her late publications, and we say "Success attend your banners." How can it? By the farmers taking hold and swelling your list of subscribers. All helping so to do, we may rest assured that THE FARMER will increase in interest.

Enclosed you will find some circulars, certificates, &c. I wrote to Chicago concerning the firm, and the Mayor's Secretary wrote me as follows:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CHICAGO, Oct. 1st, 1873.

JOHN W. FISHER, Esq:

DEAR SIR: In reply to yours of the 29th ult., I am instructed by His Honor the Mayor to say that a firm of the name you refer to, was in business in this city a year ago, but are not to be found now, and their responsibility was looked on with suspicion.

Yours very respectfully,

GEORGE W. SILVER, Sec'y to the Mayor.

The firm alluded to above, is that of George B. Hodge & Co., who claim to have some kind of a Dollar Store, but their manner of doing business is different from any others we have noticed. It is in effect a lottery, and a very cheap one at that. We would advise our readers to have nothing to do with any such concern; even if their place of business could be found.—ED FARMER.]

CROP REPORTS.

BY D. W. SEAYER.

EDITOR FARMER: Enclosed you will find a sample of cotton raised on my farm on Big Caney, which in my judgment is as good in quality as can be grown in the South; I was born and raised in a cotton country.

I have in an acre or a little more, the most of it picked out; I expect to make a bale of lint cotton. Some of my neighbors have in from five to ten acres, and it all does well. Corn crops are good, that is early planting. Wheat was good on the bottom lands; the chinch bug destroyed it on the upland. Farmers have sowed a great quantity of wheat this Fall, and it looks well. Early potatoes are good; sweet potatoes are excellent, but not many planted.

Now a few questions: I have a splendid mare that is breechy; is there a way to break her of jumping? Can you tell me what causes smut in wheat, and how to prevent it? Can you give me a cure for the big jaw on a cow brute?

Hart's Mills, Howard County Kansas.

MARION COUNTY ITEMS.

BY J. B. DOBBS.

EDITOR FARMER: Not seeing anything from this county, I would let the world know that we still live.

Marion county is settling fast; it has already received a number of the advance guard of a large colony of the Menonites, who are seeking homes in our new counties. They are well supplied with money and teams, and come prepared for farming.

Corn is now worth thirty cents; oats twenty-five; Spring wheat seventy-five; Winter wheat \$1; potatoes \$1. There are from four to five acres of wheat sown this Fall to one of last Fall, and it looks well at this date. I think the increase in Spring grain will be equally great. Many young orchards are being planted, and we will soon have an abundance of fruit.

Meridan Center, Marion County, Kan.

SEEDLING APPLE TREES.

BY J. B. DOBBS.

EDITOR FARMER: I would like to know from you, or some of your readers, if there is any way of judging of the quality of seedling apple trees by the stock or leaf. Two years since, I set out a lot of apple root grafts; some of the grafts failed to grow, and the rest sprouted. Some of them have all the appearance of grafted fruit, having large, heavy branches and leaves, while others have rough, spindling branches, resembling the wild crabapple. What I want to know is, if the appearance of the branch is any indication of good or bad fruit?

Marion County, Kansas.

The Kansas Farmer

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION. BY THE PRESIDENT.

The approaching close of another year brings with it the occasion for renewed thanksgiving and acknowledgement to the Almighty Ruler of the universe for the unnumbered mercies he has bestowed upon us. Abundant harvests have been affording the rewards of industry—with local exceptions, among the blessings enjoyed. Strong unity at home and peace with other nations have prevailed. Frugal industry is regaining its merited recognition and its merited rewards. Gradually, but, under the providence of God, surely, as we trust, the nation is recovering from the lingering results of a dreadful civil strife. For these, and all other mercies vouchsafed, it becomes us as a people to return heartfelt and grateful acknowledgements; and with our thanksgiving we may unite prayers for the cessation of local and temporal sufferings. I therefore recommend that

THURSDAY, THE 27TH DAY OF NOVEMBER

next, the people meet in their respective places of worship to make their acknowledgements to Almighty God for his bounties and his protection, and offer him prayers for their continuance.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington, this 14th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, and of the Independence of the United States the 97th.

U. S. GRANT.

By the President:

HAMILTON FISH, *Secretary of State.*

WHAT WILL THE FARMERS DO?

There is but little doubt that the farmers will have a majority in the next Legislature. What will they do? Will they prove to the people of Kansas that they are trying to reform the politics of the State? Will they show by their actions that they are seeking the welfare of the whole State, and not the mere selfish ends of a class? There is an abundance of legislation that is needed to reduce the taxation of State and counties; to regulate the Transportation question within the State; to elect a State Senator who will act in the interest of the agriculturists of the West. These ends accomplished, and the merchant, the mechanic and the manufacturer are benefited equally with the farmer.

The trouble will be that legislators will be sent up to Topeka from many country districts, who will be manipulated by shrewd politicians both on the floor and in the lobby; men who know exactly how to approach on the blind side of a man, if he has one (and most men have), and the result may be that the representatives of the farming interests of our State will vote for the things they ought not, and against the measures they ought to support. The only way to prevent this is for farmers to meet in their Clubs and Granges, talk over the legislation they wish to accomplish, and then instruct their representatives accordingly.

In the election of a United States Senator, we trust the farmers will show more wisdom than has been shown on many former occasions. Kansas needs a peer of her present Senator. Having this, the blush of shame will not mantle our cheeks when his name is referred to. We will then know that the Senators from Kansas are the equals of those from any other State, and superior to most of them.

As we have heretofore said, the South-western portion of Kansas is legitimately entitled to the Senator, provided they can furnish the man having the proper requirements. We have no doubt that they can do this, and if so, as a matter of right and justice to an immense section of our State that is not now represented in Congress, we would con-

sider it the duty of the farmers to support him. All they should ask is that he should be an intelligent, sober, honest man, one whose views upon the Railroad and Transportation question are identical with those of the majority of our intelligent farmers. We want no more second-rate men for this position. Farmers, come to the front in our next Legislature, and show the people that we mean reform.

FARMERS.

Under the above heading the *Emporia News* has a very able article upon the farmers' movement. From the first, its editor, Mr. STOTLER, has given the farmers a cordial support, and has done as much as any man in the State, not only to place the movement upon a sound basis, but to place the farmer in a proper light before the people of the towns and cities. Our space will not permit us to reproduce the article entire, but the following extracts will show its general tenor:

"What is called the farmers' movement is simply an effort to decrease the burdensome taxes; to reduce exorbitant salaries; to abolish extravagance in public places, which is doing so much to ruin us in the way of profligacy and crime; to reduce excessive railroad fares and freights; to check unprincipled monopolists in their continued attempts to make the people pay tribute to them, thus impoverishing the public, while the corporations increase their wealth. One of the principal items they seek to correct in this State is the unfair, unjust and oppressive system of taxing railroads. Briefly, these are some of the main objects of the farmers' movement. Now, does any man object to these reforms? Will they not really benefit the citizen in town as much as in the country? The exclusiveness of the farmers' movement is objected to. It may be truly said that the people in the country, the farmers if you please, have suffered more from the ills this movement seeks to remedy than any other class of citizens, and it is nothing more than natural that the movement should start and make its greatest headway among farmers. That this movement has in some instances run to foolish extremes, cannot be denied. But these things will regulate themselves.

If, upon mature deliberation, it is found that the object of the farmers' movement is to benefit all, town as well as country, then it should receive the encouragement due it. If its principles are wrong, its life will be short. It cannot succeed in breaking down the rights of others, if it should undertake that as a part of its work; but we are satisfied that is no part of its plans.

CROP REPORTS OF THE DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.

We present the following Crop Returns from advance sheets of the November Reports:

CORN.—The present year, like that of 1869, which produced the crop returned in the census of 1870, is one of low production, as regards maize, our main cereal, both in quantity and quality; while the quantity of wheat will be rather more than an average, in view of its increased area, though not equal to the great wheat crop of 1869. This result is far better for farmers and consumers than a deficient yield of wheat with a large crop of corn, as the surplus of the former above the actual wants of bread consumers is quite small; but two hundred millions of bushels of corn can always be spared from a full crop without any other effect than an enhancement of prices to a figure representing more fairly the cost of production. The flexibility of the corn consumption is unexampled in the case of any other crop, other feeding material, much of which in years of abundance is wasted or improperly utilized, being substituted for maize whenever a deficiency in that crop is realized. There is always enough of corn-fodder wasted to feed an immense number of cattle; and in certain sections, the farm-stock is half subsisted upon straw, notwithstanding the de-

liberate burning of nine-tenths of it to get it out of the way. The resources of Fall and Winter pasturage are also utilized. While these materials supply the place of hay rather than corn, and serve to winter rather than fatten farm-stock, they do render possible a less lavish use of corn than obtains in seasons when it becomes a drag at twenty cents per bushel.

WHEAT.—The returns of September, averaged with reference to the production of each county, indicated nearly a full normal crop, the average depreciation being only five per cent. The returns of October are made in direct comparison with the crop of last year, involving, of course, the element of area as well as condition. The aggregate is an increase of about four per cent., which is equivalent to ten millions of bushels, making the promise of the crop about 280,000,000. This may be considered a good crop, as large as any harvested since 1869, but about ten per cent. less than that unusual yield.

THE ROAD LAW.

If the next Legislature is of our mind there will be some radical changes made in the present road laws of Kansas. In traveling about this Fall we have noticed in many places road working going on, and all work done at this season of the year simply puts the roads in a condition to make them almost impassable should the late Fall and Winter or early Spring be at all wet.

The changes that we would make would require all the work to be done on the roads in the month of May, and we would make it obligatory upon every man liable to work the roads to come out at the call of the road overseer. As it stands now, the supervisor cannot compel the attendance of hands, and the result is that each district has to pay for eight or ten days' work of the overseer, when two or three at most is all that are required. We would so arrange the law, too, that the non-resident would have to pay a greater proportion of the road tax than he does now. This is simply a matter of right and justice. The bona fide citizen goes ahead and builds his house and barn, his fences and other permanent improvements, plants his orchards and his vineyards, and upon all these improvements he is taxed to build schoolhouses, churches and roads, and this *extra* tax improves the non-resident's quarter section as much as it does his own. For this reason we would make the land of the non-resident pay as much of the road tax as possible. Each quarter section might be assessed six dollars say, and then let the tax be worked out if desired, at three dollars per day.

We shall be glad to have our readers discuss this matter through THE FARMER, previous to the meeting of the Legislature, and no doubt ideas will be evolved that will be of practical benefit.

GATHER IN THE YOUNG STOCK.

We desire to repeat what we have so often urged before, that the prudent man will take his stock off the "range" early, and give them good treatment early in the season. Calves and colts often lose ten or fifteen per cent. of flesh in the Fall for want of being taken up early and being properly cared for. Don't neglect them. Heed the advice we gave in our last issue in regard to shelters, if you desire to make profit from your stock. Neglect is the chief cause of the want of profit in farming, and we earnestly urge our readers to act promptly in this matter.

BUTTERNUTS.

A correspondent inquires if there are any butternuts (*Juglans cinerea*) for sale in this market. We have inquired of our dealers, but they are unable to say as yet, whether they can get a supply for seed or not. Mr. P. G. LOWE, of this city, has several large trees, but they are not yet in full bearing; and we learn that there is a gentleman near Lawrence who is cultivating this excellent nut for market. In our judgment it is incomparatively better

than the black walnut, and the timber is nearly as valuable. Persons having seed to sell, would do well to advertise in *THE FARMER*.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

To show that the Agricultural College is making progress in the right direction, we publish the following from a circular recently issued by the Board of Regents. The Mechanical Department comprises the following:

1. CARPENTER; 2. WAGON; 3. BLACKSMITH; 4. PAINT; 5. HARNESS. All of these except the last, will be in operation by the first of November; twenty-five kits of carpenter's tools, and those needed for the other shops, being en route. Students completing the Agricultural course can receive such instruction and practice as will enable them to perform the simpler operations of each of these trades. Those desiring to learn a given trade can do so.

IV. WORKSHOPS FOR WOMEN.—A woman can honorably earn her livelihood in the kitchen, the dairy, with the needle, as a teacher, accountant, photographer, engraver, printer or telegrapher.

The Congressional law prohibits the erection of buildings except by the State, and the lack of room prevents the immediate establishment of a kitchen laboratory, a dairy, photographic gallery and engraving room.

Teaching is a profession rather than an industrial art, and the special preparation of teachers belongs to other State institutions.

The literary course for young ladies will provide such instruction in book keeping and commercial law as will fit them for the counting-room.

1. THE SEWING ROOM. Students will be taught the use of the more popular sewing machine, and practiced in the various operations with each. Arrangements for machines and instructors are in progress, but may not be perfected before January.

2. THE PRINTING OFFICE contains twenty-five pairs of cases, two hundred and fifty pounds of type and a "proof" press.

3. TELEGRAPH OFFICE. A first-class line will be built from the Kansas Pacific Railway depot to the College, a distance of three and a quarter miles. Material for the line, and amateur and mechanical instruments for beginners, have been purchased.

Besides affording students practice in the arts of printing and telegraphy, these offices will be employed as manual work-shops of the English language. Skill in the construction and use of the complex machinery by which men communicate their ideas is essential. In addition to the ordinary methods of acquiring this skill, it is believed that drill at the printer's case and operator's key may be of great service. Accordingly, these offices, though for the present grouped in the female department, will be open to all students.

COVER THE CORN FODDER.

To preserve the fodder in the best condition, it should be sheltered from the rain, and a little management will usually accomplish this at a slight expense. The first consideration is to get the fodder as near the place where it is to be fed as possible. If the fodder can then be ricked against the side of a barn, shed or fence, it can be easily thatched with hay or straw, and by feeding from one end of the rick it may be nicely preserved through the Winter, and for cattle is much to be preferred to prairie hay in our judgment.

FOREST TREE CULTURE.

It will perhaps not be disputed that *THE KANSAS FARMER* has done more to foster a love of forest tree culture than any other publication in the West.

For years we have published article after article from such able writers upon this subject, as WARDER, ELLIOTT, KELSEY and DOUGLAS, all men of national reputation, besides other accomplished writers, though less known. These articles, we are glad to know, have excited an interest in this

important subject, and the acres of forest trees already planted and in contemplation in the immediate future all over these broad prairies, are the legitimate fruit of the able and comprehensive essays above referred to. The press of this and adjoining States have done yeoman service, too, in this laudable enterprise, and we are glad to notice that the *Junction City Tribune* has commenced a series of articles upon this subject from the able pen of Mr. JOHN DAVIS. They deserve to be widely read.

THE FALLING STARS OF NOVEMBER, 1893.

BY JAMES HANWAY.

EDITOR FARMER: It will be forty years ago when the 13th of November arrives, since that strange phenomenon of what is known as the "Falling Stars" occurred. An event which has been recorded as one of the most beautiful and wonderful phenomena ever witnessed in the heavens.

Being an eye-witness of the occurrence, I thought a few remarks would afford some interest to my young readers. It was on the night of the 13th of November, 1893. It was about 12 or 1 o'clock that I first witnessed this phenomenon. The night was dark, save the light from the stars. The incessant flashing of light illuminated at intervals the room of the log cabin which my family occupied. In opening the door to the east, the sight was one of unsurpassed splendor. It was wonderful to behold; never had I witnessed anything that approximated to it. My first sensation was somewhat mixed with awe, but this was only momentary, as when the baloon ascended at Ottawa a feeling of a similar nature took possession of me, when I witnessed a living being ascend into the clouds.

The heavens in the east and north were more strikingly observable than in the south and west, but towards morning they became spread in all parts of the heavens. The light of day arrived, and the shooting stars were no longer observable.

In witnessing a sight so exceedingly beautiful and interesting, I learned that those who had the good fortune to witness it, differed strangely in their testimony in regard to the size of the fallen stars. They appeared to my vision to vary from the size of a pea to a pigeon egg, and occasionally there flashed here and there one of those splendid flashes which illuminated the track it traveled, and which appeared to be as large as a hen's egg. They were, I believe, uniform in the direction they fell, from south to north, at an angle of 30°.

As these shooting stars approached the earth they appeared to burst like a rocket, which afforded a most beautiful sight to the beholder. This introductory phenomenon was witnessed in those States on a line, east and west, with Virginia and Maryland, but it was not seen, I believe, in New York and States more north.

Some fancy dreamers published at the time what they conjectured were the number of falling stars which fell that night. It would be just as rational to attempt to count the drops of rain that fell during a six or eight hours' thunder storm. One would be about as reasonable as the other.

This phenomenon, as might be expected, formed a text for the ignorant and illiterate to graft a prophecy on. Some thought the world was drawing to an end, some prognosticated a deluge or a universal war, and some a famine. These wild dreams of the imagination added to the interest of the falling stars.

Lane, Kansas.

QUESTIONS ABOUT KANSAS.

BENNINGTON, Vt., Oct. 17th, 1873.

EDITOR FARMER: Having been a reader of your excellent paper for the past year and a half, and seeing that you kindly answer questions from subscribers, I take the liberty of troubling you with two or three. I live in Eastern New York, but being here on business, and hearing some parties talk of moving to Kansas, it was suggested that I write you.

In my own neighborhood there are six families, all in good circumstances, and near Bennington there are two more

that want to move to your State in early Spring. With our present knowledge, we think of buying railroad lands, and the eight families will want about 2,000 or 2,500 acres. We would like to get it in a body, if possible, or at least, near together. Can we do it? If so, where, and at what price? What part of the State would you recommend us to go to? We propose to follow mixed farming, devoting our principal energies to stock-raising, cattle, hogs and sheep.

Please answer in your next issue, if possible, and oblige
Yours respectfully,
J. M. B.

In answer to our correspondent, we would say that as to the particular portion of Kansas that would suit our Eastern friends best, we cannot say, but to secure the quantity of railroad land that they desire in a body for general farming purposes, they would probably have to buy of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, or the Leavenworth, Lawrence & Galveston railroads. Of the last two we do not know just where their lands lie, but from the character of the country that both roads traverse, we know that good lands can be had almost their entire length. The lands of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad lie principally in the Arkansas Valley, and a finer stretch of country the eye of man never saw. Save timber, we think it contains every element of agricultural wealth, and this want is fully supplied with an abundance of cheap coal. Plenty of land can doubtless be obtained from this Company without going west of Hutchinson, in Reno county, at prices varying from \$5 to \$12 per acre, with a reduction from this price in proportion to the improvements; also favors shown to land buyers in the way of transportation. All the railroads mentioned, have offices in New York city.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

EDITOR FARMER: I desire for the benefit of myself and my neighbors, to inquire, first, if the market for castor beans is sufficiently substantial to insure everybody a paying market for all they can raise. That they are a sure and bountiful crop is no question. They grow spontaneously in Kansas. Second, is there a sure and remunerative market for broom-corn? It is a never failing crop in Sumner county. Is there a sure market for cotton in this country? They say it is pretty sure here to do well. Sugar cane and sweet potatoes are a certain crop. Corn does well generally. Wheat is supposed to do well. Fruit trees grow thriftily. Stock is the staple of the country. Poultry does well; the greatest difficulties to poultry-raising are wolves, wild cats, skunks, hawks, &c. We fear these far more than disease. Who can give us a receipt for keeping these pests away? A farmer should practice mixed husbandry; raise something of every thing in the farm line, which is adapted to the country. Corn half crop here this season; early potatoes, fair crop; late ones a failure; sweet potatoes good; sugar cane good; vines a failure, mostly because of insects; wheat half crop; oats good; castor beans extra; cabbage good, but for the grasshoppers. Mr. Editor, please publish this, that we may know the better what to raise next season. The farmer must go more for cash crops.

SUBSCRIBER.

In answer to our correspondent, we would say that the market for castor beans is likely to remain a paying one for some years to come. The broom-corn market is a very uncertain one, the straw sometimes being worth \$200 per ton, or over, and again not more than \$45. These, of course, are extremes. The market for cotton can be relied upon so far as price is concerned; Kansas this year has grown a considerable quantity of staple, fully equal to Sea Island, but it remains to be proved whether we can do this one year with another. We incline to the opinion that the Southern tier of counties can. As to the profitable growing of sugar cane in Kansas, we doubt it, unless our correspondent means the Chinese sugar cane or sorghum. The shortest and surest way of ridding the country of wolves and wildcats is to organize systematic weekly hunts of the whole country, calling to your aid some good hounds. The work can be facilitated by every farmer providing himself with a lot of good steel traps. To be of value, however, the work must be general; every farmer must do his part. Until these pests are cleared out, sheep-raising can never be made profitable.

THOSE who read the most excellent lecture of Matilda Fletcher's will lose the ineffable grace and charm of her manner in delivering it. She is one of the finest lecturers we have ever heard, and most sincerely in earnest to help working women.

WHEAT STRAW.

In traveling through the State this Fall, we have been pained to see the reckless waste of wheat straw upon the part of many farmers. In most instances it has been left loose, and scattered about just as it came from the threshing machine, and but two or three heavy rains will be needed to make it worthless. Wheat straw is double the value of prairie hay, as "roughness" for cattle, and we have often seen young cattle taken through hard Winters, and come out in a fine, healthy condition in the Spring, with no other feed than this. In several cases we have noticed large straw piles on farms, that had no shelter other than a little 8x10 shed, when a day's work would have converted this straw into a warm, comfortable shelter for twenty or thirty head of stock.

A plan that we have seen adopted, and we think the best one, is to build a shed of poles and brush long enough to accommodate all the stock, before the grain was hauled from the fields, or at least the place of stacking was fixed to accommodate the shed. The machine was then so placed that the elevator would run the straw nearly or quite to the shed, and as the straw came off, it was stacked over and around the shed, leaving only the south side open. This not only supplied the stock with straw, but it afforded a shelter nearly equal to the best barns. We advise farmers who have not enough shed room to accommodate all their stock, to spend one or two days in hauling straw to carry out this idea. It will be money well spent.

THE COMMONWEALTH PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

Most of our readers have doubtless heard of this, of the destructive fire at Topeka, which consumed the large printing establishment of the Topeka Commonwealth, and the book bindery of CRANE & BRAYON.

The Commonwealth has long been the peer of any daily in the West, and its weekly edition has had an enviable circulation in all parts of the State. The proprietors have our warmest sympathies, as they do of the entire press and people, and we hope their insurance will be sufficient to set them on their pins again. It was supposed to be the work of an incendiary, and we trust that every effort will be used to ferret out the scoundrels, and that they may be punished to the extreme penalty of the law. We learn that the insurance on the Commonwealth amounts to about \$15,000, while the loss will reach \$25,000; the bindery was insured for \$31,000; loss \$40,000.

FARMERS IN INDIANA.

A letter from our veterinary editor, who lives in Indiana, informs us that the Farmers' Clubs are making good progress in that State. In his county (Monroe), they now have sixteen organizations, with a membership of over five hundred, and the work is going bravely on. Their meetings are reported as being very interesting and profitable. Their wives and daughters turn out, to add beauty and interest to the meetings. Why cannot our folks do the same? We need the social element in all our meetings.

GOOD STOCK.

At the Leavenworth Fair, Mr. STONE, of Peabody, Marion county, exhibited seven head each of sheep and hogs, purchased of G. W. BYERS, that have taken twenty-five first premiums this Fall in Kansas and Missouri. Can anybody make a better showing?

BRICK AND FIRE CLAY AT LAWRENCE.

A correspondent of the Lawrence Tribune states that Lawrence has in its immediate vicinity an abundance of ochre clay, so valuable for brick making; also the fire clay similar to that at Burlingame, Osage county, and the writer thinks that, with proper appliances Lawrence can make a pressed brick equal to that of Milwaukee, of which Chicago is built.

With a rich and fertile country surrounding it, with a water power unsurpassed when completed, with timber and stone in abundance, and an enterprising population to back up these natural resources, we shall not be surprised at any future greatness our fair sister may attain. We shall always glory in her successes, as we have mourned in her defeats.

Our Boys and Girls.

TIGER.

We want to correct a wrong impression that some of our friends entertain in regard to our personal opinion of dogs. It will be remembered that not long since we wrote a little article about a certain particular dog that found its way into our cellar, and we are ready to admit that for that individual dog we did not, nor do not entertain any marked feelings of affection; at least we have not up to this writing exhibited by our actions or conversation that we esteemed him above all other dogs, but we wish to place ourself on record as being a friend to

"Mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And cur of low degree."

Sitting in our cozy sitting-room to-night, a face looks down from the wall upon us that calls up old memories. The face is that of a large dog, part "bull" part "mastiff," reclining on the floor, his head resting on his fore feet, and by his side a little black-eyed, curly-haired baby, with a stick drawn in a threatening manner over the dog.

The picture was painted some thirty-odd years ago, and one would hardly think, looking at it now, that it was intended to represent the writer of this, and his old playmate "Tige." There is perhaps scarcely a reader of THE FARMER but what has had just such a playmate, and there are few boys but what have just such an one now. Dogs and boys take to one another as naturally as ducks to water. There seems to be a language mutually understood between them, and we have known some boys that retained that language on into manhood, and we always respect a man's love for his dog almost as much as we do his love for his wife or children. We always doubt the purity of heart of a man who mistreats a dog. Their strong affection, willing obedience and general good nature, demand the kindest treatment at our hands.

But we started to tell our boys something about Tiger. He was a part of our family from our earliest recollection, and from the day that we could first "toddle," until a lad of twelve or fourteen, he was scarcely out of our sight. Our approach from school was watched for with as much solicitude by Tige as by our mother, and he rarely failed to meet us two or three blocks from home, and if we were in the mood, it was a scramble and a race from there to the house. Our schoolmates could participate in the fun, provided they treated us kindly, but woe to the boy that attempted to "run over" or abuse us. It then became Tiger's quarrel, and he generally came out first best. Unlike most dogs he would not fraternize with every dog he met. He was as choice in selecting his acquaintance as a modest maiden, and within our memory there were but two dogs that he would associate with. One of these was a bull dog owned by the butcher, and when an animal was to be slaughtered if too large for him to handle, our Tige was called for, and it was fun to see the two dogs walk up the lane together to the slaughter-house, evidently communing with each other as to the work in hand, and when turned into the inclosure, and the particular animal pointed out that they were expected to catch and hold, they went at it both with the will and the understanding, and before the poor brute knew what the dogs were after, they had it down, or so securely held, that the butcher easily put the noose over the horns, with which to draw it to the block.

The other dog selected by Tige for his compan-

ion, was one brought into our family, a wolfish fellow that had more savageness in his make-up than we ever saw developed in any other dog. When the latter was a pup, Tige would have nothing to do with him, but when he arrived to years of discretion, their affection was that of brothers, and the quarrels of one became the quarrels of both.

On one occasion a surly fellow kicked Tiger off a porch, and although not resented on the spot, it was not forgotten. A night or two after, the man had occasion to go for a doctor, and must of necessity pass our house by one of two streets, or otherwise wade through the high grass of a large meadow. Not anticipating any trouble, he came hurrying along the street, and when nearly opposite our house the dogs met him, and plainly told him he could not pass. He tried to coax and wheedle, and finally to scold, but he was glad to back out and try the other street, but he met with no better success, for the dogs again met him, and it was only after calling up some of the folks that he got past. He afterwards tried to "make up" with Tiger, but he received only silent contempt.

But we are making our story too long. Tiger's death was a painful one to us. He had lived long past his usefulness, and for one or two years had to be fed on the softest food. One evening when going to the pasture for the cows, we heard a gun fired on the opposite side of the barn, followed by a prolonged howl, and a moment after Tiger came running to us bleeding at his side, staggered a few steps and fell at our feet vainly trying to lick the hand of his playmate and companion. We could not appreciate the situation for a few moments, but it is without shame that we now confess to the bitter tears we shed, when we fairly understood that he had been purposely shot by a hired assassin. Our bitterness was somewhat modified when we saw our father standing over the remains of poor old Tige, and saw the tears trickle down his cheek, but our resentment never slackened toward the man that shot him. Father said that it was simply human, but as we look on his picture to-night, we remember well our boyish grief for long days afterwards. We have written this for THE KANSAS FARMER boys. The affection of the dog teaches a lesson that many people can remember with profit. It is, to never forsake your friends either in prosperity or adversity.

WATER IN STOCKS.

There is so much practical good sense in the following article, cut from the St. Louis Democrat of October 18th, that we reproduce it in our columns:

"We are very tired of hearing, from the Chicago Tribune and some other papers which seem influenced to court the favor of the least intelligent farmers, the absurd statement that high freight charges on railroads are due to watering of stock, and that if something will only "squeeze the water out of the stock," the farmers may look for transportation at more reasonable rates. What on earth has the price of a stock to do with the rates charged for freight? Stocks are "watered" for all sorts of reasons, some good and some bad, but all of them have reference to the market value of the stock and the ability to borrow more or less money on it. Charges for freight, on the other hand, are governed by the amount of business to be done, the amount and character of the competition, and, when affected at all by the financial condition of the road, are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred affected by the amount of bonds it has outstanding, and not all by the amount of stock issued.

If watering of stock has any tendency to produce higher freight charges, then certainly those roads whose stock has been subjected to that operation should charge higher rates than those whose stock has not been watered. But the fact is quite the other way. Vanderbilt is the great stock-waterer; no other stocks in the country have been so largely diluted as those of his roads. Next to his

roads, the Erie and Atlantic & Great Western have done the largest business in that line. Now it happens that the lowest rate per ton per mile on any road in the country, whose full statistics are published for a series of years, is on the Atlantic & Great Western, and the next is on the Michigan Southern, one of the Vanderbilt combination, where the rate was 1 cent and 33-100, and 1 cent and 40-100 per ton per mile respectively; the next was on the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago, where the rate was 1.42; the next was on the Erie, where the rate was 1.43; the next was on the Pennsylvania Central, where the rate was 1.50, and the next on the New York Central, where the rate was 1.64. Thus of Eastern trunk lines, the Erie, being watered, carried at a lower rate than the Pennsylvania, which is not watered; and the Central, which has plenty of water in it, is scarcely behind, and far ahead of most large roads. Compare it, for example, with the Boston & Albany, whose stock is not watered at all, we believe, but whose average rate is 2.06, or with the New Jersey Central, whose rate is 1.80. So the Michigan Southern, a Vanderbilt road, maintains a lower rate than the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago. Coming westward, we believe that the Chicago & Northwestern has the reputation of having as largely watered its stock as any other leading road, but its average rate per ton per mile, according to the last report was 2.35, while the latest statement we have found of the Chicago & Rock Island was 2.65, of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy 2.40, and of the Illinois Central 2.32. Certainly these figures do not show that the watering of stock has caused the roads addicted to that practice to charge higher rates than those which have never indulged therein.

Again, if watering stock causes higher rates, it is reasonable to suppose that the rates must be higher after the performance than before it. But the New York Central charged an average rate of 2.25 in 1862, and 3.45 in 1865, 3.09 in 1866, 2.75 in 1867, and 2.74 in 1868, before the stock was watered, and has since that operation reduced its rate to 1.64 per ton per mile. The Erie charged 1.89 per ton per mile in 1862 and 2.49 in 1867, and since Gould & Co. have spilled water in its stock has reduced its rate to 1.43 per ton per mile. These comparisons might be extended indefinitely, but the figures already given, for some of the very roads regarding which the complaint of stock-watering has been loudest, suffice to prove that the pretense that water in stocks has caused high rates for freight is a cheat and a fraud of the most barefaced description. The practice may be pernicious; it may be the means of perpetrating some of the worst swindles on the Stock Exchange; we do not say it is not. But we do say, and the facts prove, that it has nothing to do with the freight charges. And the people who say that "squeezing the water out of stock" will bring lower rates are simply trying to stuff ignorant readers with preposterous nonsense."

OUR CORNER

Our New Story.—The new story that we have promised our readers will be ready in a few weeks, and we expect to be able to commence it in our issue of December 1st. We have examined the opening chapters, and we can safely promise our readers a rare treat. All new subscriptions should be sent in before that time.

Renewals.—We are under obligations to many of our oldest subscribers for their prompt response to our request for early renewals, and also to several of our agents for clubs of new subscribers.

The FARMER will, from present prospects, start into the year 1874 with a larger list of subscribers, by some thousands, than it has ever reached before. We hope to make it of increased value to our readers.

Co-Bo-Lo.—We ask the attention of our readers to the interesting article by our very able contributor, Co-Bo-Lo. The subject upon which he writes is one that has been too long neglected, and opens one of the doors to

successful farming. It is an admitted fact that the profits of the ordinary farmer lie in the amount of stock that he keeps, and it is a notorious fact that not one farmer in five hundred keeps as much stock as he ought to. If each farmer would make it a point to cut his fodder at the right time, and care for it properly, they could have an abundance of food for as much stock as one man could take care of through the winter. Read the article.

Sweet Potatoes and Honey.—The editor of THE FARMER makes his best bow to Mrs. M. S. GRANT for some of the finest specimens of sweet potatoes and honey of the season. The sweet potato was a monster, being a foot in length, and five and one-half inches in diameter. Our family of eight dined on it, and there were fragments left for lunch. We incline to the opinion that Mrs. GRANT as a farmer, is a success. She has had the entire management of one of the largest farms in the county, this season, and the neighbors all say that she is beating all of them in raising nice stock and making gilt-edged butter. If men fail in farming, let the ladies take hold as Mrs. GRANT has done, though we don't wish to imply that Mr. GRANT (our publisher), is a failure.

BOOKS AND PAPERS.

The Garnett Plaindealer.—We have omitted to notice a change in proprietors of the above excellent weekly, Mr. WILSON, its former able editor and proprietor, recently sold the stock, fixtures and good will to W. A. SPOONER, a gentleman of considerable newspaper experience, and the numbers we have received since the change show that he knows how to make a good newspaper. The heading and make-up of the paper have been considerably changed, but we had become so used to the old appearance that it scarcely seems like an improvement.

We wish the new publisher abundant success, and we believe he will merit the cordial support of our Anderson county friends.

THE APIARY.

NOAH CAMERON, EDITOR.

THE LANGSTROTH PATENT EXPIRED.

This patent was issued twenty-one years ago, for fourteen years, and then extended seven years by the Commissioner of Patents, and has now expired by limitation on the 5th of October, 1873.

The Langstroth Adjustment of the movable frame, on which he obtained a patent, was probably the most important discovery in connection with bee-hives that has been made in a score of years. The stimulus given to bee-keepers by the introduction of this improvement, and Mr. Langstroth's book on "Hive and Honey Bee" was undoubtedly the primary cause of flooding the country with a legion of patents and patent venders. There is scarcely a locality in the country that has escaped the scourge; and it is a question, if bee-keeping is not far behind the position, it would have occupied, had there never been a patent issued on bee-hives. While a few bee-keepers that were making the science a study, profited by every invention of value, the great bulk of bee-keepers never had time to post themselves, and consequently were easily taken in by those charlatan patent-venders so that bee-keeping was brought into disrepute.

We hold that no patent should ever be issued on any improvement so called, but only on new inventions, especially the office should discriminate between trifling and worthless inventions, whether new inventions or improvements, and those of real value and importance to the country; and no patent should be issued until inventions were thoroughly tested by competent and disinterested parties, and proved to be of real worth. We claim there is nothing about a bee-hive, or a farm gate, or a rail fence that should entitle the inventor of the improvement to a United States certificate, to swindle the uninformed. The way our patent office is now run, it is not much but a gigantic swindle manufactory; where there is one patent issued of any value, there are a thousand issued that are worthless, and many of them procured especially for swindling purposes.

Would not Mr. Langstroth have stood higher today in the estimation of the bee-keepers of the country, if he had given his discovery freely, without price? As it is, he has reaped very sparingly, being swindled out of his right under the patent

law, on every hand. Besides, his claims have engendered rivalries, envies, animosities, enmities and litigation—no very envious legacy. Every inventor of anything of real value to the country, should be suitably rewarded; this was the intention of the patent laws. But it is a notorious fact that but few inventors, or discoverers of things that are valuable, receive anything worthy of note; their invention will go into the hands of second parties for a trifle, and then the dear people will be swindled out of millions.

We believe it is now time to dry up the Patent Office, and also the Department of Agriculture; the country has outgrown them. The great curiosity shop at Washington is of such dimensions now, that no one man would ever care to spend time to look at half of the worthless traps that it contains. Just to think of a thousand different models of bee-hives, and then a thousand and one of every other conceivable thing down to a wooden nutmeg, and then I think you will agree with me that it is about time to close this branch of public business. As to the Agricultural Department, we believe private enterprise will furnish us all the agricultural books, papers and seeds that we need, and to those that pay for them; while this Washington establishment sends those things out to those that don't pay for them. And that's what's the matter.



Prescriptions for Sick or Injured Animals, Free.

B. S. CHASE, VETERINARY EDITOR.

(The readers of THE FARMER, who have sick or injured Horses or Cattle, can have the advice of a Professional Veterinarian of great experience, through this Department, gratis, by sending an account of the complaint they desire advice upon. No question will be answered by mail.—EDITOR FARMER.)

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES ABOUT ANIMALS.

Tumor.

EDITOR FARMER: Although I have been a reader of THE FARMER for more than four years, I now for the first time wish to ask a little advice. I have a yearling heifer, that early last Spring got the side of her upper jaw hurt; I supposed it was bit by a dog. It formed a callous lump, and has continued to grow larger; it is now as large as a man's fist, and it is spreading upward towards the eye. It sometimes runs a little from the nostril, and from a little sore on the outside of the lump. When not running, this sore looks like a wart. Can anything be done for it; if so, what?

Respectfully yours, M. A. L.

ANSWER.—I think there would be no trouble in taking the lump off with the knife.

HOME-MADE PERFUMERY.

The ordinary method of obtaining the perfume of flowers, and one that has been employed for ages, is by distillation. Shakespears tells us that

"flowers distilled, though they with Winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet;"

or, in plain prose, that by distilling flowers we may possess their sweetness in Winter, when their beauty has passed away.

The odor of flowers is due to a minute portion of volatile oil, which is continually generated and given off by the plant. When the flowers are distilled with water, the essential oil rises with the steam and is condensed with it in the receiver. But the fragrant principle may be obtained in another way, which, as it requires no apparatus, may furnish an agreeable recreation to some of our readers who have flower gardens and plenty of leisure. The sweetness that would be otherwise wasted on the Summer air may thus be saved to delight the sense

long after the blossoms that exhaled it have perished.

Gather the flowers, with as little of the stalk as possible, and put them in a jar three-quarters full of olive or almond oil. After they have soaked in the oil for twenty-four hours, the whole must be put into a coarse cloth bag, and the oil squeezed out; then fresh flowers are to be added, and the process repeated for twenty days or more, according to the strength of the perfume desired. When the odor of only one species is wanted, an immense number of the flowers are necessary to produce a scented oil, and special cultivation would be required to furnish them; but the amateur may use almost any sweet-scented flowers that come to hand, and get a mixed perfume or *millefleurs* ("thousand flowers"), as the French call it. The smaller kinds are to be preferred for the purpose, such as sweet pea, mignonette, stocks, clove pink, etc. The larger blossoms are not adapted for use by the novice, as the odor they impart does not compensate for the space they take up. The oil, when thoroughly perfumed, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of strong "deodorized" alcohol, and shaken every day for a fortnight; after which the spirit may be poured off quite clear and bright, and will be found highly charged with the odoriferous principle that was collected in the oil. Flowers that are going out of bloom are as good for this purpose as those in their prime, so that the garden need not be despoiled of its beauty for the experiment. To quote Shakespeare again,—

"Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made."

We presume that most persons would prefer to buy their perfumes rather than to manufacture them in this way; but some may enjoy the work for its own sake, and consider that the fragrant product is worth all the time and trouble it has cost.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

A BATTLE IN THE AIR.

"A most terrific battle between two birds," says the Virginia (Nev.) *Mountainian*, "occurred between two large brown eagles in the vicinity of the lakes above Virginia. When first noticed, the birds were soaring, one above the other, at an altitude of perhaps three-fourths of a mile, and seemed on a sail for pleasure. Presently the uppermost bird, closing its broad wings, shot downward like a meteor for two or three hundred feet, and with a wild piercing scream, lit fairly upon the back of the other bird. Turning with the rapidity of lightning, the victim clutched his adversary with talons and beak, and a fierce struggle ensued. The savage yells, the striking of huge wings, and showers of falling feathers, gave unmistakable evidence of the ferocity with which the contest was waged. As they fought they fell earthward, and when within five hundred feet of the ground they became disengaged, and each swooped upward again. Now followed an interesting trial as to which should first gain a sufficient altitude to make another plunge. The circling of the smaller was rapid and close, while that of his antagonist was made with greater limits, and his ascension was quickest accomplished. The largest eagle was soon one-half mile high, and some hundreds of feet above his victim. Hovering in mid-air for a moment, as if making sure of his aim, he again darted down upon his enemy, striking him as before with a force that seemed sufficient to kill of itself. Again they grappled and fought like winged demons—whirling falling and striking furiously for the space of two or three minutes. They were near the largest of the lakes, and gradually descending to the water. The struggles of the smaller became less and less fierce; he was getting weak, and was evidently getting vanquished, while his more powerful aggressor seemed to wage the battle with increased vigor.

Another moment and the conquering monarch loosed his hold, and with an exultant shout of victory soared upward. The battle was ended; his prisoner, limp and lifeless, fell into the waters of

the lake with a splash, and floated on the surface without a struggle. We, with our companions, tried to get the dead eagle, but were unable to do so without swimming for it. Both birds were of very large size, the largest measuring, we think, fully twelve feet from tip to tip. The spectacle was exciting in the extreme, and the victory tragically complete. The battle had likely commenced before we discovered them, as it does not seem possible for one to kill the other in so short a time, although the fighting was terrific."

POTATOES.

The average condition of this crop for all the States is 95. It is below average in all the New England States, the deficit ranging from 25 per cent. in Rhode Island to 2 per cent. in New Hampshire. In those localities affected by the drought of the latter part of Summer, the late plantings were very short, but at several points in Massachusetts and Rhode Island the later crops are better than the earlier ones. In the Middle States, New York is above average, while New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware are below. In several counties excessive rains rotted the crop; in others, the Colorado beetle was destructive, especially Westmoreland, Beaver, Indiana, and Lawrence county, Pennsylvania. Maryland averaged 95, Virginia 98, North Carolina 96. In South Carolina and the Gulf States the crop was average, or above, except in Louisiana and Texas. In Franklin Parish, Louisiana, it is observed that potatoes yield bountifully when proper culture has been bestowed upon them. In some counties in Texas they were injured by frost. The crop is below average in all the inland Southern States, the Colorado beetle being reported in several counties of Tennessee, West Virginia and Kentucky. Insect injuries and unfavorable conditions of growth, greatly affected the crop in many portions of the Northwest and on the Pacific coast, reducing the yield below an average. The Colorado beetle was successfully resisted in many counties by the prompt administration of Paris green and other remedies, in the use of which farmers, by experience, have acquired greater skill. In the Northern Trans-Mississippi Territories the grasshopper is reported as devouring this with other crops. In several of our reports it is noted that Peachblow and Early Rose potatoes escaped the ravages of insects, and withstood the stress of drought to a greater extent than other varieties.

At the examination at a school not far from London, a young tyro in declamation, who had been told by the teacher that he must gesticulate according to the sense, in commencing a piece with "The comet lifts its fiery tail," lifted the tail of his coat to a horizontal position, causing roars of laughter.

Mrs. Dolly Love, the last pensioner of the revolution, residing in Ulster county, New York, died at Highland, last Saturday, aged one hundred years, three months and ten days.

"WHERE THE LAUGH COMES IN."

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."

ACCORDING to a California paper, a young lady of that city in telling a gentleman about the Yosemite trip said the scenery was gorgeous—perfectly ravishing—but she did not like their style of locomotion down there. "How's that?" said her friend, "how did you locomote?" "Why, don't you think," she replied, "I had to ride a clothes pin."

A LITTLE boy being instructed in morals by his grandmother, the old lady told him that all such terms as "by goll," "by jingo," "by thunder," etc., were only little oaths, and but little better than other profanities. In fact, she said he could tell a profane oath by the prefix "by." All such were oaths. "Well, then, grandmother," said the hopeful "is 'by telegraph,' which I see in the newspapers, swearing?" "No," said the old lady, "that is only lying."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was explaining the omnipresence of the Deity to his scholars, and ended by telling that He was everywhere. Whereupon a red-headed boy asked: "Is he in my pocket?" The teacher replied that the question was rather profane, but he would answer "Yes, He was everywhere." "I've got you there," said the boy; "I ain't got no pocket."

JINKS had been indulging too freely in ardent spirits. At a street corner his hat dropped into the gutter. Says Jinks, "I know—if I pick you up I'll fall. If I fall you won't pick me—hic—me—hic—up—good night." And he walked off with a smile of satisfaction, describing innumerable zig-zags as he went, leaving his hat in the gutter.

DURING the late war, Dr. — entered the hospital surgery, met Paddy Doyle, the orderly, and asked him which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sir," said Paddy, as with an indicative jerk of the thumb, he pointed to where, on the table, lay a case of surgical instruments.

A NEW version of "Old Uncle Ned" has become popular in the suburbs. It runs something as follows: "Then pull up the wicker and the stake, and put up the mallet and the ball; for no more croquet'll be played this year—it's getting too late in the Fall."

AN old gentleman who was in the habit of prefixing "I say" to every sentence to which he gave utterance, having heard that his man-servant mimicked him, thus addressed the ill-behaved domestic when he met him: "I say John, they say that you say 'I say'; and if I do say 'I say,' I say that is no reason why you should say 'I say,' I say, John."

WHEN Charles Fox was miserably teased for money by some Hebrew creditors, he told them that he would discharge the encumbrance as soon as possible. "But Mr. F., name the day." "The day of judgment." "Oh, Mr. F., that will be too busy a day for us." "Right, Moses, so we'll make it the day after."

A YOUNG backwoods lawyer lately concluded the arguments in a case of damages for injury done by the defendant's swine, with the following sublime bursts: "If, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant's hogs are permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of my client with impunity and without pokes—then—yes, then indeed have our forefathers fought, and bled, and died in vain!"

SPECIAL NOTICES.

From Just. Williams, Principal Charleston Classical Academy, Charleston, Mo.

The ESTER COTTAGE ORGAN that I purchased of you has been in daily use some months; much of the time from two to three hours a day, in Church and Academy Choir practice, and Chapel Services. It has been subjected to much rough use, but stands it all remarkably well. Not a cent has been expended in repairs. It is admired for its sweet, even, round tones. Its power is great, and its quickness of touch is remarkable. In short, it gives entire satisfaction. For sale by VIELLE & MILLS, General Agents, 214 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Emigration Turning.—Cheap Farms in Southwest Missouri.—The Atlantic & Pacific Railroad Company offers 1,200,000 acres of Land in Central and Southwest Missouri, at from \$3 to \$12 per acre, on seven years' time, with free transportation from St. Louis to all purchasers. Climate, soil, timber, mineral wealth, schools, churches, and law-abiding society, invite emigrants from all points to this land of fruits and flowers. For particulars, address A. TUCK, Land Commissioner, St. Louis, Missouri. 10-5-t*

A Word to Travelers.—We have a word to say in favor of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. It was the "pioneer" line westward, and the "old reliable" route to St. Louis. With the improvements which have been made during the past year, we believe that the Missouri Pacific Railroad has the best track and the finest and safest equipment of any line west of the Mississippi. It is the only line which runs three daily express trains of fine Coaches and Pullman Sleepers, equipped with the Miller platform and the patent air-brake, from leading points in the West, through Kansas City, Sedalia and Jefferson City to St. Louis, without change, connecting at St. Louis with eleven different through routes to points North, East and South. Particular information, with maps, time tables, &c., may be had at the various "Through Ticket" Railroad Stations in the West, or upon personal or written application to G. H. BAXTER, Western Passenger Agent, Kansas City, Missouri; or to E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Missouri. 10-5-t*

All Reforms must go Forward!

1873 1874

The Kansas Farmer

The Old Reliable Agricultural Journal of the Missouri Valley.

The only Agricultural paper west of the Mississippi River that has a general circulation.

It has done more for the Agricultural interests of THE GREAT WEST, than all other papers combined

It is published in the interest of The Farmer, The Stock Grower, and The Fruit Culturist.

It acknowledges no mistress save Agriculture.

It labors constantly to advance the interests of the rural population.

It has received a generous support.

To meet the wants of the hard times we have made arrangements whereby we are enabled to club THE FARMER with several prominent papers and magazines in different parts of the country, as follows:

THE KANSAS FARMER and THE LEAVENWORTH WEEKLY TIMES for \$1.50 per Annum

The Kansas Farmer and Topeka Record	-- -- -- --	for	-- -- --	\$2 00
The Kansas Farmer and The Kansas Educational Journal	-- -- -- --	for	-- -- --	2 00
The Kansas Farmer and St. Louis Weekly Globe	-- -- -- --	for	-- -- --	2 00
The Kansas Farmer and St. Louis Weekly Republican	-- -- -- --	for	-- -- --	2 15
The Kansas Farmer and Chicago Live Stock Journal	-- -- -- --	for	-- -- --	2 50
The Kansas Farmer and Seneca Weekly Courier	-- -- -- --	for	-- -- --	2 50
The Kansas Farmer and Wood's Household Magazine	-- -- -- --	for	-- -- --	1 50
The Kansas Farmer and Purdy's Fruit Recorder	-- -- -- --	for	-- -- --	1 75
The Kansas Farmer and Kansas Magazine	-- -- -- --	for	-- -- --	4 00

Other papers will be added from time to time.

We are determined to furnish our subscribers with papers at such prices as will offer inducements to subscribe.

The publications mentioned above are all first class, and each and every one is worth the price asked for the club.

These prices are made upon the basis of corn at twenty cents per bushel.

Will our friends respond?

Address

**THE KANSAS FARMER,
LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.**

PROPOSED AMENDMENT

To the Constitution of the State of Kansas, submitted by the Legislature, at its last Session, for the ratification or rejection of the electors of the State, at the next General Election.

[Substitute for House Joint Resolution No. 17, providing for an Amendment to the Constitution.]

Be it Resolved by the Legislature of the State of Kansas, two-thirds of all the members elected to each House concurring therein:

SECTION 1. That article 2, section two, of the Constitution of the State of Kansas, be amended so as to read as follows: The number of Representatives and Senators shall be regulated by law, but shall never exceed one hundred and twenty-five Representatives and forty Senators.

SEC. 2. This amendment shall be submitted to the electors of this State, for adoption or rejection, at the next general election.

SEC. 3. The ballots used at said election shall be written or printed as follows: "For amendment to section two, article two, of the Constitution;" or, "Against amendment to section two, article two, of the Constitution."

SEC. 4. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its publication in the Kansas Weekly Commonwealth.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the above Joint Resolution originated in the House of Representatives February 5, 1873, and passed that body February 26, 1873, two-thirds of all the members elect voting therefor.

JOSIAH KELLOGG, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

ALEX. R. BANKS, Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the above Joint Resolution passed the Senate March 6, 1873, two-thirds of all the members elect voting therefor.

E. S. STOVER, President of the Senate. GEO. C. CROWTHER, Secretary of the Senate.

Approved March 6, 1873: THOMAS A. OSBORN, Governor.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original enrolled Joint Resolution now on file in my office, and that the same was published in the Kansas Weekly Commonwealth April 10, 1873.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name [SEAL.] and affixed the great Seal of State. Done at Topeka this 31st day of July, A. D. 1873.

W. H. SMALLWOOD, Secretary of State.

10-16-73

THE STRAY LIST.

BY AN ACT of the Legislature, approved Feb. 27, 1867, section 1, when the appraised value of a stray or strays exceeds ten dollars, the County Clerk is required, within ten days after receiving a certified description and appraisement, to forward by mail, notice containing a complete description of said strays, the day at which they were taken up, their appraised value, and the name and residence of the taker up, to THE KANSAS FARMER, together with the sum of fifty cents for each animal contained in said notice.

Strays for November 1.

Clay County—E. P. Huston, Clerk. PONY—Taken up by W. H. Hibbard, Mulberry township, September 21st, 1873, one dark brown mare Pony, 12 hands high, star in forehead, white star on upper lip, figure 2 on left shoulder, anchor on left hip, saddle marks, 10 years old. Appraised \$20.

Crawford County—F. R. Russell, Clerk. STEER—Taken up by G. A. Trask, Washington township, August 11, 1873, one Steer, 7 years old, white, with red ears, crop and underbit on right ear, upper half crop on left ear, branded with figure 2 on right side, and R on left hip. Appraised \$17.

STEER—Also, one Steer, black and white, 3 years old, branded B O on right side, R on left hip. Appraised \$16. COW—Also, one Cow, 8 years old, brown, with white spot in forehead, branded A E on right hip, R on left hip. Appraised at \$14.

COW—Also, one brown Cow, with white spot in forehead, 6 years old, branded A M on right side, R on left hip, swallow fork in each ear. Appraised \$14.

COW—Also, one pale red Cow, with white spot in forehead, 7 years old, branded R on left hip, Q S on left side. Appraised at \$14.

COW—Also, one pale red cow with white spots, 8 years old, branded A M on right side, R on left hip. Appraised \$14.

COW—Also, one black, red and white spotted Cow, 6 years old, branded R on left and with a heart on the left hip and side, branded S on right hip. Appraised \$15.

MAHE—Taken up by J. M. Bixler, Lincoln township, August 30, 1873, one bay roan pony Mare, 12 years old, 14 1/2 hands high, saddle marks, branded Y on left shoulder. Appraised \$20.

MARE—Taken up by Henry Hesse, Walnut township, August 27, 1873, one sorrel Mare, 8 years old, 15 hands high, Mexican brand on left shoulder. Appraised \$35.

STEER—Taken up by Henry Bass, Walnut township, August 2, 1873, one red Steer, line back, some white on thighs, white dish face, marked crop off left ear and half crop off right ear, blind in left eye, seven years old. Appraised \$22.

MULE—Taken up by L. R. Jewell, Lincoln township, August 17, 1873, one bay mare Mule, 14 hands high, 15 years old, branded M on left shoulder and left hip, also Spanish brand on left shoulder. White hairs on knee of foreleg, and above the right eye. Appraised \$35.

Davis County—Daniel Mitchell, Clerk. HORSE—Taken up by J. P. Grassberger, Smoky Hill township, one sorrel Horse, 12 years old, 15 1/2 hands high, white stripe in forehead, U S on left shoulder and I O on left hip, left eye blind and right one nearly so. Appraised \$30.

Doniphan County—Chas. Rappelye, Clerk. HORSE—Taken up by Richard A. Howell, September 27, 1873, one dapple or iron gray Horse, about 16 hands high, 8 or 6 years old, mark on the fore leg between the knee and fetlock resembling a burn, collar marks on the neck. Appraised \$75.

Montgomery County—J. A. Helplingstine, Clerk. COWS AND CALVES—Taken up by T. F. Cole, of Sycamore township, on the 9th day of October, 1873, two Cows and Calves. One black Cow, branded on left hip with an O and an X inside it, slope under each ear, slit in right ear, and black heifer calf. Also, one red brindle Cow, marked and branded as above, with an O and an X inside it, and a red bull calf. Both Cows supposed to be 4 years old. Appraised \$12 each.

COW—Taken up by J. N. Hawkins, Sycamore township, on the 24th September, 1873, one white Cow, 5 years old, with red specks on head and neck, crop off each ear, slit in same underbit in right ear, supposed to be Indian stock. Appraised \$15.

Morris County—H. W. Gildemester, Clerk. COLT—Taken up by J. H. Beagle, Ohio township, October 8th, 1873, one bay horse Colt, 14 1/2 hands high, star in forehead, saddle marks, small white spot on the right weathers, right hind foot white to the pastern joints, white streak around each fore foot, supposed to be 3 years old. Appraised \$30.

COLT—Also, one iron gray pony mare Colt, supposed to be 3 years old, no marks or brands. Appraised \$25.

Labette County—L. C. Howard, Clerk. STEER—Taken up by R. McCormick, Walton township, one red Steer with high horns, about 4 years old, branded A B on right hip and right side, ears cropped, a piece off lower part of right ear. Appraised \$17.

TEXAS STEER—Taken up by F. M. Wood, Mound Valley township, one brindle and white Texas Steer, 3 years old, branded T on left hip, crop mark slit in left ear, and under slope in right ear. Appraised \$12.

Neosho County—G. W. McMillin, Clerk. COLT—Taken up by Levi Teener, Grant township, September 29, 1873, one bay horse Colt, about 3 years old, mark on left hind leg, and white spot in the right eye. Appraised \$35.

Riley County—Wm. Burgoyne, Clerk. HORSE—Taken up by M. E. McNemar, Ogden township, one gray Horse, 15 1/2 hands high, 12 years old, no marks or brands. Appraised \$65.

Wyandotte County—A. B. Hovey, Clerk. PONY—Taken up by Matilda Hughes, Prairie township, one sorrel mare Pony, 14 hands high, 3 years old, shod all around, shoes considerably worn, right hind foot white half way to the hock joint, white stripe in face commencing at right nostril running to the left eye and a piece above the eye, a white spot on left side of neck and smaller spot on right side of neck, a few white hairs behind left fore shoulder. Appraised \$35.

Strays for October 15.

Bourbon County—J. H. Brown, Clerk. COW—Taken up by Geo. O. Masters, of Marmaton township, Bourbon county, one light roan Mare, six or seven years old, about 15 1/2 hands high, sorrel mane and tail, small blaze in forehead, right fore leg white to the knee, right hind foot white, collar marks, shod all round. Appraised \$70.

Brown County—E. N. Merrill, Clerk. COW—Taken up by Joseph Fox, Hamlin township, one red Cow, dark about the head, branded letter X on right hip, about seven years old. Appraised \$20.

Cherokee County—J. O. Norris, Clerk. MARE—Taken up by Elias Hudson, Pleasant View township, September 6, 1873, one bay Mare, 10 years old, 15 hands high, blaze in face, three white feet, scar on right side, had a small bell on when taken up. Appraised \$40.

Jewell County—W. M. Aller, Clerk. TEXAN CATTLE—Taken up by S. G. Pickett, Big Timber township, September 26th, 1873, six black Cows, from four to twelve years old. One dun Cow twelve years old, two black and white Cows ten years old, one red and white Steer three years old, one brown Cow nine years old. Appraised \$85.

STEERS—One white and brown 5 years old, branded T S S on left side. One brown seven years old, branded D L on left side, and one white and speckled 5 years old, branded S on left side and C on right hip. Appraised \$35.

Lyon County—D. S. Gilmore, Clerk. MARE—One light sorrel Mare supposed to be two years old, 14 hands high, white spot in forehead with white streak half an inch wide and six inches long between the eyes and nose, feet all white, flax mane and tail, and scar on hip. Appraised \$50.

Osage County—W. Y. Drew, Clerk. PONY—Taken up by A. Hoover, Burlingame township, on or about August 1st, 1873, one mare Pony three years old, cream color, star in forehead, black mane and tail. Appraised \$25.

Nemaha County—Joshua Mitchell, Clerk. HORSE—Taken up by N. Coleman, Richmond township, September 28th, 1873, one deep sorrel Horse 16 hands high, supposed to be eight years old, small star in forehead, lame in both fore feet, small white specks on body. Appraised \$20.

Riley County—Wm. Burgoyne, Clerk. HORSE—Taken up by James Irwin, Ashland township, one light bay Horse, hind legs and feet white, white strip in face, white on under lip, 15 hands high, six years old, no brands. Appraised \$45.

Sedgewick County—Fred. Schattner, Clerk. HORSE—Taken up in Ohio township about September 10th, 1873, one iron gray horse Pony, about six years old, branded with capital H B and inverted h on left shoulder and same on left thigh. Appraised \$19.

Wabanssee County—G. W. Watson, Clerk. HORSE—Taken up by Martin Smaltz, Newbury township, September 23, 1873, one light bay Horse, 15 hands high, eight years old, branded S on right shoulder, collar marks, light mane and tail. Appraised \$35.

Centaur Liniment,



KENTAPRE

THE GREAT DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. There is no pain which the Centaur Liniment will not relieve, no swelling which it will not subdue, and no lameness which it will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. It is no humbug; the recipe is printed around each bottle. A circular containing certificates of wonderful cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, sprains, swellings, burns, scalds, caked breasts, poisonous bites, frozen feet, gout, salt rheum, ear-ache, &c., and the recipe of the Liniment will be sent gratis to any one. It is the most wonderful healing and pain-relieving agent the world has ever produced. It sells as no article ever before did sell, and it sells because it does just what it pretends to do. One bottle of the Centaur Liniment for animals (yellow wrapper) is worth a hundred dollars for spavined, strained or galled horses and mules, and for screw-worm in sheep. No family or stock-holder can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. Price, 50 cents; large bottles, \$1.00. J. B. Rose & Co., 53 Broadway, New York.

Castoria is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only safe article in existence which is sure to regulate the bowels, cure wind colic and produce natural sleep. It is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may sleep. 10-19-1y

NURSERYMAN'S DIRECTORY.

ALLEN'S NURSERIES, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, O. H. ALLEN & CO., Proprietors. We are now prepared to furnish a full supply of Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c., at wholesale. sep17-1y-2

KANSAS CITY NURSERIES, GOODMAN & SON, PROPRIETORS, southeast corner of Twelfth and Cherry Streets, Kansas City, Missouri. Green-house and Bedding Plants, Nursery Stock very low. sep17-1y-2

LATHE NURSERIES, JOHNSON COUNTY, KANSAS.—A General Assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Nursery Stock. Nursery and Office, three hundred yards south of the Depot. [sep15-1y-207] E. F. DIEHL, Proprietor.

PILOT KNOB NURSERY, D. C. HAWTHORNE, PROPRIETOR. Choice stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Evergreens and Greenhouse Plants. Wholesale and Retail. 10-12-1y

PHYSICIANS are the best JUDGES of a MEDICINE AFTER ALL

They use HAMILTON'S BUCHU & DANDELION, In all diseases of the Urinary Organs and Liver. It cures Gravel, Diabetes, Brick Dust Deposit, Rheumatism, Jaundice, &c. Try it! W. C. HAMILTON & CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO. dec1-1y-85

ATTENTION, OWNERS OF HORSES!



THE ZINC COLLAR PAD is guaranteed to cure the worst case of raw and inflamed neck in Ten Days, and work the Horse every day, and will not chafe or wear the mane. For sale by Saddlery Hardware Dealers and Harness Makers. Manufactured by the ZINC COLLAR PAD COMPANY, Buchanan, Michigan. Information furnished on application.

This Company is in possession of hundreds of reliable testimonials from Farmers, Lumbermen, Teamsters, Dealers, and others, fully endorsing all that we claim for the Zinc Pad. We annex the following notice:

CHICAGO, February 7th, 1873. MR. GEO. RICHARDS, SUP'T. BUCHANAN, MICH.: Dear Sir: We have heard but one expression with regard to your Collar Pad, and that is, "It is a good thing;" and from our own experience of them during the past year, we have no hesitancy in recommending them as the best Pad in the market, and would advise every one using a team to have them upon his horses. Respectfully, yours, HAYDEN & KAY, Dealers in Saddlery Hardware.

GREAT THROUGH PASSENGER ROUTE

THE OLD RELIABLE Hannibal, Saint Joseph AND QUINCY SHORT LINE EAST

The Only Line Running 4 FAST EXPRESS TRAINS between the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, over IRON BRIDGES, with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and Palace Day Coaches to QUINCY, CHICAGO, INDIANAPOLIS AND CINCINNATI. WITHOUT CHANGE.

THIS SHORT ROUTE, AND CONNECTING LINES, BY WAY OF QUINCY,

AFFORDS UNEQUALLED ADVANTAGES In Through Drawing Room Sleeping Cars and Day Coaches. All Express Trains equipped with the MILLER PLATFORM and WESTINGHOUSE PATENT AIR BRAKES. The most perfect protection against accidents in the world.

THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT DEPOSITS and Through Baggage Arrangements in the United States, Checking Baggage to all points East, North and South.

THE SHORTEST AND QUICKEST, AND CONSEQUENTLY CHEAPEST ROUTE: Therefore, all who are posted

ASK FOR TICKETS Via QUINCY And Hannibal & St. Joseph Short Line.

The BEST ROUTE. Free Omnibuses to Hannibal & St. Joseph Trains. O. S. LYFORD, Gen'l Sup't. E. A. PARKER, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

Atchison & Nebraska Route.

Take the "A. & N." Route to LINCOLN, OMAHA, And all Intermediate Points.

CLOSE CONNECTION AT TROY JUNCTION WITH Denver City Railroad. Close connection at Lincoln with the B. & M. in Nebraska, for Utah, Colorado and California. Also, with the Midland Pacific for Nebraska City. M. M. TOWNE, Ass't Sup't. W. W. RHODES, Act'g Gen'l Ticket Ag't. oc15-

**TREES
SEEDS
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BOOKS**

NEW CATALOGUE—FREE TO all! A complete stock of Fruit Trees, Evergreens, Forest Trees and Tree Seeds, Small Fruits, Grape Vines, &c., at
BRYANT'S NURSERIES,
PRINCETON, ILLINOIS.
We send out Good Stock, well packed. Try us. Special inducements to Nurserymen and Dealers. "Bryant's Forest Trees," prepaid, for \$1.50. Send for Select Book List.
Address [10-18-4t] A. BRYANT, Jr., Princeton, Ill.

AGENTS-WANTED

\$75 to \$250 per Month. every-where, male and female, to introduce the **GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.** This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only \$15. Fully licensed and warranted for five years. We will pay \$1,000 any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stich." Every second stitch can be cut and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from \$75 to \$250 per month, and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address **SECOMB & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo.**



A hundred symptoms and one cure.—There is scarcely a symptom of any known disease which the confirmed dyspeptic does not experience. He is bilious, nervous, has violent palpitations as in heart disease, is afflicted with severe headaches, and is either constipated or subject to diarrhoeal or dysenteric discharges. Every organ and function of the body sympathizes with the diseased and half-paralyzed stomach. In all such cases

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient affords immediate relief; effects, if persevered in, a thorough renovation of the digestive organs, and restores to healthful activity the whole animal machinery. Sold by all druggists.

**LARGEST STOCK IN AMERICA!
LARCHES! EVERGREENS!!**

- 15,000,000 Evergreen Seedlings;
- 12,000,000 European Larch Seedlings;
- 4,000,000 Transplanted Evergreens;
- 2,000,000 European Larches;
- 200,000 Mountain Ash Seedlings;
- &c., &c., &c.

All grown from Seeds, upon our own Grounds, and they are better and cheaper than Imported Stock. Send for Catalogue.
R. DOUGLAS & SONS,
Waukegan, Illinois.
10-19-1f

Sweet Chestnut Trees, &c.

THREE-FOURTHS OF A MILLION, FROM 6 INCHES to 10 feet high—
Cheaper than Ever!

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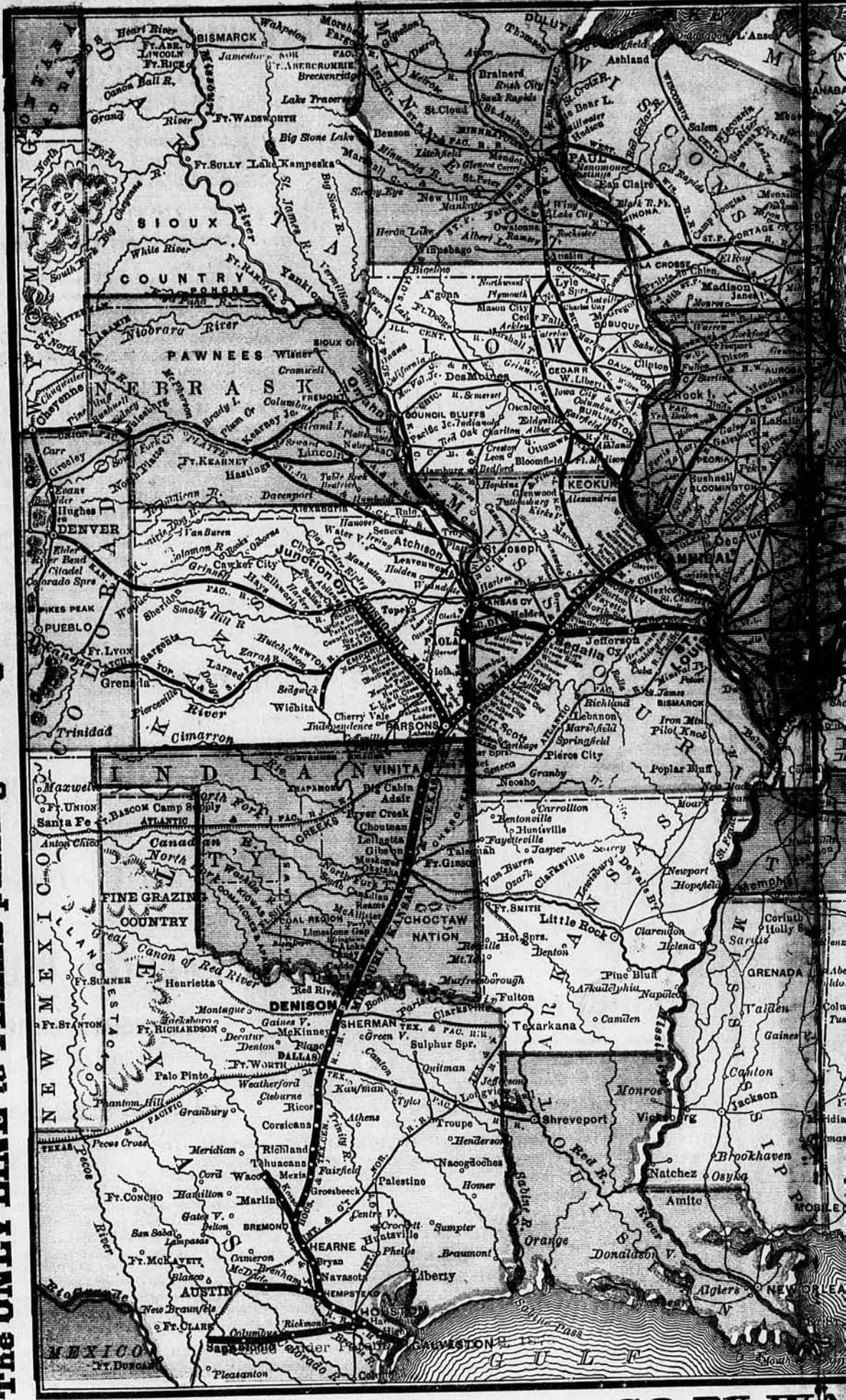
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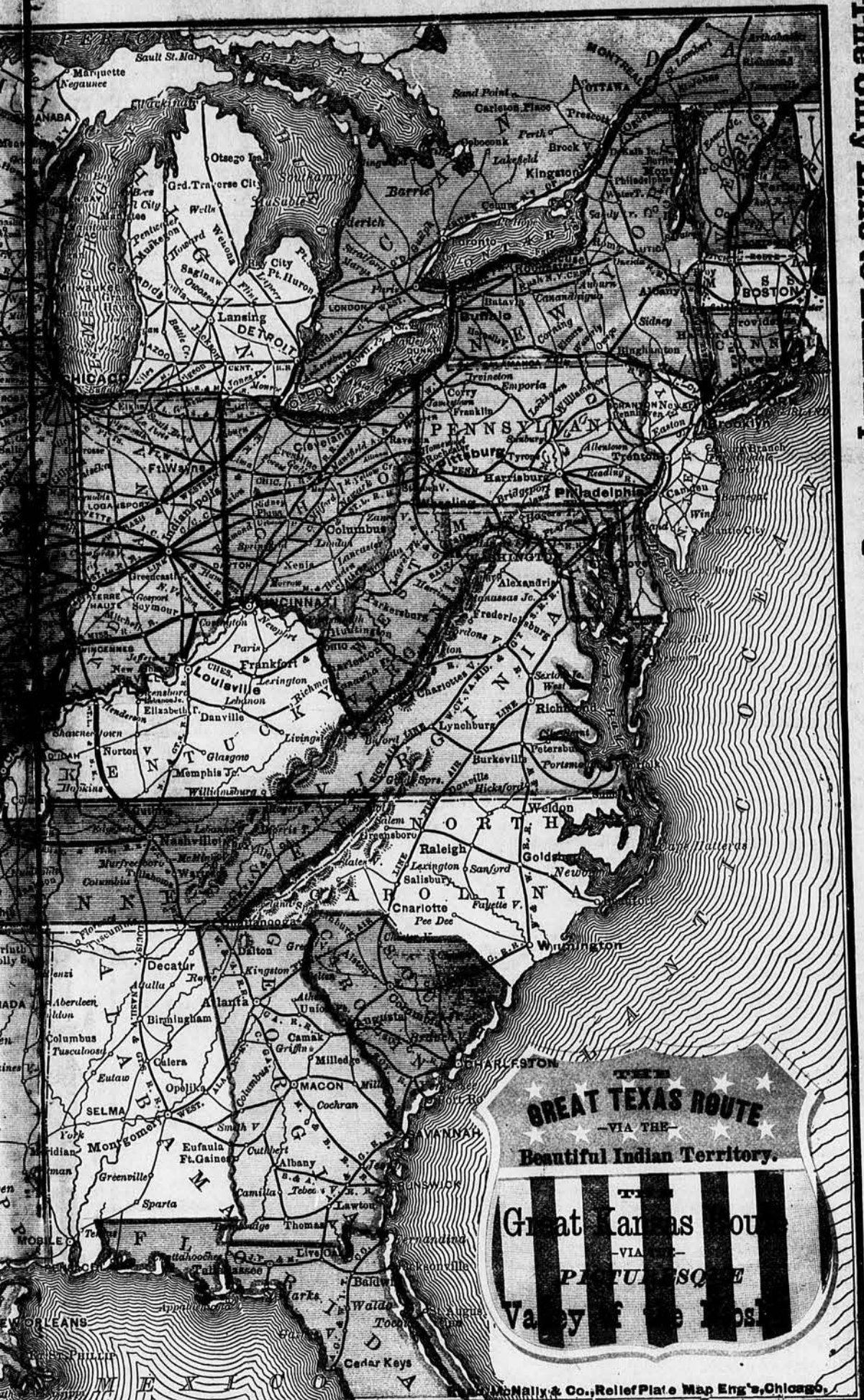
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