

# GARDEN, FARM and CROP

## SUGGESTIONS FOR THE UP-TO-DATE AGRICULTURIST

### Poultry Not a Luxury.

There are altogether too many agricultural communities where poultry is a luxury. There is no reason at all but what this eating of poultry should be a common occurrence on every farm. Every farm can keep fowls at a profit for home use, and there is hardly one farm in a thousand where they could not be raised at a profit for the market. Where hens are kept at a loss in nine cases out of ten the fault lies with the one who has them in charge, and not with the hens.—Weekly Witness.

### Make the Farm a Model.

Many people farm in a slipshod manner and then complain that farming does not pay. If you have a farm why not make it a model? Whether you spend your days on it or not, it will be much more easily disposed of should you wish to sell. Every line of improvement, convenience and economy should be kept in view. Don't go deeper in debt than your pocket-book will permit, and don't forget that labor-saving machinery is as acceptable in the house as on the farm.—Weekly Witness.

### Value of Wood Ashes.

One bushel of ashes represents about two and a half tons of dry body wood. Wood ashes contains all the required elements of plant nutrition except nitrogen. One hundred pounds of wood ashes contain 16 pounds of potash, worth 20 cents; 21-2 pounds of soda, worth 2 cents; 6 pounds of lime and magnesia, worth 8 cents, and 5 1-4 pounds of phosphoric acid, worth 26 cents. If one had to buy in the market in the cheapest form, the manurial materials contained in 100 pounds of ashes the cost would be \$1.16.

### Gravel Assists Drainage.

A somewhat gravelly soil, or even one verging somewhat on stony, has been found by experience to be highly satisfactory for apple growing, providing only there is an abundance of plant food present. The gravel and small stones doubtless assist in the drainage, and this fact probably explains in part the superiority of such soils. As a rule, we may say that gravelly loam, fairly rich in plant food, is the ideal apple soil. The soil surveys now being made in various parts of the country have in a general way verified the commonly accepted opinion on this point. Some of the soils well known as successful apple producers have now been described and mapped and given names. That soil known as Porter's black loam, which is found in extensive areas along the eastern slopes of the Alleghany Mountains, is noted for its adaptation to the growing of apples. It is upon this soil that the Albermarle Pippin of Virginia is grown. In western New York the Miami stony loam may be mentioned as a soil of well-proved adaptability for apples. This is widely represented in Wayne County, known as one of the best apple-growing counties in America.—Country Gentleman.

### Dairy Products of Beef.

A thoughtful man, who is a student of economics, said to me, after observing certain dairy farmers who were hauling a single can each of milk two and three miles: "I can't understand why these men are not feeding beef cattle instead of producing milk; they have cheap pasture land, which is worth from \$15 to \$25 an acre, while Western growers are grazing upon exceedingly high priced lands and the finished product is worth as much here as there."

Now, I must confess this argument seems plausible, and this man is not alone in the opinion. I believe we should diversify our animal industry somewhat, and produce more meat, but I don't think for one moment that these men who are hauling one can of milk each will be the men to produce beef. On the contrary, beef making in the East, if it is in any degree to take the place of milk production, will fall into the hands of men who haul full loads of milk at the present time.

Beef is not only a product of rich pastures and cheap corn, but of a full conception and understanding, on the part of the feeder, of animal nutrition. The man who hauls one can of milk does not do so because of location, legislation or the economics of the case, but just simply because he will not live up to and make the most of his opportunities.

The facts are that we have no fancy beef stock at hand, that corn would have to come from the corn belt, that our milk markets are constantly expanding and that those by-product protein feeds purchased for milk production—and which really have no other value—bear a much cheaper relation to milk production than corn at average ruling prices bears to meat production. It is not a question of what value each feed may have or the relation of one to another, but what relation does each class of foods bear to the product for which it is fed.—H. E. Cook in the New York Tribune Farmer.

### How to Buy a Horse.

There is an old idea that a man trading horses cannot be expected to

tell the truth. We were not aware that it also held good in selling a horse outright. We are not prepared to accept this idea; in fact we know one, and have known others in the past, who will tell the truth about a horse as certainly as anything else. Still, unless you know and are very sure of your man, it would be advisable to heed the advice of the Inland Farmer, which is as follows:

If you want to buy a horse, don't believe your own brother. Take no man's word for it. Your eye is your market. The weak point of a horse can be better discovered while standing than while moving. If he is sound he will stand firmly and squarely on his limbs without moving any of them, the feet flat upon the ground, with legs plump and naturally poised. If the foot is lifted from the ground and the weight taken from it, disease may be suspected or at least tenderness which is a precursor of disease. If the horse stands with his feet spread apart there is a weakness in the loins. Never buy a horse in harness. Unhitch him and take everything off but his halter and lead him around. If he has the spavin, or is stiff, or any other failing you can see it. Back him, too. Some horses show their tricks then, when they don't any other time. Be as smart as you know how and you may make mistakes. A horse may look very nice and go a great pace and yet have fits. You can't tell it till something happens. He may have a weak back. Give him the whip and off he goes for a mile or two; then suddenly he stops. After a rest he starts again, but he soon stops for good, and nothing but a derrick could move him. A bad tempered horse will keep his ears thrown back. A kicker will have scarred legs. A stumbler will have blennished knees.

### Farm Notes.

A farm near Fennville, Mich., produced last year over twenty thousand bushels of onions and 1,300 pounds of peppermint oil.

An Oregon man shipped a carload of 1000 half-boxes of Comice peas to New York, which sold at auction for \$3,429. The neat way in which the fruit was prepared for market undoubtedly added much to the sale price.

Nothing is better to prevent loss of ammonia from the manure heap than soapuds. Keep the heap well saturated, and make holes in the mass, so that the soapuds can pass down to the bottom of the heap. Chemical action is facilitated, but there are formations of salt that prevent loss.

To build and fill an ice-house for home dairy use is a cheap and simple task. Ice laid on edge will keep better than when packed on its side. Use only as much sawdust, or other packing, as may be necessary, but pack close, as a circulation of air between the cakes of ice is more destructive than direct heat.

Rye will be the first green food in the spring. As the young rye is almost wholly composed of water it affords but little nutrition and is very laxative. When turning stock on young rye it should be done as gradually as possible. Only a small quantity of rye should be eaten at first, allowing cattle to graze more as the rye grows.

As long as cold draughts enter the stable the animals will demand sufficient food to create more animal heat as a protection. If the live stock can be kept warm, less food will be necessary. When straw is passed through the fodder cutter and used in the stalls, it shuts out the draughts along the floor and prevents loss of warmth, as well as serving as an excellent absorbent.

For very large hanging baskets the Maderia vine is very satisfactory. It is best to give it very rich soil; its growth will not be so strong, but the leaves will be closer together and also be more attractive. Pinch it back mercilessly until the basket or trellis is covered with foliage. After that, let a few vines grow, allowing some to droop and others train up along the wire or strings, suspending the basket. Keep the glossy leaves clean and the result will be a handsome basket and a charming plant.

### Fortune in Oil for Indian Boy.

A fifteen-year old lease on seven and one-half acres of land in the Glenn pool belonging to Robert Pettman, a three-year-old Indian boy, sold for \$10,300 today.

The boy also gets 10 percent of all the oil produced. One hundred and fifty acres additional in the same allotment were sold for \$39,825 bonus and 10 percent of the oil, netting the Indian boy \$50,125 for the leases on the entire allotment. What he will get in oil is problematical. He still owns the land. The sale was made by the master in chancery at auction and there was a big crowd of oil men present, most of them bidders for the lease.—Pittsburg Press.

Japanese real estate has gone up immensely in some instances at Kumochi, Fukui, Kasugano and Mirume to two and four times the former price, and at other points to seven or eight times the previous values.

# The Places of Father and Mother in the Home

By President Roosevelt

**F**OR one of your topics how would it do to speak of the place of the father in the home? Now and then people forget that exactly as the mother must help the breadwinner by being a good housewife, so the father, in his turn, if he is worth his salt, must in every way back up the mother in helping bring up the children.

After all, the prime duties are elemental, and no amount of cultivation, no amount of business force and sagacity, will make the average man a good citizen unless that average man is a good husband and father, and unless he is a successful breadwinner, is tender and considerate with his wife and both loving and wise (for to be loving and weak and foolish is utterly ruinous) in dealing with the children.

I think it a crime for a woman to shrink her primary duties—to shrink from being a good wife and mother. Of course, the woman should have the same right as the man to train her mind—to better herself—and occasionally a woman can, and ought to, follow some special vocation in addition to (never in substitution for) her home work.

But just as the highest work for the normal man is work for his wife and children, so the highest work for the normal woman is the work of the home, where, heaven knows, the work is ample enough.

But I also feel she can do the best work in her home if she has healthy outside interests and occupations in addition, and I most firmly believe that she cannot do her full duty by her husband if she occupies a merely servile attitude toward him or submits to ill treatment, and that she is quite as bad a mother if weak and foolish as if hard and unloving.

# Balloon Balance

By A. W. Rolker

**I**T is while discharging ballast to enter the higher altitudes that you get your first idea of the hair-trigger balance of the giant contrivance keeping you afloat. Your pilot takes a small wooden scoop no larger than an ordinary-sized soup ladle, digs into one of the sand bags, and scatters a single "shoveful" overboard. Up darts your balloon,—100, 200, 300 feet. An ordinary-sized bottle of beer spilled overboard lightens the balloon enough to send it up 250 feet; and, if you happen to be over a vacant field where you can drop the bottle itself without risk of killing any one, the release of this weight will send you up another 300 feet. So delicately poised is your balloon, once it has struck its balance, that you could push it up or pull it down from 300 to 400 feet with strength equal to that of your little finger.

When a mere cloud passes between you and the sun, causing instant contraction of the gas in the balloon, the envelope becomes baggy and flaccid at once, and you begin to fall, sometimes at the rate of a thousand feet a minute, although you have no warning of this other than the statesopace and no sensation except the thrill as you see the alarming rapidity with which the earth comes nearer you. Three or four scoopsful of sand may be necessary to sacrifice before you again strike your balance, and the next moment the sun darts from behind the cloud, warms the balloon, and the envelope tautens almost with a bang, and you go kiting upward under your lightened load until you are forced to open the escape valve to let out gas to prevent going up above your original level. Then it is that you begin to understand why the bugbear of the aeronaut is alternate cloud and sunshine, why he prefers sailing in the night, and why, if he does sail throughout a day, he mounts high above the clouds in continuous sunshine where the volume of gas in the balloon remains constant.

# Reasonable - - - Optimism

By Vice-President Fairbanks

**W**E hear much said of vice and corruption, much of the subtle means of the state and social order, but the great heart of the people is as sound and incorruptible today as at any hour in all of our matchless history.

The conscience of the people has not been seared. Pure materialism has not achieved the mastery. All of the forces which make for the intellectual, the moral, and the social advancement of the people were more powerful and never in fuller play than they are today.

Honor among men was never more regarded, and dishonorable practices, either in public or private life, were never more abhorred than they are today. There has been upon every hand a demand that those who hold place and power shall be clean men, and that they shall consecrate themselves completely to the utmost advancement of the public welfare.

The American people are going forward and upward with tremendous momentum. They are advancing in all of the ways which make a strong, upright, patriotic people. They respect right and condemn wrong in every relation of life. Those who would contaminate the state or who would carry into the business world low ideals of business morality can lay no claim to the general respect.

The American people are not to be judged by the standards of the exceptional wrongdoer, but by the generous purpose of the great body of our countrymen. The currents which course the veins of the American people are essentially as pure now as those which filled the veins of our ancestors.

# .... A Parable ....

By C. W. Casson

**O**NCE upon a time there was a man who went to fish. He bought the finest fishing outfit that money could buy—the straightest and strongest pole, the finest line, the sharpest hooks, the daintiest and most attractive bait. When he reached the stream, he sat down on the bank, under a great spreading tree, and dropped his line into a beautiful, calm little pond at his feet. But, though he fished long, he caught nothing. Still, the pool was so beautiful and calm, and the seat was so soft and so shady, that at first he did not regret his lack of success.

At last he grew tired of such indifferent sport, and longed for better. Others came to him along the bank, and gave him advice. One said, "Your pole is not bright enough." So he polished it till it shone, but with no better luck. Another advised, "You have only a hundred foot line; you should have a hundred-and-fifty foot one." He wished he had it. A third said, "You must cover your hook better, and not let the fish see the point." So he carefully covered it with some clay. Still he was unsuccessful.

At last came a fellow down the stream, with bare feet and a pine pole, who seeing the man on the bank, cried out roughly: "You will never get anything there. Wade out here into the stream, and throw your hook into the current where the fish are." And after a moment's hesitation, he waded out into the stream, and got wet and muddy—and fish.—Christian Register.

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Lots of people won't fall into temptation unless they get a chance.

Too many virtues in a man give his friends a big thirst for a few vices.

A girl is always afraid to be alone with a man unless she says she is.

The most that schools seem to teach is your children how little you know.

A girl thinks it is flirting when she would look at a fellow if he didn't at her.

A man is sure to get lost on the road to heaven unless he has a woman for a guide.

There's no harm in giving even bad advice, because nobody will take any kind.

Even when it's her own mother coming to see her a woman calls it a house party.

If a man could increase his income the way he can his family he would have a chance.

Imagination is thinking you are having a good time when you are only spending money.

What would people do with all the money they would have if they weren't married?

A woman wants her children to have their father's courage and her brains and beauty.

A man can have a lot of ideals until there is a chance to put some of them into practice.

It's a great comfort to a woman to think how lonesome her husband would be if she were dead.

Hardly any doctor can diagnose what's the matter with the baby as well as its mother can guess it.

A man thinks he has an awful sweet temper not to get mad with his wife because his taxes go up.

A fine way to surprise your wife is to pretend you are enjoying yourself as much at home as if you were at a vaudeville show.—From "Reflections of a Bachelor," in the New York Press.

### SADDEST FACT ABOUT GOTHAM.

It is the Presence of the Man Always Fawning for a Tip.

William Allen White writes of New York City and Emporia (his home town) in the American Magazine. Following is Mr. White's account of the saddest thing he sees in New York:

"Country dwelling American men and most of the women are instinctively democratic. And, being democratic, the cities sadden us country people. For the city—and New York is typical of urban America—fosters too much of the sham relation between men that one finds where class lines are set. The eternal presence of a serving class, whose manners may some day petrify into servility, the continual discovery that the man who brings the food or sweeps the street or drives the cab considers wholesome conversation with him from his patrons as a sign of low breeding, the presence of the man who fawns for a quarter, all these make the countryman in New York desire to rush home and organize a Sitting Bull lodge of Ancient and Amiable Anarchists.

"It is not the extravagance of the rich, but the limber knees of too many of the poor, that disgusts the countryman in New York. The saddest thing in that great city to one who comes from the frank, wholesome clean, happy faces of the country is not the eyes, not the overfed, puffy-necked figures of the lazy, respectable, hotel-dwelling women, who get no more exercise than stuffed geese, not the besotted faces of the men about the barrel houses—though a merciful God knows they are sad enough, but sadder than they are the loathsome wooden faces of the men who stand decked out like human manikins in purples and greens and what-not of modish silliness and for a price surrender themselves to be made part of the landscape. For years Mickle, the painter, was the lowest form of humanity we had in Emporia. He was the town drunkard, once they fined him for beating his wife, drink made him a loafer and a brute. But some way one felt down in Mickle there was the soul of a man; some way one knew that he would not do certain things for money; some way one always understood that Mickle could always look into depths of personal degradation below him and tell whoever tempted him there to go to —. But, on the other hand, some way the flunky is just a flunky and he seems to have given up the right to resent personal insult when he assumes the miserable part. And for a man to commercialize his American birthright seems a heart-breaking tragedy."

### Thimble Clubs.

There is one kind of a woman's club against which there have been made no objections and no criticisms, and that is any kind of a "sewing club." These are generally the first clubs that the conservative type of women join, and are the kindergartens from which they graduate to clubs organized for the broader purpose of altruistic work. One of the most interesting of thimble clubs has just been heard from in faraway Mexico, where Mrs. E. Leon, in the town of Aguas Calientes, brought together over three hundred women experts in that beautiful drawn-needle work for which the Mexican women have become so famous, and enlisted their united efforts to produce the most beautiful gown made from needlework and embroidery that the world has ever seen.—Pictorial Review.

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