

Does It Pay to Go West ?

By E. A. Summer.

Not so many years ago, even to the present time, we and many other farmers were deluged with literature regarding the advantages to be derived from emigration to the "Golden West." Promoters of land deals, immigration agents, railway and industrial commissioners, all contributed interesting data relating to their particular section or field of action, until it would seem to the average farmer of the eastern or central States, or in any section that had been long under cultivation that a realization of his highest ambition was to be found west of the mighty Mississippi.

General farming as carried on in our own and the adjoining States, was far from satisfactory. The land which in the days of our parents had yielded a competence, had greatly deteriorated and its value correspondingly depreciated. After absorbing a large amount of information regarding the health and wealth to be found in the fertile valleys of the West, we became so thoroughly imbued with the prospect of prosperity, that we disposed of our belongings at a great sacrifice and began our journey of discovery to find the ideal spot in which to establish our new home.

We had been especially attracted, through correspondence, to one of the valleys in Colorado. The resources for irrigation were superior to those of many other sections; the climate was reputed to be, and doubtless is, exceedingly healthful, while the price of land was claimed to be exceptionally reasonable. We had an exceedingly interesting drive to the great head gates of the river and irrigation canal with the genial land agent, who pointed out with much pride the holdings of a great Eastern real estate syndicate which bordered the canal. In fact, this syndicate had promoted the whole irrigation system and was now offering the new land for settlement. The "reasonable" prices of these acres were being wondered about, they being from \$200 to \$300 and more per acre. The special inducement offered to homeseekers all along the valleys of this and other States was that from five to ten acres of this valuable land would yield a larger revenue. When we demurred at the enormous prices for land that had never been broken by a plow, the answer invariably was: "You must consider the valuable plant food this land contains." When we noticed a fine field of alfalfa at the ranch home of this man, he at once attempted to negotiate the sale of four acres of this field (all he could spare) at the "extremely low price" of \$1000, and this three miles from the nearest town, containing 700 inhabitants, not another town within many miles, and the public road half a mile from the plot.

We were then driven to the farm of a man who, with his wife, had come from Vermont several years before. Both were far along in years, and although the orchards and vines bore luxuriantly, there was a look of longing and homesickness in the careworn faces when we spoke of "back East." Then they told us that the profits from the orchard fruits were small on account of the excessive railway rates and the almost total loss of the vine fruits in consequence of the great distance to a market. Said the gray haired woman: "I picked eighty gallons of the finest gooseberries you ever saw, yet nothing was gained." There was no sale for them in our little town, and it would not pay to ship them so many miles to a large market. We used one gallon at home, the rest we had to throw away."

This man had been a practical farmer among the Vermont hills. He was far from being a poor man there, but dissatisfaction with soil conditions and some ill health had induced him to leave the old home and the ties of relations and friendship. In reply to some questions he said: "Yes, this is a rich soil; plant foods are plentiful, but it will never be home, and we are always looking backward. Had I taken care of my soil, and studied what was needed on the old Vermont farm, I would be now a prosperous man among my own kin to-day, instead of owing only these few acres, which bring me so little, even though they produce so much."

And so all along the journey of thousands of miles we found the main conditions practically the same. The natural plant foods produced fair crops, but no better than our well fed soils of the East, and it is seldom we experience the terrible hailstorms which frequently devastate all of a season's crops as we saw them do there. Wherever we traveled we discovered some drawbacks to the perfect realization of the dream in which we had been led to indulge. Far greater problems confronted us in the West than we had encountered in the East, and without any further desire to lay the foundations of our new home in the land of the Setting Sun, we turned our faces eastward again.

Brother farmers, the problem has already been solved for us by the great chemical industries of the world. It is true we, or those before us, have taken from the soil far more than we have put back. This is against all reason. Farm manures are not, and never will be, sufficient for the bringing up of our worn soils in the condition in which the land is now, but the chemical manures will as surely supply the need, if we use them as liberally as

we should and with a proper rotation of our crops. One of the strong arguments of the Western advertiser is the soil content of potash, which enables the Western farmer to grow abundant crops of alfalfa; yet here in the East, upon land once considered worn out absolutely, I have seen during the past few years as luxuriant a growth of this valuable plant as I ever saw in the West, simply by the application of generous quantities of the element potash, combined with the two other indispensable plant food elements, phosphoric acid and nitrogen in lesser amounts. Both potash and nitrogen are greatly lacking in many sections of our Eastern States. Experiments have proved this: Let every man experiment for himself and thus determine the needs of his soil; apply the fertilizer needed in sufficient quantities and he will be in a position to refute this story about "abandoned Eastern farms, the fertility of which is exhausted." If the crops show the need of potash, supply it; if either phosphoric acid or nitrogen seem deficient these as well as the indirectly available materials are easily obtained. There is no necessity for leaving the great markets and the familiar surroundings, to obtain the supplies of a soil. —From the American Cultivator.

COMIC OPERA JAILS IN ALASKA.

The Sad Faith of a Foolish Man Who Tried to Escape.

Jails are not always deterrents of crime. In Alaska they have often induced it. If winter was coming on and work was slack a man would sometimes look with longing on a warm cell and three square meals a day. To enjoy these luxuries was easy. He had only to buy a bottle of whisky for a dollar or two, and sell it to a native for five dollars. The red man would get drunk and be arraigned in court. On the judge's promise of freedom he would tell who sold him the liquor, and an hour later the white man would begin a term of four or five months in prison. This crime did not involve loss of reputation or social position.

Jail discipline was easy, with enough work carrying coal or splitting wood to give an appetite for meals. Alaskans tell of one jail where the boarders were allowed to come and go as they pleased. The jailer was sure of their turning up for meals and at bedtime. If a ship was sighted making for the harbor he would go into the street and say to the first four or five men he met: "Say, if you see 'Limpy' Johnson, or 'Red' Smith, or 'Lehannon Charlie,' or any of the boys, will you tell 'em to report at once. There's a ship coming in and she may have some of those pesky government officials on board. Pass the word along, won't you?"

Pretty soon "Limpy," "Red" and the rest of the crowd would be in their cells, to remain until the steamer departed.

Once a prisoner, probably a newcomer in the country, so far forgot his sense of honor as to run away. It rains eight or nine days in the week in Southeastern Alaska. After several days and nights without shelter, sleep or food the wretch was glad to drag himself back to the prison.

"Serves you right," said the jailer, roughly, to the haggard fugitive. "I've a good mind not to take you back at all!"

A LESSON IN "SHOP TALK."

Why the Cattleman Dilated so Particularly About Steer Skinning.

It was at a dinner given by the members of a certain English circuit in honor of an eminent judge. The legal element predominated, and the conversation from the first ran in a legal channel. Those among the company who did not happen to be barristers or solicitors sat silent, listening with vacuous smiles to the exchange of learned opinion which was being carried on round them. One only among this dumb minority, says H. G. Brown, in the "Conclusions of an Everyday Woman," seemed impatient and ill at ease.

He was a big, jolly, loosely-made man, wearing clothes which somehow did not seem to set naturally on him, the conventional dress suit appearing less appropriate to his handsome figure than would have been, say, the loose shirt and riding breeches of a cowboy or colonial squatter. His cheeks were bronzed, and his bright, clear glance spoke eloquently of an outdoor life.

As the dinner advanced and the conversation plunged deeper and deeper still into the profundities of legal erudition, he became more and more restless and perturbed. At last, however, one of those lulls occurred which may happen occasionally at even a professional dinner, and it was then that a resounding voice vibrated through the room, causing the learned brethren assembled there to forget for an instant their professional imperturbability.

"Now I am going to tell you all," boomed the voice, "how we skin steers down in Texas!"

All eyes were turned in the direction of the perpetrator of this amazing announcement, our friend, of course, of the bright eyes and bronzed cheeks—who, nothing daunted by their icy stares, proceeded to enlarge upon the technique of his business, that of cattle-breeding, and continued his uninterrupted monologue until

ROBINSON CRUSOE NOW A FELLOW CITIZEN.

He Was Born in Norway, Was a Seafaring Man and Now He Can Vote in Boston.

Judge Dodge, of the United States District Court, was at his desk the other day when William H. Fraser, secretary of the Seamen's Union, and the Rev. George L. Small, of the Mariners' Home, came in, conducting a weather beaten sailor, who wanted to be naturalized, says the Boston Transcript. The sailor laid his paper before the Judge, who glanced at the name, then looked again and then smiled.

"Do I understand that your name is Robinson Crusoe?" said he.

"Yes, sir; Robinson Crusoe."

Further questioning brought out that he was born in Wardo, Norway, forty-four years ago, and that he is a mariner, engaged mostly in the coastwise vessels on United States shores. He first came to this country in 1897, landing in New York on the ship Jason, although not the Jason of the Golden Fleece expedition. Crusoe did not know how he got his name, as he had it so long, but he was called Andorf in Norway. Inspector Moore asked him various questions, to which he answered diffidently. He thought President Roosevelt had been a farmer in the country and that if he died "somebody" else would be President. The Judge had to admit the correctness of the reply, and Robinson Crusoe is now a full fledged citizen of the United States.

Gloom Spread by Book Agents.

"When I was a small boy, living in Huntsville, Mo., an early day book agent came up from St. Louis by steamboat and flooded our country with a harrowing volume entitled 'Agnes; the Key to Her Coffin.' Everybody bought the thing and everybody wept over it," remarked a well known resident of this city. "Its influence descended upon the community like a nightmare. It reeked with shrouds, funerals and graveyards. For a long time 'The Key to Agnes' Coffin' was the sole diversion of certain portions of the populace; they seemed to take a pure and chastened joy in the awful weight of woe that oozed out from between its lids, and it made them feel better. There were not many books in the country in those days, and this squalid agent had sized the community's taste up about right. The book was supposed to be very consoling to the distressed, in that it told of worse troubles than their own."—Macon Republican.

Old Musket Buys a Spring.

The seventh generation of a family which has done nothing since 1783 because it owned a spring is represented in A. B. Ricker, a guest at the Fairmont, whose great-great-grandfather traded an old musket for Poland Springs, Me., in the year 1783. The spring has kept on flowing and the family has been bottling it.

Ricker has been looking around at California's multitudinous springs and says of them:

"The owners of these places are to be envied. In time all of them will be bottled and every drop of the precious outflow will be shipped away to the cities. A good spring is better than any business, because you never face failure, the money market does not trouble you at all—all you have to do is bottle it."—San Francisco Bulletin.

POULTRY FOR PROFIT

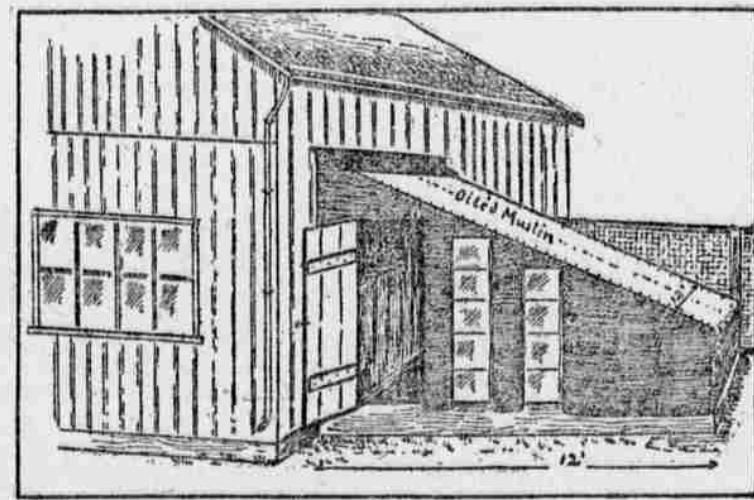
EXERCISE FOR THE LAYERS.

A Shelter and Scratching Shed at Minimum Cost May Give Maximum Service.

By T. Greiner.

The southeast corner of our barn is fixed up for a henhouse. It has furnished comfortable quarters for forty or forty-five large Langshan fowls for some years. During the winter and in inclement weather we have let them go on the barn floor to feed and scratch in litter provided there for them. This was never satisfactory and not in harmony with good order and cleanliness, although the litter was renewed quite frequently. Last year I made a complete change of breed. I raised a flock of Silver Spangled Hamburgs, and had to find shelter for about one hundred birds, consisting of about seventy-five Hamburg pullets, the necessary number of Hamburg roosters, and the balance of Hamburg and Rhode Island Red capons. The henhouse in the corner of the barn was perhaps large enough to furnish perch room for that number of small fowls, but there was not much left to give them a chance for exercise during the winter days.

It was rather cold on the barn floor; besides, we did not want so many fowls to be foul floor, hay, etc., or get into cow and horse stables. I concluded to build a scratching shed in the rear of the barn, in lean-to fashion against the east side of the barn and facing the south. The accompanying sketch will give the reader some idea of how it was done. I did not care to spend much money on the structure, but at the same time I wanted it to be serviceable and useful. I had some two by four scantlings lying around and about two hundred feet of ordinary one-inch plank; also a lot of double thick



MR. GREINER'S CHEAP AND SATISFACTORY SCRATCHING SHED.

greenhouse glass and some tarred paper. The boards on hand (hemlock) were twelve feet in length, so I concluded to make the shed twelve by twelve feet. The north side is boarded up tightly. The east end is four feet high. The south side has a door and two glass sections, the glass being set in between the upright boards, without frame, and held by cleats. The middle rafters, which give support to the oiled muslin for the roof, are strips about an inch and a half square, of which I also had a quantity on hand, they being waste from the mills. At first I used several hotbed sashes for part of the roof. They leaked a good deal, however. In the rainy weather we had so often last winter, and finally I took them down and replaced them with oiled muslin. I bought the heaviest unbleached muslin I could get, and after sewing four breadths together, so as to have the whole in one piece, I soaked it in raw linseed oil, wringing it out well afterward, and then stretched it over the rafters. The floor is the ordinary earth floor, covered with six inches of cinders and coal ashes, well smoothed over and packed down.

This floor was kept covered all the time with dry litter, sometimes shavings, sometimes chaff or cut straw. The grain rations were scattered over this litter, and the hens had a good time scratching in it all winter long. Even now, when we have long or heavy rains, the hens get their rations there, and have a good time digging and scratching. I paid nearly \$5 for the muslin and about \$2.50 for lumber. The cost of the oil, nails, tar paper, etc., ran the expense account up to about \$9. For this amount I have the very best shelter during cold and wet weather for a good sized flock, with a floor space of 144 square feet. Here are kept the hoppers containing grit, oyster shell and beef scrap. The window in the east end of the roosting and laying room and between it and the shed is taken out and replaced by a muslin curtain.

time and again, there is no better paying branch of agriculture to-day than that of poultry when in the hands of competent people."

Poultry Pays Better.

It is a quite common remark among farmers that the poultry on the farm pays better than anything else. Prices of poultry products in Canada are not very high; yet, according to the Canadian census, one dollar invested in poultry yielded two dollars, while the general average of investments in farm crops and animals was twenty cents return on one dollar invested. Every little item of labor saving counts in handling the poultry specialty—nowhere more so than on the farm, when one hundred to five hundred chickens must be handled during a busy season. After bothering for several years moving small coops here and there, and lifting the chickens or fowls three or four at a time, one poultryman finds it much easier to load the coops upon a wheelbarrow. For moving chickens and hens, a common shipping crate made of laths is very convenient. In this way hens can be changed about at the breeding season and in breaking up sitters, avoiding much labor and confusion.

For Roup.

Mix five cents' worth of permanganate of potash with one quart of water, and put one tablespoonful in a bucket of water or milk and use as a preventive. I prefer milk. The birds that have the disease take one tablespoonful of the permanganate and water mixture to one pint of water. Give one teaspoonful three times a day and wash their heads in weaker solution. When I am giving the treatment I smoke my chickens until they begin to choke for breath, either with pine tar or sulphur. This is a good disinfectant and is also good for mites and lice.—Mrs. G. Ungeheuer, Cutterville, Kan.

Notes of the Poultry Yard.

The man who said "the best poultrymen on most farms are women" knew what he was talking about.

Eggs brought forty-five to sixty cents per dozen in the big city markets all winter. You can get these prices, buyer to pay express charges, if you go about it right.

In Chicago, companies with big names sell eggs stamped "Guaranteed Fresh," "Pure Fresh Eggs," "Just Laid," and so on, but most of them

are just common cold storage stuff. They bring fifty cents a dozen, though, on account of the stamp!

Never set a duck egg over a week old. They lose fertility quickly.

A \$10 rooster is generally cheaper than a \$2 one. The good blood will tell the second year.

White China geese are very gentle. They are also good watchers in the poultry yards, as any unusual disturbance is soon told by the noise they make.

Kidney Ailment



I want every person who suffers with any form of Kidney ailment, no matter how many remedies they have tried, no matter how many doctors they have consulted, to get Munyon's Kidney Remedy at once. You will be astonished to see how quickly it relieves all pains in the back, loins and groins caused by the kidneys. You will be surprised to see how quickly it reduces the swelling in the feet and legs, also puffiness under the eyes, after taking a few doses of this remedy. You will be delighted to see the color returning to your cheeks and feel the thrill of vigor and good cheer. If your urine is thick or milky, if it is pale and foamy, if it contains sediments or brickdust, if it is highly colored or has an offensive smell, if you urinate frequently, you should persist in taking this remedy until all symptoms disappear. We believe this remedy has cured more serious kidney ailments than all the Kidney remedies that have been compounded. Professor Munyon believes that the terrible death rate from Bright's Disease and Diabetes is unnecessary and will be greatly reduced by this remedy.

Go at once to your druggist and purchase a bottle of Munyon's Kidney Remedy. If it fails to give satisfaction I will refund your money.—Munyon.
For sale by all druggists. Price 25c.

Deepest Canal Lock.

The foundations are being laid for the deepest canal lock in the world on the line of the New York barge canal at the lower end of Moss Island, near Little Falls. This lock will drop boats forty-two feet from the barge canal into the Mohawk river. The foundation for the lock is in the present bed of the Erie canal.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

She Got the Divorce.

According to old timers, the late Colonel Bob Taylor, of Bonham, once met a woman in the road as he was riding on horseback to hold court in Delta county, he being then district judge. The woman had a jug of water and the judge was thirsty.

"Being a man with a cheery word for everyone, the colonel stopped her. 'My dear madam,' he said, smiling. 'If you will give me a drink of cool water from your jug, when you want a divorce from your husband I will see that it costs you nothing.' 'Are you a lawyer?' inquired the woman, handing him the jug.

The colonel explained who he was, and waving a farewell departed, leaving the woman gazing after him.

The very next morning the woman showed up in the courtroom and asked for him. She explained that she wanted a divorce. She had been separated from her husband for a long while and the colonel had put an idea into her head.

The colonel was game, however. He procured a lawyer at his own expense and in due course of law the woman was given a divorce, and Colonel Taylor would tell the joke on himself often.—Dallas News.

Not a Hero to His Wife.

Jack the Giant Killer doffed his seven-league boots.

"Yes," he said, "my wife always makes me wipe off when I come in the house."

Thus we learn that even magic doesn't help a fellow out in domestic life.—New York Sun.

LIGHT BOOZE

Do You Drink It?

A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee, and her experience is interesting. She says:

"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a good, hot cup of coffee about that time. It stimulated me and I could keep awake better.

"After three or four years of coffee drinking I became a nervous wreck, and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days.

"After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee, for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the hurtful habit.

"I began taking Postum and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the stimulant, but I liked the taste of Postum, and that answered for the breakfast beverage all right.

"Finally I began to feel clearer headed and had steadier nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not had any bilious attacks since I left off coffee."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.