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### POTASH

— it doubles the crop. Use 100 to 200 lbs. per acre Muriate on corn and same amount of Sulphate on onions, potatoes or celery. Drill in 75 lbs. Kainit with seed to drive away root-lice or cut-worms.

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### HINTS FOR FARMERS

#### Care of Swine.

See that the little pigs have plenty of exercise and do not get too fat or they will get thumps.

Don't give little pigs cornmeal. Wait till they are a few months old before you begin to do that. Give them plenty of room and hustle them around for exercise.

Feed the sows carefully. Give very little corn and plenty of roots. Too much corn will make crazy sows in delirium from fever.

Wheat middlings and shorts are much better feeds for pigs than wheat bran.

As the amount of grain fed to brood sows must be small or they will get too fat, most farmers try to fill them up by making a thin slop. Water is a poor filling material. Better use clover or alfalfa hay. This gives the animal the sensation of fullness and comfort and at the same time furnishes most valuable nutrient. Mature hogs that are thin, may be made to gain half a pound per day on alfalfa without grain.

It is high time that the value of skim-milk and buttermilk as pig foods was fully appreciated. As an agency for rearing all young animals they have no equal.

There is any tendency to constipation, feed a little oatmeal or ground flaxseed.—Farm Journal.

#### The Kicking Horse.

If a horse kicks while feeding and his neighbor is evidently the object of his wrath, he should be either removed to a stall next to an empty one or should be screened high enough to prevent him from seeing into the next one. If he kicks apparently aimlessly, as many horses do, from impatience while awaiting the feed which he can hear being distributed to his neighbors, he should be fed first.

Kicking without malice prepose may often be cured by means of a stall with swinging beams in place of fixed sides. These give to every kick, and it is surprising how soon the absence of resistance to his hoofs destroys all apparent pleasure in kicking. Another method is to hang grain sacks filled with straw at each side of the stalls, covering the area struck by the hoofs. This has the additional advantage of preventing injury to the legs and acts much the same as the swinging sides.—Suburban Life.

#### Cure For Stall Gnawing.

Gnawing all wood within reach is one of the commonest and most objectionable habits among horses. The habit fortunately can be easily cured and should not be neglected a single day when observed, as it quickly spreads, so that in a few days every horse when not otherwise occupied is pulling the place to pieces with his teeth, says Suburban Life.

Half a pound of bitter aloes, mixed with a quart of water and boiled down to a pint, should be applied freely with a paint brush to all the woodwork which shows the marks of teeth or is a convenient hold for the teeth. This is always effective, more than one application rarely being required.

#### Depluming Mites.

One of the greatest hindrances to profitable poultry raising is the tiny "depluming mite." This insect, or parasite, infests the feathers of the neck, literally eating them off where the base enters the skin.

A number of remedies are effective, but it requires a great deal of patience in application. Any disinfectant one part and lard three parts rubbed well over the neck is effective. Ten drops of carbolic acid in a tablespoonful of lard also makes a very effective mixture. Either remedy should be repeated in a week after the first application.

#### Advantage of Early Hatchets.

The early hatchets make the winter layers. These birds usually molt about the middle to the latter part of September and are therefore in full feather by the time cold weather sets in and are better equipped to begin laying during the early winter than those which do not begin to molt till late. Chicks hatched the latter part of May or during the month of June do not begin to molt till the middle of November and are never in full feather when the cold weather sets in. As a result they contract disease or lose flesh.

#### Feeding Oats as Hay.

An Iowa farmer thinks thrashing oats is a waste. He says: I have demonstrated to my satisfaction that oats to be fed on the farm to any live stock except horses at hard work should be cut when quite green—the kernel in the dough stage or when the first joint of the stalk is yellow—and fed straw and all. To thrash oats that are to be fed on the farm except for the purpose already named is a waste of money, and therefore I cannot afford it, and I doubt if any farmer can.

#### Care of Chicks.

Little chicks should have plenty of exercise, but it is not advisable to allow them to run in the tall grass before the dew has dried away. Keep them in the coop till after 8 a. m. then turn them out and allow them to run. If it is not desirable to allow the hen to run, stretch a long wire and tie the hen to a ring, so she can pass from one end of it to another.

#### Ideal Ration For Hogs.

An ideal ration for pigs and stock hogs, says Professor W. A. Henry of the Wisconsin experiment station, is composed of clover, alfalfa and blue grass, supplemented with skim or butter milk and middlings or shipstuffs, furnishing all necessary elements for bone and muscle building.

### A STRATAGEM.

"Now, my dear Franz, let us talk as man to man. You do not love her but for the money she will bring you, which would be \$1,000, with which you would set yourself up in the turning business. Her father favors you, for you are a decent sort of fellow, and dislikes me, for I am somewhat of a devil. Now, as money is the idea, I will give you hard cash in hand \$1,500 to take yourself out of the way."

"What? Pay it to me on the spot?"

"Yes, on the spot."

"All right, then; give me the money and I will leave the city."

Now, it happened, as is frequently the case, that the fair Gretchen liked the better looking man of the two despite his spic of gayety. Her father, a tobacconist, however, was so dead set against him that it was impossible for him to visit her openly, and so the two had recourse to stratagem.

They met in the dead of night, and she started Carl by whispering in his ear that she was sure that both she and her father were to remove from the city, as she had witnessed many strange movements which could not be accounted for in any other way.

"Hum, hum!" thought that shrewd young man. "This will not do. Try to bewail Franz for a day or two, and perhaps your father will tell you."

The little blue eyed minx actually did this wicked thing and wept copiously for hours together.

"Deserted—ah—deserted! Oh, Franz, Franz! Oh, the wickedness of wretched ed man!"

It worked well. The father was at first a trifle suspicious, but, being finally convinced by his fair daughter's prolonged misery, whispered this in her ear:

"Don't be alarmed, my love. I am glad you are awaking to the merits of this estimable young man. He is not far off, only 100 miles or so, and we will go to him. It is necessary that he should be hid for the present on account of the vengeance of some rascals whom he ruined, but he cannot get on without you, and so tomorrow we will meet him, and you may marry the dear boy as soon as you choose, and, to tell the truth, we have arranged to have the ceremony performed at the third station from this city by a friend of mine, who will get aboard the train at that point."

All this was not long withheld from the gaping ears of Carl, who stared at this new evidence of the fallibility of mankind.

"He tried to cheat me out of my \$1,500, did he? Well, then, we'll see if we can't do some cheating on our own account. Kiss me, Gretchen, and hug me, if you choose, but don't be afraid. Go on bewailing."

The time came. The goods and chattels of the tobacco merchant were packed, and in the darkness of the night he smoked his parting pipe, sitting on a corded box containing his wardrobe, while Gretchen, pale and shivering, sat beside him, holding her satchel and looking anxiously at her forefinger, on which as yet no ring appeared. Meanwhile strange things were going on a few miles out of town. The virtuous Franz walked out of his lodgings and proceeded to the depot, chugging. He was in his normal condition, half intoxicated.

At a dark part of the way he was jumped upon by a strong fellow, who took him up bodily and carried him to a stable in the rear of some buildings, preventing him from crying as he went. He entered a dark spot, and then, on shutting a door, he turned up a light. Of course it was Carl. He took some leather straps from a harness and bound up the fellow very tight and bandaged his mouth.

"Now, my dear devil, we are likely to be even. You shall stay where you are until somebody finds you in the morning, and I shall go and marry your intended wife. It was all found out, and I have half a mind to thrash you on the spot. It was a mean trick you attempted to play—internally mean—but we shall be even, my lad."

An hour later a train steamed into the station, and a man with Franz's drunken gait, his cloak and cap, staggered into the rear compartment where were the honest tobacconist and his daughter and the minister with divine powers.

The tobacconist embraced the newcomer.

"Ah, my beloved Franz, my son, my joyful boy! No wonder you drank on this joyful day!"

Franz, however, seemed to prefer the embraces of the sweet girl, who flew at him with all ardor. It was necessary that the work should be done quickly, as the honorable minister must get out at the next station to go to a dinner party, so they stood up, and in a few minutes it was completed. The minister and the train came to the station. Carl and his wife arose.

"But you are not going to get out here, Franz!" cried the father.

"Yes," replied Carl, "as well here as anywhere."

All alighted. They went into the brilliantly lighted saloon. Carl took off his hat.

The tobacconist uttered an oath like the sound of a mortar and sank prostrate upon the seat. Ten minutes did he glare, and ten minutes more did he rave and curse.

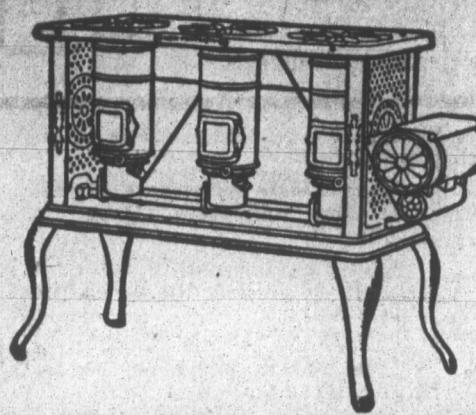
It blew over. All things blow over. Franz got \$15 damages for bruised ankles and hurt spirit, but all are now happy in the extreme.

The Change.

A widow of the name of Rugg, having taken Sir Charles Price for her second husband, was asked by a friend how she liked the change.

"Oh," she replied, "I parted with my old Rugg for a good Price."—London Telegraph.

### You Will Need an Oil Stove



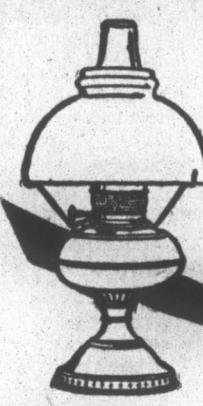
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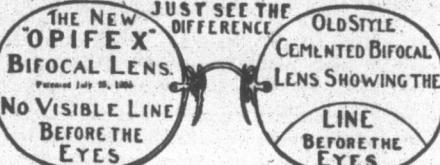
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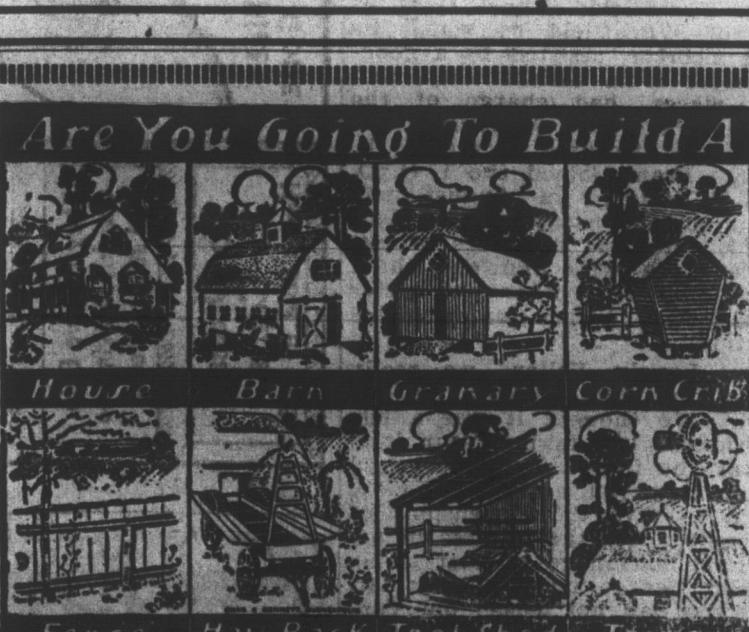
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