

The Republican.

Waste of Farm Machinery.

How many of our readers or their immediate neighbors have a plow, harrow, valuable wheat or corn-drill, wheeled-rake, mowing or reaping-machine, or other valuable farming implements and machinery lying out of doors unprotected from the weather? Hundreds we will venture to say. Have any of those careless farmers ever endeavored to cipher out the actual loss such inexcusable negligence entails upon them? A mowing machine or drills, threshing machine, or any other piece of complicated machinery, suffers more by exposure to weather in one season than the wear and tear of putting in or harvesting of half a dozen crops. The implements and machines on many farms in the western country owe 50 to 75 per cent. of their decay and breakage to the effects of weather, while 25 to 50 per cent. of their usefulness only go to benefit the owner, who has paid a high price, and probably bought them on credit bearing a high rate of interest.

Is it not all strange that such unthrifit should keep those "hail-god-lucky" farmers always in strained circumstances? They need a guard to save them from inevitable ruin.

It is not a reasonable excuse to allege that they have no proper place to house machinery and farm implements. Every farmer should provide a store house large enough to hold all his farm tools, carts and wagons before he expends money for them. He had far better hire the use of a drill, mowing and reaping-machines, and a threshing machine than to buy such costly articles without a proper building to keep them in, during the ten or eleven months they are not in use.

At this season of the year every farm implement should be cleaned, oiled and carefully laid away in a dry building, where it should remain until the season comes to use it again. Hundreds of dollars are wantonly wasted by the too prevalent practice of having exposed to the weather, plows, harrows, cultivators and other more costly machines.

A sled covered with straw or corn-fodder, for storing tools under, is far better than to have them lying out in the fields, and in fence-corners, but all such buildings leak more or less in wet weather, affording but poor protection to the tools stowed under them.

An observant writer on this subject attributes two-thirds of the mortgages on Western farms, to the loss on farm implements and machines which were bought when they could be very well done without, and no care being bestowed upon them, they soon become utterly worthless, frequently before they are paid for. To sum the matter up, too much money is paid, or too much debt contracted by purchasing farm machinery that would be very well dispensed with, and too little care is taken of it.

A system of wise economy is as profitable to the farmer as are good crops, while carelessness keeps multitudes poor and their farms and buildings in an untimely and unsightly condition.—*Kansas Farmer.*

Simple Lessons.

Every boy on the farm should be learning while laboring. Agricultural chemistry is considered by even scientific men to be a very abstruse science. Yet many of its simpler questions, but one the less important, can be easily solved by farm boys. We all know that sand, called *silica* by the chemist, should constitute a part of all farm lands. This furnishes but a small nutrient to plant life, yet it gives strength to the stalk or stem and hardens or gives firmness to the grain or seeds. So all grain farms should contain in the soil a due proportion of sand. The young or old man in buying a farm near home, or in seeking a home in a new country should know what kind of soil he is buying. He cannot decide whether it contains lime, potash, phosphates, magnesia, sulphates or nitrates, but he can ascertain if it contains clay, loam and silica. And how to do this is one of the simplest lessons in agricultural chemistry.

Take a small vessel and put in a handful of a fair sample of the soil to be tested. Put in sufficient water to make it a thin liquid. Stir up thoroughly, so the particles are dissolved. Add water until it is all liquid. Then pour the liquid into a tall, narrow glass. Let it stand until it settles. In a short time the coarse sand will be in a stratum at the bottom of the glass, the finer sand next, then the heavier clay next, and lastly the loam. Thus we see at once the quality of these elements in the soil. And as simple as this lesson is, this is the way it is done by the most learned chemists to solve the question.—*Iowa State Register.*

Kitty Clover.

Kitty Clover is a pretty child, but she is always in a fret. Morning, noon and night you hear Kitty Clover crying. Her aunt said the other day that she thought she really should have to go abroad. She could not live another year in the same house with a girl who was forever in tears.

The day begins in this way with Kitty: Mamma says, "Come darling, it's time to get up. The first bell rang five minutes ago."

"O, dear!" says Kitty, "I haven't had half enough sleep. I can't wake up yet!"

"But, my love you have no time to lie still. Breakfast will be ready, and you have your lessons to look over, and nine o'clock will soon come."

Very ungraciously Kitty rises. She pokes out first one foot and then the other, and she looks about to see what she can find as a cause of complaint.

"Must I wear that hateful dress?" she exclaims presently, "I want to wear my new one and ruffled apron."

"That dress will do for this week, dear," mamma answers cheerfully, but it is no use. Kitty Clover cries. Between daylight and dark she sometimes cries sixteen times.

Yet, strange to say, it is only at home that she behaves so. In school, her teacher tells us, she is a very good child. Nowhere except where mamma is, is our little girl, so cross and fretful.

What shall we do with Kitty? We are afraid that a pucker is growing on her pretty forehead, and that the tears will wash all of the brightness out of her blue eyes. Is there nothing that Kitty herself could do to help mend this dreadful state of affairs?—*Lucy Hilton, in Christian at Work.*

Beecher.

Beecher is very happy now. His checks are rosy, his eyes bright, and the old man looks as if he was good for ten years of hard work.

Yesterday Mr. Beecher was telling me about his experience in Indiana, where he used to preach twenty-five or thirty years ago.

"I was so poor once," he said, "I got such a small salary, that I used to have to spend the afternoon after preaching in fishing drift-wood out of the Ohio river. Once," said he, "I staged and steamboated it through Cincinnati to New York to visit my family in Connecticut. I was awfully poor when I got there. Why I was so anxious to 'raise the wind' that I went down to the old *Observer* office to get some newspaper work to do. I went in and saw Mr. Prime, introduced myself, and told him my name was Beecher, from Lawrenceburg, Ind.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Beecher?" asked the editor.

"Why," said I, "you can let me write some letters for your newspaper. I'll write 'em cheap."

"How much will you charge us, Mr. Beecher?" asked the editor.

"Well," said I, "I'll write you fifteen newspaper letters from Lawrenceburg for \$15."

"Did you ever really write fifteen newspaper letters for \$15, Mr. Beecher?" I asked.

"No," said Mr. Beecher, laughingly, "I didn't write 'em. Mr. Prime looked at me very curiously a moment, and then said he didn't think they would be worth it. I wanted to write 'em, Prime wouldn't let me."

Since then Mr. Beecher has been paid \$100 per column by the *Ledger*.—*Perkins' New York Letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Where it Never Rains.

In Peru, South America, rain is unknown. The coast of Peru is within the region of perpetual south-east trade-winds, and though the Peruvian shores are on the verge of the great south-east boiler, yet it never rains there.

The reason is plain. The south-east trade-winds in the Atlantic ocean first strike the water on the coast of Africa. Travelling to the north-west they blow obliquely across the ocean until they reach the coast of Brazil. By this time they are laden with vapor, which they continue to bear along across the continent, depositing it as they go, and supplying with it the sources of the Rio de Plata and the southern tributaries of the Amazon. Finally they reach the snow-capped Andes; here is wrung from them the last particle of moisture that a very low temperature can attract. Reaching the summit of that range, they now tumble down as cool and dry winds on the Pacific slope beyond. Meeting with no evaporating surface and no temperature colder than that to which they were subjected on the mountain tops, they reach the ocean. Thus we see how the tops of the Andes become the reservoir from which are supplied the rivers of Chile and Peru.

—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Water-Proof Boots.

Lafayette must yield the palm. She claimed to have a man who refused to pay a church subscription because it was promised on Sunday. Mount Auburn, O., furnishes an individual named Westwood who was worth \$35,000 when his first wife died. Her industry and economy had been, to a great extent, the cause of his prosperity, and he gratefully spent \$1,400 in putting a monument over her grave. He soon married again, and his second wife rapidly wasted his fortune until nothing but the monument remained. According to the new Mrs. Westwood's advice, he had it removed to a marble yard, effaced the inscription, and offered it for half its original cost. Mount Auburn swings the broom.—*Ft. Wayne Gazette.*

stir in neatfoot oil, equal in bulk to the melted articles. The boots are warmed before a fire and this composition is rubbed into the leather, soles and uppers, by means of a rag. Two applications will make the leather quite water-proof.—*American Agriculturalist for February.*

Sleep as a Medicine.

A physician says the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men and woman otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy, and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep, otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

The experiment of raising Cashmere goats in this country is proving successful. A few years ago, undertaken by all previous failures, certain Mr. Davis brought nine pure male and female goats to Columbia, South Carolina. They rapidly increased, and some of the offspring were taken to Tennessee, and ultimately to California. Thence they have been carried to Nevada, where it has been found that the large tracts of land called sage barrens, and hitherto supposed to be almost worthless, are peculiarly adapted to them, and a single herd near Carson city now has a flock of nearly 3,000. The demand for India shawls in this country is large and increasing. Last year \$200,000 worth were imported at New York, and it is thought that with the material at hand American ingenuity will rival that of the east in the manufacture of genuine India shawls. In any event the presence of sheep in large flocks on the sage barrens will ultimately reclaim the soil, which has hitherto been a waste.

The London *Lancet* announces as the champion heavy weight, Mr. W. M. Campbell, of New Castle on Tyne. He weighs over 52 stones (728 lbs.); is six feet four inches high, measures round the shoulders 96 inches, round the waist 85 inches, and round the calf of his leg 35 inches. He is only 22 years old. It is with difficulty that he keeps his present low weight. He was brought up a printer, but his size compelled him to discontinue all labor. Until recently corpulence has been considered a natural condition, but since the use of Allian's Anti-Fat, a sure reduction of from two to five pounds a week is effected, it is believed to be a disease. If Mr. Campbell would use the Anti-Fat, which is a harmless vegetable remedy, for two weeks, he would be reduced to a respectable working weight. For particulars, ask your druggist, or address Botanic Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Fattest Man in the World.

The *London Lancet* announces as the champion heavy weight, Mr. W. M. Campbell, of New Castle on Tyne. He weighs over 52 stones (728 lbs.); is six feet four inches high, measures round the shoulders 96 inches, round the waist 85 inches, and round the calf of his leg 35 inches. He is only 22 years old. It is with difficulty that he keeps his present low weight.

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The genuine Dr. MC LANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. MC LANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

The Consumptive's Paradise.

"Go to Colorado! It is a perfect Arcadia for Consumptives! Consumption cannot exist in that climate. People who go there even in the last stages of the disease, after a residence of only a few months, come away perfectly restored. I tell you a dose of Colorado is the best remedy for Consumption ever discovered."

Some of the praises lavished upon Colorado as a resort for consumptives are only proved when ignorantly ignorant, the speakers and writers are of the real nature of the disease. If we were not personally acquainted with some of these praises and know them to be honest, well-meaning people, we should suspect that they had been "roped" into an advertising scheme, to augment the price and sale of Colorado lands, or were working in the interest of some Colorado hotel keeper. Persons suffering from a mere inflammation of the lungs are doubtless often completely restored by a brief residence in Colorado or Florida. But when S. rufous matter has begun to accumulate in the lungs, no climate, however healthful, can alone effect a cure. A thorough course of medical treatment is required, aided by such hygienic measures as the condition of the patient will permit. The acrobatics of the system are to be abated and expelled from the system by the use of efficient alternatives. Dr. PLATT's Golden Medical Discovery is a powerful alternative, and aided by the Pleasant Purgative Pellets, is an invaluable agent of expelling scrofulous matter from the lungs and system. Dr. Pierces Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., offers special advantages to this class of patients. The best methods of medical and hygienic treatment are there pursued, besides the locality is one of the few which enjoys special immunity from this disease.

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are not recommended as a remedy "for all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in afflictions of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

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