

DAKOTA DOINGS.

News Gathered From The West

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The banquet was served in the City Hall, and the Ladies Reception Committee was the largest, greenest mound.

This inscription, "Children!" "What!" "Mother's come!"

And I asked myself with tears,
Had they slept this little throng
All the lonely, silent years—
Had the children waited long?
Behen, were you afraid or cold?
Did the years seem long or not?
Did the birds and flowers told
Of her coming? "Children!" "What!"
"Mother's come!"

—Mrs. L. M. RAYNE.

REMEMBRANCE.

I do remind me how, when, by a bier,
I looked my last on an unassuming face
Serenely waiting for the grave's embrace.
One who would fain have comforted said:
"Dear,
This is the worst. Life's bitterest drop is
Impartial fate has done you this one grace,
That till you go to your appointed place,
Or soon or late, there's no more to fear."
It was not true my soul! it was not true!
"Thou art not lost while I remember thee,
What if the years, slow creeping like the blue,
Resistless tide, should blot that face from
me!
Not to remember would be worse than
death."
—JULIA C. DORR, in Scribner.

RETURNING STRAW TO THE LAND.

There are various opinions among farmers as to the value of straw when returned to the land as an aid to the production of future crops. We have never held the opinion that straw possesses any intrinsic properties of its own as a manure, or to justify the expenditure of any great amount of time or labor upon it looking to that end without its being first either passed through our domestic animals, and thus mixed with their other and richer food, or else used in our barnyards and stables as an absorbent to suck up and hold the liquid portions of the manure and thus insure their better distribution upon the land. The plan of burning the straw after spreading it upon the land is not attended with any good results except that it insures destruction of weed seeds—the value of the ashes left by its incineration being very insignificant at best.

The question not frequently comes up between the owners and renters of land as to the removal of the straw from the premises—some of the former being very persistent in their objections thereto. If it is to be made use of as above intimated, then we should say by all means it should be retained upon the land. But if it is to be merely spread upon the land without being passed through the animals or used as absorbent, then we can see no injury done to future crops by its removal.

That celebrated agriculturist and experimenter, J. B. Lawes, of England, made the following experiment some years ago, with the view of testing the intrinsic value of straw as a manure: After having raised wheat on the same land for twenty-four years in succession—removing the straw as well as grain therefrom—he tried the experiment of returning to a portion of the land the straw made thereon the previous year. Accordingly he chose ten plots of land of equal size, all of which had received the same manuring year after year for the twenty-four years. To five of these plots he returned the straw annually after it had been removed, while to the other five plots the straw was not returned. To the first five plots the straw, as returned, was merely run through a cutting box, spread evenly upon the land, plowed under and sowed in wheat; the other five plots, as said before having no straw returned to them. The results showed but a trifling difference in the yield, if anything, it being in favor of the plots to which no straw had been returned. The experiment was continued for several years, with no perceptible difference in the yield, the plots all being manured as near as possible alike.

HOW MEN DRINK FARMS.

The Plowman, in a characteristic way, tells how men "drink farms."

My homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash it down with. You say you have for years longed for the free independent life of a farmer, but have never been able to get money together to buy a farm. But that is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet a gulp. If you doubt this statement figure it out for yourself. An acre of land contains forty-thousand five hundred and sixty square feet. Estimating, for convenience sake, the lands at \$43.56 per acre, you will see that brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour the fiery dose and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that five hundred foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day and see how long it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there's dirt in it—one hundred square feet of good, rich dirt, worth \$43.56 per acre.

MISSED SEEDING OF GRAIN.

It often happens that strips of land through grain fields are accidentally left

from the mob. One of the Tolliver boys fired at a man who ran across an open space in the brush while I was talking and then the firing commenced.

Five men were killed, three of them soldiers. I helped prepare the Tollivers for burial after the fight. Bud Tolliver was

as the grain on either side will spread so that the tops nearly cover the vacant space. Usually if the stoppage has been from the grain giving out, some tubes will run most of the way across the field, and these will fill up, often suggesting that far less seed is required for a good crop than is generally supposed. A failure of grass or clover seeding is really a worse evil than the loss of a strip of grain, and if there are many bad faults in the grass seeding it were better to plow all up and try it again. For where clover and grass fail to catch the vacancies will certainly be filled with weeds.

TO SQUELCH CHINCH BUGS.

A Filmore County, Minn., farmer Mr. J. F. Healy of Fountain township, has had success in disposing of the devastating chinch bugs. He relates his experience thus:

My field of green barley was threatened by these pests. I plowed a deep furrow about this field and backed it. Taking six-inch fence boards, I set them up on the edge along this bank, lapping and staking them down. Twice a day I wet this board with kerosene about two inches from the top, and the result is that when the bugs approach they a once turn about and march away. By this means a thirty-three-acre crop of barley will, Thursday be ready for the sickle instead of worthless. I treated a sixty-five-acre field of corn in a similar manner, with most satisfactory results. Of course, this method involves time and labor, but it is far preferable to losing one's crops. Hereafter I expect to use a mixture of cheap kerosene and coal tar. Its cost the cornstalks alone will doubly offset where feed is as scarce as it is in Southern Minnesota. Where corn has already been damaged by the bugs, by plowing a furrow against the row, throwing the clay up well and dressing with a hoe, the pests may be so checked for a time that in a fortnight a growth of corn fodder may be had which will prove as good as hay.

PROFIT OF GESE.

The goose is not a very beautiful or pleasant bird to have around during the growing season, but it is quite handy to have at holiday time, and even before will have paid its way in feathers if kept where it will not interfere with crops. They are far less ravenous than ducks, and with a pasture all their own they will produce in feathers and increase of flock as much from the same amount of feed as any other kind of stock. Feathers are much higher priced than wool, but feathers will need picking regularly every six or seven weeks during warm weather, while sheep give all their crop for the year at one clipping. The great amount of labor required to get feathers from live geese is probably one reason why many will not keep them, but in these times, when so many easier methods of farming do not pay, geese ought to secure more attention.

TO READ IN THE SHADE.

Guineas and turkeys are excellent foragers, and destroy a large number of insects in a season.

There are good and rich milkers in all breeds of cows—only and always excepting the pump-handle breed.

Begin bee-keeping with one or two colonies and study the subject as you enlarge and extend the business.

The man who warms himself up every morning grooming his horses, will be well remunerated for his trouble.

Better late than never. Clean out the cellar, and clear up the yard if these matters are not all ready attended to.

The stems of roses having borne blooms should be cut back to a strong bud, which will soon push out new stems.

Dandelions for "greens" are raised by the acre around Boston, holding the first rank on the list of spring greens.

Sluggish horses are generally made so by the way they are handled. A lazy man is pretty sure to have lazy horses.

There is no one thing that is so much required nowadays on the average farm as to thoroughly systematize labor.

You cannot grow plants with "wet feet." Farmers had therefore better have tiles in the ground than on their heads.

A new, cheap, and effective insect-killer is composed of one part muriate of potash in one thousand parts of water.

Most farmers can keep a few hives of bees to advantage. Honey, like fruit, should be often found on a farmer's table.

The more an acre will produce, the larger the profit, and the better you cultivate that acre the more it will produce.

During April, 94,567 packages of eggs were received in New York, and for the year ending April 301,664,057 packages.

When the cocks have been picking each other until the combs and wattles bleed profusely pour strong alum water over their heads, which will cause the bleeding to cease.

some quick, the grays all running out!"

This same little girl, with her papa, mamma, and little brothers, was spending one summer at her grandpa's. One day at dinner grandpa, having so much larger a family than usual, was somewhat absent-minded and waited on all except Helen. She sat quietly back in her chair and said very demurely: "Poor little girl! Poor little Helen!"

NATURAL EFFECTS.

The other evening I was dining with a friend who has a daughter—pretty little tot of 4 years—who is very fond of ice-cream. When the dessert was served she got her share of the frozen dainty and immediately put a big lump in her mouth. Her tongue was of course immediately numbed by the cold morsel, and when she had worried it down she said: "Mamma, mamma, we can't talk any more; my mouth's asleep."

SOUND REASON.

In a primary school a teacher with a little class around her, composed mostly of French, was writing upon the blackboard the words she wished them to read. Hearing a sound and turning suddenly she saw a little girl, with indignant eyes, pointing to a boy beside her, who explained in her broken English that he had attempted to kiss her. To the teacher's remark, "Why, Napoleon! what made you?" the reply came with an innocent air. "I loves her; why shouldn't I?"

BEFORE THE FOURTH.

Buster is the youngest hopeful of a Brooklyn Methodist whose faith in the fiery pit is tempered by a kindly disposition and a keen sense of humor. Just now Buster's mind is filled, to the exclusion of all other concerns, with visions of firecrackers and nigger chasers. Sunday he had extorted a promise from his father, after bothering him until bedtime, that he would bring home a lot of firecrackers, and peace had apparently settled on the household when it gathered around the family altar. The father had got well into his exhortation, when a little hand pulled his sleeve and Buster's small voice said in an audible whisper: "Papa, don't forget the punk!"—*New York Sun.*

LOST ESSAY.

First Minneapolis girl (just home from school)—It was too bad my friend Clara was not at the commencement to read her essay. It was beautifully written and she had a perfectly lovely graduation dress. Second Minneapolis girl—What was the title of your friend's essay? "Those Beasts of Men." "She ought to have read it and let some of the beasts of men know what we think of them. Why didn't she?" "Well you see, the night before commencement she eloped with one of them."

LITTLE NELLIE.

Little Nellie, aged 2½, on omitting her father in her prayer, was told to pray for papa as usual, and refused. Her mother insisting, Nellie said pettishly "Well do bless papa, for pity's sake."—*Babyhood.*

HE GOT THE COIN.

Beggar—"Give me a nickel, sir?"
Pedestrian—"Why, ain't you the fellow who had a tin card hanging on your breast yesterday saying you were blind?"
Beggar—"Er—yes; but I tried the faith cure last night."
Pedestrian—"That story is worth a nickel."

TEXAS PHILOSOPHY.

The law cannot make a man moral, but it can make him dreadfully uncomfortable when he is immoral.

HE HAD SUFFERED.

He was tall and lank, and thin and lonesome, and he had a patent sash-faster to exhibit to the public.

"Say, have you shown that to any railroad folks?" queried one of the group.

"Not by a jugful!" he promptly replied.

"But why not?"

Because the railroads once accepted a patent coupling of mine, and inside a year I was bankrupt and the coupling belonged to a train-dispatcher.—*Wall Street News.*

STYLISH PEOPLE.

First young lady—Who are those people you bowed to, Mamie? Second ditto—O, don't you know them? That's Mrs. Montalembert and her husband. "Have they any children?" "Why, Hattie! What an idea! No, indeed! They are real stylish people."—*Boston Transcript.*

SAD ACCIDENT.

The coffee crop of the world for last year was 650,000 tons, and of this amount American hotels probably used about 100 pounds by accident.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BACK AND FRONT.

I don't remember to have heard the story before which is credited to Duncan Elliot, and which relates that, being asked to describe a certain ball dress

for the local option fight this fall. It looked upon as practically settled that a vote will be had on the question, and from present appearances Stutsman county will be the scene of one

pod in on a neighbor recently. "But when I step out to feed the pigs and h'ist myself on the fence, and throw my soul into a few lines of 'Wait Till the Clouds Roll By,' it does seem as if this earth was made to live on after all.—*New York Ledger.*

ANOTHER TERRIBLE INFANT.

Charlie—Mamma, how long is Aunt Adelaide going to visit us?
Mamma—I don't know, my son; as long as she chooses, of course.
Charlie—Well, won't we get very tired?—*Harpers Bazar.*

THE TEXAS EDITOR IN CLOVER.

The Journal awning was got unden cover last night and with a day's tying it will be water tight and one of the most substantial awnings in the city.—*Denison Journal.*

A popular milliner left yesterday. She was presented with a beautiful bouquet by a blonde gentleman just before her departure. The bouquet cost \$1.50.—*El Paso Herald.*

Several of our planters report their corn silking and tasseling. The first dozen well developed roasting ears at this office is good for the News one year.—*Rockwell News.*

A NEW ANTI-POVERTY SOCIETY.

Omaha philosopher—"Want to join our anti-poverty society?"
Anarchistic citizen—"Been wantin' to join the anti-poverty society ever since I heard of it, but I ain't got the \$1."
"Don't cost a cent. All you have to do is to sign your name to this paper."
"Hurray! Gimme the paper. What does it say?"
"It's a temperance pledge."—*Omaha World.*

An Approachable Emperor.

A recent visitor at the Austrian Court found the ante-room of the Emperor's audience chamber crowded with Generals and noblemen who had come to thank his Majesty for promotions and decorations; but mingling with these were authors, inventors, professors, widows, and orphans seeking pensions, and a number of very poor men and women who had petitions to present. There are few countries in which persons of this last category would ever get a chance of seeing their sovereign; but in that Empire anybody who has anything reasonable to ask of the Emperor is sure of an audience. On one or two days a week His Majesty receives all comers who have applied to be received, and he receives them alone. Every applicant takes his turn. A master of the ceremonies opens a door, the visitor walks in and finds himself face to face with the Emperor, who is unattended. The door closes and the petitioners may say to the Emperor what he likes. There is no chamberlain or secretary to intimidate him. The Emperor stands in a plainly-furnished study, in undress uniform, without a star or grand cordon, and he greets everybody with an engaging smile and a good-natured gesture of the hand which seems to say: "There is no ceremony here. Tell me your business, and if I can help you I will." The Emperor of Austria has a penetrating eye and quick, catching manner. By a glance he makes people feel at home, and by a word draws from them what they have to say. Then he gives his own answer, straight out and fearlessly but generally with an acquiescing smile; and whatever he promises is faithfully performed. There is nothing petty or evasive in him. He is a monarch who replies by "Yes" or "No," but always with so much courtesy that the humblest of his subjects receives from him at departing the same bow that he vouchsafes to Ambassadors. A most lovable trait in him is that whenever he sees anybody nervous at his presence he makes the audience last until, by his kind endeavor, the nervousness has been completely dispelled.

A Dog Teaching Industry.

Flash, the finely bred setter owned by Dr. C. A. Packard of Bath, has a favorite house in the city which he often visits. The other day he was there at the dinner hour, and, civil dog that he is, he waited till the family rose from the table, when he made his presence known and was at once admitted as a welcome guest. One of the family, a lady, is very fond of Flash, and he reciprocates the kindness shown him. The lady is a great knitter, and as soon as Flash entered the hallway he passed to a room, secured the lady's knitting work, and brought it to her. Finding that the ball of yarn was not with it he at once returned and secured that also, and then laid himself at the lady's feet while she went on with her work.—*Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph.*

Miss Mary Parsons Hankey, who has just received the degree of bachelor of arts from Columbia college, is the first woman to graduate from that institution.

gave one man twenty days at hard labor, the remainder ten days each, and the men are now engaged in cleaning up and leveling off the streets. In pronouncing the sentence Judge Hamilton taking a magnificent diamond ring from his finger and placing it on the finger of his visitor. The ring fitted like the skin on the eel, and the lucky scribe had already begun to congratulate himself on his good luck when—presto, woto change! and the ring was gone. Bismillah! the ring was picked out of the visitor's pocket by the deft fingers of his occult jags, and it went through a series of open sesame changes, appearing suddenly upon the floor, shooting iris tinted rays from its diamond eyes, and again the ring flew out from between the professor's choker and coat.

"I will show you one of my best tricks. Johnny, get a bottle of wine and some goblets."

Johnny returned with the wine and goblets. The professor pouced wine into three goblets until they were full to the brim.

You will observe, gentlemen, that I will take this glass of wine and throw it into the air, glass and wine both, and that it will disappear."

The glass which the professor held was of the ordinary size used for serving wine. The glass was so full of liquid that the professor handled it with care, lest he should spill it. The professor stepped to the middle of the room, holding the wine at arm's length. He gently lowered the glass, and then tossed it into the air. After it left the magician's hand, the glass and wine disappeared, leaving no trace behind but a few scattered drops on the floor. Slipping across the room, the wonder worker took the glass of wine from the vest pocket of his visitor. After the exclamations of surprise had subsided, the professor said:

"I performed that trick once in Berlin, in 1867. I attended a banquet given by the French minister. Bismarck sat on my left, and when I threw the wine and glass into the air I took it out of Bismarck's pocket. When Bismarck told Emperor William what I had done, he sent me an order to use the Imperial Opera House during my stay in the city without rent.

"The Sultan of Turkey was equally kind to me. We were on board his yacht, and he asked me if I could do a trick with his watch, which was a most beautiful instrument, studded with precious stones, and probably worth \$2000. After everybody on board had admired the watch I deliberately threw it overboard. The Sultan hardly knew how to take such an apparently flagrant act. It was no joke to throw so valuable a watch into the sea.

"Your majesty," said I, "will you send for a line and baited hook?"

"He did so, and in a few moments a sailor drew on board a large fish. When I cut the fish open out dropped the Sultan's watch. He was so much pleased that he presented me with \$2500 in gold."

"How does the magic practiced in European countries compare with that of India, professor?"

"European magic is far superior. Exaggerated reports of the wonderful things done in India reach us. The larger part of their tricks are performed in the open market places, with the help of wicker baskets and holes in the ground. I can go out here in Broadway and cut a hole in the sidewalk and perform tricks which will collect such a crowd that the cars could not pass through, and they would not be difficult tricks either. Perhaps you have heard the story that a certain magician in India goes out into the market places and throws a rope into the air. This rope goes up so high that the upper end disappears in the clouds. Then the magic maker climbs up the rope until he also is lost to view.

Just about the time you would naturally think he was knocking at St. Peter's gate, down comes one of his legs. The mate follows in a few moments, followed by both arms in succession. Then follows the trunk, and last the head eddying down from somewhere out of the infinite. After all the members of the body have reached solid ground they quickly, and apparently of their own volition, gather themselves together, and the perfect rehabilitated man is the result. Then the magician, like the ragpicker, puts his basket under his arm and silently sneaks away. I kept a bright lookout for that fellow when I was in India, but I never saw him. Perhaps he had gone up the rope and stayed there while I was in India."

The professor grinned at his little joke, and took a piece of cigarette paper from his pocket. He tore the paper into shreds and handed it to his visitor rolled up into a little ball.

"Unroll the paper carefully," said he.

The visitor did so, and, lo and behold, the paper was intact, and had evidently never been torn. This was evidently the case, but, confound the luck! how did he do it?

The crown prince of Italy is a very clever young man. He is only 18 years of age, but can speak fluently five or six languages. He can talk strategy with a general or science with a scientist.