

ENEMIES OF FARMERS

WARFARE ON THE PESTS THAT DESTROY THEIR CROPS...

The farmers of the United States are now in the midst of their warfare against the manifold pests that each year threaten and in many cases practically destroy their crops. The intensity of the combat can hardly be recognized by those not engaged in it. Sixty years ago noxious insects were comparatively few in this country, and it was only in certain years that there was anything like an organized effort to destroy them. But they have been steadily spreading and increasing until they form a gigantic evil and danger, which even modern science today stands in awe of. If science had not kept pace with the growth of the danger the farmers of the United States would not reap a crop of grains, fruits, or other farm produce sufficient to keep one-tenth of our population supplied with food and clothing. The famine in India would be nothing to such a catastrophe. Insect fighting is now reduced to a science, and elaborate preparations, costing in the aggregate hundreds of thousands of dollars, have been devised for the warfare. The first part of the campaign opens in the latter part of May and is against the currant worms.

Fighting the Sawfly.

The sawfly begins its work early in the spring, and the flies that have wintered with us begin to fly about and lay their eggs on the gooseberry and currant bushes. The thousands of insects that this fly hatches out make it an evil of the greatest importance, and efforts are now being made to destroy the sawfly whenever found. Sometimes the currant bushes are sprayed to destroy the eggs, but as a rule nothing can be done until the worms hatch out. They appear on the gooseberry bushes first, and a few days later on the currants. Thousands of them seem to appear suddenly on all sides, and the farmer sprays them with a force pump which squirts over the bushes a kerosene emulsion of heliobore and soap. Day after day this emulsion must be thrown on the bushes until the worms are killed. Then, when the first battle to save the currants and gooseberries is won, new foes appear in other parts of the garden, and a new line of battle must be prepared. Over in the cherry and plum orchard the dread curculio has begun to hatch out, and the enemy is swarming in hosts on the trees. What

terrible warriors these curculios are may be inferred from the fact that no poison will kill them unless it is mixed so strong with the arsenites that the foliage and limbs of the trees are destroyed by it too. The curculios consequently laugh at the spray, and swarm in the orchard with the boldness of mailed warriors of old. But something must be done if they make their appearance. Large white sheets are prepared for them, and these are spread under the trees. The trees are then shaken or jarred with rubber-shod poles that reach far up into the branches. When dislodged from the branches the curculios roll up in a heap. While in this condition they must be killed, for they will soon recover themselves and fly away. Fruit and trees are both stung by the curculios, and when once stung fruit is of no marketable use, and the trees will soon refuse to bear fruit at all. In some localities the sparrows and catbirds prove such formidable enemies to the cherries that whole orchards have to be covered with mosquito netting. This is flung over the tops of the trees and drawn down tight to the ground so that the birds cannot get under it. Good netting lasts for two years and the cost is less than \$1 a tree. If the fruit is choice and the crop is a good one it pays to protect the cherries in this way from the birds, for they often do as much damage in puncturing the fruit as in eating it.

The Codling Moth.

While the curculio and birds are making the cherry and plum crop a decidedly unknown quantity the codling moth has led a host of other tribesmen into the apple orchard, striving to steal a march on the farmer from the rear. This moth begins its work before the apple petals fall from the tree, and when the orchard is beautiful in its dress of blossoms the codling moth is doing its worst damage. Over these blossoms poisonous sprays of London purple have to be poured, drenching the flowers with it so that animal or beast eating of them will be killed. But this is the only way to save the apple crop, and the spraying must be repeated two or three times before the moth is destroyed. The peach orchard is treated in the same way for the same injurious insect.

The Young Man's Chances

An exchange remarks that among the many great questions in dispute is that one whether it is worth while for a boy to get himself born in these days of competition and strenuous life. Are the chances for young men to make way in life as good as they were years and years ago, when everything was new and the great expansion of the world's ability and knowledge was just budding? There was a wild west in those days, open to all who failed to get a grip at home or aspired to create conditions. There were a thousand things to invent and businesses to build up. There were roads to build up and mines to work. Every boy had a dozen chances to make his fortune or his fame. Has the young man such chances now? Old men tell us that they asked the same question fifty years ago, with the same doubts of the possibilities. No man then could see that they were actually standing at the door about to open to let them into half a century of progress such as the world had never known. Are we not at the door of another such?

Society is reinforced from the bottom. The magnates, business kings, men of fame and the rich, are now on the farm, or in the shop, or serving in some hidden corner, wholly unconscious of their future and very likely struggling with this very question. They are not in the palaces; no liveried coachman opens a door for them. They are fighting for a chance. If a boy decides to let himself be born, he better be born poor, on a farm, if possible, in close contact with nature, anyway; even in the slum wards. But he must also provide brains. The man with untrained eye, and muscle, of dull mind and thriftless disposition, will dine from a tin pail all his life, whether the opportunity is such as that of the last generation or that of the next. No favorable conditions will give brains to the brainless, thrift to the thriftless or industry to the indolent. Our boy must provide for these, whatever time he chooses to be born in.

A boy is not a surplus product and never will be, provided he is not born in luxury and bred in indolence. His place will find him if he does not make a place. Those who make their place are the most profitable. And no place on earth affords better opportunities for making way than these United States today. There is an element of luck, accident, if you please, in the success of our young man, but it takes quick brain and ready hands to see and grasp the chance. This is why our

boy should provide brains as well as birth. There was never a time when the man or woman who can do things better than any one else was more certain of recognition. Life is not a hop, skip and jump affair and our young man must know this thoroughly. That is why he better see that he is born poor. One thing more; he must be always preparing himself for better things. He who accepts his situation with grumbling and assumes hopelessness is done for from the first. On the whole, we think the boy better consent to be born now and determine to enter on life with courage and ambition. If life is more strenuous, the world is wider and pays better. But a chump! He is no good at any period and of less account now than ever. Just set out to be somebody and keep at it without ceasing.

Jordan Field at Bloomington.

The trustees of Indiana State University have acceded to the unanimous request of the students and faculty of that institution that the new athletic field be called Jordan Field. The name is given in honor of President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, who, before going to the California institution, was for twelve years professor and president at Indiana University. For several years the creek that separates the new field from the main campus has been known as the River Jordan.

A Certificate of Character.

During his tour in Ireland in 1825, Sir Walter Scott visited Glendalough and its "show" places, including St. Kevin's Bed amongst them. He was the first lame man that ever climbed into the Bed, and Mr. Plunkett, son of Lord Chancellor Plunkett, told the woman guide, after Sir Walter had moved on, that he was a poet. "Poet!" said she. "Not a bit av him, but an honorable jentleman; he guv me half-a-crown."

Not Sufficiently High Church.

The Boston Transcript tells of an Episcopal church that is being sued because it is not sufficiently "High Church." It appears that a certain person left money to this church, with the provision that the services should come up to a certain standard of churchmanship. The minister has failed. It is claimed, to get as much ritualism into the service, and the responses of the flock as the money calls for.

THE "REBEL SPY."

CAREER OF BELLE BOYD, NOTED WAR CHARACTER.

Who Was Once Exiled by President Lincoln and Twice Sentenced to Be Shot—Made One Man a Traitor to His Country.

The career of Belle Boyd, known as the "rebel spy" and who died in Wisconsin the other day, was a thrilling one. She had just left school when the civil war began. She had a lover in the Confederate service without whom she thought she could not live, but she married another before the war was over and made him a traitor, was divorced from a second husband twenty years after her first marriage, and within a year after that married a third. She saw life in camps and military prisons, was a prisoner on shipboard, was banished from the country, and after returning to it lived in various states in the east, west and south; was in an insane asylum for a time, and afterward lectured throughout the country, often under the auspices of Grand Army posts. She was about five feet five inches tall, with bright eyes and aquiline nose, and when she was young her hair was described as of a "reddish golden hue."

Belle Boyd's Career.

Belle Boyd was born in Martinsburg, W. Va., in 1843. Not quite 18 years old at the opening of the war, she entered with all her heart and spirit into the service of the Confederate cause. She was a resident within the Federal lines and knew many of the officers, and she used her acquaintance and her blandishments to gain from them information which would be of service to her friends in the southern armies, to whom she conveyed it at every opportunity. Many of her messages she sent to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. At favorable opportunities she abstracted the side arms of her Federal acquaintances when they left them carelessly about, and these she forwarded to the enemy. She was suspected after a time, and then one of her notes fell into the Federal hands and she was arrested, reprimanded and threatened, but Gen. Shields set her at liberty. Gen. Shields, she said afterward, was completely off his guard and introduced her to officers of his staff.

Twice Sentenced to Be Shot.

The night before Shields set out after Stonewall Jackson he announced that he was going to whip Jackson and a council of war was held in what had been the drawing-room of Belle's aunt's house. Through the floor of a closet off a bedroom above the drawing-room a hole had been bored. Belle crept up to the closet and applied her ear to it when the council assembled. She was able to be of such service to Jackson that he sent her a letter after his defeat of Gen. Banks, dated May 23, 1862, thanking her for her "immense services." On Jackson's advice she removed to Winchester, and Jackson made her an aide on his staff with the rank of captain, after which she rode a horse and associated with the staff officers when Lee and Longstreet inspected the forces and when the review of the troops took place before Lord Hartington and Col. Leslie. During her career as a spy she was twice sentenced to be shot, and was for eleven months a prisoner in the Carroll and Capitol prisons at Washington.

Captured and Exiled.

Belle Eoyd's career in the military service ended in 1864, when she was captured with dispatches on a blockade runner. Lieut. Sam Wyde Harding of the navy, was put in charge of the blockade runner, which was ordered to Boston. The lieutenant and Belle Boyd were thrown together a good deal and left largely to themselves. He quoted from Shakespeare and Byron to her, she tells in her autobiography. When he began to talk of tender subjects she thought he might become useful to her cause, so when he asked her to become his wife she told him that it might involve serious consequences. He was ready to face them, apparently, and renewed his proposal while the ship was in Long Island Sound on the way to Boston. So she told him she would be his wife.

When they were coming to anchor off the Boston navy yard Lieut. Harding went forward to give some orders and his fiancée invited the two Yankee pilots who were aboard, to come down to the cabin and have some wine, which they did. The captain of the blockade runner, whom she called in her book, Capt. Henry, and another man were of the party. Harding had called a small boat alongside preparatory to going ashore, and this boat had dropped under the quarter. At a moment she thought suitable, the girl nodded to Capt. Henry, whom she had planned to have escape. He left the wine party and stepping into the shore boat which was soon handy, he was soon on his way to Boston. When later Harding came aft he asked Belle where his papers were and she told him that probably they were in the lower cabin, where he had been dressing, and he went after them, while the small boat got further away.

Her After Career.

For allowing the escape of his prisoner Harding was arrested and tried, but he was not convicted. Belle Boyd was banished by Lincoln and went to England. Harding deserted shortly afterward and went to England, where he and the spy were married on August 25, 1864. Harding returned to this country and became a confederate spy. His wife became an actress in England and returned to America after the proclamation of general amnesty. She played under the name of

Nina Benjamin in different cities, and at one time lobbied successfully to put a bill through the "black and tan" legislature of Texas.

In 1869 she married Col. John Swainston Hammond, quit the stage, went, in ill health, with her husband to California, and was obliged to enter an insane asylum, where a son was born and where he died. In 1864 she obtained a divorce from Hammond and soon afterward married Nat R. High, with whom she went on the road giving dramatic recitations in costume.

HEAT AND SUNSTROKE.

Much Difference Between the Two, Though Often Confounded.

In the Archives of Medicine Navale for January, Dr. Moussour, a French naval surgeon of the first class, claims to be the first observer to have established a fundamental distinction between heatstroke and sunstroke, and contends further that a correct appreciation of his discovery would result in a large saving of human life. Heatstroke, according to Dr. Moussour, is a pathological condition produced by the action on the whole surface of the body during a sufficiently prolonged period of a temperature exceeding 104 degrees Fahrenheit, whereas sunstroke is a pathological condition produced by the action on the cranium during a period, which need not necessarily be long, of sufficiently intense solar radiation. The high temperature which gives rise to heatstroke may be either moist or dry and may emanate from any source. Moist heat, as in a stove hole on board ship, brings on heatstroke by preventing the evaporation of perspiration, while a dry heat, by shriveling up the skin into a parchmentlike substance, prevents the exudation of perspiration and most probably also produces an analogous condition in the pulmonary alveolar tissue. Sunstroke, or insolation, is not induced by high temperature, but by the intense radiation which the sun alone, owing to its enormous volume (1,200,000 times that of the earth), can supply, the chemical rays, the vibrations of which are more rapid and, therefore, more penetrating than those of their calorific and luminous congeners, being the exciting cause. The chemical rays emitted by the sun can pierce through white clouds freely, but are almost entirely arrested by black substances and partially so by red. These facts explain the immunity from sunstroke of negroes and people with swarthy complexions and the diminished liability to it of the ruddy.

In the Parlor Car.

"Why don't you travel in drawing-room cars?" I inquired of a sufferer. "They are no improvement," she replied. "Indeed, they are not nearly so well ventilated as the ordinary coach, and they eat salted peanuts in drawing-room cars all the same. I sat opposite a great western United States senator in a drawing-room car who spent most of his time between Washington and New York cleaning his finger nails with a knife blade, which he wiped occasionally on the leg of his trousers. I once occupied a drawing-room car chair in front of a leader of Washington society who protested when I opened a window. I told her I was compelled to open it, as the strong perfume she used gave me a headache. But there are bright sides to the picture also. All people do not eat peanuts, and some who go on railway trains make their toilets at home."—New York Press.

Only Butchers.

Says Madame, in the New York Press: "It is an unpleasant thing to say, but it is true that any one in America can put out a shingle and start in as a dressmaker without having the slightest knowledge of the business. This is where so much trouble arises. In Paris and Vienna it is different; one cannot obtain a license or permit in those cities to enter the field as a professional dressmaker unless she or he can show a diploma from some establishment where the trade has been learned. In Paris and Vienna dressmaking is looked upon as an art, and unless a person is an artist she has no patrons. It is quite safe to say that in all New York there are not three artists in the dressmaking business."

Two Philadelphians Honored.

Two well-known Philadelphians have just been honored by the American university of Tennessee, says the Philadelphia Times. At the annual meeting of the board of regents, which was recently held at Harrison, a number of honorary degrees were conferred upon representative persons throughout the country, among them being the Rev. Henry A. F. Hoyt and Henry Le Barre Jayne of this city, the former receiving the degree of D. D., and the latter that of LL. D. Dr. Hoyt is the rector of St. John's church of Lower Merion, and Mr. Jayne is a prominent member of the Philadelphia bar.

Deadly Aim of Lightning.

Walton (Ga.) News and Messenger: Friday afternoon a stroke of lightning killed Mr. J. B. Harris at his home near Loganville. Together with Messrs. Scott and Walter Byrd he was engaged in dressing beef in his grove near the house. Lightning struck him, killing him instantly. The Messrs. Byrd were badly shocked and for a while it was thought they could not recover. However, while they are horribly burned, they will recover. Two dogs, which were near Mr. Harris, were also killed.

Too Much for the Professor's Nerves.

"What made Prof. Pounder ring the bell and dash off the car in such haste?" "Oh, he told me that he couldn't stand it to see those three women chewing gum and not keeping time."—Indianapolis Journal.

Japan Anxious.

Japan is alarmed over the emigration of many of her residents to this country who are lured here by misrepresentation. This is like the misrepresentation which delude people into believing that any other medicine is equal to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for stomach disorders. It will cure indigestion, constipation and dyspepsia.

A Little Advice.

"Brothers," remarked Rev. Mr. Goodby, "there was a large decrease in contributions to-day. Perhaps you are saving your change to buy fireworks on the Fourth of July. A very commendable spirit, I assure you, but if a change does not manifest itself in the lives of which some you are leading you will see plenty of pyrotechnic displays later on, and you will be very foolish to spend a cent on fireworks now—very foolish."—Indianapolis Sun.

PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

Thomas Forstner, New Ulm, Minn., vehicle pole attachment; Hans L. Hegland, Cyrus, Minn., pneumatic straw stacker; Pierpont T. Langdon, Audubon, Minn., automatic car axle lubricator; Anton T. Pepper, St. Cloud, Minn., merchandise exhibitor.

Merwin, Lothrop & Johnson, Patent Attorneys, 911 & 912 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul.

Taking in Boarders.

Mrs. Smythe—What is poor Mrs. Perkins going to do, now that her husband is dead? Smythe—Take in boarders. Mrs. Smythe—No? Why, she can't cook? Smythe—Precisely. Didn't I say that she was going to take them in?—Harlem Life.

The Parson's Revenge.

It had been the custom of an Atonison man all his life to time his preacher at church, and when the preacher had talked thirty minutes the Atonison man thought it long enough, and got up and walked out. He died recently, and the preacher took advantage of the fact that the knocker on long sermons couldn't get away, and preached a funeral sermon lasting an hour and fifteen minutes.—Atonison Globe.

Read the Advertisements.

You will enjoy this publication much better if you will get into the habit of reading the advertisements; they will afford a most amusing story, and will help you in the way of getting some excellent bargains. Our advertisers are reliable; they send what they advertise.

Artistic Athletics.

"That man you sent up to clean house is awfully stylish, Harry." "Does he wear a silk hat?" "No, but he beats the carpets with a golf stick."—Indianapolis Journal.

Soldiers' Homestead Claims.

The friends of the veterans of the Civil War are complaining of the unfortunate delay of the General Land Office in acting on the applications for soldiers' additional homestead rights. Senators and Representatives in Congress who are friendly to the old soldiers should inquire into this matter.

Wild Man Nearer Home.

"What a heathenish lot these Chinese boxers are!" "Oh, I don't know; there's that St. Louis mob."—New York Sun.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Better the pessimism that persists against odds, than the optimism that makes no effort at all.—The Ram's Horn.

If a man is made of dust that may explain why so many men are always dry.

Spanish girls who make the famous fans of Valencia are paid about 25 cents per day.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing worse than good qualities run wild.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Surely, half the world must be blind; they can see nothing unless it glitters.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Human nature sets a man up as a judge of his neighbors.

Carter's Ink is used by the greatest railway systems of the United States. They would not use it if it wasn't the best.

Washing a pig will not make it stop liking mud.

Cure that Dandruff by using Coke Dandruff Cure. We guarantee it to cure or refund the money.

Nothing in the world is lawless except a slave.

The favorite for restoring life and color to the hair is PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. HINDERCOMBS, the best cure for corns. 10c.

Truth, when witty, is the wittiest of all things.

Baseball players; Golf players; all players chew White's Yucatan Whist playing.

Science sees signs; poetry the thing signified.

On a Level With the Peking Joke.

"Were you down South during the recent solar eclipse?" "Yes; and I saw something funny." "What was that?" "Why, men who had been smoking tobacco all their lives were smoking glass."—Chicago News.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Always an Attraction.

"Well, our window exhibit is arranged so that all the women will crowd up and look at it." "How have you fixed it?" "I've put out a placard, 'fresh paint.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

A Dwarf Large Flowered Dogwood.

It is reputedly reported that a dwarf form of Cornus florida has been secured and will be grown extensively for the market.—Mechan's Monthly.

One Woman's Letter

SAYS

"I doctored with two of the best doctors in the city for two years and had no relief until I used the Pinkham remedies.

"My trouble was ulceration of the uterus. I suffered terribly, could not sleep nights and thought sometimes that death would be such a relief.

"To-day I am a well woman, able to do my own work, and have not a pain.

"I used four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three packages of Sanative Wash and cannot praise the medicines enough."—MRS. ELIZA THOMAS, 634 Pine St., Easton, Pa.

Mrs. Pinkham advises suffering women without charge.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

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