THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE LAST.

Thou wert the last—and thou art gone!
Lone, mild-eyed, lovely!
I stand alone, among my graves,
For I am an only.
And still as gone the shaft with me
To fill my home with childhood's glee.

Of summer and happy days,
That can return no more;
With what anthem I ringing seas
Would I answer to thy voice now!
Alas! I—like a warm the worth,
And pause, through lies, the leaves of earth.

What hearts that loved me now are cold!
What smiling lips are thine!
How many hearts have been said!
How many partings come!
One left—one—one after one,
Like sands through an hour-glass fingers run.

Those times to have the way and boy
Without it, after to mass,
When every hill, and rock, and glen,
Familiar grew as my home,
The sun were spread and fair the breeze
That bore the ship to foreign seas.

Those times to grave thy welcome look
When the long voyage over,
Regard I past, in vantage nook,
The home was sought once more.
That home, in which the wanderer sought
Turned from its fires with a sigh heart.

And when the ardent heart of youth
Was chilled by crime, frown,
When faith was wounded by untruth,
And love to hate turn down,
Be found in those all origin true,
And hope and trust sprung up anew.

This deep—warm heart could never give
Small in spite of stolen my show
When it was not from its cover gathered in,
To the dark world to gather can—
And hid and hoard within its home warm,
Not affect such a supposed sap.

How many wept to see thee laid
Shadow in silent dreamless sleep!
I stood beside thy grave—and dumb,
As turned to stone, I could not weep.
Heart! I had died with thee
Could thy grave—were but for me!

Where art thou? In what upper sphere
Of light and life is thy abode?
Art thou as thou wert when last I met dear?
Where? Thou in that upper road?
I think my soul is yearning pure
Into shadows in between—to soon.

I cannot pass the rolling mist
Between the heavenly—to coast,
Thy spirit my voice—to touch hand,
Nor back will glance from the pathland,
Be wan I in mind,
Be wan unpassing grave—stand.

"Be quiet, restless, longing heart!"
Methinks I hear a voice—gentle low;
"Thy Father hath thy child—
For those that stay and those that go.
Have patience! Thy Father knows
What man—through sorrow—is for;
The blood-red rich harvest roses."

Oppressed—crime—had me slain!
I—I cried and low—I seems the way!
And—hadst—darkness—I—remote far
Are—I am not a cited array.
I am—the path, I know—I—
Oppressed—crime, guide me home!

—George E. Orne, in Youth's Companion.

A FEARFUL NIGHT.

I was invited to a lunch party in one of the inland cities of Pennsylvania not long ago, and was much impressed by the appearance of one of the younger ladies present. She was not beautiful, but united the striking characteristics of a brilliant, fresh complexion, and a profusion of hair, white as snow, which was wound on the top of her head after the fashion of Madame de Maintenon, belonging to Mrs. A. T. Stewart. She was very merry, a good talker, and, I must confess, I contrived to occupy the larger portion of her attention with that laudable intent and monopolizing the best which the moment afforded that I anxiously observed by my familiars.

After bidding adieu to the ladies, I turned to the obliging friend who had been my sponsor at these incidental payments of [illegible], and casually remarked, after talking somewhat of my new acquaintance:

"By Jove, what hair! It accents her whole appearance. Wasn't she lucky to inherit it young?"

My friend removed his cigar.

"That depends on how you look at it. I am inclined to think, taking things by and large, that she was. I doubt, however, if she wouldn't say to-day, that the price was rather large. And it was a pretty big price. Do you like stories? I am minded to tell you one, if you like, about that white hair you admire so much."

We went over to the hotel and something like this my friend told me:

You have no idea, you city people, the interest we country people take in the courtships of young folks. From the time Harry Wells began to side up to Mamie Clausen at church socials until their marriage in the First Presbyterian Church the entire community gave minute consideration to their affairs. Mamie's father, John Clausen, was and is now a prominent commission merchant, generally considered wealthy, and has always lived at least like a man of means. Mamie was pretty, dashing, a local belle and a great favorite. Harry's family lived a few miles from town, and they, too, are people of reputation in the county. Old Jack Wells represented us a few times in the Legislature and has accumulated in one way and another a handsome property.

The marriage was in every way a suitable one. Harry was educated at Princeton, and although he had at one time the reputation of being wild, he had sobered down, and was at any rate such a frank, manly young fellow that he was generally forgiven any indiscretion.

As I say, the marriage was the occasion of general rejoicing. Mamie's father gave her an unusually good send-off, and the details were sent far and wide through the State. Harry had studied law, although he didn't have much natural inclination for it, the old man thinking his political experience might serve Harry in that way, and had settled down into a country notary, drawing up deeds and doing hack-work of that sort. They lived about four miles out of town, and two miles from old Jack's. He had built them a pretty modern cottage on a detached portion of his farm. Harry had his office, an ornamental little structure, a few rods from the house, and there they lived as happy as two birds.

Gradually Harry picked up business, and finally through his father he became trustee for the minor heirs. They were an odd lot of children, with a half-crazy mother and no end of coal lands and mining investments. It was a good thing for Harry, although it gave a naturally lazy man some additional work. The worst thing was that it obliged him to go to Scranton now and then and leave Mamie. You may imagine that there was a good deal of visiting at the house of two such popular young people, and that four-mile stretch of road was generally kept pretty warm. When Harry had to go away Mamie would get in her phaeton and drive to town, and there was always some of the young people ready to go out and keep her company. Harry always insisted that she mustn't stay alone. For a law-abiding State we have a pretty rough element in it, and, although we haven't had much to complain of here, there is a general sense of uneasiness.

One August afternoon Harry had an unexpected summons to go to Scranton about a suit connected with the minor heirs. He had recently sold some of their property and had been making various collections, which left in his hands about $4,500. When he found he had to go off at a few moments' notice he wrapped up a bundle of papers and this money and took them into the house. Mamie was making preparations for a picnic they were to go to the next day and begged him to wait until the day after.

"But, my dear child, I haven't time even to go to town and put these in the bank, so you'll have to take care of them. I'll try and get back in two days at the furthest, meanwhile nobody will know that the money is here."

Then he explained to her the value of the papers and handed her a canvas bag, in which was the $4,500 belonging to the minor heirs.

"Where will I keep it, Harry? Between the mattresses?"

"Just like a woman! No. But I declare I don't know where to tell you. The most insecure place apparently is often the most secure. Any place, dear, but between the mattresses. I leave that to you. But you must guard it if necessary, with your life, for remember the money is not ours, and at all hazards I am responsible. I don't really suppose there is the least danger for no one knows I have it. But one ought to take proper precautions, and I beg of you not to admit any tramps while I am gone. Tell Sarah not even to allow them to stop long enough to eat a biscuit."

"All right, dear, we won't let the tramps have a drink even, and I'll take care of the money, you may be sure."

Harry bade his wife good-by and Mamie gave up the picnic. At the end of two days she received a telegram from him, saying he had been detained, and telling her to get some one to stay with her for two days, when he would be at home. She drove into town and one of her old friends went out with her. At the end of two days she had another telegram saying he was detained until the next day. Her friend went home, and in place of Harry came a third telegram, and so every day for ten days he was expected home and every day came a disappointing telegram. By this time she had become accustomed to her charge, which she had set like a bag of seed beans in a corner of a dark closet opening from her room.

The afternoon of the tenth day was a hot, murky afternoon. Mamie had gone up stairs to take a nap and refresh for dressing to meet Harry, who was expected home after the longest absence he had ever made from her.

After a time Sarah came up and told her there was a tramp down stairs who wanted something to eat and who wouldn't be driven off.

"You couldn't to leave him a minute alone, Sarah. Go down and watch him and I will come down and send him off."

She dressed herself quickly and went down stairs, surprised to find how late it had grown. When she reached the kitchen she found also a messenger with another telegram which announced another disappointment, but the next day without fail, Harry wrote, he would be home. As Mamie turned into the kitchen she heard the tramp and Sarah in evident dispute.

"Yes," said the fellow, when that time comes your mistress will have another string table, helping you, instead of wearing her Sunday clothes every day."

"An' spoilin' everything for me to do over. I think I see her. I've work enough to do," answered honest Sarah, and indignant to have a chat over her work.

Mamie found a graceless-looking fellow, unshaven and ill-dressed, who, with a certain gentlemanly instinct, rose up as she came in.

"I suppose my girl told you we had nothing for you, and that it will be a great kindness if you will leave as soon as possible."

"Yes, she did just that, madam, but I took it upon myself to believe it wasn't so urgent. The truth is, I'm very hungry and dead tired, and I didn't believe but that you would give me something to eat, at least I've wanted to ask you in person."

Women are soft-headed creatures. Mamie went and got him something to eat, herself. The darkness that had been increasing for some time came down rapidly and there burst one of those terrific thunder-storms that rather so suddenly and with such fury in this country. After its strength was spent and I remember that it was the most violent of the season, there fell steady sheets of rain that broke Rock Creek over the bridges before morning.

"Madam, it's no use talking. You can't mean to send a fellow out in such a storm," said the tramp, as the three stood on the porch watching the storm.

"I'm sorry, but I've no place for you."

"What, in a house like this. It's a pity there isn't a nunnery for a stormy night. I was walking around it, waiting for the girl, and it seems to me it ought to be able to hold three people."

"You are very impertinent. I tell you I have no place for you, and the storm is already breaking away."

As she spoke even the rain came down in blinding sheets, and lightning streaked the heavens.

"Well," he said, carelessly, "we don't go much on manners on the road, but I know I wouldn't send a dog out such a night as this. I'm not a particular chap, leastwise not nowadays, and I'll have to insist on your giving me some sort of shelter if it's only your dog-kennel."

The man spoke with derision. Mamie felt that after all they were really in his power, and possibly it might be worth while to discovery what she would probably have to do at last.

"I will keep you on one condition," she said. "There is a loft to the house, a sort of garret, which is very comfortable. It is closed with a trap-door, and you may sleep on the lounge there if you will allow us to lock the door on the outside."

"Bless my stars and garters!" he said, looking at her curiously. "I don't care where you lock the door."

They took him up stairs, and he climbed up the steep attic stairs. The women shut the door as he politely bade them good night, and they fastened the padlock, hearing him chuckle to himself as he kicked off his boots.

"I'd take the key, mum," said Sarah.

Mamie took the key with her and the two descended to shut up the house. After they had made everything secure they went back up stairs.

"You must sleep in my room to-night, Sarah," the mistress said. Sarah dragged in her bedding and made a pallet on the floor, and then, after the custom of women, they examined the closets, looked under the bed and piled the chairs against the locked door. The rain was still falling heavily and the night black as ink. The mistress and maid went to bed and, although worried and anxious, finally went to sleep.

After midnight Mamie found herself awake and a bright light shining in the room. She started up and saw that it was the moonlight. The storm had cleared away at last. She got up, unable to compose herself immediately, and went to the window. The moon was, indeed, shining brightly. As she stood looking at the peaceful scene before her she saw way down the road, for it was as bright as day, several horsemen. It was such an unusual sight at this hour that she stood watching them as they came nearer. To her surprise they turned up the lane leading toward their house, and on reaching the gate came into the yard. Now, almost paralyzed with fear, she saw that they were masked. The truth almost blinded her. They knew that she was alone, that she had this money and they had come to get it. For a moment she was paralyzed. She remembered Harry's last words: "You must guard it with your life if necessary."

She ran to the sleeping Sarah and awakened her. She got down Harry's rifle, which he had loaded and taught her to use. The sleeping girl was soon thoroughly awake, and she explained to her their condition.

"It's the tramp that's done it."

"The tramp. No. Sarah, the key, the key of the attic."

She flew up the stairs, unlocked the padlock and opened the trap. The man sprang up at the sound.

"Come, come with me." His own senses alert, and hearing the noise of the horses below and steps about the house, he followed her without a word. At the foot of the stairs she stopped.

"I have a large sum of money in the house, and those men have come to get it, thinking I am alone. If they kill me that money must be guarded."

"What, have you pistols about you?" he whispered, taking in the whole situation.

"Here is my husband's rifle. It is loaded."

"Hist. Where are they going to break in?" The steps came lightly on the piazza to the front door.

"Get behind me. I will fire at the first man that enters. How many barrels are there?"

"Two, all loaded."

"Very well. Keep this cane in your hand for me in case I need it."

"There was no storming of shutters. They heard the key slipped to the door softly. It opened and a man followed by two others confidently entered. The first figure walked directly to the stairs. He had taken but a step when these shots came in rapid succession. There was a heavy thud, the man dropped and the other two turned and fled. Sarah ran to the window and two horses galloped down the lane.

"Don't I make modern shots a good bit to the?" said the tramp.

Mamie caught hold of the man for support and then went upstairs mean "Get a candle, Sarah."

They lighted a candle and gave it to the tramp, who went down stairs, the two women following with wounds and ammonia. The man had fallen backward and lay with his face up and head toward the door.

"Raise the mask and give him air first, madam."

Mamie raised the mask and fell back with a wild shriek.

"Do you want to know now why her hair is white?" he asked.

"It was Harry Wells!" I answered. "It was that smiling, popular young scamp."

He no need to ask why he did it. I don't care. Motives don't matter in such a case. But she, Mamie Mrs. Wells—she has her gray hair, but there is no trace of that midnight tragedy in her face."

"I believe she was ill for a long time," answered my friend. "They say smallpox cures one of other diseases. Well, some griefs are like the smallpox; they cure you of lesser weaknesses. Intolerance of the heart, for example. Yes, I think, was one of them."

"And the tramp?"

"He and Sarah were of course the witnesses at the inquest. The next day he was off on his journey, and I have never heard of him since."—*N. Y. World.*

Some Newly-Discovered Points on Iceland.

Iceland is well located for a summer residence, being in the Northern Atlantic on the confines of the Arctic Ocean. Nearly all the icebergs on their way from the pole to the Gulf of Mexico stop there to wood and water, which has an enlivening effect on business. Iceland has about seventy thousand inhabitants, chiefly of Scandinavian origin, though a Scandinavian race is almost unknown among them. They are strictly honest; an ice house can be left unlocked on the darkest night without a lump being missed.

Iceland was discovered in the eighth century by a Norwegian ice-dealer, who was searching for that commodity on a very mild winter when his usual sources of supply had failed, and he struck this island, which just flowed with it, so he called it Iceland, and a nice land it has been ever since. It was a republic for four hundred years, but now owes allegiance to Denmark. Hamlet, during one of his trips to Iceland, was nearly frozen stiff, which gave rise to his athletic exclamation:

"O, that this too too solid flesh would melt, Thaw, etc."

It was altogether too too for anything.

The island is warmed by numerous volcanoes, and it is a cold day when they get left—without an eruption. If they miss an eruption they are liable to break out with the scurvy, which answers every purpose. Scurvy is the National air of Iceland. When they don't sing that they wear a borealis, which is also a Northern production.

Though Icelanders are a temperate people, they are fond of putting in a glass occasionally, and that is why there are so many glaciers there. Iceland is noted for its hot springs, called geysers. Nearly every resident has one in his back yard, so if the fall and winter proves cold he is sure of a hot spring. Some of the women in big hats that we meet on our streets remind us of those springs, they look so like a geyser.

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Nature has many of what we are accustomed to call the small economies of life. She does nothing without a purpose, and she has a horror of waste. In the world of living beings, particularly, is she careful of her materials. It is no easy lift to bring matter up to the organic level. She has to call in the sun to her assistance, and get their united shoulders under the load, ere it can be raised to the required height; and she can not afford to let it down again while there is any pith left in it.

It is interesting to follow her through this portion of her housekeeping, and watch the care with which she gets all the life-force possible out of her organic stock in trade, letting not a crumb go to waste. She invites a guest with a special appetite for every morsel—guests furnished with teeth to rend, nip and gnaw, claws to tear, augers and chisels to bore and gouge, saws, drills, punches and suction-tubes—that no fragment of the feast shall be left on the unswept tables.

There are guests of every shape, size, and description, alike only in the one particular of being normally hungry. Like the sitters-down at a public dinner, they all seem to have been saving up appetite for the occasion. Some there are, indeed, of such omnivorous tastes that we would be quite willing to have them left out from the general invitation. But that is not Dame Nature's way. Every crumb must be eaten; and we know little of her facility of invention if we imagine that we can not find a tooth for every hard morsel. She is ready for any such emergency, and you will be bound to find some queer creature gnawing away at the indigestible fragment with as much zest as if it were a dish fit for a king.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Women in Horticulture.

Why should not more women be engaged in practical horticulture? There is certainly nothing degrading in the occupation. On the other hand, what can be more elevating and refining than the cultivation of fruits and flowers? In what business can women learn more of the wonderful works of nature, and be brought into direct contact with its laws? We would not urge women to engage in general agriculture, for in this sphere wanting the physical strength necessary for that avocation she would come in contact with many things repugnant to the finer feelings of her nature. But in horticulture she will seldom meet with anything offensive. We would not ask an extensive lot to the drudgery of the business that would have that relegated to such men as seem to have been created to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and whose tastes and aspirations are on the plane those of animals. But what could be more in unison with female refinement than to watch and aid the growth and gathering of our and fairy fruits, especially the small fruits? In all those multitudinous duties so wanting upon gardeners in some form, half-dulling sleep, as it is, as opposed to pure air, the gentle exercise of training in a day to warm a person sufficiently to keep warm and feel buoyant while the mercury is in the cellar, time to stop, the luxury of breathing free, pure air.

Fashion, the tyrant of all, and of many a victim of woman from many of the ills of most disease, and drive from her home to walk the downward path to death or ruin. Should the fashion of the day exist, when our fashionable women need to make good use of the garden, or perhaps will be the just when women to spend about the time for work in the garden and for immediate improvement in the sponge. Experience has taught us that it is highly needful to forbear some I rather for all concerned over the time of removal. In building our trees it is not advisable to wait until the ground is frozen hard, as is often done, which greatly increases the labor and expense. It is only necessary to have a narrow trench about the tree which may be quite near the trunk, the real long damp at this season will be full in the many fibrous roots from falling in the trench, which should be deep enough for cutting down through the horizontal roots, which with most trees will require a depth of from fifteen to twenty inches, having have the fine roots. Having day about all the trees in like manner all you have to do is to wait until the ball of earth is frozen when you have only to chop off the main perpendicular root, and with the trunk for a lever two men can readily load upon a strong boat or sleigh a tree with ball of earth attached, as heavy as a team can haul. When arrived at the place of setting, draw the boat or sleigh near the hole of soil in such a manner that it will incline toward the pit, and in a moment you may slide the tree to its appointed place. Tramp some of the soil from under the dressing around the ball of earth, put the litter about it, and the work is done much better than it could be at any other season of the year, for the multitude of fibrous roots in the ball of earth preserves the tree from any check until the larger roots can throw out a colony from the points where they were cut off. There is no necessity of losing one tree in a hundred by this method, while a large tree can be removed with as much safety as a small one, providing the ball of earth attached be correspondingly enlarged. This method is exceedingly favorable for the rooting of large evergreen trees, which otherwise is attended with much danger of loss from the least delay of the roots. It is a work well adapted to the winter as it can readily be discontinued at an inclement season to be resumed at any favorable moment.—*Dubuque Herald.*

Trees for the Prairie.

At a late meeting of the Iowa State Agricultural Society, at Des Moines, Prof. J. L. Budd, of the Agricultural College, Ames, in a discourse upon Forest Planting, and trees adapted to the farm, a subject to which he has given twenty years study, advises as follows:

In the timber plantation for varied farm uses and manufacturing purposes the few most valuable species should alone be planted. Black Walnut, Butternut, Black Cherry, Honey Locust, Yellow Locust, Green Ash, Hardy Catalpa and White Poplar, would make a very good list for the average farm. Perhaps two of the species named should have a word in their defense, as they are by no means popular at present among our tree planters. The yellow locust is supposed to be subject to the attack of the borers, and abele or white poplar is objected to on account of its tendency to sprouting. In practice the locust has been found exempt from damage where grown intermingled with other timber, and the white poplar has not been subject to sprouting except in outside rows, which may be planted without non-sprouting species. As few of our people have experience with this poplar as a grove tree, I will add that grown quite closely it runs up straight and tall, and with judicious thinning, as it attains size, it makes saw logs sooner than any valuable tree known to our State. The timber is close grained, firm, does not warp, and in Europe is regarded valuable as finishing lumber. It is so much superior in quality of timber to other soft woods doing well with us that it merits the attention of our planters.

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Remedy for White Grubs.

A writer in an exchange says: "I keep my strawberries in circle as I find. Last August I found that the rascals set in July, in mossy hills, well watered, and examining me I found them without roots. Digging and water I saw to grubs were at work. Having spent a good deal of time and pains in caring for my strawberries, I determined to save them. Heating up with this on this point I found some recommended wood ashes, others salt, plaster. Having at hand a ration of ten manure commenced, I took one half bushel of that, one pound of salt, half-bushel wood ashes, one pound of plaster of sulphur, two quarts of soft soap and one quart of salt. This I mixed thoroughly, and every hill affected I filled with this mixture (after digging out the grubs), sprinkling a little of earth over before setting new plants. These plants partly eaten I put in a pan the prepared milk and on a sick after, upon examining them, I found them forming new roots. Never did I see such growth made in strawberries as before. I have also applied this mixture to raspberries that need a vigorous growth. They responded almost immediately. I now keep it on hand, ready to apply to any shrubbery, I find languishing. The soot I regarded as the most valuable insect destroyer. I think it probable that if it was used alone with the lien compost it would be sufficient, but sulphur is a powerful fertilizer to plants, and at the same time very obnoxious to insect life."

Oats—A Change of Seed.

There is a margin that deters rates so fast under ordinary cultivation, particularly in the dry climate of a considerable portion of the United States, as oats. They require a cool and moist climate. They grow well in N. British Isles, and the northern parts of Europe and give yields there which are almost unheard of here.

In the Canadian provinces and the extreme northern part of the United States the deterioration is less rapid, but as crosses toward the south where it is difficult to raise them with any profit.

It is always noticed that heavy oats, weighing perhaps forty-five pounds per measured bushel, imported or bought from the north will in a year or two begin to decrease in weight until finally they become no heavier than the common oat. Very much depends on the seasons, the soil and the cultivation, but the decadence will surely take place. The only apparent remedy is to frequently import seed from those regions where they more nearly reach perfection. Where this has been done once or three or four years the result has been satisfactory. Oats that weigh the heaviest per bushel are not always the most desirable, because they shell more easily when harvesting and usually do not stand up well, which is a serious fault. The points for oats are, weight of grain, stiffness of straw, earliness and of course yield in bushels.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

Figures Never Lie.

There is a clerk in an Austin store who is a wonderful mathematical genius. He beats the world, and his customers, when he comes to add up. A lady bought some groceries a few days ago, and on asking how much she owed, the clerk told her rapidly:

"You had two bits worth of starch, and two bits worth of soap, which makes four bits, and two bits worth of candles, which makes six bits, and you didn't buy any candy, which makes two bits more, so you just owe a dollar and a quarter."

The lady, whose mind was occupied with a new bonnet, absent-mindedly paid over the money and went out.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A meek-faced, plausible young man copied out of the directory the names and addresses of all the pastors in Hannibal, Mo., and began a round of calls at their houses, with a story that he was a theological student in distress. He was careful to belong to the same denomination as the particular minister he was at the time visiting, and his talk was exceedingly deceptive. He went to three parsonages on the first day, getting a meal and some money at each. In the evening, however, one of his helpers overheard him telling his lie to a fourth clergyman, and had him arrested.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—For cold in the head nothing is better than powdered borax snuffed up the nostrils.

—Hemorrhages of the lungs or stomach are promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

—Nearly all of the agricultural work in Prussia is done by women, and the nation is none worse for it. Women are considered far to frail and strong to engage in anything less important than war.

—The taste of proper sweetness can be improved by adding a pinch of salt, or a grain of soda. There is always at least one thing left after breakfast—a bowl of milk, put a little water in the pan and let it boil for a minute or two, and enough enough will be given to flavor the cookies.

—Animals of speed and determination are as much than those of every genuine sporting element of those species. The thoroughbred horse of 1,000 pounds weight, can draw more than a ton of gravel, and can go twice the distance in a day than a mongrel horse of half that weight. Blood is added one dimension to speed, as compared with inferior stock.

—It will be a surprise to some good people to be told that one man made more and finer butter than a hundred farmers' wives put together, and that the butter was of a very superior kind. It is such a case that we have taken pains to find out the facts. It is not to be imitated, however, by the ordinary farmer, for it is the result of a large capital, and of years of experience, and of a very high degree of skill. It is a case in point, however, to show what can be done by a man who devotes himself to the business, and who has the means to do it with. It is not a case for the ordinary farmer to follow, but it is a case for the dairymen of a large section to take a lesson from, and to profit by