

# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

## WHAT HE SAID.

Oh, yes, I'll tell you the story—  
The very words that were said,  
You say the supper was cooking,  
And I was sitting next to you.  
And Richard came into the partry;  
His face was exceedingly red.  
He opened his half-shut fingers,  
And gave me the glimpse of a ring;  
And then—oh, yes, I remember,  
The better to see the diamond,  
And I came up to see the baby—  
The youngest bit of a thing.  
And the biscuits were out in a minute—  
Well, what came next? Let me see—  
Oh, Fanny was there with the baby,  
And we all sat down to tea.  
And grandma looked over her glasses  
So queer at Richard and me.  
But it wasn't till after milking  
That he said what he had to say,  
How was it? Oh, Fanny had taken  
The baby and gone away.  
The funny roze of a fellow—  
He had a new tooth that day.  
We were standing under the plum-tree,  
And Richard said something low,  
And trembled, I almost know,  
For old Ned is the hardest of milkers,  
And I should be a horrible slow.  
And that—let me see—where was I?  
Oh, the star-gate chick overhead,  
Till the chickens flew up to bed,  
Well, he loved me, and we're to be married—  
And that is about what he said.—  
*—Surprise Herald.*

## HENNIKER'S DOWNFALL.

The idea of marrying for money was distasteful to Frank Henniker. Like most men, no matter how "fast," he had looked forward in his inner heart to a time in the future when he should find a woman who truly loved him and should settle down into a quiet life and be very happy; and this ideal of thought of marrying for money dissipated. That it would be possible for him so to do he had not the slightest doubt. Without being concerned he yet knew that he was more than tolerably good-looking, a gentleman and possessed of manners and bearing that insured him, at any rate among the younger members of his acquaintance, a hearty welcome wherever he went. But to marry for money—to give up all his sentimental ideas of finding a disposition that would be thoroughly congenial to his own—to marry a girl who in all probability would not have a single thought of feeling in common with him—this was, indeed, a bitter pill to swallow.

It was, however, no time for natty-pumpy sentiment. Ruin was staring him in the face, and disgrace was not so very far behind but that he could see the coming shadow. There could be no doubt about it; he must marry for money. Disagreeable as the phrase was, it must be taken, and upon whom should he choose to fall?

Contemplating thus within himself, his eye fell upon a letter in a rack above the chimney-piece, the address of which was written in a pretty feminine hand. Surely here was the very thing! That same morning he had received an invitation from an exceedingly wealthy cotton spinner in Manchester, to whom he had recently had the opportunity of being of some service in town, asking him to spend Whitsuntide with him. This cotton spinner was a widower, and had an only child, a daughter. Thoughtfully Henniker opened the letter and read it through. The contents ran thus:

"THE MIDLANDS, DUNSBURY, May 14, 18—  
"DEAR MR. HENNIKER: Papa, for whom I am acting as secretary, wishes to know if you will be in the country in the latter part of this month. He understood I think from what you said when we were in town, that you were not engaged for that season. If you will let me know when and by what train we may expect you, the carriage shall meet you at the station. Papa sends his kind regards and hopes you will come. Believe me, yours very truly,  
"LILY MAITLAND."

"Lily," mused Henniker, as he laid down the letter— "a pretty name! And it is a nice ladylike hand she writes. I wonder what she is like? Just the opposite of the name, I dare say—a short, stout, awkward girl with large red hands and tremendous feet, who blushes fearfully whenever she is addressed and hasn't a word to say for herself if it is not difficult to understand what the daughter of an uneducated cotton-spinner brought up under the extreme restraining influence of Manchester society, will be like. Or perhaps she is one of the 'land school,' bold and masculine, a perfect boy in petticoats. There's something rather free and easy about the letter, now I come to think of it though it is written so nicely. However, as I have decided that she is to be my future wife, it is scarcely wise to pull her to pieces. I'm in for the race now, and it would only be the act of a very foolish man to depreciate the prize," and, pulling a writing-case towards him, he hastily wrote an acceptance of Mr. Maitland's kind invitation, promising to be in Manchester on the day but one afterwards.

It was with no very pleasant feelings that Frank Henniker travelled down from Euston on the day appointed. Mr. Maitland was not at home, the butler who opened the door at the Midlands informed him, not having yet returned from business, but Miss Maitland was in the drawing-room, if he would be pleased to wait that way; and thither accordingly he directed his steps. As he entered, a tall, fair girl of about twenty-two rose from her seat at the far end of the room, where she had been reading and advanced to meet him.

She was very different from his anticipations. He thought, as he shook hands with her. This was certainly not the rotund, insignificant-looking girl he had prophesied himself to see. On the contrary, she was infinitely more ladylike, both in her appearance and her manner, than many of the aristocratic friends he had met in London, and she had one of the sweetest faces he thought he had ever seen. With easy grace she led him to the house, exclaiming that his father's business as a matter of necessity, and then she resumed her seat and they entered into conversation. Instinctively during it all Henniker felt that her clear, brown eyes were scrutinizing him closely, that she was, as it were, summing him up and making a mental estimate of his value. He began to take an interest in the girl, and the more so because he felt that he had previously done her an injustice.

The butler came in presently to show Henniker to his room, and when the young man went back, he found Miss Maitland with her hat and jacket on.

"I thought you would perhaps like to look round the grounds if you are not too tired with your journey," she said.

He answered that he should be only too pleased, and they at once sallied out together.

Going along she gave him little descriptions of the neighborhood, showed him her canine pets, the horses, et cetera, and did her best to entertain him. Henniker found himself listening in a way that he could hardly have believed possible. The girl had a wonderfully attractive manner—she was so easy and unaffected, so thoroughly unconscious that she was beautiful and stylish, so different from the parrot-girls of society whom he had previously met, and yet so completely their equal in the finer attributes of good society, in grace and refinement, with tenfold more depth of character and cultivation, that Henniker enjoyed his walk as he had never enjoyed any walk before. He almost forgot that his companion was only an uneducated cotton-spinner's daughter.

It was about five o'clock when they had finished their rounds and tea was served in the drawing-room. Henniker was surprised. It seemed that these Manchester people lived like other folk and were as well-bred in their habits as the friends he had left in London. At dinner, too, there was none of that gorgeous display of plate that he had been led to expect. Everything was conducted quietly and unostentatiously. Mr. Maitland, perhaps, to those who did not know him, was the better upon the scene. He certainly was a trifle vulgar. His friends' lost sight of this in their warm appreciation of his sterling good-nature. No better-hearted, more generous-minded man than Walter Maitland ever lived. Originally the salesman in a small warehouse in Spring Gardens, he had, by dint of steady industry and unwearied perseverance, raised himself to his present position among the most honored of Manchester merchants. But, unlike the majority of men who have risen solely through their own exertions, his success had not made him arrogant and self-assertive, nor was he in the habit of boasting of his achievement. He knew that, comparatively speaking, he was an ignorant man and he never did so ostentatiously. Kind to a fault, always willing to assist any one in distress, innocent as a child in many of the world's ways, wearing his heart upon his sleeve, and as unaffected as the day on which he was born, Walter Maitland, to those who knew him, was a man to respect, to honor and to love.

Fortunately Frank Henniker did not know him, and he was obliged to judge him by outward appearance. He felt strongly that this old gentleman who sat at the head of the table, who laughed so loudly and so heartily at his own jokes, who often dropped his "his," and mispronounced his words, was a very vulgar being. Henniker had been brought up in an exclusive set, with whom faults of breeding were matters that could never be atoned for, even by the best qualities of disposition. At dinner, unconsciously to himself, he could not help showing the direction in which his thoughts lay. However, it passed off very well, and Mr. Maitland did not perceive that his guest was a trifle offended, not to say disgusted, with his ways. But once or twice Henniker caught the daughter looking at him with an expression on her face which he could not understand. It puzzled him.

After dinner, in the drawing-room, she sang songs for him; and again Henniker was thrown into a state of wonderment, such a thrilling voice, so touching in its tender pathos, he had never heard. It entranced him, and he remained fascinated by the piano all the time that she was singing. But when he showed symptoms of the great delight that he felt, Miss Maitland at once rose from her seat, and rather coldly refused to sing any more.

Henniker's thoughts, as he sat in his bedroom that night, were anything but pleasant. Above everything he felt thoroughly angry and dissatisfied with himself. He had acted, it seemed to him, very like a fool. He had come from London full of self-conceit, complacently satisfied that the people he was going to see were an inferior order of creation to himself, quite an inferior order of beings, living in a common uneducated way, but to a man of cultivated tastes would be most objectionable, and here he found them every one refined in their habits, as himself, and with none of that ostentatious display which he had so confidently expected. It was really most mortifying.

Then there was the daughter. He had actually thought of this girl as if he would be conferring a favor on her by asking her to marry him!

The fact was that Henniker was as much in love with Lily Maitland as it is possible for a young fellow to be in love with a girl after only eight hours' acquaintance.

So the days passed until Whit-Sunday was at hand. Those days had enlightened Henniker very much as to Mr. Maitland's true character. He had been among his work-people and had seen how they all revered and respected him, he had seen how considerate and thoughtful he was towards them, and he had heard from the people in the neighborhood of the Midlands how good and useful he was. But, more than all, he had been brought into contact with the man himself, and he had had time and opportunity to become acquainted with his disposition and to mark the many traits of nobility and generosity and the nobility of character showed themselves. The result was a total revision of feeling towards Mr. Maitland almost as complete as that towards his daughter.

It was the evening before Whit-Sunday, the time about six. Henniker, who had been out riding, went to the drawing-room, not expecting to find any one there, for Lily had driven into town to make some purchases, and he hardly fancied she could have returned yet. He was mistaken, however, for she was seated before the fire and in so deep a reverie that he had to speak to her before she became aware of his presence.

"Your thoughts seem to be absent ones, Miss Maitland, if one may judge

from the expression of your face," he said, as he took a seat near her.

She started violently and a hot color stole into her cheeks. Henniker wondered why she should blush so much at such apparently innocent words.

It was but momentary, however, and when the flush died away it seemed to leave her face paler than usual.

"Thoughts at Whitsuntide ought to be pleasant, Mr. Henniker," she said; "but I don't know that mine were particularly happy. Did you enjoy your ride?"

"Very much. Sam as I think you call him, carried me splendidly, and I had no idea the country about Manchester was so interesting. It is really very pretty out beyond Cheshire."

"I am glad you liked it, you will, at any rate, have one pleasant remembrance of Manchester to carry away with you."

There was something in the tone in which she said this—something half sad and reproachful—that caused Henniker to lose his head.

"There is one remembrance that will always be inexpressibly dear to me," he said, in a low voice.

The moment he had spoken he felt that he had betrayed himself. There was no turning back now; come what might, he must go on. A choking sensation rose in his throat, but he resolutely forced it back and steeled himself for the coming ordeal.

The flush again rose to her cheek. It was impossible to mistake his meaning. For a moment what he would have construed as almost a happy look came over her face; but it passed away quickly, and her features grew hard and set.

"I hardly understand you," she said, nervously; and he noticed that despite her efforts to remain composed, the hand nearest him was trembling violently.

"The dearest remembrance I shall have when I leave Manchester will be of yourself," he said, "I scarcely intended to make this avowal so soon, Miss Maitland, but now that circumstances have led up to it, it would simply be cowardice if I did not speak plainly. I love you! I know that this is a great presumption on my part, and that I am not half worthy of you, but, indeed, I couldn't help myself. It was impossible to be in the same house with you without loving you. Oh, my darling, if you only knew how much I love you, how passionately, since I came here, I have hung upon every look and every smile you have given me, surely your heart would come out to me as my heart has gone out to you. Will you try to love me, Lily? Will you be my wife?"

He had flung himself upon the ground beside her as he spoke and had clasped her hand in his. For a moment she permitted it to remain there unresisting, while her whole woman's nature seemed to respond to his appeal; then, with a sudden effort, she drew herself away and rose to her feet.

"No, I will not be your wife!" she said, with flashing eyes and quivering mouth. "Mr. Henniker, you came here despising us poor Manchester people. You thought we were half savages, devoid of all cultivation and refinement. From the height of your intellectual superiority you looked down upon us and ridiculed us. I saw it in your manner, in your looks. Among others you thought it to despise was my father, one of the best, the noblest of men. You scorned his speech and manners because he did not happen to have been so fortunate as yourself in receiving a good education, but had worked his way upwards by energy and industry from a comparatively low rank in life. I saw quite clearly what was passing in your mind. And do you suppose I would marry such a man? No—a thousand times no!"

Henniker had grown very pale.

"Will you listen to me for a moment, Miss Maitland?" he said very quietly as she turned to leave the room.

"For what purpose?" she asked, the tone of passionate indignation still thrilling her voice. "Do you fancy you could alter my decision? Never! Even the daughter of a Manchester merchant has some little respect for herself and her relatives. I am ashamed of the man who is ashamed of my father. If you would go down on your knees and offer me all the riches the world contains I would not marry you! The subject had better be dropped between us."

In another minute she had swiftly, but none too stealthily, ascended the stairs, and was lying on her bed, her face pressed into the bed-clothes, sobbing as if her heart would break. Only a woman after all!

Whit-Sunday that year was a glorious day. All nature seemed at her brightest.

Mr. Maitland, Henniker and Lily went to church. Coming back the merchant joined a friend, and Henniker and Lily were perforce thrown together.

He had seen very little of her since the affair of the previous evening. When they had met she was shy and constrained. In church he had once or twice cast quiet glances at her—indeed, his thoughts were far more occupied with the pretty figure dressed in black at his side than with the service; but her eyes at such times were always downcast, and her attention seemed wholly riveted on her prayer-book.

Henniker was terribly dejected, and he looked quite pale and haggard. He felt that he could endure this torture no longer. To be in the same house with this girl whom he loved with all the strength and ardency of a particularly strong nature, to feel the constant charm and attraction of her presence, and to know that she was not for ever to be his, and to realize that it was entirely through his own fault that he had missed winning her, was more than he could bear. He would go away, but before he went he would explain matters to her.

The walked alone in silence for some distance. At length Henniker said, with a slight effort, "I am sorry, Miss Maitland, that I should still stay to offend you by my presence. Believe me, I would willingly have gone away last evening could I have done so—indeed, it is misery for me now to remain here. But, as Mr. Maitland expressly asked me for Whit-Sunday, it is well made to run away on the very eve of it; and indeed I could think of no excuse that would justify

such a course without introducing your name into the matter."

"I hope you won't think of leaving on my account," she interrupted hurriedly.

"As this, however, is perhaps the last time I shall have the opportunity of speaking to you alone," he went on, without noticing her remark, "I should like, if you will bear with me, to say a word in answer to your charge of last night. I will speak frankly to you, Miss Maitland. I did come down to Manchester with the views you describe, and I was an ignorant man in doing so—far more ignorant than the very people whom I despised. I did not think your father well educated or well bred; but I see now how wrong I was to judge a man by a few external characteristics, for I have discovered that he possesses a true nobility of disposition before which I, with my small narrow mind, ought to blush. I am all the better for having known your father, Miss Maitland; and I have received a much-needed lesson that I hope I shall never forget. But I will confess more than that. There shall be nothing but truth between us now. After to-day I shall never see you again; but, at any rate, I shall have the consolation of thinking that there was no deceit on between us. When I came to Manchester, I did so with a purpose—I came to marry you. 'To marry me!' she exclaimed, startled out of her silence by surprise.

"Yes, to marry you."

"But you had never seen me."  
"I know that; but I had heard of you. I knew that you were wealthy, or rather that your father was. I was poor and unfortunate—ruin was staring me in the face. I determined to come to Manchester, and, if possible, to marry you, to relieve myself from my debts. But before I had been twenty-four hours in the house circumstances altered my case. I was now really, honestly in love with you. I could only think of the motive with which I had come to Manchester with horror. More than once I determined to run away—to leave you—to get back to London, and, beginning a new and better life, to face my ruin like a man; but the sight of your face chained me to the spot. I could not bear to part from you—I was powerless. I dare say, Miss Maitland, you think all I have said the mere emotional talk of a man of the world, accomplished in such matters, but, fortunately for me, I have the means of convincing you of the sincerity of my words. By this morning's post I had a letter announcing to me the death of an uncle, to whose property I succeeded. I am now a richer man than your father. Will you come to me, Lily—just as you are, without a penny? If you like, we will live in Manchester, and your father shall stay with us. I shall be proud to live under the same roof with such a man. Oh, my darling, do have mercy on me! Don't be hard upon me! I can't part with you, you are the whole world to me!"

She could not speak—she would have burst out crying if she had attempted to do so; but somewhere from the folds of her jacket there came a little hand, and it was held out in a half plaintive fashion towards him. He took it in his, and the compact was sealed.

"You were awfully severe on me last night, Lily," he said later in the day when they were alone in the drawing-room.

"No, I was; but I never said one thing," she remarked, shyly.

"What was that?" he asked.  
"That I did not care for you—because I did, you know," she added, with delicious naïveté.

Such was Henniker's downfall—that he, a man of family and high social position, should marry the daughter of a Manchester cotton-merchant! There are some people, however, who consider it was no downfall at all; and among such most emphatically was Henniker himself.—*Family Herald.*

## "Crowded Out."

"I've treated in a shameful manner," he began yesterday, as he heaved a policeman on Grafton street.

"Have the boys been after you again?"

"No, der boys vvas all right. It vvas a young man who makes a fool of me. He comes into my place two or three weeks ago and says he vvas a society reporter not a laborer. Dot vvas all right. If anybody likes my society I do n' bounce him out."

"What did he want?"

"Vvhel, pe-yund by he says to me: 'Mister Onderdunker, how you like me to say in der paper dot your daughter Katie got a hary last week and everyting vvas lovely like Boston style? Vvhel, I feels tickled dot my Katie vvas to be in der bapers, and I set oop der peer.'

"Nopody sees. After awhile der reporter comes around and tells me dot it vvas growded out. He fees very sorry, but he can't help it, and py-undy he says: 'Mr. Onderdunker, how you like me say in der baper dot your white vvas in Toledo on a visit mit friends?' Vvhel, I like dot. My white vvas home mit der kitchen, but it looks vvhel in der baper dot she goes off on a visit."

"And you set up the beer?"

"Yes, I like him to make a fine notice, but it doan't come out in de baper. He comes around in a few days and says it vvas growded out, but he vvas sorry and can't help it. I vvas mad, but py-undy he says: 'Mr. Onderdunker, how you like me to say dot you got a coffee mit your painted residence, and dot it vvas der most recherche affair der season?' Vvhel, I always have some coffee for breakfast, and if der vvas some recherche around here I like some in my family. I fees vvas and vvas as good as anybody. I tells him to go ahead mit his beer, and he fills oop mit beer and goes out."

"And it didn't come out?"

"Not on dot! He vvas a shwindler. I found out he vvas a house painter. You see how you can fool a man when you ticksles him saint right."

"Well, he's so much ahead."

"Maybe he vvas, but in a day or two he vvas come pack for some more beer. Den I shall fix an item like dis: 'Our fellow-townsmen, Mr. Onderdunker, who vvas in Detroit ten years and bays his taxes, can mop somebody all oaf der floor, and break his bones, and black his eyes, and step on him in such recherche style as beats Boston all to pieces in der middle of last week!'—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Roots.

Those farmers who never grow a crop of roots have missed valuable experience. A good stock of roots, in the cellar at the outset of winter very much simplifies the business of feeding. It matters very little what kinds of roots are grown; every animal upon the farm is contented and happy with any of them. And certainly the farmer who once experiences their value will rarely after be without a stock of them. But as one can not enjoy perfect happiness without a preparatory term of discipline and culture, so the root-grower, before he achieves full success, has some tribulation to pass through. It is not so easy to grow roots as to grow corn—at the first start of the crop—because of the tenderness of the young plants and their frail hold upon the soil. Rough culture will kill them before it will hurt the weeds; while corn, being strongly and deeply rooted, can be hoed, and even harrowed, while it is small, without injury. It is necessary, therefore, that the land should be clean and rich for roots; clean, that the crop may not be smothered by weeds or disturbed by their removal, and rich, that the plants may be quickly pushed ahead of their early weak condition.

The roots chiefly grown are turnips, rutabagas, mangolds and sugar beets. A good deal is said and written about growing carrots and parsnips by persons who never grow one, but practically these are garden crops rather than field crops for the farm. They are the most difficult of all roots to grow and the most laborious to harvest, because of their length and slenderness and the readiness with which they are broken. Nor are they any more nutritious than other roots, notwithstanding the oft-repeated statements to the contrary. Of all the roots sugar-beets contain the largest quantity of nutritious substance, rutabagas next, then mangels, parsnips and carrots, and turnips last of all. Sugar beets and mangels are the most easily grown, because they are not subject to the attacks of the flea-beetle, which often ruins the young turnips before they are beyond their first leaves, and the most easily harvested, because they grow mostly out of the ground. The soil for roots should be well prepared. Full manuring and plowing are required for the best results, and the manure should be decomposed, and thorough pulverization of the soil is indispensable. Early planting is required, and the first week in May is a good season to get the seed in. We have grown excellent mangels and sugar beets from June planting, but as the roots are tender and are injured by early frosts, it is well to have the crop dug out of the way before there is danger of freezing, and to run no more risk than can be helped. This seeding is advisable, as the seed is often far from as good as it might be, and an even stand is desirable, to have the rows well filled up. It is not worth while to try to transplant roots into vacant spaces; it is a great deal of labor, and generally the work is thrown away, because the transplanted roots make but a weak growth. It is far cheaper to use two pounds more of seed to the acre than to have many vacant spaces in the rows, as the cost of the seed is one dollar, while the loss in the crop may easily amount to several tons through imperfect seed. Six pounds of beet or mangel seed to the acre, with rows thirty inches apart; two pounds of rutabagas or turnips, and five pounds of carrots or parsnips are sufficient. The seed should be covered at least one inch, and the ground over the seed should be rolled. A small seed-drill is generally used for sowing the seeds, and it covers them at the same time. By the help of the drill four acres can be sown in one day by a man or boy. The drill leaves the seed sown in rows that are marked by the roller, so that the spaces can be worked without delay by the horse-hoe, which is necessary to be done soon to prevent the growth of weeds. A week after planting is long enough to defer this first cultivation. When the plants appear in the rows they are to be hoed out to ten inches apart. After this the whole work consists in keeping the crop clear of weeds up to the time when the growth of the leaves shades the ground sufficiently. In thinning out the rows the work is done very conveniently by running a hand cultivator across the rows, by which the ten-inch spaces are cut out very much more quickly than by the hoe.—*N. Y. Times.*

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## Roots.

These farmers who never grow a crop of roots have missed valuable experience. A good stock of roots, in the cellar at the outset of winter very much simplifies the business of feeding. It matters very little what kinds of roots are grown; every animal upon the farm is contented and happy with any of them. And certainly the farmer who once experiences their value will rarely after be without a stock of them. But as one can not enjoy perfect happiness without a preparatory term of discipline and culture, so the root-grower, before he achieves full success, has some tribulation to pass through. It is not so easy to grow roots as to grow corn—at the first start of the crop—because of the tenderness of the young plants and their frail hold upon the soil. Rough culture will kill them before it will hurt the weeds; while corn, being strongly and deeply rooted, can be hoed, and even harrowed, while it is small, without injury. It is necessary, therefore, that the land should be clean and rich for roots; clean, that the crop may not be smothered by weeds or disturbed by their removal, and rich, that the plants may be quickly pushed ahead of their early weak condition.

The roots chiefly grown are turnips, rutabagas, mangolds and sugar beets. A good deal is said and written about growing carrots and parsnips by persons who never grow one, but practically these are garden crops rather than field crops for the farm. They are the most difficult of all roots to grow and the most laborious to harvest, because of their length and slenderness and the readiness with which they are broken. Nor are they any more nutritious than other roots, notwithstanding the oft-repeated statements to the contrary. Of all the roots sugar-beets contain the largest quantity of nutritious substance, rutabagas next, then mangels, parsnips and carrots, and turnips last of all. Sugar beets and mangels are the most easily grown, because they are not subject to the attacks of the flea-beetle, which often ruins the young turnips before they are beyond their first leaves, and the most easily harvested, because they grow mostly out of the ground. The soil for roots should be well prepared. Full manuring and plowing are required for the best results, and the manure should be decomposed, and thorough pulverization of the soil is indispensable. Early planting is required, and the first week in May is a good season to get the seed in. We have grown excellent mangels and sugar beets from June planting, but as the roots are tender and are injured by early frosts, it is well to have the crop dug out of the way before there is danger of freezing, and to run no more risk than can be helped. This seeding is advisable, as the seed is often far from as good as it might be, and an even stand is desirable, to have the rows well filled up. It is not worth while to try to transplant roots into vacant spaces; it is a great deal of labor, and generally the work is thrown away, because the transplanted roots make but a weak growth. It is far cheaper to use two pounds more of seed to the acre than to have many vacant spaces in the rows, as the cost of the seed is one dollar, while the loss in the crop may easily amount to several tons through imperfect seed. Six pounds of beet or mangel seed to the acre, with rows thirty inches apart; two pounds of rutabagas or turnips, and five pounds of carrots or parsnips are sufficient. The seed should be covered at least one inch, and the ground over the seed should be rolled. A small seed-drill is generally used for sowing the seeds, and it covers them at the same time. By the help of the drill four acres can be sown in one day by a man or boy. The drill leaves the seed sown in rows that are marked by the roller, so that the spaces can be worked without delay by the horse-hoe, which is necessary to be done soon to prevent the growth of weeds. A week after planting is long enough to defer this first cultivation. When the plants appear in the rows they are to be hoed out to ten inches apart. After this the whole work consists in keeping the crop clear of weeds up to the time when the growth of the leaves shades the ground sufficiently. In thinning out the rows the work is done very conveniently by running a hand cultivator across the rows, by which the ten-inch spaces are cut out very much more quickly than by the hoe.—*N. Y. Times.*

## HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

Onion tops are an excellent green food for poultry.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Spirits of hartshorn will cure bee stings. If you have none, try laking powder. Camphor is good.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* thinks an inverted soil produces by far the largest and best crop of Lima beans. A very rich garden soil produces a rank growth of vines and a late crop.

A New York gardener raises twenty-one hundred dollars worth of horse-radish on an acre of ground. He grows the root, grates and bottles it, and puts on the market. The roots return him twenty-one cents per pound.

A very nice way to cook veal-cutlets is to dip them into a well-beaten egg, then cover them with fine cracker-crumbs; melt some butter and lard in the frying-pan, and cook the cutlets slowly in it; season with pepper and salt, and serve with catsup or currant jelly.—*N. Y. Post.*

"Children's pocket cakes" are made of one pint of flour mixed with the yolk of one egg; sweeten with a cup of soft brown sugar, flavor with any favorite seasoning, mace, or nutmeg, or cinnamon. Roll out quite thin and cut in fancy shapes. Bake quickly.—*Boston Globe.*

If a pasture-field is covered with sticks and stones, as is frequently the case, they should not be allowed to occupy the ground simply because it is a pasture. It pays to keep the pasture land clean as well as it does other fields. Could the dumb animals speak they would concur in the above.

Hoe often and deep, is the motto of the successful gardener; but refrain from watering, except in extreme cases where it is necessary to keep the plants alive. Instead of watering a little and often, water only in extreme cases of dry weather, and then give them a soaking every week or ten days in the evening, with rain or pond water.—*Troy Times.*

In most farmers' gardens tomato plants are on soil so rich that they grow an unwieldy mass of vines, and the fruit ripens slowly and rots easily. Where they are grown for market it has been found advisable to plant on rather poor soil, and if the plants make too much growth pinch the shoots to produce fruitfulness.—*Cincinnati Times.*

I. H. Bailey says a vigorous mule-coin will produce 600,000 seeds, enough to stock a whole farm, and some to spare for the neighbors. The plant is biennial, one year a rosette of woolly leaves, next year a rigid flower-stalk, which dies with the rest of the plant. At any time before the production of seeds a single clip with the hoe prevents further mischief.—*Boston Herald.*

Sponge Pudding: Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, two table-spoons of water, one-half tea-spoon of soda and one and one-half tea-spoons of cream tartar. Beat the eggs thoroughly, mix cream tartar with the flour and dissolve the soda in the cold water, adding it last. Bake in a large roasting pan, spread the batter thinly and bake ten minutes. When done spread with currant jelly, roll while warm and lay in clean towel in the warming oven till ready to serve.—*Exchange.*

## Raising Corn-Fodder.

There are some important points in raising corn-fodder which have never been sufficiently settled by accurate experiment, but which are worthy of careful trial by farmers who are willing to give the necessary attention, as well as by experiment stations.

Among other practical questions, it is whether the fodder should be sown so thickly in the furrow as to prevent the formation of ears, giving all the strength of the land to the stalks; or whether more valuable feed may be obtained from an acre by