RED CLOUD CHIEF

FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1890

A. C. HOSMER - - Proprietor

FARM TOPICS.

Feeding Stock Simplified by Growing Root Crops—Protection from Cyclones.

Varieties of the Cutworm and Their Destructiveness—Drinking Fountains for Fowls.

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 kind of roots are grown; every animal on the farm is contented and happy with any of them. And certainly the farmer who once experiences their value will rarely be without a stock of them. But as one cannot enjoy perfect happiness without a preparatory term of discipline and culture, so the root-grower, before he achieves full success has some tribulations 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 plants may not be smothered by weeds or disturbed by their removal, and rich, that the plants may be pushed rapidly ahead of their early weak condition.

The roots chiefly grown are turnips, rutabagas, mangels, and sugar beets. A great deal is said about growing carrots and parsnips by persons who never grew one, but practically these are garden crops rather than field crops for the farm. They are the most difficult of all root crops 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, then mangels, rutabagas next, 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. Fail manuring and plowing are required for the best results, and the manure should be decomposed, and thorough pulverization of the soil is indispensible. Early planting is required and the first week in May is a good time to get the seed in. We have grown excellent mangels and sugar beets from June planting, but as the roots are tender and injured by the early frosts, it is well to have the crop dug and out of the way before there is danger of freezing, and to run no more risks than are necessary. This early 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 plants into the vacant spaces; it is a great deal of labor and generally the labor 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 $1, while the loss to the crop may easily be 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 a drill, four acres can be sown in a day by a man or a 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 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 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 very much more quickly than by the hoe.—*New York Times.*

THE ENEMIES OF CORN.

Every farmer's son knows the cutworm, a greasy, bloated, wanton curse. We can say no good of him. He is a night marauder. He is not a foreigner as is the Hessian fly or cabbage-worm. The Indians fought him and hated him.

There are 12 varieties of cut-worms, all night workers and from night moths. They do immense damage to all tender growth. Some climb trees and destroy fruit buds. In England and Europe they often destroy a third of the crop, and some years here they destroy whole crops of garden truck, and cut down the stand of corn so as to necessitate replanting. They simply cut the plant asunder and move on to destroy rather than to feed. They riot in their wantonness and are as mean a public enemy as the court house burnors of Cincinnati. They infest our fields, gardens and orchards every year, and destroy at least 25 per cent. of our crops, yet we farmers have to fight them single handed. They are so sneaking in their methods, work in the dark and hide under ground, so that few farmers know their origin and ways well enough to fight them successfully.

Riley and Cook have not found the salt, soot, ashes and the like recommended by the farmers, to be reliable. The French peasant has his children follow the plow when breaking the land. The children pick up the cutworms and their pupa, and the grubworm and the wire-worm and their pupa, and feed them to the pigs and the chickens. Where children are abundant this is a profitable way to employ them. In some crops we can go over them in the morning and see the plants cut, which is a signal that the destroyer is hid away just under the ground. Dig him out and crush him, and stop his evil career.

Late fall and early spring plowing exposes them to the birds and pigs. Merely turning of the ground exposes some to the cuts and diminishes the number. We used to think that dislodging them from their winter quarters by late fall plowing would destroy many. Prof. Cook says a cut-worm will stand 60 degrees below zero and be ready for business on the approach of spring.

The gardener can afford to wrap a smooth piece of paper around the stalk of cabbage or other valuable plant, as the cut-worm cannot cut the paper or climb it.

Dr. Brewer says that he saw a robin for days feed its young with the moth of the cut-worm, and the number destroyed was immense.

The grub-worm is a sleek old sneak. The hard-shelled brown beetle that comes into our rooms at night and bumps against the light and the wall and ceiling in the months of May and June is called the dor beetle. From his slow ways we have the expressions "dumb as a beetle," and "beetle-headed."

This beetle lays fifty eggs or more near the roots of plants and grass, and they hatch out young grub-worms, which feed on the tender roots and descend into the ground as the winter approaches. This grub-worm lives three years and feeds off the roots of grass and vegetation, when it becomes a full grown grub, wrinkled and with a brown head. In the third autumn it forms a cocoon of earth, in which it purpates until the next May or June, when it comes forth a beetle, to go the same round of night marauding. This grub-worm is more to be dreaded, because he continues able three years to destroy our meadows and crops, and when he comes as a beetle the beetle forages all night and is very destructive on fruit buds and tender shrubs.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

PROTECTION FROM CYCLONES.

Many lives were lost last year in consequence of farm houses being demolished by cyclones. In repeated cases the occupants saved themselves by going into cellars. The cellar, however, is in many respects a dangerous place of escape in case of wind of sufficient force to blow over a building. Timbers, boards, bricks, articles of furniture, stoves and cooking utensils are very apt to fall on the persons who have taken refuge from the gale in the cellar under the house. A place promising greater safety is an excavation at some distance from the house. It should be large enough to allow all the members of the family to enter it. It need not contain many conveniences. If there is a small hill in the vicinity of the house the excavation may be made in the side of it opposite to that from which the prevailing winds come. If the soil is composed principally of clay no protection will be needed for the sides. The opening should be on the side opposite to the prevailing winds. It should have a covering that will keep out the rain, but it should not fit so tightly as to prevent the circulation of air. It should be provided with stone or wooden steps to aid in entering it quickly. The indications of the approach of a cyclone have been described so many times that most persons are able to predict when one is in motion in time to escape to a place of safety.

DRINKING FOUNTAIN FOR FOWLS.

A very simple device as a substitute for a drinking fountain is that in use by a young poultry keeper. He whittles a wooden plug, which he fits from the outside into the aperture in the bottom of an ordinary flower-pot. Then filling the pot with water he covers it with an inverted earthenware dish and turns it over so that the pot stands bottom side up. Owing to the lack of pressure by the exclusion of the air, the water oozes out slowly into the pan or dish below, so slowly, indeed, that it is occasionally necessary to loosen the plug for a moment to allow a little into the pot. The lower pan, or dish, should be about two inches larger in diameter than the rim of the flower-pot, and not more than one and a half or two inches deep. The circular shape allows a number of hens to drink at the same time, and is quite as effective in keeping the water fresh and clean as a more expensive fountain, besides being available to everyone. The lower or drinking pan may be of metal, but an earthenware dish is the most desirable. For very young chicks the saucer of a flower pot, several sizes larger than the one in use would be deep enough.

"Old Si" on Walking Matches.

Old Si had accomplished one or two extra errands and was disposed to call attention to an ingrowing nail on one of the toes of his off foot.

"Speaking of toes and heels and such soleful subjects, what do you think of walking matches, old man?" chipped in the sporting reporter.

"Well, ain't got much stuck yit on dese heah cirkus sort o' walkin' matches you young men is in a habit of habin' roun' town, but walkin' matches is mightily favorite wid me ef dey is on'y de right kin' er ones. An' I'se pow'ful sorry I doan't see mo' folkes enterin' inter dem dan I dose dese days."

"Well, what kind of matches do you bet on?"

"Fus'ly, I likes ter see men whar's got good sicherwations an' am trus'ed wid udder people's money, walkin' stratefor'ard an' tryin' ter see who kin walk de mos' uprightly. De man whar goes in fur dat, squar heel an' toe, six days ebery week, won't neber be 'poted in de papers fer walkin' out er town arter dark an' boa'din a freight trane at de water tank."

"Good enough! What else?"

"Den I likes ter see men whar is allus tryin' ter see how menny laps dey kin make roun' all de bar-rooms in town widout restin' in one ob dem to take er drink. De man whar keeps pilin up his sko' in dat walk won't neber be heer'd ob walkin' ter de stashun house wid a figger 8 gait twixt de police fer beetin' ob his wife an' er 'glectin' ob his chillun."

"Any more?"

"An I likes ter see all de big men an' bankers dat keeps de peeple's konfidence an' money walk out from 'mong de gamblers an' break inter a run when dey pass by de grab-bag er speckerlashun. Ef dey do dat dey'll be mighty tickeled w'en dey sees de rikord on de k'-boad ob Heaben! I tell yer, boss, dems de walkin' matches dat we wants ter make pop'lar now days, an' w'en I sees a man dat I knows is doin his laps an' his miles in one ob dem contes' ye'll purty soon ketch me close up ter de pool-box dumpin' my munny fer tickets wid his name spelt on 'em wid big red letters."

"Satisfied that this outburst would do instead of the usual Saturday night moral lecture, the old man closed his eyes and went off into a go-as-you-please afternoon nap.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The British Church Missionary Society's income at the birth of the Queen was $150,000, at her accession $445,000 and is now $1,160,000.

An Exciting Buffalo Hunt.

Not very far back in the history of the Laramie plains, buffalo were as common as the antelope are there now, and on a good day you will see 300 to 500 antelopes in a ride from Laramie City to Last Chance and back.

Now, however, the buffalo have taken their flight from southern Wyoming and drifted to the northwest, where they can still be slain for a few more years. The day is not distant I fear, when we will only have one buffalo apiece for the foreign dudes who come to our coasts to regain their health and marry our heiresses.

We were rather startled one day in Laramie by the howl of "buffalo" on the streets not long ago. Inquiring into the matter, I found that the game had been sighted across the river, not over three miles from town. Everybody was wild. In ten minutes the livery stables were empty and every man with a team had a load of excited men moving toward the herd.

It was a grand exodus, and for a mile or two it looked like a mass meeting. There were two or three guns and perhaps twenty revolvers in the party. Some of us were in express wagons, some in drays and some in carriages. We hurried on excitedly until the advance guard set up a wild yell, which meant that the game was in sight, and that no one in that crowd had ever seen a buffalo before.

Every one's eyes were strained to get a glimpse of the herd. Every one held his breath, waiting for the thunder and dust of the stampede. I had just decided that the whole thing was a sell when one of the party pointed out at a little distance on the foot hill to our right a buffalo bull. This was our prey. He was trying to eat when we bore in sight, and was doing as well, perhaps, as any old buffalo could without teeth. He had worn most of his hair off when the country was new, and it had neglected to grow again. His ears had been gnawed by coyotes and the ravages of time till they had a fringe on them over an inch deep. His back looked like one of these old-fashioned hair trunks, and his little five-cent tail had about as much hair on the end of it as a ramrod in full bloom. I never saw such a sad looking face. It had an expression of deep-seated woe and pained surprise, such as a man has when a five-story brick warehouse falls on him. He had the same grieved, sorrowful look of reproach that a man might wear if he were to leap a nine-rail fence in the solemn hush of the night and fall into the embrace of a bull-dog in the prime of life.

The old bull raised his head in a solemn way and tried to snort as he used to in the early history of the country, but it was a failure. He then tried to raise his tail and lash his sides with it, but the effort was not crowned with success. His tail had forgotten its cunning.

He then tried to flash his eye, but it wouldn't flash. He turned slowly around and, as well as the poor old foundered brute could, he tried to amble away. Then a brave man from the cultivated east, wearing a new suit of buckskin that he had just bought, rode fearlessly up to the old bull and filled him full of buckshot from the muzzle of a second-hand two-dollar gun.

The veteran of the plains fell with a half bellow, half groan and died. He would have died in a few days anyhow. It was an exciting hunt!

The man who assassinated that feeble old bull was at once named the Buffalo Slayer, and he had to go somewhere else to get work. I don't know why it is considered such a big thing to kill a buffalo. It is far more difficult to kill a good, able-bodied elk or deer. I saw an Englishman at the Palmer house last summer who had, no doubt, failed to find a buffalo docile enough to stand still and be shot, so he was carrying home to Merry England the bleached and decayed skull of a buffalo killed fifty years ago, perhaps. Yes, sir, he was carrying that thing 5,000 miles in a shawl strap.—*Bill Nye in New York Mercury.*

The Freaks of Avalanches.

Avalanches play strange pranks sometimes. In 1806 an avalanche at Calancathal, in the Grisons, carried a wood bodily from one side of the valley to the other, and left it standing there; a pine tree was planted on the roof of the parsonage; and the villagers were provided with fire-wood for many a year without the trouble of fetching it. In 1823, fifty-two sledges, while journeying through the Scaletta pass to Davos, were buried under a schneeschild, and the wind of it sent the drivers and passengers, spinning through the air as if they had been shot from a mortar. The snow being fortunately loose and powdery, and the alighting soft, nobody, was much hurt. In March, 1824, a house in Aloerthal, in which were twelve children, was overwhelmed by an avalanche, and turned over on its side. When the parents, who were absent at the time, returned, and dug down to the door, they found the dozen quite complete, and all alive! The house, it is hardly necessary to say, was a wooden chalet.

In 1834 two goatherds of Churwalden, going home after milking their goats with their milk tins on their backs, were struck down by an avalanche. The tin of one of them broke, and the warm milk, running over his head and down his neck, melted the snow from his mouth and nostrils so that he could breathe. When disinterred a few hours later he was alive, while his companion, whose tin had not broken, was dead. In 1858 a peasant of Soglio (Graubunden), hearing the roar of a coming avalanche, threw himself under the ice of a wall. The wall saved him from being suffocated or crushed, and he succeeded in freeing himself; but in the struggle his garments got filled with snow, and the snow outside freezing that inside, he was incased in a panoply of ice, and had the greatest difficulty in getting home. Before undressing he had to be thawed.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Story of the Chickamauga Fight.

Dr. E. S. Bryan, of Talbotton, was in the city Wednesday. The Doctor tells a very amusing anecdote of the Chickamauga fight. "The hottest part of the fight," said the doctor, "was on Saturday and Sunday. On Sunday night we were expecting to renew the fight the next day. I turned to Mr. M——. Says I: 'Andrew, look into that ambulance there and you will find a two-gallon jug. Take it down into yonder ravine and bring it full of water. If any of the boys get hurt tomorrow they might suffer for water.' He took the jug and went off and I never heard or saw any more of Andrew until Tuesday morning after the fight was over. He came up almost breathless with the jog of water. 'Doctor,' said he, 'I found the water at last. I would have brought it if it had taken me three weeks to find it.'"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Lake Huron Wave.

Captain Rhynas, of the propellor Arctic, stated that on his late down trip he met the Quebec at Sault Ste. Marie. Captain Symmes told him that while coming up Lake Huron with a head wind blowing about ten miles an hour, and the Quebec moving at about the same speed, he suddenly noticed what looked like a bank of fog extending along the lake as far as he could see. It was lying in a northeast and southwest direction, and running west southwest. The appearance of it alarmed him greatly, and he rushed into the pilot house and assisted the wheelsman to head the Quebec into the bank which, as it approached took the shape of a wall of water as high as the pro[me]nade deck of the propellor. The wall was so steep that the Quebec had no time to ride it, and as she struck huge volumes of water poured over each bow and crushed the deck down beneath its tremendous weight. Captain Symmes has no doubt but the Quebec's cabin would have been swept off if the deck had not given away, but, as it was, the force of the water expended itself without doing any further damage. The wave was moving forward in a straight line, and was capped with spray. It was not driven by the wind, as the water before and after it was quite smooth. The only explanation offered is that it was a tidal wave.—*Detroit Free Press.*

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

It is a fact not generally known that the *James Boss' Gold Watch Cases* really contain more *pure gold* than do many "solid" gold cases. The demand for these watch cases has led to the manufacture of a very poor grade of solid gold watch cases—low in quality, and deficient in quantity. These cases are made from 5 to 10 karats, and a 5 or 6 karat case is often sold for 12 or 14 karats. It is NOT economy to buy a watch case so poor in quality that it will soon lose its color, or one so thin that it will lose its shape and spoil the fine watch movement. It IS economy to buy a *James Boss' Gold Watch Case*, in which none of these things ever occur. This watch case is *not an experiment*—it has been made nearly *thirty years.*

MARYSVILLE, PA., Oct. 24, 1889.

I sold two James Boss' Gold Watch Cases thirty years ago, when they first came out, and they are in good condition yet. One of them is carried by a carpenter, Mr. L. W. Dunkle, of Haslston, and only shows the wear in one or two places; the other by Mr. Bowman, of Cumbria, Pa.; and I can produce one or both of them at any time.

SYLVESTER ENGLE, *Jeweler.*

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsomely illustrated Pamphlet showing how *James Boss'* and keyless styles of cases are made.

(To be Continued.)

Cowles Directory.

DR. C. SCHENCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Cowles, Nebraska.
Professional calls promptly attended.
OFFICE: At residence Cowles. 8-51

T. J. WARD,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, Real Estate and Insurance Agent.
COWLES - - NEBRASKA.
Sells Eastern and Western Coal. Also has B. & M. Town Lots for Sale, and Farming Lands.

PEAK & LETTA,
Dealers in Dry Goods,
and Groceries, Drugs, Hardware and Queensware,
COWLES - - NEBRASKA.
Prices as Low as the Lowest.

GEO. W. HAGER,
Blacksmithing,
Repairing, &c.
Prices Low, and All Work Warranted.
COWLES - - NEBRASKA.

C. F. MILLER,
Dealer in Lumber, Lath,
AND SHINGLES.
COWLES - - NEBRASKA.
Prices as Cheap as the Cheapest.

J. F. BROWN,
Dealer in Flour and Feed,
COWLES - -

PLATT & FREES,

—DEALERS IN—

CAOL, LUMBER ETC.

Red Cloud, Nebraska.

"LET MY PEOPLE GO"

ONE AND ALL TO

MARSH'S

FOR

RARE CAINS

IN

DRY GOODS

Groceries, Notions,

Etc. Etc.

Prices Down!

Come and See!

MARSH FOR DRY GOODS.

MARSH FOR GROCERIES.

You Can Save Money

We Offer Bargains that NO other house does in Red Cloud.

Maryatt & Co.,

DEALERS IN

Jewelry, Watches, Clocks,

Silverware — Platedware
Plain Rings — Fancy Rings
Spectacles — Castors, etc.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

We keep everything in the Jewelry line. Repairing of every description promptly done