

# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

## WHAT THE EARTH THINKS.

I am threatened with a comet.  
With the all-destroying sun.  
I feel that I shall shortly burn out.  
As my own fair moon has done.  
Warmed of coming constellations  
That will seize me unaware.  
Can I fear annihilation,  
After what I daily bear?  
Fretted constantly with hailstones,  
Frenzied, smothered by hurricanes,  
Thrown to what or into topography,  
Nearly drowned by constant rains,  
Covered at day and night by thunder,  
Pierced by lightning over-squalls,  
Dipped with frost and icy severity,  
Know if I am round or square.  
Cut all slight in freezing weather,  
Under tropic suns all day,  
Dug and struck with dews and showers,  
Scattered with hurricanes very dry,  
Beaten down by east and high winds,  
Gangled over fire and night,  
With storm elements round and scolded,  
Kept in a continual fright.  
Hence wouldst thou that I suffer—  
I am a man of hard and hot,  
Torn by demands and tender,  
Borne to pieces by a foe,  
I've seen cracks without number,  
And they always keep their splinters;  
I've seen men who tremble—  
Restless, curious men I fear.  
For I know some day or other  
He will find a stronger "force."  
Wounded by a stronger "force."  
And the end will be, of course,  
I shall have my shattered remains  
Broken away like any feather.  
Yet I have one consolation—  
Probably we will meet again.  
—*Lulu E. Burt, in Harper's Weekly.*

## A HARD PROBLEM.

One That Professor Slade Solved for the Widow.

It was such a blow to me, such a bitter, overwhelming blow! I had been so comfortable and happy since the school-master had boarded with me. The log room chamber had been so grim and gloomy, always dark and empty. It was our spare room when poor, dear Charley was alive; but now that I was a widow and poor, it was a needless luxury to keep a guest chamber. None of our old friends cared to visit me now, just when I needed them most. I was lonely and sad and miserable. The room I refused to come. But when Mr. Slade took the room I didn't grieve about the loss of friends. It seemed odd to have money for the guest chamber, but the way that I was situated annoyed me to the thought very speedily indeed.

Then when my boy Charley got into that scrape at school I should have died if it had been anybody but Mr. Slade. "Madam," he said, "your boy is mischievous, very mischievous." "Yes, sir," I said, meekly. "And to extend a rope in such a manner that the mischievous heel of his teacher should be tripped up by it, to fill the hat of his instructor with stones to fill the hat of his instructor, to stick the tails of his coat upon the bench so that the sticky substance and thus come to grief, all these things are very reprehensible, madam, and merit a condign punishment."

"Yes, sir," I replied, and wiped away my regretful tears, for I knew what was coming. Father Charley would be expelled from the school, or dreadfully beaten in this injured man. It was better to have him beaten than expelled, but either was horrible. "Please don't expel him, Mr. Slade," I said. "He must be punished, of course, but please don't beat him very hard." "I shall not beat him at all," he said. "Don't expel him," I entreated. "Nor expel him," he replied. "If you'll leave the boy to me, there will be no further trouble. He has a good heart, and an open, generous, manly nature. I'll appeal to these, madam, if you'll allow me. I think we can get along with Charley if we take the right way."

"O, Mr. Slade!" I said, "how noble you are! how gracious! how magnanimous! I think Heaven was made to send me such a boarder." He grew a little red under my praise, and, as it was school time, bowed himself out; but really he looked like an exchanged to me as he walked down the street. Of course the smile was absurd. He was tall and lean and ungainly, the tails of his long coat did not flap as gracefully as many another coat close by. Charley said he was knock-kneed; perhaps he was; I don't know what that term means. He might have been knock-kneed, but to me that day he was all that was desirable in man.

The way he managed Charley after that was marvellous; there is no other word for it. The boy was as wild and unmanageable as a young colt when Mr. Slade took hold of him, and shortly afterward he was the most tractable and orderly of mortals. I could see, though, the time and trouble it cost to work such wonders with him. In the spring they went fishing together, and Mr. Slade taught Charley how to manage his hook and line, and wheeled the poor little fish to his bait. In mid-summer they got up a collection of beetles and bugs and all sorts of things. It was terrible to the poor insects, I suppose; but, oh, dear Heaven! what a rest and comfort it was to me to have Charley amused and kept out of trouble.

I began to rest upon Mr. Slade, to confide in him, to ask his advice, and invariably take it upon all occasions, to gratefully take advantage of his knack in repairing things about the house, putting in troublesome domestic utensils. He always put up the shades in the house-cleaning time, and hung the pictures; and what I should have done without him that time the machine got out of order. Heaven only knows I had a dress to finish for Mrs. Chappel, and was working away, when, all at once, the machine began to squeak

dreadfully. It was a rasping noise, fit to raise the hair on one's head, and mine had ached dreadfully all the morning. Loiled and fussed at it, but all to no purpose; it squeaked more and more. And, to crown all, the nice pumpkin pie I had made for Mr. Slade's luncheon was burned to a crisp. I smelled it, and rushed to the stove, but too late. It was a black ruin and I sat down and cried over it. It seemed to me so sad and terrible I wanted to lie down and die, when I walked Mr. Slade to his luncheon.

"It's no use coming in," I said. "I don't know how you can board here, anyway. I am such a miserable house-keeper. It would be so much better if Charley and I were dead." "What has happened?" asked Mr. Slade. "I felt ashamed when I saw the look of alarm in his face. "It is very sad to burn the crust of a nice pie all to a crisp," I said. "Do you think so?" said Mr. Slade. "Now for me it is a most excellent mischance. Of all things in the world I revere the burnt crust of a pie. I have hesitated to declare this profusion, because I know it is a remarkable one, and not at all likely to be shared by the majority of people; but fortune has favored me to-day. Mrs. Sweet, let us have the pie by all means!"

And he actually lifted the horrible black thing to the table, and ate it—yes, he ate it—which was the most graceful piece of martyrdom I ever saw in a man. And then I got courage to tell him how I burned it; that Mrs. Chappel must have that dress, and the machine had begun to squeak in the most horrible way; that I'd oiled it and fussed with it, all to no purpose, and how I was to finish that dress of Mrs. Chappel's with the dreadful noise distracting my poor brain, I didn't know.

"We'll look at it," he said, in that resting, comforting, soul-cheering way of his, and I followed him into the sitting-room, I knew in my heart that he would prescribe that speaking deomon from the machine. And he did. "It's the ball," he said, "it's become smooth from friction, and if you'll bring me a little flour or meal, Mrs. Sweet—stay! here is a piece of chalk, which is better than all."

And with that little white lump that he took from his waistcoat pocket, he made the machine perfect in five or two minutes. Now, how could I help watching him from the door again, as he walked away to school; and let his coat-tails flap as they may, or be knock-kneed to eternity, how could I help sending after him my heartiest benediction and blessing? And can it be wondered at that when only to or three months after he was going away, I was like one stunned and bewildered? We were sitting in the little front room, and I was finishing off that diagonal overskirt for Mrs. Chappel. Charley had gone hunting to the woods, for it was already autumn, and an early frost had set the leaves aflame. A breeze from the west blew my hair into my eyes, and I put it back with a trembling hand. The soft warm day of golden light suddenly seemed to cloud over and become one of moody sadness.

"I have an opportunity for advancement in my profession," he said, "which it would behoove me to put by. In my native town is offered me a position of trust and confidence, no less, I may say to you, dear madam, than a professor's chair." I hadn't the least idea what he meant. I knew that one chair differed very much from another, and whereas one was comfortable, easy, enjoyable, another might be for the time being a seat of torture, but when a professor's chair exceeded I could not at that time imagine. I sat quite still, and the rattle fell from my hand; my foot rested upon the treadle of the machine, and I sat and stared at Mr. Slade like one demented.

"And it it has occurred to me," he went on, "that the position I have held here, which is an exceedingly easy and pleasant one, might profitably and suitably be filled by one of the other sex; the duties are not at all hazardous, and could be performed more readily, it appears to me, than those pertaining to the needle. I have spoken to the committee in your behalf, and with a little attention upon your part to the simple mechanical requirements necessary, and a little help upon mine, you will be ready to fill the position at once."

"Who? I, Mr. Slade? Why you must be crazy!" Then, finding that this was not a respectful way to speak, I added that his kindness for me had led him to overrate my capabilities. "Why, Mr. Slade," said I, "I never got beyond the four rules in arithmetic." "And upon these depend every thing," he replied, "Come, put by your work, and let us see what we can do for a first attempt."

It was of no use to refuse. His was one of those material natures that always conquer. Half an hour after I was sitting close by his side at the table, with Charley's slate under my blurring eyes and Charley's pencil in my trembling fingers. The rosy evening light streamed in upon us, the soft south wind bringing resinous odors through the windows from the wood where Charley yet lingered. "Now, my dear Mrs. Sweet," said Mr. Slade, and the very gentleness of his tone, the tender rendering of my name, made me shiver and shake, for I could not get the thought out of my head that when he was gone there was nobody left to deal tenderly with me or mine, "now pray try and give your thoughts to the subject in hand. It is the simplest thing in the world, and these rudiments once conquered the rest will follow. Now a man sold his farm for \$8750, and fourteen-fifths of this is seven-ninths of the cost of his house, and the house cost seven times

## SWEET POTATOES.

Directions for Raising This Profitable Crop in the Western States.

We generally make our bed about the 10th of April, and put the potatoes at as near the middle of the month as we can. When ready for the seed, unscour the bed in the warm part of the day, take off three inches of the soil from a strip a foot wide at one end, and put in a wheelbarrow, lay your potatoes on this strip as near each other as you can without their touching, and press them firmly into the soil. Now take the earth from the next strip, a foot wide, to cover them, and lay the potatoes on it, and so proceed till you come to the last strip, and the earth in the wheelbarrow will cover it. Replace your bundles of straw and board roof, and in all probability you will not need to uncover the bed again until the plants begin to come up. If you find it is not quite as warm as it should be, uncover it from nine o'clock a. m. to three p. m., on a still, bright day, and the sun will help warm it. As there will be but little evaporation under the straw, the bed will not need watering until it is uncovered, when it should be thoroughly watered until the plants begin to come to the surface. After this give less water, and leave them entirely uncovered day and night, unless there is danger of frost, so as to harden them. A few hours before the plants are to be drawn, so as to loosen the soil and prevent breaking the fibrous roots. The covering, first with straw to maintain an even temperature, and second with the boards to prevent the bed from being soaked and cooled by a heavy rain, are the most important points, and I believe that any one who buys good sound seed, and manages his bed as I describe, will make a success of it. It will require about one hundred square feet of bed for a barrel of potatoes, or a bed eight by twelve feet.

When ready to transplant, prepare the land as soon after a rain as it will work nicely; make it as fine as meal with the harrow and plank drag, then with a small turning plow throw up ridges as high and sharp as you can. If you plant on ridges, you ought to make the soil so fine and mellow that you do not need to touch them with a hoe. Try and throw up the ridges two or three inches higher than you need to set the plants, or if hills are made, have them left high; then, before setting a plant, a brush with the hand removes the dry earth from the top of the hill or ridge, and the roots are put into the moist soil. If the day is cloudy, plants may be set all day, but if a hot drying day, keep the force at some other work till the middle of the afternoon, and then put all hands to setting out plants. Puddling is much better than watering, and if fresh cow manure is mixed with the soil when stirring up the puddle, it is all the better, for they will be fertilized a little, and will start into growth rapidly. If several men and boys are at work setting the plants, it is best to appoint one foreman, unless you can look after them yourself. The earth must be pressed so firmly to the roots of the plants that if you take a leaf between the thumb and finger, and give a quick jerk the leaf will break before the plant can be pulled up. Thousands of newly-set plants die each year from neglect of firming the earth around the roots. The land should be cultivated after each rain. Run through between the rows with a double shovel, holding it up so as to have it run shallow, and then with a light hoe work the hills just deep enough to break the crust and kill the weeds that are starting. An hour's work done at the right time will be worth as much as half a day's work after the land has become hard and the weeds are rooted. In the latter part of the season the vines will cover the ground and keep down all the weeds.

In digging and handling great care should be taken not to bruise the potatoes or they will soon decay. If well dried for a few days, either in the sun or by fire heat, and carefully packed in perfectly dry sawdust, they will keep in an ordinary cellar nearly all winter. I find the Red Nansmond and Short Yellow Jersey the best varieties. —*W. H. F. Brown, in Country Gentleman.*

Manure the Grass Fields. The manure is not wasted if applied to the grass. It has been the custom to apply manure to corn, as that crop requires cultivation, thus destroying the weeds that may germinate. All farms that are well adapted to grass should be cultivated under a system of rotation, in order that each portion of the farm will be in grass at some period. If the manure be applied to the grass crop, the yield of hay will of course be much larger, but the soil should be turned under in the fall and corn planted thereon in the spring. This will clean the ground thoroughly for a succeeding crop of wheat or oats, when it may again be put under grass. —*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

The rise and fall of the skating-rink in this State makes a brief but interesting chapter. Scarcely two years ago they were springing up like mushrooms in every city and village; to-day but few spars monuments to the fabled folly are to be found. The one at Leavenworth is now a tenement-house; Keene's is an armory; the Portsmouth Casino is to become a stable; one at Dover is now a business college; that at Tilton is now a store, and Franklin's is a storeroom. Those that can not be converted to some useful purpose are elephants on the hands of the owners. —*Concord (N. H.) Monitor.*

The average American eats eight times as much sugar as the average Russian, who prefers lemon juice to milk and sugar in his tea.

## THE COSSACKS.

Characteristics of the Dress and Customs of These Reckless Russian Cavalrymen.

The Cossack's dress, the long coat and the hat and knife, are so well known in England from drawings in the illustrated papers that no description is needed. It is a workmanlike dress, undoubtedly, but not what an English cavalry officer would call "smart." The horses, too, are more like rough cobs than horses, but they are said never to tire, and, in fact, they do look stout, useful beasts. Our officers and men may well take a lesson from them. They are, as a Russian officer said, thoroughly "mobile." The Cossack has no tent and his horse no covering, even in the depths of winter when on service, while our horses are not prepared to stand out without three heavy felts, nor are the men prepared to go on service without a servant and a pony to every two of them and tents to cover them. In short, the Cossack is a well-armed, mounted rifleman and scout, and one can well imagine what a Cossack's service a cloud of such horse in the front of an army would perform. It has been too much the aim of our native cavalry officers to turn their men into dragoons, and though they would in the open undoubtedly be better mounted and heavier than the Cossacks, one can not help feeling that the others have on their side many advantages. Ours are more for show, and theirs more for use. A cavalryman would answer by asking to see the hospital rolls after six week's campaign in winter, and no doubt that is to us, where men and animals cost money, a powerful deterrent, for we know how the Russians suffered in the Balkans from sickness. With all that we have a lesson to learn from the Cossack, and it would be well if officers would think it over and remember that we can not always have peace, and that our next war may carry us farther than one hundred and fifty miles from our Indian frontier.

One of our officers, at any rate, will remember the Cossacks, as long as he lives. He accompanied an officer on the side the mess tent to look for something when the latter introduced him to a brother officer of cavalry, and he, in response, drank the health of the Cossacks. Before he well knew what had happened he was picked up by twenty strong arms and played ball with a chorus accompaniment. I am not sure that he was not embraced before they put him down. This seems to be a Cossack custom, and once a year their own officers get "tossed," and it is the greatest honor they can pay you. But think what would happen and how "splashed" they might be, if they let fall a twenty-stone old Colossus they did not like. —*Zaluzec for London Times.*

## NEW SUITINGS.

Increased Popularity of Velvets in Solid Colors and in Stripes.

New suitings are shown in stripes with plain goods to match the fancy goods in small quantities. There are some very desirable lace and etamine effects or applique designs. These are in a distinct fabric over a plain ground, are very pretty, but not specially durable. Goods with lace figures appear at a distance like broad fabrics, and come with plain goods to match. Striped etamines give the same effect. The canvas stripes show an under-ground of the plain material. Only a few broad fabrics are shown and there is a notable absence of all heavy and massive arrangements of the Astrakhan curl. Among novelties is a piece of goods with a heavy thread at intervals of an inch or so on which tiny soft fringes of wool seem to be string. These are pressed closely to the surface of the fabric and not at all conspicuous. It is said that more velvet will be used than for many seasons past. It is shown in solid colors in a number of qualities, and an endless variety in stripes and small broad figures on stripes and satin grounds. Entire suits will be made of velvet for early spring. Some of the new striped velvets will be used as panels, dress fronts, vests, and for skirts. Frise stripes, narrow on satin grounds, are attractive, and a charming piece in plush and tiny stripes in several shades of brown with a few threads of cardinal is lovely. Another pretty pattern is in brown satin with brown shaded frise stripes, and still another handsome piece of goods is in stripes of shaded brown velvet, satin and frise of various widths. One of the very loveliest of these stripes is in black and pearl satin and frise stripes. The pearl satin stripe is a quarter-inch wide, and a black velvet stripe, same width, has a very narrow border of pearl frise. This is one of the loveliest of these goods. Another charming combination is a velvet stripe shaded from a dark brown to cream with very fine cardinal stripes. This is pretty for skirts and sells at \$1.25 per yard.

Silk promises to be in greater favor than for years. Good grades of black silk, satin duchesse and rindames will be very popular, combined with heavy jetted fabrics and lace. Gros-grain silks in colors are in very good demand and make inexpensive dresses. Brocades will also be used, black being the most desirable. These will also be trimmed with fine lace. —*N. Y. Graphic.*

How trifling a thing seems a quarter of a dollar to one of our extravagant New Yorkers, who tosses the handy little coin to a waiter or anybody that pretends to do him the smallest service! At one of our "penny groceries," where they sell things by the cent's worth, a quarter of a dollar will buy nineteen articles, the whole being food, fuel and light for a family of four persons for one day! The purchases include tea, coffee, rice, potatoes, sugar, bread, kerosene, coal, salt, kindling-wood, molasses, and even two peckies: all for twenty-five cents! —*N. Y. Ledger.*

## HINTS FOR MOTHERS.

Why the Development of Precociousness in Children should be Avoided.

The most judiciously ordered diet and the most careful and regular provision as to sleep fall far short of perfecting the bodily condition of children without fresh air and sunshine. Let no pleasant day pass without giving the baby his fill of God's life-saving air and as soon as he can go alone let leggings and overshoes protect his walks in winter. Do not keep him in for any rough weather. Always remember that, as some noted physician has put it, ten minutes of out-of-door air is worth a half day of the impure atmosphere of the common human dwelling, however carefully ventilated. As with his daily bath and with all the physical habits of the child, regularity should be a characteristic of his exercise, and no children will look out for these physical habits for themselves. And here comes in the matter of discipline on which the wisest man that ever lived and some of our modern philosophers radically disagree. We can scarcely be too emphatic in this connection in recommending Dr. H. K. Oliver's noted policy of "not seeing anything that happens" and in advising the diversion of the attention of the child from the matter which is in dispute. Call off his mind to something else and thus avoid the collision, if possible, but if it must come, meet it firmly and decidedly and conquer at all hazards. Never strike or slap a child upon the head, chest, stomach or spine, but that sometimes blows should be dealt in defense of discipline is the common opinion of most of the wisest commentators upon family government. "I can tell a child brought up by love as far as I can see it," said a witty woman, and it is needless to add that such children are usually terrors to the whole circle of their parents' friends. They are not brought up by "love," far-sighted, deep-running love, but by weak, unthinking fondness, as deceitful as it is fatal to all unselfish growths in its objects. Teach a child up to three years old no verses, no any thing, unless a little prayer or something similar, and then for home use only. Do not stimulate the truth-destroying and dangerous desire to "show off" by drilling "accomplishments" into a little child. Precocious children make usually the most mediocre of men and women. Preserve your own, if possible, from such a fate. Avoid too many play-things, and let them be of a kind not easily broken. Destructiveness and extravagance are enjoined into many children through no fault of their own, before they can speak plainly. Fertility in expedients is stimulated by a dearth of play-things, while the child who is over supplied with them has really too little to think of. And here is suggested one of the most important duties of the mother. Keep your child's mind occupied, not crowded, not strained—simply happily filled. The oft-expressed wish for "something to do" is but the outcry of the normal human soul. Employment is good alike for young and old. The pounding of tacks into a board, the turning of the coffee mill—these and similar employments are good, and the thousand and one devices of the kindergarten should be learned by heart by every truth-seeking mother, and should be practiced abundantly. A boy child rarely gets into mischief, and has no time to develop a sullen or quarrelsome disposition. —*Philadelphia Press.*

## THE LEVELER.

A Tool Which is Claimed to Be a Good Substitute for the Roller.

A farmer or gardener after plowing and dragging his land for planting will find no finishing tool so good as the plank leveler, as substitute for that rather arbitrary and under some circumstances objectionable implement, the roller. The latter reduces the surface to a general level by a dead pressure, whatever be the condition of the soil. The plank, weighted as the soil and work may require, will grind lumps and carry along soil to fill depressions, and thus with a lighter stroke leave a finer pulverized and leveler seed-bed. For most of the work on the farm for which we commonly use the roller this will be found to do equally well, and for more acres in a day. Many potato-growers practice rolling down the ridge made in planting and covering with machine or potato coverer. This is attended with much risk when the weight of the roller is used to compress these ridges, two rows at a time. The plank tool will dress down three rows at once and do it safer and nicer. A farmer can make the leveler and at one-fourth the cost of a roller. Take, for tongue, a pole two or three feet long, and across its butt end bolt on two or three planks at right angles to it, having the forward edge of each plank two or three inches higher than the rear edge, with a space of three to five inches between the planks. Add two braces, spreading from about where the whiffletree is attached to the pole on an angle to near the outer ends of the rear plank, and bolt each plank to the braces. The planks should be of hard wood, two inches thick, twelve or fourteen inches wide, and eight to ten feet long, and so put together that when the team is hitched on with the forward end of the tongue raised some feet from the ground, these planks shall then be on an even grade, down to their work. And as much of the work done would require an additional weight, a plain seat might be added for the either boy or man driver, according to the height needed. For some soils, too, it would pay to shield the lower side of each plank by nailing on a strip of band iron or sheet iron. —*Henry Lee, in N. Y. Tribune.*

"Father, is a blind man always heavy?" "Don't ask such foolish questions; you know very well he is not." "Well, pop, you know he is generally led." —*Boston Budget.*

## FACTS FOR FARMERS.

The Breeder's Journal advises farmers to look out for their hogs when they begin to cough. This cough is a signal for many a fatal disease.

There is every indication that the era of extravagant values in fancy breeding animals is at an end. Hard times have a phenomenal effect in teaching the people common sense. —*National Stockman.*

Grain raising and pasturing may be made mutually profitable for a time without a rotation of crops, but the time is certain to come when the grain farming needs to be alternated with grass. —*Toronto Globe.*

It is rated the best farmer who cuts the greatest number of tons of hay and can keep a corresponding number of cattle to the hundred acres throughout the year without the aid of foreign supplies. —*Western Rural.*

The farmer who has poor, rickety, superannated implements and takes no care of what he does own, works harder, tasks his horses more severely and accomplishes about half as much as his wiser neighbor. —*Practical Farmer.*

Horse buyers say that the good heavy grade draft horses bring as high prices as at any time in the past few years, but that the smaller horses are less in demand and at twenty-five per cent. less price. —*Western Agriculturist.*

A hen that sits on the roost or stands on one leg from morning till night, will not lay. Exercise is as essential as good feeding, and hens that are expected to lay must be fed so as to compel them to scratch and take exercise. —*Rural New Yorker.*

If your sows have but a slight flow of milk, feed but very little corn. Let their diet be loosening, such as oats, beans, grass, etc. If the trouble does not go away, and such sows should be dispensed with for breeding purposes. —*N. Y. Farmer.*

A stock breeder must be a gentleman for the very main spring of successful stock-breeding is gentleness. The constant exercise of kindness is as necessary to success in this line of life as the exercise of good judgment. The natural pride of the stockman in the good stock that he breeds is elevating in its influence on his own nature. —*Chicago Tribune.*

The Western Agriculturist says: "At many of the stock exchanges and livery stables where horses are kept for sale or trade, a part of the floors are nicely and purposely prepared for the improvement of the condition of horses that have been badly injured in the feet, limbs and shoulders. What is the remedy these men employ and rely on? The earth floor that has stood the test of all ages. It acts as a preventive of the many evils that necessarily originate wherever the plank floor system is brought into use."

## VEGETABLE CHOPS.

A Market-Gardener's Experience with Artificial Fertilizers.

My belief is that most of the vegetable crops get their nourishment from the first six inches of surface; the roots go below this, as they always do, it is for moisture and for a suitable hold upon the land. A grass root will reach down sixteen feet for water, but vegetables that make a rank and rapid growth must have nourishment and water near at hand. When their energies are put forth pumping water for existence from unusual depths their anatomy becomes stunted, wiry and tasteless, or bitter, a result of the hard struggle to sustain life. Sandy soil promotes these unfavorable conditions in times of drought, but if it can be well watered and fertilized it is then the best soil for vegetables.

In a wet season my neighbor on light sandy land gets in market a few days ahead of me with peas, cucumbers, squash, beets, corn and radish; but in the dry summer months, when my neighbor is mourning over his crops and dried up, I bring in the lettuce, cabbage, spinach, onions, celery and cauliflower, which a more compact and heavy soil has saved from complete annihilation. On the other hand, sandy soil is warmer in spring and will be easier to work, and can be worked earlier in the season than any other. I have raised superior crops of garden vegetables in both sand and loam, but for the reasons stated a sandy loam—a cross between a sandy and clay soil—is to be preferred.

As to the best kind of fertilizer for the garden, I always recommend a good manure—cow or horse—for reason that in my soil it does the work best. I have acquaintance raising good crops of potatoes, sweet corn, melons, turnips, tomatoes, etc., on very sandy soil and with commercial fertilizers only; and doing it year after year; but my success does not lie that way, especially for crops like onions, lettuce, cauliflower, celery and cabbage. These must have well-prepared soil; that is, some other good crops should have been taken from the land the year previous; and the manure should be well worked in, twelve cords to the acre at least.

I should say that when stable manure is used it should be in spring just before the crop is planted. Commercial fertilizers can be broadcasted and worked about the roots of growing crops, but animal manures are better applied just before planting, and be sure to mix well into the soil with the usual tools for this work. There is, in my experience, no fertilizing value in apple pomace for any soil. I see no weeds or green of any kind in an old pile of this material, which has lain exposed on a farm in town for three years; this shows it must be of very little value as a manure for the land. It may have value as an absorbent, but sawdust, tanbark, shavings, pine needles and apple pomace I do not want in my soil. —*Chas. N. Y. Tribune.*

"Father, is a blind man always heavy?" "Don't ask such foolish questions; you know very well he is not." "Well, pop, you know he is generally led." —*Boston Budget.*