THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD. - - NEBRASKA

NO FOLLOWERS.

What's the hardest of all things to follow?
An [illegible] I'm tied from our mettle;
But here's something that beats that quite hollow,
As in singing a lark beats a kettle.

A fox is a puzzle sometimes
That baffles the best in a chase;
Or, [illegible] to far away climes,
The [illegible] is a wearisome pace.

A lady's a hard thing to follow,
A [illegible] full of vagaries,
Who leads you with [illegible] hard to swallow,
And sets to "the rule of contraries."

To follow professional carving,
Is very hard following I guess;
Yet harder than mere want of carving
Is the thing on your notice I press.

And I've heard that a flea in a blanket
Is a very hard matter to follow,
And very hard driving they rank it
A certain brute given to wallow.

I know many hard things to do.
"To [illegible] when you're wrong is to say thanks;"
To [illegible] a Jew -
But very much harder a Yankee.

And hard [illegible] up [illegible]
With a [illegible] and need to get credit
When your [illegible] the newspapers [illegible]
And all your acquaintance have read it.

But I see you are wearied with guessing,
[illegible] what to and to done,
[illegible]
[illegible]

Of all things we know, great or small,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] is the hardest to follow.
—[illegible]

THE MAN OF FURS.

How the Wearer of Costly Overcoats Caused Trouble.

The detective of an up-town hotel, [illegible] distant from Madison square, told the following story to a little group of loungers who were waiting in the lobby a few nights ago, to learn the latest particulars of Secretary Manning's illness. "I was standing just where I am now, on a blustering night in the early part of last November," he said, "when the night clerk left his desk suddenly and ran over to me. 'Jim,' said he, 'did you notice that [illegible] wearing a magnificent sealskin overcoat, who just went into the bar?' I had noticed him and I said so. 'Well,' he continued, with eagerness, 'when you were off duty on Tuesday night, about this time, that very same man came in here wearing a beaver Newmarket edged with sable, a pair of enormous sable gauntlets and a sable cap. The whole rig must have been worth $750 at the lowest estimate.' I suggested that very probably the gentleman was rich and eccentric, fond of driving out to Gabe's and back again, and well able to afford the luxury of two $750 fur overcoats.

"The night clerk scoffed at the idea. 'Look at him well when he passes,' he said, 'and besides he didn't drive down here on Tuesday night, for I had the curiosity to go out on the street and watch him when he left. He struck a bee line for down-town and he went on foot. Moreover, the bar cashier says he caught a glimpse of his clothes when he unbuttoned his fur overcoat to pay for his drink, and that they were as old and dirty as a tramp's.' I had no opportunity to point out to him that there was nothing in his objections to my theory about the mysterious fur coat, for at that moment the object of our remarks came out of the bar-room door and passed us on an easy canter. I took a good look at him and I confess that for a moment I felt staggered. He was the most common-place-looking individual that I ever beheld. His hair was the color of a ripe squash, and a wiry, blacking-brush of a mustache of the same hue fringed his liberal mouth. His nose turned up at an acute angle and his countenance was expressive of neither intellectuality nor cleanliness. Moreover, [illegible] in fur which would have [illegible] an Italian opera goddess, I caught a glimpse of the dirtiest collar [illegible] the neck of a [illegible] hand-me-down.

"I [illegible] after that I was talking with the detective of an up-town hotel. 'We have a queer visitor who drops in [illegible] evening,' said he, 'a man [illegible]' Here I interrupted him. 'He came into our place the other night,' I said. 'He is a short man with carroty hair and he wears a sealskin overcoat.' 'You are wrong in one particular,' said my friend, laughing. 'I should think that an old hand like you knew sealskin when he saw it. Why, the man's coat is made of real astrachan—a perfect beauty.' A young dude who saw it the other night, and who has been in Europe and knows all about these things, said that it was worth a cool thousand if a penny.' 'He, ha!' I said to myself, 'so my friend has three fur overcoats. This needs looking into.'

"The mysterious man with the fur overcoat, or overcoats, rather, didn't call at our hotel again. One night, about a fortnight after this conversation, I stood at the window in the lobby, looking out at the last snowflakes slowly floating downward. Suddenly my attention was riveted on a familiar figure. It was the overcoat man. He was walking at a haughty, shuffling pace across the park. When he reached a point immediately opposite the front door he paused with one foot on the curbstone, and looked inquiringly toward the hotel. Then he scratched his head in an undecided way, hesitated a moment, turned on his heel and shuffled off down the street.

During the few brief seconds in which he had stood before me in the glare of the electric light my straining eyes had clearly and indisputably noted the fact that he wore a fur overcoat, and a different one from any that he had previously worn. It was a Russian [illegible] of black fox skins, and [illegible] worth three thousand five hundred dollars.

"I was on the point of rushing out and arresting him, when, unfortunately, I was called away to escort a prominent citizen, hopelessly drunk, out of the bar room, where he would persist in endeavoring to go to bed on one of the mahogany tables. It only took me a minute to dispose of this customer, but when I reached the street the overcoat man had disappeared. Every night for an entire week I took my stand in my old position by the window, but to no purpose. The overcoat man haunted me. I could not dismiss him from my thoughts. At length I grew so nervous and fidgety that the boss noticed it. 'Jim,' said he, 'is any thing the matter with you? Something seems to have been worrying you lately.' Then I told him the whole story. After he heard it he thought a moment and then said: 'Jim, I have concluded to give you a holiday. Miller will take your place while you are away. Go off duty to-night and don't come back again, Jim, until you have seen that overcoat man and are in a position to finish the story which you have just told me. Mind, Jim, I want the whole of that story and you must get it if it takes you a year. Your salary will continue as usual.' Well, I went off duty that night and strolled over to see my friend at the uptown hotel. 'By the way,' said I, carelessly, after I had shaken hands with him, 'have you seen anything lately of our friend with the overcoats?' 'Thunder! You've hit the very thing I was just going to ask you,' he exclaimed. 'He came in here the other night, and I'm a [illegible] if he didn't wear another coat.' 'Black fox-skins?' I suggested. 'Well, Jim, if you aren't a [illegible] when it comes to suspicion of furs. Black fox-skins! Why, he had on a long ulster made of Alaska sable, trimmed with otter,' and he grinned at me with the self-complacency of one who feels that he has floored an opponent. But I wasn't floored. I wished him good evening and sauntered out into the street.

"For a solid week I put in my nights watching the hotels in the neighborhood of Madison square. During the day time I visited furriers. 'Have you sold such and such an overcoat this season?' I would ask, describing one by one the several garments worn by the overcoat man. Usually they said they hadn't. Sometimes they would show me an overcoat something like one which he had worn. I would examine it critically and ask the salesman the price. Occasionally they had sold an overcoat answering the description, and then I would ascertain the purchaser's name and look him up. He was always the wrong man. It took me just a week to finish up the fur shops, and then I was at the end of my tether. It was Sunday night and it was snowing. I don't think there has been another such snowstorm during the entire winter. The wind howled across the park and swooped up Broadway like a pack of wolves on the prairies. It was one of those searching winds which seemed to eat right through your skin and rattle your bones about. It was almost ten o'clock and I was just meditating whether I should knock off and go home for the night, when somebody turned the corner and stumbled against me. It was the overcoat man! My first impulse was to collar him, but I thought better of it. I judged from his gait that he had been drinking, and as he had evidently not recognized me, I concluded to follow him, and I did. But I was badly handicapped. The overcoat man did not appear to have any definite notion where he was going. He wobbled about aimlessly, first on one side of the street and then on the other, until finally he came to a dead stop and leaned against a lamp-post to think. Picture my amazement when I discerned by the flickering gas-light that his bony form was enveloped in a sealskin dolman of capacious dimensions, such as is ordinarily worn by corpulent dowagers when they take their afternoon drives in the park.

"I was just recovering from the effect produced by this discovery when the overcoat man drew a large brass door key from the interior of his strange costume and started with uncertain steps in the direction of a large store, directly across the way. I was at his elbow in a moment, and as the key turned in the door my hand fell heavily on his shoulder. 'I'm an officer,' I thundered, turning back my coat and displayed my shield. 'What do you mean by perambulating the streets at night rigged out in this style?' The overcoat man weakened. 'Come into the back part of the store, sir,' said he, 'and I'll tell you all about it.' I followed him to the rear of the building, where he stopped and turned up the gas, which was feebly flickering in a bracket projecting from the wall. Then he sat down on a small cot bed and said: 'Mister, I'm the night watchman of this here fur store. If you think that it's a pleasant job, just look at them stuffed lions and bears with their eyes a-glaring at you all night long. Look at that there little imp of a wildcat up on top of the box and tell me candidly if the sight of him ain't enough to give a one-eyed mule the blind staggers. Well, I sat here night after night until I felt as if I'd bust if I didn't do something. I hadn't no overcoat, and so didn't dare to go out. At times I got so powerful lonesome that I used to sit here and talk to them there stuffs just for company's sake, but it wasn't no go. One night the idea struck me to tog myself out in one of them jimcrack overcoats in the boxes over there and I done it. Then I went over and got a drink 'round the corner, but the fellows guyed me terribly. The next night I went to one of them big hotels where you pay fifteen cents for whisky, and the waiters went a-scraping and a-bowing as polite as you please. After that I [illegible] I wore a different coat every night. Came why? 'Cause I didn't want the boss to tumble to the racket. Now, mister, please don't give me away. I'm going to quit this job. It's too trying to the nerves, and a man don't get a chance to satisfy his thirst more than once in a blue moon. My Cousin Mahoney, the policeman, has political influence, and he's a-goin' to get me on the force. Say, now, you ain't going to give the snap away, are you?'

"Well," continued the detective, "I promised him I wouldn't and I haven't. I appreciate a joke wherever I find it, even when it comes a little bit rough on myself. I saw the overcoat man parading a street up in Harlem yesterday in the full majesty of a blue-coat and brass buttons, and I don't believe the furrier has discovered to the present day the game his night watchman played on him."—*N. Y. Star.*

HE GOT ENOUGH.

A Boy Who at Last Saw the Fulfillment of a Fond Dream.

An old man, who was born and reared in a remote part of Arkansas, in conversation with a party of friends, said:

"Yes, th' old times was putty good in their way, but the way wa'n't 'lus the best. Well, when I was a boy, I uster wonder if any man ever had as many oranges as he could eat. I was powerful fond o' oranges, an' I never got one 'cept about every Christmas. I didn't think that that was more'n one or two orange trees in ther world. And candy! Why I uster think that when I got to be a man I would work until I got money enough to buy all the candy I could eat. I went on this way till I was about sixteen years old. Then I had an opportunity o' learnin' lots. I struck out, thinkin' about nothin' but candy and oranges. Several days afterwards I got work at a saw mill. I lived on sassafras tea an' bacon for two months an' then I told ther boss that I wanted my money. He gave me twenty dollars an' I struck out. I was afeerd that it wa'n't money enough to get all the candy and oranges I could eat, but I thought I'd risk it. I tromped to a little river town, but [illegible] to spend money enough t' take me down on a steamboat. I was as hungry as a wolf when I reached the town, but I thought with contempt of meat and bread, for my life's dream was about to be realized. I went into a store an' told a man that I wanted as much candy an' as many oranges as I could eat, an' that I was willin' to pay for the feast.

"'Three pounds o' candy be enough?' he asked, winkin' at a feller that stood near the door.

"'I don't know. Let me have about four pounds o' that red striped candy, an' a dozen oranges, an' when I git through with 'em I'll come back an' git some more.'

"I took my precious parcel, went down to the river an' set down on a box. I spread out my feast and gazed at it. Then I pitched it. Ah, I was realizing my dream. I paid no attention to my surroundin's but I recollect hearin' er feller that come along say 'that boy puts me in mind of a hog eatin' mash.' Airter while I 'gunter slack up, but rememberin' how hard I had worked an' how long I had waited, I fell to ag'in with renewed vigor. Putty soon I thought I had enough, but 'what's the use o' quittin',' I mused. 'I owe it to myself to eat all I kin.' 'Twa'n't long airter that till I 'gunter git a little sick, but I kep' on puttin' down ther stuff. Finally I couldn't stand it no longer. I stretched myself out on the box an' doin' so knocked off the remainder o' my truck, but I didn't feel like reachin' down airter it. Beary, but I 'gunter git sick. I thought o' the candy an' oranges an' gagged. How I wished I was back at home with boiled cabbage an' snap beans. I got sicker an' sicker an' Lord knows how I didn't tch an' heave. I lost my recollection an' when I come to myself I was in a hotel an' burnin' up with fever. Every time I thought o' candy I'd heave, and once when the doctor said I must eat a sweet orange, I almost turned wrong side outwards, like pullin' off a shirt in harvest time. I was gittin' 'long putty well when one day the storekeeper come in an' axed me when I wanted the other candy. That knocked me an' I gagged for an hour. At last I got well enough to tramp home. Before I went to the house to see any o' ther folks I went down to ther spring-house. Thar set the o' [illegible] jar full o' buttermilk. I set down and turned it up. And, oh dear me, how I did hang on. I thought I must feel like a prisoner escaped from Satan, drinkin' o' the water o' [illegible]'"

The old man ceased speaking and [illegible]. An Italian with a basket of oranges had just passed.—*[illegible]*

The Fall of Niagara River.

The recent survey for the Niagara Falls & Whirlpool railway appears to have completely upset a theory as to the [illegible] of Niagara river from the falls to Suspension bridge. A gentleman who recalls the building of the Great Western railway and the Suspension bridge, about 1852, states that a survey of the bank at that time convinced engineers that the river actually ran up-hill, or, in other words, that the river bed was four feet higher at the Suspension bridge than at the falls. The current was accounted for by the supposed great pressure of the water as it came over the falls. The present survey shows that there is a fall of six feet from the foot of the American fall to the cantilever bridge, and that the last mile of the grade, which ends at the whirlpool, has a decline of fifty-four and one-half feet.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Give me the moon and I will be contented," sighs a poet. Let him have it. Most poets want the earth.

TRAPPING MUSKRATS.

How the Business Is Conducted by New Jersey and Maryland Trappers.

Many a young lady who moves around in the proud possession of a presumed sealskin cape or muff is grievously mistaken. The articles in question, in nine cases out of ten, never saw Alaska in any form. New Jersey or Maryland furnished the material to make them, for the hide of the despised and humble muskrat, when dressed by skillful hands, makes the best imitation of sealskin, an imitation so close, that the true is only separated from the false after the most careful examination. It is an equally egregious error to imagine that the New Jersey fisherman becomes dormant in winter time. On the contrary, he is wide awake and occupies his time trapping muskrats. The salt marshes on the line of the Jersey coast are full of muskrats, and the supply seems to be inexhaustible. Muskrats are naturally herbivorous. They feed on land and water plants alike, in some instances using root stems and fruit. They are noted enemies of the "bottom ground" farmer, for it is in his fields that corn grows most plentiful and on that cereal muskrats love to feed. They eat corn at any time after it is planted, taking the seed from the ground or the young plant from the furrow. The greatest damage is done after the ear is well formed. Their food is not entirely vegetable, for in winter and in early spring they subsist to a great extent on the flesh of river mussels. The muskrat does not come out of his hole in the day time, save on rare occasions. Sometimes on very dark cloudy days he may be seen swimming across the pond or down the stream with his head just above water. It is an ugly, vicious-looking animal with ugly claws and long white teeth. He is a fair swimmer, and his capacity for staying under water is extraordinary. His home, if the stream or pond has a high bank, is a little hollow place under ground, five or six feet from the water's edge, and the entrance is under water. The hallway, after it has penetrated the bank, curves gradually upward, and at its end is a snug little subterranean chamber. Here the muskrat spends his day in sleeping or in storing away food for winter. It makes the trapper happy when he finds the entrances to these houses. When he finds one he places his trap just in the entrance. If the rat is caught he will probably drown, as the weight of the trap and his efforts to escape will tire him, and he will sink below water. A favorite method of catching the muskrat in his own house is to cut off the top of his domicile and bury the trap in the center of his mossy bed. The box trap is the favorite one for streams, as it is easily made, and several rats are often captured in a single night. It consists of a long straight box, made with entrances at both ends large enough to admit a muskrat easily. In the ends are fixed gates made of stout wire, slanting toward the inside of the box which can be lifted up easily by the rat going in but can not be opened outwardly. The box is sunk in the middle of a stream and securely anchored by log stones being placed on its top. Then stakes are driven from the box to each side of the stream. The muskrat finds his way barred by the stakes, swims into the trap, discovers he can not get out, and drowns. The muskrat is no coward. If he is taken on dry ground and the jaws of the trap have caught his leg pretty well down near the toe, the rat not being able to pull away will gnaw off his leg just above where the trap holds it. When found alive he fights desperately and requires many a blow on the head to silence him. When there is no other way of escape, he makes a dash at the trapper's leg, and if he once catches hold, his sharp white teeth sink into the bone and his strong jaws cling to the unfortunate hunter with the tenacity of a bulldog. Too venturesome amateur trappers often find their way home with fingers hanging in shreds and big holes in their hands, the result of fooling with a cornered muskrat.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

SUMMER WASH DRESSES.

Timely Hints for Economical Housewives with Limited Means.

The fabrics for cotton dresses or "print gowns," as the English tailors call them, are this year particularly soft in finish and attractive in design. Many of the sateens, seersuckers and ginghams so closely resemble silk and wool, that their real origin is only revealed to the touch. Conspicuous among those are those having frise effects, shown in stripes, blocks and bars of rich, quaint colors, such as a light blue or blind ground, with dark-green or brown frise figures. Crazy cloth is also a new and pretty, though rather flimsy, cotton material that resembles crape. It will probably be extensively used, as it comes in exquisitely delicate shades, and is warranted to wash and still retain its crinkled appearance. It is said, too, to require no ironing. Blue-gray is now the fashionable color in Paris, and appears here in the ever-useful seersuckers and linens, which make such delightful traveling dresses.

The gathered basque and long draperies are the favorite styles for making up wash-goods. For thin, colored mulls, batistes, or any transparent fabric, the basque is made double, that is, lined with the same as the outside. This is done that the waist may be of the same shade as the doubled skirts. Cambrics and ginghams, however, require no lining whatever, the white corset cover worn underneath being sufficient. The fullness is all confined to the front of the basque, and is done by simply adding two or three inches to the width of the fronts when cutting out by any basque pattern, and gathering the neck, the waist line and end of the basque. The fronts and backs are longer than the sides, and the edge is finished with a bias piping fold. High military collars and small fancy buttons to fasten the basque are worn.

For more dressy wash-goods embroidery—either white or colored—is added in [illegible], or else inserted in V-shape down the back and front alike. Round waists gathered to a belt, with a yoke, or else a [illegible] hold their own, and with these are worn deep collars of embroidery or [illegible].

Handsome sateens and chambrettes are often also made up the same as woolen or silk dresses, with basque lining and whalebones, but these have to be sent to a professional cleaner to be cleaned. The Norfolk jacket is another pretty way of fashion for any material, and differs from last year's in having only one wide double pleat at the back and one in front.

Overskirts are long, with the old-fashion apron front, bordered or trimmed with embroidery or lace. The back breadths are straight and gathered to the belt. Three or four wide pleats down the left side are held in place by elastic tapes sewed underneath, and the front breadths over these are drawn across to the right side and caught up into folds in loops and buttons. Unlike wool dresses, one or two narrow ruffles finish the lower edge of cotton gowns.

When two materials as plain and figured are used, the combination is somewhat odd. For instance, the basque and [illegible] may be of plain [illegible], and the skirt, waist, collars and cuffs of that which is figured all over. This is an excellent style for remodeling old dresses, but as looking new, it is better economy to have all of one fabric.

In wash muslins, embroidered stripes are the newest mode. These are beautifully made with a figure, or dots that has a [illegible] pattern, and are tuned with full-[illegible] pieces of the [illegible]. Such large [illegible] this season, and appear in some form on cotton dresses and in most [illegible] and exaggerated [illegible]. Thus, brilliant scarlet ribbons or [illegible] on dark-blue sateen, and dull brown on pink, pink mulls.—*Demorest's Journal.*

A DIGNIFIED WOMAN.

The Empress of Japan as She Appeared at a Recent Reception.

The Empress Haru is a slight little woman not five feet in height. She has the pale yellow skin, the finely cut features and long oval face of the high-caste Japanese. Although a friend to all progressive movements, the patron and instigator of many reforms and advancement, and a woman of surprisingly modern views, the Empress still blackens her teeth in the old style and thin arches of eyebrows have been traced above those that she dutifully shaved at marriage. Beyond a jeweled ornament fastened above the brow, her costume and coiffure did not differ at all from that of the ladies surrounding her, and at a distance her parasol was her only distinguishing mark. Nearer, there was a majesty of demeanor, a dignity of presence, an impressive, intangible something, that divinity of a ruler, and had she stood in the garden alone she would have been as impressive in manner and as much a sovereign as when surrounded by her suite, with court and strangers bowing low. The Empress wore the red slippers and skirt, and a kimono of rich bluish purple silk, brocaded in large moon figures in pale colors. The pointed neck was filled with folds of white silk, and she balanced in her hand an umbrella of the purplish silk embroidered all over with wistaria. She passed straight on to the long marquee tent, and, giving her parasol to her attendant, entered and sat alone in a throne-like chair before a large oval table. Her sixteen attendants stood in a picturesque and brilliant line behind her, and the diplomats, the other ladies and nobles were seated at little tables below her. The palace attendants served the company to the elaborate collation of every thing boned, jellied and iced and truffled, the beautiful set pieces were broken up, the champagne frothed in thin crystal glasses graven with the imperial crest of sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum. Every one was served quietly and decorously, the bands played, there was the subdued hum of softly voices in conversation, and one by one the Empress summoned the wives of the foreign Embassadors and Ministers to her for a few gracious words.—*Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.*

GREATLY OFFENDED.

Points Not Mentioned in the Rules of a Dakota Railway Company.

A man was bounding around in a car on a new Dakota road when the conductor came through.

"Can you tell me," said the man, with a great show of sarcasm, "whether this car is on the track or not?"

"Sir," replied the conductor, reaching into his pocket, "here is a volume of the rules and regulations of this road."

"But what do I want of it?"

"Look it over and see if you can find any rule saying that I must spend my time running alongside of the train reporting its position to the passengers. See if there is any thing in that volume that compels me to go humping myself along on the prairie and yelling through the windows 'four wheels off now' or 'hind trucks dragging on the ties' or 'gentlemen, the baggage car has just rolled into the ditch' or 'passengers will please remain seated while we turn off here and scoot across the prairie after a jack rabbit!' Look over them rules, sir, and see if you find any of these directions. If you don't, in the future please take your own observations on the wheels."—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

—The Boston & Albany railroad has a circulating library of two thousand volumes free to its employes.

WASTES AND LEAKS.

Financial Reverses Frequently Caused by the Carelessness of Farmers.

If farmers were more diligent in watching for and stopping the many little wastes and leaks upon the farm they would prosper much better than they do. The many things are considered unimportant and of no consequence that should be looked after and turned to some advantage. We know farmers who work harder than their more prosperous neighbors, but fail to give proper attention to small matters [illegible] and lay all their misfortunes at the door of "ill luck" and so-called Providence.

In the matter of saving among the leaks that are found upon the great majority of farms are serious drawbacks to profitable farming. A large part of the vast expenditure of money annually paid out for commercial fertilizers ought to be saved by giving the subject the attention its importance deserves. Purchasing manure ourselves to produce an increase [illegible] is the manure supply that ought to be obtained [illegible] and stock, [illegible] accumulation makes it [illegible] necessary. During the winter season, when the food rations of stock are composed largely of grain, they should be housed and fed where their droppings can all be saved, but where this can't be done [illegible] should be scraped [illegible] at this season of the year and especially should corn stalks be [illegible] and properly [illegible]. There is nothing more about the [illegible] so much.

Not only good policy to [illegible] wasteful [illegible] is [illegible] not advisable to [illegible] the field, when parts of good manure may be [illegible] by [illegible] the fodder and feeding it in the night. Even the rank weeds can be made serviceable, if mowed and dumped into the compost heap or turned into ashes. It is a discouraging look to allow weeds to grow, as they are extravagant feeders, [illegible] the best and largest part of available plant food found in the soil. Such farming don't pay and it is no wonder that such farmers grumble about short crops and tight times.

There should be kept on hand plenty of suitable absorbents such as dry earth or road dust, stored in some convenient shed or suitable dry place in the barn. Every few days it should be sprinkled under the roosts in the hennery, and removed to the compost heap as fast as any amount accumulates, at least once a week. Nearly the same treatment may be adopted for the piggery, for there, too, is an enormous waste each year. A supply should also be provided convenient to the privy, where it should be used liberally and often. There is really nothing on a farm to waste, if in good hands, but there are, however, wastes and leaks on many farms that can and should be avoided.—*Cor. Western Plowman.*

FOOD FOR HOGS.

Impure Food Productive of Impure and Unhealthful Pork.

Almost any thing is supposed to be good enough for a hog to eat, provided it will eat it. Why this idea is so prevalent, it is hard to say, unless it be because the hog has such strong digestive powers, and is, therefore, able to make use of food that the stomachs of other animals will reject. The hog has the longest digestive canal, or intestines, of any of the domestic animals, the sheep coming next with 79 feet to the hog's [illegible] feet. But while the hog has the longest alimentary canal, it has also the smallest stomach. The stomach and contents of the ox are said to average 11 1/2 per cent. of the entire weight of the body, of the sheep [illegible] per cent., and of the hog [illegible] per cent. But when it comes to the intestines, the case is reversed, the intestines of the hog and their contents constituting [illegible] per cent. of the entire weight of the body, of the sheep [illegible] per cent., and of the ox [illegible] per cent. So it would seem that the wonderful digestive powers of the hog depend upon the length and capacity of the intestinal canal as compared with the size of the stomach. It can digest and assimilate more food in a given time, according to its weight, than any other animal. This is why it lays on fat so much more readily. But is this any reason why it should be compelled to live on refuse which no other animal will touch and which evidently will not produce wholesome flesh for human food? The meat is made of what the animal eats, and even the splendid digestive organs of the hog can not purify wholly that which is impure, and convert it into a wholesome and nutritious diet for man. For us, we want no slaughter-house fattened pork, no distillery slop pork, no pork made from the undigested material taken from the manure of other animals. As we prefer cider made from clean apples with the rot and worms left out, so we prefer pork—and we like good ham and bacon—made from clean, sweet food, and that of the vegetable kind. In this way we stand a chance to steer clear of tape-worm and trichinae, and we have a much sweeter, sweeter meat than can be made from animal refuse, distillery slops and rotten vegetables. We have known farmers who were fond of pork, but never ate pork away from home, unless they knew how it had been fed and fattened. They made their own pork out of clean food, fed to a clean lot of hogs, kept in a clean pen. We sympathize with the squeamishness of such men. It has a foundation in reason and is conservative of good health.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—The *Rural World* reminds farmers that by using a two-foot square space in a hot-bed potatoes can be started sufficient to plant a row two hundred feet long, and by so doing probably three weeks could be gained over planting at first out of doors.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—Canada thistles can be destroyed by repeated plowings.

—Insomnia can be relieved by inducing muscular fatigue before retiring.

—Organic and inorganic matter in the soil is what forms and fattens the plant. Like the rooted animal, the soil sometimes suffers from indigestion.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Farmer recommends the use of water containing two per cent. of sulphuric acid as a disinfectant for floors [illegible]. The cost would be a [illegible] a gallon.

—Brush your horses [illegible]. You can keep them [illegible] and they will [illegible]. [illegible] *Horses.*

—Rye is [illegible] fodder, [illegible] stock [illegible] of [illegible].

—It has been [illegible] that a [illegible] the ground will [illegible] honest [illegible] than [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible].

—The Rural [illegible] vapors which [illegible] animal and vegetable [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] which [illegible] to be healthy and [illegible]—*Prairie Farmer.*

—There is no better [illegible] of [illegible] manure should be [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] spring [illegible] tones.

OWNERSHIP OF ANIMALS.

What a Farmer May Claim as His Property According to the Law.

The farmer may claim as his not only the domestic animals about his dwelling and grazing in his pasture, but also the doves that inhabit his dove cote, the birds that build their nests in the grove and even the untamed animals that burrow in his woodlands. But he has not the same kind of property in each of these. If the caged squirrel escapes and the tamed rabbit runs away and return again to the wild state, they are no longer a distinct property, but belong to the soil where they make their habitation. If they remove to the land of another in the same way they are his. But if my horse escapes he is still mine into whosoever possession he comes.

Those animals which are domestic and tame, or are restrained in custody, have a property in themselves, while those which are living in a wild state are simply a part of the land where they are. The game which a hunter starts and catches on my land is mine in the law's all-searching eye. If I take a partridge out of the fowler's snare which I find in my meadow, whatever the moralist may think of my conduct, the law will say I have simply taken my own.

Wild bees in a tree belong to the owner of the soil where the tree stands, but before he has hived them his rights depend simply upon their being upon his land. If they fly away his rights are gone. If one trespasses upon another's land and marks the tree, this gives him no property in the bees, nor any right to the honey, but they belong to the owner of the soil.

The case is quite different, however, when bees have been reclaimed from the wild state. They then become property, and if they swarm from the hive they remain the property of the owner so long as he can keep them in sight and pursue them. In one case in New York a swarm of bees went into a tree on land of the Iron Company. The owner followed them and kept them in sight. He marked the tree. Two months afterward a man named Goff cut the tree down, destroyed the bees, and took the honey. The owner of the bees sued Goff and recovered damages for his loss.

In such a case the owner of the land has no more right to claim the bees than he has a right to claim his neighbor's cow which has strayed upon his land, or a harness which he finds in his woods where it was hid by a thief who took it from his neighbor's carriage-house. But when the owner is no longer able to show that the bees went from his hive his property is gone.

The owner has no right to enter upon the land of another in pursuit of game. But it is very ancient law that he may enter to hunt noxious animals or beasts of prey, such as wolves and foxes. The reason given for the rule which allows such hunting is because it is of public advantage. Judge Swift in his digest of Connecticut law, says: "A person may justify the following of a fox over the ground of another if there be not any further injury committed than is necessary for killing the fox, but he will not be justified in digging him out of the ground."

The law allowing the hunting of foxes, but forbidding any injury to the land, is to the city kennel clubs, with hounds and horns, but no foxes, like the right adjudged to Shylock to cut his pound of flesh from off Antonio's heart, but forbidding him to shed one drop of Christian blood.—*Lawyer Browning, in Connecticut State Reports.*