THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD. - - NEBRASKA

MARIE.

I came about the last of June
On board the steamer Ocean Queen,
And landed, in the heat of noon,
Amid a charming island scene.
No azure eyes all bathed in dew
Had watched me vanish from their sight;
No ruby lips breathed low: "Be true."
No loving arms had clasped me tight.

I was heart-whole; I smoked and strolled
For hours adown the pebbly strand,
And wondered what the sea-nymphs told,
And traced my name upon the sand.
At evening hops, and parties, too,
At musicales and moonlight sails,
I always had a part to do,
And won renown at telling tales.

I stood the siege of scores of eyes—
Eyes hazel, violet, black and gray,
And lips of richest cherry dyes,
And lent to slender waists a stay;
But yet my destiny was there,
And while I deemed myself secure,
Coquettish smiles and dusky hair
Had proved the all-successful lure.

I came heart-whole, but when I went
A dozen keepsakes, more or less,
Betrayed my heart's predicament—
Though how it came I could not guess;
There was a bow of baby-blue
That once had graced her slender throat,
It meant, she whispered: "Ever true,"
And here's her first (to me) love-note.

Ah, many are the lances crossed
In summer by the ocean's side,
And some have won, and some have lost,
Some curse the fates they vainly tried;
A victor now I'm homeward bound
Across the heaving, restless sea,
As best of all my trophies found
Let me present my wife, Marie.

—*W. A. Rice, in Chicago Inter Ocean.*

FRIGHTENED AT LAST.

A Boastful Young Lady is Made Quite Sheepish.

"So you think you had better go, Priscilla?" said Mrs. Alden, looking anxiously out of the window. "The sun's getting low, and the butcher said to-day that a tramp had been seen hanging about Triphammer."

"Tramp! I wonder what a tramp is like? I wouldn't a bit mind seeing one."

She had a piquant face, encircled by a tangle of golden-brown hair, over which she was carefully adjusting a Fanney Burney hat, peeping at herself meanwhile in the antique mirror which hung on the sitting-room wall. Her figure was slight, and there was a marked resemblance between mother and daughter, though the hazel eyes of the latter had a frank, dauntless look which those of the mother lacked.

"I wish you were not quite so fearless," returned Mrs. Alden. "I'm afraid it'll get you into trouble yet."

"It'll get me out of trouble, mother dear, as it did that day when the red bull chased me. Father said it was just my not being afraid that saved me."

"She's a chip off the old block," said her father, chuckling. "As like my great-grandmother as two peas, and she was a daughter of Cap'en Church, and wa'n't any more afraid of an Injun than a black snake; just as lieves meet one as t'other."

"So would I, for that matter," said Mrs. Alden.

"So you would, mother," answered her husband, indulgently. "Scared to death at either. Well, well, Prissy 'n' I have got courage enough for us all."

Priscilla had grown up to her fifteen years on Cross Farm, a great reach of arable land and wood lying along the river, the road from which one way led directly into a fine growth of tall woods, with a corresponding thickness of undergrowth. In this direction lay Triphammer, a little hamlet consisting of a few houses, a store and postoffice, and it was to Triphammer that Priscilla was going for a chat with her special crony, Janet Barlow. The chat lengthened out beyond all reasonable limits, as girl's chats will, and it was well into the evening when she started for home.

"You're sure you're not afraid?" said Janet, as she stood at the door holding aloft the kerosine lamp, and peering out into the darkness, which was intensified by its fervid glow.

"Afraid!" said Priscilla, with a laugh which had a touch of scorn in it. "I was never afraid in my life."

"But it's awfully dark. I do wish you'd stay all night. Your mother'd know you were here; she wouldn't mind."

"Mind! She wouldn't sleep a wink, and father'd have to come after me. Even if I were afraid, I'd go home for her sake. Say, Jetty, what is it like to be afraid?"

"Oh, if you don't know, I can't tell you," laughed Janet. "You'll know soon enough. I wouldn't go by the old Morton house after dark, no, not even for a set of Dickens, and you know how much I want that."

Priscilla laughed, and they said "good-night," and then Janet shut the door. Priscilla walked away. She stumbled along at first with blinded eyes, tripping over wayside stones and getting entangled in wayside brambles, and at last collided violently with another wayfarer.

"Bless my soul, young woman!" said a gruff, but familiar voice. "Who are you, and what are you driving at?"

"Oh, I beg pardon, Squire Barlow," said Priscilla, rallying from the shock. "But it is so dark, and Janet would bring the light to the door. Isn't it uncommonly dark?"

"Rather so," said the squire. "I didn't see your father at the store to-night. You ain't alone?" he added, with an inflection of surprise in his voice.

"Oh, yes, I am," said Priscilla.

"But ain't you afraid?" he asked.

"Not at all," she replied, with more than her usual decision, a little nettled that every body should put the same silly question.

"For it is silly," she said to herself, as she walked along. "I've never been afraid for the very good reason that I've never seen any thing to be afraid of. Aunt Betsy says it's 'out o' nature' not to be afraid of the dark, and Fanny Clapp thinks it's bold and unwomanly to be brave; she said so the other day, when I laughed to see her clinging to Cousin Ned's arm, just because a spider ran up her sleeve. It was too funny for any thing."

Between Triphammer and Cross Farm lay three other farms, the buildings upon them at long intervals apart, and then came the old Morton house, which stood a short distance from the woods. Priscilla had already passed the three farmhouses, where lights were burning, friendly beacons in the darkness, and was now approaching the Morton house.

This old house had been abandoned for many years. It stood a little back from the road, with gaunt old apple-trees and great clumps of lilacs about it. Some of the windows were boarded up, and in others a few panes of glass still clung to the shattered frames. It was built about 1720, and in the time of the Revolution was occupied as a tavern. The landlord was a Tory, and in the southwest chamber, which cornered on the road—all early New England country houses were built facing the south, without regard to the highway—a British deserter was shot and killed, after a struggle in which one of the captors was fatally stabbed with a bayonet. It was said that the ghosts of these two unfortunates often walked there at night, and fearful sounds had been heard of men's voices in angry contention, shrieks, shot, clashing of steel and glass, and groans.

"Heard 'em myself," said Jake Sampson, "comin' hum one night from Jason's. Yer see, I'd ben a-hayin' all day powerful hard, and Jason's wife she kind o' persuaded me t' stay an' take a little cider, some Jason had bottled up the latter part o' the winter, powerful frisky, but ez good cider ez ever I tasted. An' then Jason's wife she'd ben a-bakin' that arternoon, 'n' nuthin' would dew but I must taste o' her mince pies; 'n' then I hed another bottle o' cider, 'n' by that time 'twas late, 'n' dark ez pitch when I got t' the old house. Wal, I was jest goin' by that house keepin' one eye t' the wind'ard, kind o' expectin' sumthin', yer know, when I heard the biggest kind o' yell, 'n' the fire blazed right out o' that 'ere sou'west chamber, 'n' sumthin' gin me a kind o' a whack, 'n' next thing I knowed, there I was on the ground, a-cumin' t' myself 'n' a-rubbin' o' my hed, which ached dreffул, 'n' a scareder crittur yer never see, 'n' I jest got up 'n' legged it t' hum, 'n' I've never ben by that place after dark sence."

Jake told this story one night at Cross Farm, and after he had gone, Priscilla's father said most likely Jake had drank too much of Jason's cider, and had fallen down and fallen asleep simultaneously, and so had dreamed the whole thing. But other people, credible witnesses, had affirmed they had seen and heard the same things, and so the old Morton house had gained the reputation of being haunted, and others besides Jake shunned it after nightfall.

Priscilla listened to these tales with a pleased incredulity. But to-night, as she drew near the haunted house, a "creepy" sensation stole over her. It thrilled through every nerve. She found herself stopping now and then to listen, and glancing furtively over her shoulder, expecting to see she did not know what. She did not understand why this was, but she resolutely turned her thoughts from the tragedy connected with the old house to a charming story which had originated there also, a story she had often heard from her father's lips, concerning the great-great-grandmother from whom she inherited both her intrepid spirit and her name. As Priscilla—our Priscilla, the great-great-granddaughter—was recalling this story for the hundredth time, perhaps, and in her enjoyment of it was quite forgetting the other and different one which lent such tragic interest to the old house, almost unawares she had reached its very gate. There she suddenly stopped, spell-bound, at the sight of a light in the haunted chamber. It streamed out through the cracks in the boarded windows in pallid gleams.

If she had ever doubted the truth of the stories of the haunting ghosts, she doubted no longer. She stood with bated breath and dilated eyes, and for the first time in her life terror took full possession of her. She would never have to ask again: "What is it like to be afraid?" Janet's reply to her question flashed upon her memory: "You'll know soon enough."

She did not stir—she waited. Soon she heard them—the supposed ghostly sounds about which she had so often speculated, and the cause of which, if she ever did hear them, she had fully meant to investigate. She heard the fierce struggle, the smothered threats that sounded like oaths, the shrieks, the clashing as of steel or glass, followed by darkness and silence; then a deep groan and footsteps running rapidly down the creaking stairway. Did she stop to investigate? No, she ran like the veriest coward—and who can blame her?—down the hill, over the little bridge, past the old barns—black skeletons of frames in the dim light—and then stopped just before entering the woods to take breath.

She took courage a little, too, and began to reason with herself. Rats, perhaps; but then rats do not meet by lamplight, neither do they groan. Perhaps it was an illusion after all. She had heard that people when terrified could imagine almost any thing. The light might have been simply an affection of the optic nerve—she believed it was the optic nerve. At any rate, she had heard Aunt Betsy say that when she had one of her nervous spells she saw flashing lights with her eyes shut. Had she not better go back, after all, and investigate?

At this thought she half-turned to go back when she saw something coming, a something that loomed through the fog like the Spectre of the Brocken, so tall was it, of such vast proportions, and its head—what a frightfully hideous head the creature had! Again panic seized her and she ran; but as she heard the heavy footsteps behind her, she again took counsel of common-sense.

"Ghosts do not run," she argued, "they glide, they are noiseless, this is no ghost. Can it be the tramp?"

At this point, having got well into the woods and being hidden by a curve of the road from her pursuer, she suddenly plunged into the bushes on one side and as suddenly stopped, caught in a net-work of trees so close as to forbid further progress. The creature came on; it passed by a little way and then paused. It had evidently become aware that she had not gone on. It came back and stopped exactly in front of her hiding-place. Priscilla felt an insane desire to giggle; then she put her hand over her mouth lest she should shriek aloud. It got down and grovelled on all fours on the ground. Was it trying by the dim light to make out her foot-steps? It parted the branches and looked in. She could hear its heavy breathing, she almost felt its breath; by reaching out her hand she could have touched it. Then it ran backward and forward in the road many times. Would it never go away?

It seemed an eternity almost before it disappeared, at last, in the direction of Cross Farm. As its footsteps died in the distance, Priscilla proceeded to carry out the plan formed on the instant when she plunged into the woods. There was a river-path leading to Cross Farm, along the edge of the woods, with which she was so familiar she could easily find it in the night, and once having reached it, her way would lie straight and sure before her, through the orchard and garden to the back door.

In getting out from among the tangle of trees she knocked off her hat, an incident which in her extreme excitement she did not notice, and then rapidly making her way through the woods, regardless of bushes and briers, she burst in like a small tornado upon her astonished mother, who sat alternately knitting and nodding, and aroused her father from his nap over the Camptown *Herald*, one corner of which was in flames from the candle which he held in his hand.

"Land o' liberty!" he exclaimed, coming down upon the front legs of his chair with a crash, and crushing the burning paper under his foot. "What's the matter?"

The sound of the familiar voice, together with the serene and peaceful atmosphere of the room, restored Priscilla at once to her usual fearless frankness, and she said, with a laugh which was slightly hysterical:

"I have been such a goose! frightened quite out of my wits, and"——

Here a vigorous knocking at the door broke in upon her speech and:

"There it is again!" she shrieked, fleeing into the adjoining bed-room followed by her mother, exclaiming:

"*It!* what is *it?*"

Mr. Alden was not a little bewildered by this inexplicable conduct of his wife and daughter; but true to his hospitable instincts, he went to the front door, still holding the scorched *Herald* in his hand, and after struggling with the latch, which would not lift, and then with the door, which stuck, ushered into the sitting-room Orin Waterhouse, a good-natured giant of a farmer nearly seven feet tall, who lived at Tarklin, four miles beyond. His round eyes blinked as he came into the lighted room, and he held in his hand the ring of a lantern from which hung a portion of the wire frame. As the night was damp and threatened rain, he wore a fireman's cap and cape.

"C'd yer go up t' the old Morton place 'n' help me 'ith a critter, squire?" he asked. "Them pesky boys!" and then he stated his grievance.

It seemed that he pastured his sheep near the old house, and some mischief-loving boys had driven the leader of his flock, a belligerent old sheep, up the stairway into the chamber and shut him up there. A kind neighbor had sent word to Orin, and he had come down in the evening, thinking he should succeed better in getting the sheep down stairs than in the daytime. But the sheep, thus prematurely aroused from his first nap, and at the same time bewildered and enraged by the light, charged upon him, and after a sharp but brief conflict consisting of a series of butts and dodges, knocked him down and smashed his lantern, and there was nothing left for him but an ignominious retreat, considerably bruised, and a good deal out of temper. He had come to Mr. Alden's for assistance, that being the nearest house. After Mr. Alden and Orin had gone, Priscilla made a clean breast of her fright to her mother with all due humility.

"I'll never laugh at you again for being afraid of a turkey-gobbler," she said. "Think of being thrown into such a panic by Orin Waterhouse and his old sheep!"

The Fanny Burney hat was subsequently found by Cousin Ned, hanging on a twig in a very limp condition.

—*Francis A. Humphrey, in Youth's Companion.*

—The mountain lions of Montana are large and ferocious and they frequently attack full-grown steers. The territory offers eight dollars for every scalp, and the cowboys make quite a business of hunting them in the winter. Lions are often killed measuring nine feet from tip to tip, and weighing two hundred to three hundred pounds. Many more measuring from ten to eleven feet are frequently bagged, and occasionally a monster reaching twelve feet.—*Denver Tribune.*

—We see that a farmer declares that he can grow apples without cores. We are the more ready to believe this owing to the quantity of fruit in the market that might safely pass as cores grown without apples.—*New Brunswick News.*

STYLISH TRIMMINGS.

The Romance of the Burano Pillow Lace—Pretty Applique Galloons.

A striking instance of fashion's numerous good works, which certainly outweigh her caprices and whims, is realized in the recent revival of what was for years considered a lost industry—the creation of Burano lace. When the demand for this curious and intricate hand-made lace ceased the people on the Island of Burano lost their principal means of gaining bread, and with that died their ambition.

Only a short time ago, in pity for the starving condition of the inhabitants, who were dying out, an American lady and an Italian Countess made sundry efforts to re-establish the lace-making industry, but while they were successful in organizing forces and gaining services of young girls, the old stitch, a peculiar knotting or twisting of the thread, could not be recalled, until lately a very old woman was found who had been taught to make the real Burano lace by her mother almost a century ago. Materials for making lace were brought to her cottage, and almost mechanically the aged fingers gave the thread the turn that formed the stitch, and thus saved the industry.

The island of Burano, after the revival of the lace-making industry, almost magically became peopled with an industrious population of girls and women, through a woman's design for a certain lace stitch, for Burano lace is a texture at once delicate and rich, and now, on a delicate ground, flowers and leaves and other designs are wrought in that peculiar stitch which a pair of hands trembling with age saved from oblivion.

The applique galloons which are now used in place of embroidery are very handsome. Indeed they are really fancy braids, both wide and narrow, woven on the Kurshudt machines, which are said to be capable of copying any work a hand can execute. These braids are woven of the same wool of the dress they are to adorn and show intricate or simple designs in gold, silver or other colors.

On a handsome skirt of peacock-blue Henrietta is an elaborate design of leaves and flowers in the same shade, relieved by silver. A close-fitting coat in navy blue shows galloon in fern-leaf pattern, embroidered in narrow braids of that color mixed with gold. This ornamented the center of the back, the neck and the fronts. Barrels of metal, covered with a chain netting of silk, represent the buttons, and two rows of tabs, made of braid interwoven with a check of gold, are placed as closely as possible round the edge of jacket and cuffs.

Other adaptations of the embroidered applique galloons are most noticeable. A very becoming dress of white serge, made with a very full skirt and full bodice, opens in front over a waistcoat of the material literally covered with rows of embroidered galloon in Persian colors, with buttons to match, closing front. Other costumes of white cashmere or serge have all the edges of their various parts bordered with galloon in white, with embroidery in one or many colors.

Moss-stitch embroidery is also new and this comes in many designs and colors, and is much used to give finish to bodices and the plastrons and panels of stylish dresses. It bids fair to be exceedingly popular this fall, as the few samples shown are greatly admired. The novel Russian braid is in solid and lace designs in various patterns and will be largely used to trim dresses in the new woolen materials for fall wear.—*Philadelphia Times.*

RIVER STEAMBOATING.

What a Mississippi River Captain Has to Say About the Business.

The prosperous days of steamboating on the Mississippi ended about 1869. During that year the three lines working between St. Louis and St. Paul earned close on $1,000,000, over half of which was made by the Northwestern Union Packet Company, now known as the St. Louis & St. Paul Packet Company. In 1864-65 this company, which was operating a line of superior boats between Dubuque and St. Paul, decided to run on to St. Louis, owing to the inroad made upon their business by the railroads. Then followed the bitterest competition ever known on the river. The Northwestern Union had to fight against the Keokuk Northern Line, the Northwestern Packet Company and the St. Louis & Quincy Packet Company. The struggle was terrific, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were lost and gained. The last-named company soon threw up the sponge, and its boats were bought up by the Northwestern Union, who spent over half a million on these and new boats. It then owned such boats as the Phil Sheridan, Alex. Mitchell, Tom Fisher, Congress, Belle LaCrosse, Key City, Minneapolis, Mollie Mearke, War Eagle, Keokuk, Andy Johnson, Star, Victory, Damsel, City of Quincy, John Kyle, S. H. Mason, Hudson, George S. Weeks and Mollie Mohler. The Keokuk company had the A. Johns, Rob Roy, Harry Johnson, Bayard and several others, and the old Northern Line had the Red Wing, Dubuque, Rock Island, Keithsburg, New Boston, Pembina and Canada. The total value of these was about $2,000,000, and by 1872 the Northwestern Union had driven all its rivals from the field. The victors in the summer of that year laid up all their boats except two, on each of which they lost $2,000 a week, and it was the folly of the other competing companies in keeping their boats all running which finally ruined them. When the monopoly was established prices per hundred went up to four dollars against a present tariff varying from thirty to sixty cents, but they soon dropped. While they lasted a stern-wheel boat earned $75,000 on one trip.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

MEXICAN WRONGS.

A Lady Correspondent Excuses the Mexicans for Disliking Our People.

But the Mexicans have many reasons for disliking our people. A respectable American often finds occasion to blush for his country—or rather for the conduct of some of her representatives here. Perhaps it is the case with all lands that the men and women who drift over the borders are generally the scum of society—the failures, cranks and disappointed ones, if not those whose actual misdeeds have exiled them for their country's good. Should I undertake to tell you the doings of some Americans (of both sexes) in Mexico, no reputable editor would publish the recital. The Mexicans are by nature extremely hospitable, but again and again has their hospitality been abused and their trust betrayed by foreigners whom they have received into their homes, that they have come to regard us all with distrust and aversion. There is much unmitigated bosh about "the civilizing influence of Americans in Mexico," by reason of our railroads, invested capital and contact with the people. This is the sheerest nonsense, tinctured with the immediate vanity of the typical "American citizen." In the first place, all who were born upon this hemisphere are native Americans, and there is no reason why those occupying that strip of the northern continent called the United States shall arrogate to themselves the exclusive right to that distinction. In a certain sense railroads are undoubted civilizers in opening up wild regions—as the Union Pacific did in our domain—but they can hardly be regarded in that light in Mexico, having been built only throught the most thickly-populated sections and connecting cities which were hoary with antiquity before the United States was thought of.

The popular notion of the North that Mexico is a land of heathen and "greasers" is the wildest of errors. True, the poor and ignorant are vastly in the majority as to numbers, but they are rigorously ruled by the controlling upper-class which has few superiors on the face of the earth for culture, refinement, good breeding and that pride which can trace its ancestry back through centuries of wealth and power. As a rule, the "civilizing influence" of the average railroader has not yet been made apparent. The higher officials are invariably gentlemen whose deportment, here or elsewhere, is a credit to the country that claims them, but there is also a multitude of lower employes, some of whom are a disgrace to any nationality. They are perpetually boasting of their superiority and their rights as American citizens, running full tilt against all the customs and prejudices of the country which has the misfortune to tolerate their presence. A Mexican seldom gets down-right drunk, or swears noisily, or engages in street brawls. He has his vices, but they partake of his own gentle and quiet nature. One low-class Anglo-Saxon out on a "tear," with his propensity for smashing windows, etc., will raise more racket and commit more deviltry in a night than a city full of natives can accomplish in a year.—*Fannie B. Ward, in Milwaukee Sentinel.*

THE TRAMP NUISANCE.

How It Might Be Finally and Effectually Suppressed.

The authorities of a Western city have sent a circular to the authorities of other Western cities, requesting them to meet in convention to discuss the proper treatment of tramps. So far as the private citizen is concerned, he needs no convention to tell him what to do with tramps. He has only to keep his doors locked, and to secure a large dog who understands how to insert his teeth where they will do the most good. The tramp who, on coming to a house to ask for roast turkey with cranberry sauce, receives, instead, a strong expression of canine opinion, will sadly turn away from so unappreciating a locality. Still, where one person administers mastiffs and closed doors to all tramps without exception, there will be many other persons whose charitable feelings will induce them to indulge in the ill-considered charity that makes tramping a profitable profession. The evil is so large and so universally diffused that the action of town or State authorities can alone grapple with it successfully, and the effort now being made in the West to secure uniform municipal legislation in the matter is a wise and necessary one.

What is needed is to set tramps at work. No doubt there is occasionally an honest and industrious man who becomes a tramp because he can not find work. It would be hard to refuse such a man the temporary relief which he sorely needs, but indiscriminate private charity encourages a score of idle vagrants where it relieves one real case of suffering. The honest tramp will gladly pay for food and lodging by work, and the lazy tramp, who discovers that he can no longer live on charity, will find the charm of his profession gone. Let us have, in every town, a relief committee of the town officials, who will turn no man away hungry, but who will require tramps to work out the full value of what they receive. In this way the tramp nuisance can be speedily abolished, householders can be saved from annoyance and danger, while no injustice will be done to the deserving poor. The experiment has been tried in many isolated towns, and has been entirely successful. The uniform action of all the towns in the country, however, is needed before the tramp nuisance can be finally and effectually suppressed.—*Boston Budget.*

—The theatrical managers' war against "deadheads" has begun. At one house the following notice has been placed in plain view: "Nothing but the air admitted free." Let in lots of it and help the ventilation.—*Chicago Journal.*

THE RYE CROP.

Why It Should Receive the Attention of Thoughtful Farmers.

Rye is considered as an inferior grain compared with wheat; but when its character is considered this unfavorable distinction seems not to be deserved. Usually a thing is valued in proportion to the difficulty in procuring it. A diamond will tempt a person to commit the worst of crimes for its possession, while a quartz crystal which might easily pass for it is treated with contempt. Possibly the same principle is at work when wheat is preferred to rye as the staff of life, although rye is a stronger and stouter staff and support than the wheat. As compared with wheat, rye has the following advantages and disadvantages: Its grain contains a little less gluten but more starch, and a third more fat. It is, therefore, a considerably better and more nutritious food for use in cold climates and in the winter season; its straw is more nutritious and contains considerably less indigestible mineral elements, to which fact is due its greater softness and elasticity. Its bran is considerably more nutritious, and a better food for stock, for it contains more gluten or nitrogenous substance, more starch and gum and nearly one-half more fat. It is thus worth more money—a fact to be remembered by all those who are purchasing bran for feeding cows or horses. It is more easily grown that wheat, is far less exacting as regards soil and will resist the rigors of winter far better; it is much less subject to parasitic fungi, and is never known to be injured by rust. All these are much in its favor. On the other hand this grain makes darker flour than wheat, and the fastidious housekeeper who thinks her snowy rolls and her white bread the perfection of her culinary skill will have no rye in her kitchen. As woman rules the world, and man depends upon her favor for his daily bread, the sweet, nutritious, healthful, but somewhat somber rye is forbidden to him, and he is obliged to content himself with the whitest and most tasteless of the new-process wheat-flour bread. No doubt the rye bread of the mountain cabins is preferable as food for a hard-working man to the white wheat bread of the city folks or those farmers who follow the city fashions, and a farmer might do worse than request his better half to provide him with rye bread occasionally. Certainly the farmer who will not or does not fit his soil in the very best manner for fall grain had better sow rye and get a fair crop of grain than to sow wheat and get half a crop. With wheat at low prices a farmer could afford to grow this grain for sale and sufficient rye for his own bread and for feeding his horses. For the latter purpose the grain is equal to barley and better than corn, and a mixture of equal parts of corn and rye finely ground together is the best grain food to be procured for these animals.

An easily grown crop is too often imposed upon by careless and neglectful usage. Rye is generally used in this way, and a poor yield is therefore so common that this grain is supposed never to produce more than 12 or 15 bushels to the acre. But when it is well treated and sown upon soil as well prepared as it is for wheat the yield will exceed that of wheat, and considerably so in an average of years. We have had 45 bushels of rye per acre over a 13-acre field, and in a very unfavorable year, when wheat was not half a crop, have reaped 33 bushels of rye to the acre. It will always pay to use rye well. The straw is in such general demand for various purposes and makes such excellent fodder for horses when cut into chaff that it will go far to equalize the differing values of the grain. The best preparation of the soil is therefore indispensable, even for this crop, and when grass seed is sown its greater advantages over wheat for this purpose gives it an additional value.

Rye is a valuable crop for soiling purposes. It is excellent for a fall and winter or early spring pasture for sheep or cows where winter pasturing is available. For cutting green in the spring for cows it is the only available crop, as it comes at a season when no other is ready or can be made ready, and it carries the cows along until the clover is fit for cutting. For this purpose we have been in the habit of sowing three bushels of seed per acre, and to get an even stand over the ground have taken the trouble to sow the seed, one-half each way, with a harrowing across the last one to avoid having all the seed come up in rows in one direction along the harrow marks. For grain a bushel and a half of seed per acre is not too much, and early sowing is advisable, because this crop is not troubled with the rust or the Hessian fly which renders later sowing of wheat advisable.—*N. Y. Times.*

Save Your Own Seeds.

Let every farmer so far as possible raise his own seeds, and he will then know what to expect. Many can not do this, or do not realize its importance, and year by year buy their seeds, and sometimes of irresponsible seedsmen—the result being failure and disappointment. It is an easy matter to improve almost any vegetable by careful selection and raising of seed. Within certain limits a great deal may be done towards securing seed that will produce earlier, fairer and better vegetables than before. This matter is worthy of close attention.—*Congregationalist.*

—The popular superstition concerning the unluckiness of spilling salt probably originated in Leonardo da Vinci's picture of "The Last Supper," where Judas is represented as overturning the salt. Some people always throw a pinch of the spilled salt over their right shoulder, hoping thereby to prevent misfortune.

—Don't try to make a farmer of a boy who has no fitness for it.—*Prairie Farmer.*

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—Owls kill more mice than cats. A naturalist who was observing the habits of the owl discovered that during one night one owl carried eleven mice to its young.—*Chicago Journal.*

—All experience goes to show that the farmer who has smooth land, which can be cultivated by horse-power, and neglects to raise a root crop, fails to live up to his privileges.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—It is the same with an animal as with a steam-boiler—the more complete the combustion of the food or fuel it gets the more satisfactory will be the result, because there is less waste.—*Western Rural.*

—Resources of the soil do not end abruptly at four or five inches in depth, yet there are hundreds of farms where all beneath is terra incognita because no effort has ever been made to explore.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—Prof. J. W. Sanborn, of the Missouri Agricultural College, has been experimenting with prickly comfrey as a forage plant, and while he finds it making a good growth from cuttings, he has been unable to induce cows to eat it.

—A Cobleskill (N. Y.) farmer recently sold his crop of hops at nine cents a pound. They were selling in the market at forty cents per pound, but he was one of those characters who never see a paper, and consequently was easily cheated.—*Troy Times.*

—Although sorghum in its green state is excellent food, it is not adapted to using in winter. Aside from its greater value for the production of sirup and sugar, the fact that it is so full of sap makes it almost impossible to cure it dry.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—If one takes a little pains and time, he can readily raise nearly all the trees and shrubs he needs, by transplanting to a nursery patch from the forest when small, or by buying from the nurseries, where they are grown from seed very cheaply.—*Albany Journal.*

—Some farmers always have good crops, good stock and good prices. It is because whatever they put their hands to they do well. They farm with brains as well as hands. If other farmers would imitate their examples they would have better crops. Success does not depend so much upon good luck as it does upon good work.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

—For growing cucumbers, squashes or similar plants, put old saw-dust or rotten wood about them. Those who have never tried cucumbers on strong, bushy stakes, like pea-sticks, will be surprised to note how they enjoy it. Tomatoes do better trained to stout stakes than any other way. The raspberry, gooseberry and currant, especially the latter, thrive with applications of rotten wood.—*Husbandman.*

—Do not forget that feed, and plenty of it, and the right kind, has everything to do with the making of a fine animal. The best Hereford or Shorthorn, the finest Berkshire or Poland-China, will soon degenerate into an inferior animal if not properly fed. Some farmers sell their cattle after they think they have them fattened, when the fact is that they are only in shape then to be fattened. Keep good stock and feed well the year round, the result is found when driven upon the scales.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

POOR FARMING.

A System of Agriculture Which Has Ruined Many Fertile Farms.

In going about the country we see many farms where the grass is cut off year after year, and no dressing put on the land to keep up its fertility. This is a deliberate attempt to cheat nature. No one has ever yet succeeded, and no one ever will succeed, in doing this however. Year by year the crops become less and less, until, in a few years, the land will become so run out as to be hardly worth mowing over. It is a very great mistake to attempt such farming. What is worth doing is worth doing well. This maxim is as applicable to the farm as to any other department. If a man can not make money farming, by a liberal, but judicious expenditure of money for the necessary dressing, he surely can not by withholding the same, and had better give up the business and seek some other occupation. If, by a moderate use of dressing, one can make a profit on every acre cultivated, then, by a free use of the same, he may make a still larger profit. Why should any man mow over four acres of grass to get four tons of hay, when, by proper methods, he may get the same amount from one acre? Few farmers, except a few market gardeners near the cities, have ever fully tested the capacity of their farms to produce. They hear of large crops, but never attempt to secure them. Most farmers are unwilling to expend the money to bring their farms up to the highest state of cultivation.

This is a very great mistake. What would be thought of a manufacturer who should build or purchase a large and costly mill and never run it up to its fullest capacity, possibly not do more than one-half of what it was capable of doing? Most men would think him very foolish. We think it safe to say that not one in a hundred farms are made to produce even one-half of what they are capable of doing. Young men could find full and profitable scope for all their enterprise on the farm if they would only take hold of the business in a proper way. If young men who go West would be content to suffer the same hardships and privations at home that they do at the West in order to win success, they would make as much money and secure other advantages. We wish more country boys could be led to see this matter in the right light, and take hold and rejuvenate some of the old and neglected farms, and make them as in former days, and even more profitable.—*Congregationalist.*