

RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD. - NEBRASKA.

BLOOM AND SNOW-TIME.

How the years are fleeting from us!
How the summers come and go!
Scarce the catkins white with blossoms
Ere 'tis whiter with the snow.
And the blossoms and the snow-flakes
Drift in turn above our head;
Which were sadder, bloom or snow-time,
Never mourning heart hath said.
Songs the birds have heard but sing not,
Other hms than drone of bees
Mothers list for in the silence
Of the shadow of the trees.
Something other than the brightness
From above, and from below
Blinds the eyes of travelers homeward,
Missing foot-prints in the snow.
If but years were fleeting from us,
Did but summers come and go,
Only shades shut out the sunshine,
Only shadows lie below.

Which more joyous, bloom or snow-time,
Never parent-heart might know;
So the child's song wooed the blossoms
And its footstep marked the snow.
There are realms of endless summer,
Fields with fadeless beauty crowned;
Trees whose blossoms falling, drift not
To the fashion of a mound.
There are voices singing childlike,
Sweeter than the angels do;
We should know them, could we hear them.
For the "song," alone, is "new."
There are travelers journeying homeward,
With their faces to the dawn,
Who were turned from darkest nightfall
Searching for their jewels gone.
And they see in bloom and snow-time
God's white milestones by the way
Lessening space this side the city,
Where the children are at play.

-X. Y. Observer.

TREAN;

—OR—

THE MORMON'S DAUGHTER.

By ALVA MILTON KERR.

[Written While Living in Utah.]

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Shake! Brother Young, shake! You're kindness itself to your servants," said the Bishop, feelingly.

"Yes, I know, and I expect you to look after these tithes pretty closely, too, Parley!"

"Yes, certainly; most certainly!"

"Have any of the elders counseled her to marry you?" queried the Prophet.

"Well, no; they seem sort of 'fraid of 'er. I've talked to her father, and, of course, he submits like a lamb, but she's as stiff as steel and silent-like. I can't figger with 'er so easy."

"Well, she'll have to bend or break, that's all. Are any of the young brethren standing in your way?"

"There's several feedin' themselves on secret hove, I think, for she's a fine creeter, but she pays little attention to any of 'em, unless it's young Elder Beam. I've had Arsen spinn' and I guess that amounts to nothing."

"Well, if he gets in your way let me know, and I'll send him off to Europe preaching."

"Thank ye, Brother Young, thank ye kindly!" The Bishop ruminated a moment.

"There's a fellow, a dorn-Easter, up at her house who got hurt at the ford near there. But I guess there's nothin' atween 'em as yet, nor likely to be, according to Dubette and Arsen, whose been spinn' 'em. Acorse if he interfers I'll have him sent preachin'—to-well, sperrits of just men made perfect!"

"That's right; I guess you'll take care of your chances, Parley!" said the Prophet, with an approving grin. "Sweeten up a couple more saps and we'll swallow it to your success."

The Bishop threw up his hat, they drank, and roso and with flushed faces went out.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME DECLARATIONS.

The school-house in Moosesene was a low structure, so low a tall man might lay his hand upon the eaves. In this regard its composition was strikingly Mormonesque. Hewn pine composed the walls and a medley of shingles and clapboards the roof. When it rained, a thing infrequent in this region, if administering Mormonism with an occasional pinch of earthly information in it chance to be in progress, they simply adjourned. It mattered little anyway, considering the intellectual pay offered these unfortunate sucklings.

The place was a very dirty one, indeed quite in the Mormon way. The floor was of Nature's own furnishing, packed solid by countless foot-prints, and, when sprinkled, rising often in little smoky puffs to further aggravate the mental fog which seemed always webbing about the poor heads congregated there. Its area was the one redeeming feature, it being rather wide and deep upon the ground, a necessity obvious enough when the flocks of children in the settlement were taken into account. Indeed in Mormonism children are ubiquitous; they literally swarm upon and burden the eye-sight.

Their protection is a cardinal feature of the Mormon system; the mother, of course, and to insure the product, the leaders have made woman's salvation depend in large part upon the number of bodies she furnishes the spirits that wait to pass through this existence to the next. The imposition is inexpressible. That night after the Prophet's coming however, the old school-house had a holiday look. The seats had been removed, the walls decked with greenery, and the dirt floor swept and sprinkled. By nine o'clock the populace was there, a hard-favored, animal-looking crowd, yet with here and there a good form and gentle face.

The hall was opened with prayer, one of the Salt Lake Elders offering the invocation, and that night ere the disgusting pastime had ceased a young man was killed upon the floor, and half the dancers were reeling with drunkenness. Quite all of them were members of the Mormon Church, but none were Christians; sincere Mormons there are in plenty, but never Christian Mormons, the beliefs of the latter and the holy refinements of the former can not lie down together in the same berth.

Mormonism is not a religion; those fine, spiritual laws that mankind, after centuries of sitting, have found pure gold at the bottom of experiences are lacking. A shuffling and repulsive assumption of worship is put forward, no matter how secular and unholistic. Worship is vulgarized, and life is largely brutalized. In all the back regions where the contact and restraining pressure

of the great world is scarcely felt, this feature turns most toward one. There it is frightful. At the best it is a homo-devouring system, a lust-engendering, love-annulling, heart-polluting one, but there it is embracing and stupefying. There life, like a plant that feels upward for the sunshine and strikes its sensitive spire against the underside of a receding stone, is doubled back upon itself and turns helplessly about in the darkness and the filth. Youth is muddled through all its feelings by preccept and example, and becomes a home-hating, liquor-loving, lustful, profane and ignorant phase. Over it and about it forever broods a thick and heating atmosphere, impure, animal, numbing to the brain, quickening to passion, through which their way seems hopeless.

At the heart Mormonism is criminal Masonry. The Priesthood, which is all powerful, constitutes this body, and ceremonies are passed through and oaths taken that are frightful in aim and import. The outlying limbs of this grave Theocracy are clothed with religion, and by its binding, persuading agency sustenance and power are forced back through the arteries to the false and lecherous heart. Cords of superstition, fear, awe, and a poor misguided faith, bind these extremities to the knavish, priestly body, which in Utah has thirty thousand members within its oak-lined chain. This is Mormonism; a white slavery, a fabric of injustice and deceit. A thousand stains spot its history, a thousand signs breathe over it, and through it trickle a thousand tears. Its history can never be told; much of it is not for decent ears; God alone shall wholly treasure it up against the future in His all-preserving silence.

The morning after the ball broke dimly; a mist, in which the mountains stood waste deep as in a sea of milk, lay heavily upon the world. The air seemed clogged and scarcely respirable, a strange thing among the Utah mountains. When Elchard woke Trean's father was tramping up and down the narrow porch; he could not breathe when lying down, he said. He had heard of the murder at the dance, too, and was restless and stifled. Trean had not been there; he was glad of that; neither had she been with the rest to greet the Prophet at his coming, and he shook his shaggy head with trouble.

After an oppressive breakfast Elchard went out, and with a suffocating sense climbed the slope and sat down among the pines. The sun was a bleared spot above him, and only for a few yards about could objects be distinctly seen. It was easier breathing there, however, and he fell to thinking of his unearned fortune, and how he must try and go on when morning came again; then of this sad and beautiful girl there in the mist below him. Would she always go onward in the mist—that other mist which was felt and visible only to the spirit—and to what an end! He rose up involuntarily, her future so came upon him, and stepped forward as if he would go to her, when suddenly she stood before him in the path.

How soft her form-lines in the mist! How wide and startled her eyes! She parted as if to turn back.

"Don't go, Trean!" he said, unconsciously extending his hand in an appealing way.

"Stay with me; don't go back into the mist!"

"I didn't know you was here; I was going further up the mountain. I mustn't stay now," she said, with a kind of faltering gasp.

He came close to her, his face burning white. "Trean!" he said, and that was all, but all that might ever be said of love was coaxing and pleading and throbbing in the word. A sweep of color ran over her neck and face, and she seemed struggling to go back.

"You mustn't; you don't know; I'm not fit; it might cost you your life!" she panted, drawing back.

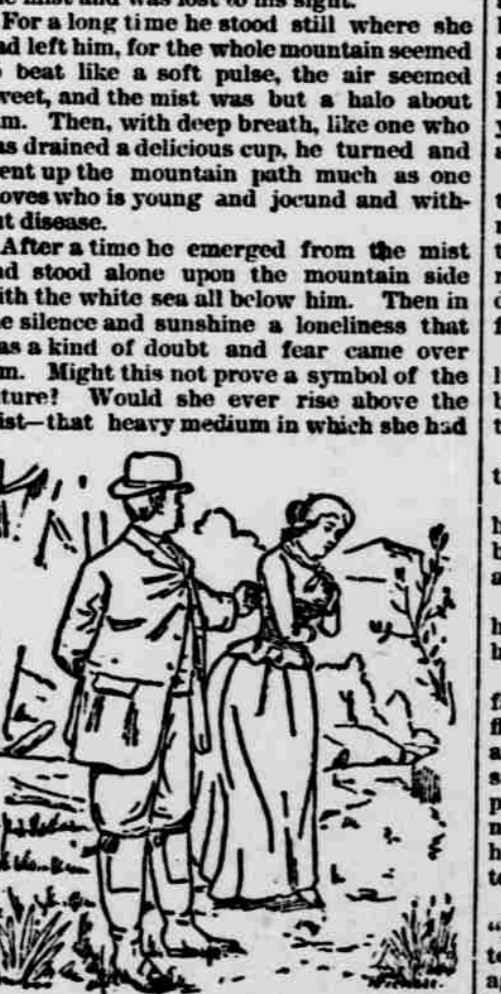
"It's costing you yours, Trean!" and his hand was upon hers and both were trembling.

"Don't leave me, Trean! You are good and beautiful. Let me thank you here where we are alone for your kindness and bravery. Let me give you my love, Trean! Don't throw it from you, darling; don't put me away!"

"She stood for a moment like one intoxicated, swaying upon his words, her eyes softly dilated, her bosom heaving. Suddenly she leaned toward him with an indescribable manner of pleasure and slipped down with her cheek upon his hand where they folded over her own, and hung there. For an instant he felt her tears running over his hands and her lips kissing them, then she broke away and ran blindly downward into the mist and was lost to his sight.

For a long time he stood still where she had left him, for the whole mountain seemed to beat like a soft pulse, the air seemed sweet, and the mist was but a halo about him. Then, with deep breath, like one who has drained a delicious cup, he turned and went up the mountain path much as one moves who is young and jocund and without disease.

After a time he emerged from the mist and stood alone upon the mountain side with the white sea all below him. Then in the silence and sunshine a loneliness that was a kind of doubt and fear came over him. Might this not prove a symbol of the future? Would she ever rise above the mist—that heavy medium in which she had



"DON'T GO, TREAN!"

always moved! Should he not stand alone at last upon the heights? He turned about and went downward into the mist. Nothing but death should under them he said.

Yet the blood felt sweet in his veins, and his step was light; a single slow misgiving could never overtake and silence the many happy currents that went singing in and out of his heart. When he approached the house the mist seemed to be lifting; a cool, downward wind had begun to fan it upward, and far and near the bosom of the world came heaving into view.

Trean was not visible. Up in her poor little chamber she was walking to and fro, her cheeks carmine, her eyes shining. She paused before her little mirror; her face surely had blossomed! She pressed a hand on either side of the radiant apparition and leaning back upon her lissome waist, gazed at it in a moment in sheer delight. The veil of dejection had fallen from it; it was beautiful. She pushed back the soft masses of russet hair from her temples and pressed her hands there as if she were dizzy with happiness. Her heart throbbd as if it would burst. Oh! this was her first real hour of

life! She turned about and broke into a snatch of song which was well-nigh a cry of gladness. She fell upon her knees before her bed and prayed that God would protect him who had taken her soul in the sweet snare of love, and even while she prayed smiles came and went upon her face so like a beating heart was happiness within her solitude.

Poor child of the mountains, the sorrow and dross and dullness of something like savagery had always smothered her spirit; now they had rolled back from her like a folding curtain, and a light, sweeter a thousand times than the sunshine of earth spring, the midsummer sparkle of half-shaded streams, or the cool fire down-dropping from the milky surge of stars, burned meltingly through all her being.

She rose up and made herself as fine as her meager wardrobe would permit, and stood a moment smiling at her image in the glass; then, as from the thought that her few poor trinkets would be as nothing to him, laid them aside and clothed herself in a simple dress of white muslin and went down, looking like a goddess of the dawn.

Elchard was pacing to and fro along the path before the porch, his head erect, his cheeks touched with a tinge flame. When she came out he was almost startled, so much had gladness changed her. With quick step he was by her. "Trean!" but she lifted her finger with a pretty sign of warning, her face flushed with happiness, and he only stood a moment by her side holding her hand tightly where it hung between them, and looking where the broken mist rolled up the mountains and caught here and there on spur and pine in mighty melting tufts until, far in heaven, at last it formed in floating isles of fleece.

"I am going to meeting soon," she murmured, "please don't go with me."

He looked at her. "Why, darling!" He felt her hand with his encasing name.

"It might not be safe."

"What a religion!" he exclaimed, with sudden revulsion.

"Yes," and her eyes were on the ground.

"O, Trean! do you believe it?"

"It might be true, and bad men make it seem untrue." He was surprised at the musical distinctness of her speech. Love seemed to have roused her from her squalid use of words.

"Yes, that is possible, perhaps, but I do not think it is so with this, Trean. The system seems bad—the invention of bad men. Yesterday I went down the street, there beyond the trees, and saw a woman, an old die age knocking angrily at the door of a little house. Presently a young woman opened the door, when the one who came struck her in the face with a sharp rock, and felled and beat her there upon the threshold. A bystander who parted them told me they were the wives of one man. It was shocking!"

"Yes, it was frightful," she said, thickly, drawing the back of her hand across her forehead with a helpless air, "but I don't know any other way; I never heard—I never was shown a better way."

"Love will show you, Trean; but let it, and love will teach you the way!" His voice was tenderness itself.

"I have been told a little since you came," she said, looking up with smiling, swimming eyes. With a murmur of gloom he caught her to him and held her close for a moment there among the lilacs. Then steps sounded on the walk and they went back together to the porch with their faces beaming. Trean's father was coming round the house, and a look of astonishment spread over his shaggy, haggard face. The daughter shrunk back an instant, then stood proud and erect before him holding to Elchard's hand. "What a fine picture they make!"

"Mr. Hartman," said the young man, respectfully, "your daughter has honored me with her love. It gives me great happiness. Will you not permit her to take mine in return, untroubled—the best gift I have!"

The old man's hands began to shake and his eyes filled. "I see it a comin', I see it a comin' from the first!" he said. "But I've liked ye, an' believed in ye, an' I know ye 'er worthy of 'er, but it's a great trial. It ain't accordin' to our religion, an' it's hard to give 'er up, it's hard to give 'er up. For a moment he seemed unable to go on, then he faltered: "But I won't trouble ye, I won't come atwixt ye, for she's the best child God ever giv' me, an' has never had no one to love but me, an' now when I ain't got no longer to stay I can't take my heart from one like ye; on'y leave 'er a little while here; I shan't be long in the way!"

The two happy young hearts were touched; a tender dew sprang into the bright eyes, and the old man reached out his trembling hands and took in each a moist, warm palm and stood a moment, crying silently. It seemed a type of life; sorrow and happiness hand in hand, age waiting for death, and youth eager to take the path that leads to age.

After a long pressure of the warm hands that lay in his, the gray and broken man released them and turned away. He seemed to totter as he went in, and something of the real gravity of love and existence seemed to descend upon the two whose young eyes followed him.

Standing under the blooming vines their lips met reverently, even so soon had duty breathed upon their passion, making it a thing more rational and holy.

"You will stay with him, darling, till—then?"

"Yes, I can't leave him now. I never had any one else to love until—you came, but him; he's good, and weak, and feeble, and needs me even more than you."

"Yes, but I shall not be far away!" and he smiled into her sober eyes and kissed her, and they went in.

The girl's father was standing near the farther door with his eyes fixed upon the floor. Elchard laid a hand gently upon his arm. "Don't feel badly about this, sir," he said, cheerily: "I am quite sure it will prove a blessing to us all. You will find me a good son, I am almost certain. You have been very kind to me, and I shall try to be as kind as I may in return."

"O, it ain't that, sir," he cried, hoarsely. "I know ye's good, an' I like ye, but my daughter's lost in doin' this; she's lost for turnin' agin counsel and revelation! You kent save 'er. Ye'r too fine an' proud to be bad, but ye'r of this poor worl', an' in the end she must go whar ye do! O, sir, one wanted 'er that could 'a' lifted 'er up hereafter; could 'a' exalted 'er an' made 'er one of his queens in the eternal worl'; but now she's an' lost! she's sinnin' away the Holy Ghost, an' kent never be pardined but by the sheddin' of 'er own pore blood!"

Elchard stood against what doctrinal domination was this? The daughter seemed to reel and drop under it. Suddenly she rose to her full height, her Grecian outline seemed to become firm and instinct with power. "It's a lie," she cried, with white face and blazing eyes. "It's a shame put on women for shame's sake! A thousand times I've implored God on my knees to tell me if I must become a vile thing—the mistress of a priest—to gain a home among the pure! I have begged Him to strike me dead if it were true and let me go into the darkness where nothing is ever known. But He never told me untho I sent love into my heart. Here!" she cried, striking her bosom quiveringly, "here is His messenger that never did an unclean thing, and for days through every moment it has shouted: 'No!' in every dream it has

wrinkled brow, the cold feet, the crumpled hands, were bathed and rubbed, and with such haste and warmth as only a life flickering between worlds can exact. Presently the dim eyes opened, they widened wildly, and the girl started a gasp of joy. Out upon the unseen soul two flames of horror seemed to burn away through the glassy film that covered the eyes that stared at her, a great sweat broke out upon the forehead, and the whole frame quivered. "Father!" cried the girl, "father! don't you know me—your Trean?"

With an effort he sat up, still staring at her, then the eyes began to clear and he said, in a tone of hoarse inquiry: "It ain't so then ye ain't been teached; O, darter, I've ben in hell! I've seed a vision 'er dreamed a terrible dream! I thought I was in the sperrit an' see'd ye dead with yer pore throat cut for sinin' the unpardonable sin, but ye'r blood it seemed alive an' turned to fire an' flames an' run all round me, an' burned an' et into me, an' I couldn't put it out! O, I could't put it out! It was terrible!" and he seemed to writhe with the passage of the memory.

"There, father, don't mind; it was nothing but a dream," said the daughter, coaxingly, but with a touch of terror in her voice.

"It was only a dream from your troubling so much. I shan't leave you as long as you live, father, and I'll try to be a good girl, better than I have been in the past if I can, so don't trouble no more."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN A SULTAN'S PALACE.

The Daily Life of the Inmates Regulated by the Hours of Prayer.

The windows and doors of the Arabian houses stand open all the year round, and are only closed during the rainy season. Life in the palace of the Sultan of Zanzibar was regulated by the hours of prayer, which take place five times a day; including ablution and changing of dress, they occupy three hours. Persons of rank are roused between four and half-past five o'clock a. m. for the first prayer, but the majority sleep until eight. The women of the harem are gently roused by a slave, who begins to kneed them all over to quicken the flow of the blood. In the meantime the bath has been filled with fresh spring water, and the garments, on which jasmine and orange blossoms have been strewn the night before, are fumigated with amber and musk before they are put on. An hour is expended on the toilet, and then every one has to wish the father of the house good morning before sitting down to breakfast. After that the men get ready for the audience chamber, and the women go to the windows to watch for a stealthy glance of some passing noble until the old slaves who guard them call them away.

At one o'clock the hour for second prayer is announced, and then the lithe-limbed daughters of the harem are glad to take an hour's nap on the soft woven mats with sacred mottoes plaited in them, or to gossip over their sherbet and cakes.

At four o'clock comes the fourth prayer, when all the ladies dress in their most elaborate afternoon costumes, and another call is made on the father of the house to wish him good afternoon. Then the numerous family, servants and all, sit down for their evening meal and converse, accompanied by an enormous barrel organ. The fifth and last prayer comes at 7:30, though it may be put off till bedtime by those who are busy.

Ten o'clock is the usual hour for retiring, and the ladies are attended by their female slaves, whose duty it is to watch their mistresses until they fall asleep. All women go to bed fully dressed and wearing all their jewels.

The ex-Princess writes that at meal times all sit down on a floor before a table about three inches high, with a ledge running around it like a billiard-table. On this a great variety of viands were placed, and all kinds of sweets and dainties. The various dishes were served on small plates symmetrically laid along the table, and as everything was placed there beforehand no service was required. Two people very often ate from the same dish. Drinks were not taken with the meals, and no one said a word during their progress. As fingers are preferred to forks and knives, the eunuchs hand around basins of perfumed water after each meal.

-N. Y. Journal.



"FATHER, DON'T YOU KNOW ME?"

HONEST OLD ABE.

An Instance of Lincoln's Fraternity Professional Honesty.

Some time early in the years following 1850 the Hon. J. G. Gest, of this county, was guardian of some minors who had title to some land in Illinois, and deeming it to be to the interest of one of his wards to sell the land, he went to that State to make sale of it. He went to the court through which he would have to proceed, and upon a conference with the judge of that court he, for the first time, was made aware that there was difficulty in his way. The judge told him it was the first time an application had been made in his court by a foreign guardian to sell lands in Illinois, and that he doubted his right to do so. Mr. Gest was himself a good lawyer, and on careful examination of the statutes of Illinois he had as troublesome doubts as the judge, who advised him to take counsel, and directed him to a lawyer named Lincoln, who, he said, would give him safe advice. He went to Mr. Lincoln's office and found, he said in narrating the incident afterward, a tall, rather bony man, with kindly expression of face, and plainly dressed. He stated his case to Mr. Lincoln, and that he wanted an opinion; also that he was very anxious to get through with his business speedily and return home. Mr. Lincoln examined the statutes, then, book after book. Finally he took down a volume and remarked: "This is 'Story on the Conflict of Laws.' I trust it may give me some light." After examining through it carefully he placed it back on its shelf and said: "For the first time has the question of the right of a foreign guardian to come into our courts to sell the lands of his non-resident wards, situated in this State, been presented to me. I hoped that 'Story' would help me to solve it. He does not, and I can not give you an opinion without further examination; you are in a hurry to return home and I will give you the best advice that I can. Come here." He stepped to the door and, pointing across the street, said: "You see that lawyer sign? That is the office of ex-Judge Logan; go to see him; if there is a man in Illinois who can give you an opinion at once, he is the man; I am not."

"That," said Mr. Gest, "was the first and only lawyer I have ever met who had the candor to admit that he was not ready to give an opinion. It was an instance of professional honesty worthy of all praise, and referring me to Judge Logan in the manner he did was a rare instance of magnanimity."

-Xenia (O.) Torchlight.

—For some time past telegraph wire No. 4, along the line of the Wabash road, in Indiana, has refused to work, and on investigation it was found that an old man had cut the wire and ran a line into his house, where he was utilizing the electricity as a cure for rheumatism.

FARM AND FRESIDE.

—Bran, oats and oilmeal is the food for growing pigs up to the time pumpkins are ripe.—Rural Home.

—Every poultry-yard should have a peach tree planted therein, as the peach thrives well in poultry-yards and is protected from the borer by the hen.

—In removing crops from the soil we take away plant food. This is the chief cause of soil exhaustion. Lack of fertility is commonly due, in large part or entirely, to lack of plant food.

—Keep a spool of linen thread along with your knitting balls. A strand of it knit into mittens and the feet of the men's socks and the children's stockings insures them much longer wear.

—If a farmer has plenty of patience and is willing to give close attention to details in the care of stock he can make more money for food consumed from sheep than from any other stock.

—Nutmeg Sauce: Two table-spoons butter, one table-spoon flour and half a cup of sugar creamed together. Pour on a pint of boiling water and stir until it thickens, grate in half a nutmeg.

—Escalloped Onions: Take eight onions and cook in plenty of water with one table-spoonful of salt two hours; when tender, drain, put in a baking dish, cover with one pint of cream sauce, sprinkle with one cupful of grated bread crumbs and brown in the oven.

—Plant fruit trees, do it well, and give good after care and culture, and you and your family will ere long be abundantly rewarded with an article of diet which, when sound and ripe, can only be conducive to health and longevity.

—Breaded Potatoes: Boil potatoes in their skins until done, but not too soft. Peel them, cut them in thick slices, dip them in beaten egg and roll them in fine bread or zwickbrot crumbs. Fry the slices in hot butter or drippings until they are a golden brown and serve.

—In boiling meats take the fat from the top of the water and save for cooking or soap. In roasting meat pour the fat out of the pan or dip it out before it gets burned. It will be excellent for use in cooking. But if it stays till the meat is done it will be nearly sure to have a burned, unpleasant flavor.

—A substantial dish without meat is the following: Wash and peel two quarts of potatoes, peel and slice six ounces of onions, skin and bone two large herrings, season with salt and pepper, pour enough water on to cook, bake an hour and a half and serve hot. Any cold gravy, stock or dripping on hand will be better than the water.

—In summer swine graze and do well on clover, and, indeed, are perhaps as healthy and make as cheap and satisfactory growth on that food as on any other. There is no reason why clover should not enter into the winter rations of swine. Sweet clover hay could be cut up into short lengths and fed wet, along with meat and bran, without much trouble and with the best results.

—The liberal use of lime in a fine condition will greatly assist in reducing old sod land that may be plowed for corn. The lime should be divided into two lots, one-third applied before plowing the sod, and the remainder after the ground shall have been turned over, harrowing the surface after the land shall have been plowed. The rains will carry the lime down, and before the corn crop shall be matured the effects of the lime will be very marked.

IMPROVE THE HOG.

A Matter Which Deserves the Attention of Progressive Farmers.

If the margin between the price of corn and pork remains as great as it has been during the past year, the inference is that the demand for a better class of hogs will be greater than it has been for a number of years. There will be new herds built up, and arrangements made for breeding hogs on farms where they have been abandoned for years. Young farmers, casting about for the most profitable product of the farm, will not be long in deciding on this branch, as promising the greatest and quickest returns for the money and labor invested. Our observations force the belief upon us that farmers for a few years have not been as careful about adding new blood to their herds as they should have been, and the consequence is their hogs are not as good as they should be. With the combination of all breeds that is convenient to use, they find themselves possessed of a class of mongrel swine that are not profitable either for market or breeding.

Every step removed from some pure fountain head makes matters worse. But even with these things against the quality of hogs they bring a good profit, and should make the farmer feel able to invest in better stock. And taking all these things into consideration, we can but think the demand for pure bred stock will be better in the near future than for a number of years past. The demand during the past year has started the current that way, making an ambition among farmers to excel once more in the quality of the porker, a laudable desire that benefits the farmer and improves the quality of pork given to the consumer. Years ago it was the opinion among farmers that all that was required to raise good hogs was a fine thirty sire, no regard being taken as to the breed, for, as I heard a man once say: "A hog is a hog, and that is enough." But this is not enough. As much attention should be given to the breeding of swine as of horses or cattle, and in the end they will be just as profitable.—Cor. Western Newsman.

CANARIES IN HOUSING.

A lady in San Francisco had three canaries so tame that they flew about the house as will. One sickened and died suddenly. The dead body was taken from the cage and laid on a table, and the other two flew to and examined it very carefully. Then they went back to their cage and for over three days neither of them uttered a note. After that period of mourning was over they piped up and sang as of old.