RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD. - - - NEBRASKA

MAKING UP.

Was it all a mistake? Ah, fold your arms closer,
And press my head nearer your breast;
For my brain has grown weary with thinking and weeping,
And my sad heart is longing for rest.
Was it all a mistake when within your dear hand
You clasped mine with quickening breath
And vowed before God that, forsaking all others,
You would love me and keep me till death.

Was it all a mistake? Is there any one dearer,
For whom your man's heart cries aloud?
Is there any sweet hope lying dead in your bosom,
That your marriage vow hides like a shroud?
Was it all a mistake when I thought I could cheer you,
And brighten your pathway through life?
Do you dream of a face that is fairer than my face?
Of a name you hold dearer than wife?

Was it all a mistake? Are you longing for freedom?
Ah, I pray that release may be near,
That death's arms may take me and bear me to heaven,
To await—what was that? Not a tear?
Ah, my own, you are weeping! You're sorry you said it!
'Twas anger that made those words fall,
Then take me yourself, dear, and don't let death have me,
For I don't want to die after all.

—Toronto Globe.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

Terrible Experience With a Man-Eating Tiger.

Mr. James Hartley, a well-to-do merchant doing business in the city of New York, resides in one of the numerous suburban towns of New Jersey. The train takes him to his business in the morning, and returns him safely to his home at night. Last Thursday evening a surprise awaited him on his arrival home. The usually peaceful suburb presented a scene of extraordinory excitement. Substantial and staid citizens were patroling the streets armed with shotguns and revolvers, and the whole village appeared to be as if on the eve of a sanguinary revolution. On inquiry Mr. Hartley learned that this unwonted condition of affairs was occasioned by the escape of a large Bengal tiger, said to be of the man-eating species and very fierce, which had that afternoon made its escape from a traveling circus which had been encamped just outside the village for the last two days. Up to that time, six p. m., no trace of the animal had been discovered. The proprietors of the circus thought that he had taken to the woods, and knowing from experience that animals which have been long confined do not, as a rule, wander far from their cages, they cheerfully predicted his easy capture in the morning. They poohhooed the idea of any danger to any of the inhabitants of the village, and indulged in much merriment at the expense of the hastily improvised patrol, the members of which, in their opinion, were simply wasting so many good hours which could have been more profitably devoted to sleep. So far from sharing the confidence of the showmen, the village people, on the contrary, viewed the escape of the ferocious animal with feelings of undisguised alarm, and not entirely without good reason. Only the day previous the vicious animal had made a desperate and unprovoked attack upon one of the keepers who happened to be standing near its cage. With one blow through the bars, it had stripped the man's arm of the flesh from the shoulder to the elbow. Public feeling had been much aroused by this ghastly accident, and under the circumstances the good people of the village were not to be blamed for feeling a little nervous. On reaching his house, the merchant, in lieu of the warm welcome which usually awaited him, found all the doors and windows tightly closed. For the first time in their married life Mrs. Hartley was not at the front door to meet him. Instead, he found her with spectral face peeping timidly through the parlor window.

"O, my dear, such an awful thing has happened——"

"I've heard all about it," interrupted the husband. "You needn't be at all frightened. The beast is miles off by this time, deep into the woods."

When the time for retiring had arrived the merchant had succeeded in laughing away his wife's fears, and by dint of much verbal soothing syrup had restored her badly-shaken nerves to something like their normal tranquility. Thus reassured, Mrs. Hartley soon sank into a sound slumber; but, try as he would, the merchant's attempts to follow his good lady's example that night proved singularly abortive.

Hour after hour passed, which he had vainly occupied in going through all the well-known formula for producing sleep, such as counting droves of pigs, sheep, jumping by myriads over impossible fences, and running the gamut of those curious devices popularly supposed to induce slumber, when he suddenly became aware, by that peculiar instinct which man shares in common with the lower animals, and which, in times of danger, sometimes become intensely and abnormally acute, of an unseen presence in the apartment.

Another minute crept slowly by, during which the merchant lay in a state of nervous apprehension, vainly endeavoring to shake off the indefinable feeling of dread which had taken possession of him. It was while he thus lay listening intently that he became for the first time conscious of a low, deep, ominous whisper, which seemed to issue from the further corner of the room, into the remoter parts of which the rays of the young moon, but then hardly arisen above the neighboring tree-tops, hardly penetrated. He listened to this peculiar noise for some moments, the sound increasing in volume and seeming to move from place to place, and gradually deepening into a hoarse and cat-like purr, a sound which sent a cold thrill of horror through his whole frame, as at the same instant there flashed through his mind the words: "The tiger! the tiger!" Hardly daring to breathe, he slowly raised himself on his right elbow and peered cautiously in the direction from which the sound proceeded. As he thus raised himself, the moon, which had been for a few seconds obscured by a passing cloud, broke forth from its fleecy covering and shot a pale gleam of light into the interior of the apartment. The hoarse purring sound still continued, and as the merchant concentrated his gaze in the direction from which it came, with cat-like and noiseless tread there slowly emerged into the strip of moonlight an object which held him motionless in a sudden paroxysm of terror, as with straining eyeballs he saw, brought out in full relief against the further wall, the head and shoulders of a full-grown Bengal tiger.

Even in the extremity of his terror he could not help noticing it minutely. It was an enormous beast. Without a trace of mane, its smooth and sinuous form upholding the small but ferocious head, it seemed the embodiment of resistless strength. A bright tawny yellow, its body was beautifully marked with dark transverse bands, passing into pure white on the under parts. The tail was long and full and undulated in snake-like movements. Its fang-like teeth, bared by the dropping under jaw, shone white and cruel in the moonlight. The expression on its face as it moved silently forward and raising its head sniffed eagerly in the night air, was appalling. It was the expression of a demon.

Mr. Hartley does not know what prevented him from screaming aloud with terror. Perhaps the thought of the helpless woman sleeping in peaceful unconsciousness by his side; perhaps sheer inability to utter an articulate sound, prevented him. Fascinated by the beast, the feeling grew upon him that if he should once remove his eyes from the fierce and glaring orbs which glistened with such a baleful gleam as they met his own, that at that moment the animal would spring upon him. Rapidly, as he became by degrees a little calmer, he resolved in his mind the best thing to be done. He must wake his wife, but how to do so without attracting the attention of the animal and hastening the impending attack was a problem difficult of solution. Somehow or other, as with really brave men in the most trying situations, when face to face with danger, his innate courage nerved him to the emergency. Keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the tiger, he placed his left hand behind him and very slowly and with infinite caution pressed it gently down over Mrs. Hartley's mouth. It was a dreadful moment. If she should cry out the ferocious beast, which had already begun to show symptoms of anger, and appeared to be gathering itself for a spring, would undoubtedly leap upon them.

At that moment Mrs. Hartley half roused herself from sleep. She murmured something unintelligible.

"My dear," said the merchant, in a low constrained voice, "are you awake?"

"Yes," came back the dreamy response; and again he pressed his hand, this time more decidedly, upon the face of the half-conscious woman.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Hush! Do not stir, on your life. Look over my shoulder. Quietly; be brave, little woman; remember, your life depends upon your silence!"

The unfortunate man felt his wife tremble from head to foot, as in obedience to his instructions, she glanced in the direction indicated, where their awful foe confronted them.

"I see it," the whispered. But beyond this, and the involuntary tightening of her grasp upon the husband's arm, the plucky woman made no sign. Face to face with danger, her courageous nature asserted itself, and the woman who would have run shrieking from a mouse lay comparatively calm and collected in the presence of almost certain death.

Having thus awakened his wife to the dangers of their situation, the merchant, a man of much resource, was quick to act. The bed upon which they lay was an old-fashioned and heavy one, solidly built of mahogany. Like most old-fashioned bedsteads, it stood close to the floor, so that a man could but barely squeeze under it. Their one chance of escape lay in their being able to get beneath this shelter before the animal should make the fatal leap, which they were now every moment expecting. With admirable coolness, never for a moment removing his eyes from those of the tiger, he instructed his wife to creep out softly on her side and get under the bed, she being next the wall. In a few moments, the words "All right" coming from beneath, assured him that the plucky little woman had successfully accomplished the feat. Now to get there himself. Suddenly seizing all the bedclothes in his hands, with a loud cry the merchant sprang towards the tiger, and ere the startled beast could extricate himself from the coverings thus hurled upon him, Mr. Hartley had also squeezed his way in under the bed.

"The corner! The corner! he shouted desperately, and realizing the intentions of her husband, Mrs. Hartley assisted him to push the heavy bedstead up into the corner of the room, thus leaving only two sides of their ingeniously-contrived fortress open to attack. It soon came. With a blood-curdling yell, having disentangled himself from the clothes, the enraged animal sprang forward. Maddened at the escape of his prey, he thrust his huge paws again and again beneath the bed, uttering deep-mouthed cries and endeavoring to force his massive head and shoulders beneath the bedstead. Realizing that their lives depended upon keeping the bedstead upon the floor, the terror-stricken pair clung desperately to the slats. Twice the animal succeeded in forcing the forepart of his head underneath, and twice he was compelled by the weight above him to abandon the advantage thus gained. O, if the bedstead was only an inch or two lower! "The castors, James," shouted Mrs. Hartley, "remove the castors."

Quick as a flash the merchant, dragging himself to one corner, raised with his back the heavy piece of furniture and withdrew the castors; and this he did to the other three corners in succession as the the opportunity occurred, thus bringing the bedstead down so low that the animal could no more than get his nose under the sides. The merchant, however, was by this time so much exhausted by his terrible exertions as to be physically incapable of longer holding the bed down upon the floor. Breathing heavily, the perspiration streaming from every pore, he awaited with a feeling akin to despair the moment when the huge man-eater, which, baffled for a moment, had drawn off to a little distance, should renew his fierce attempts to reach them. Just then his foot struck against a hard substance. It was the sharp edge of a small box of tools which he had but a short time previously given to his son, a boy of twelve, then absent on a visit to a schoolmate in New York, and which the little fellow had, no doubt, placed under his parents' bed for greater security during his absence. Thank heavens! his own generosity to his son now provided a means of deliverance. If the tiger would but remain where he was for a minute longer he could screw the bed down to the floor and thus effectually prevent the animal from reaching them. With trembling hand he drew the box toward him. What if it should be locked? A cold sweat broke out upon him as it resisted his efforts to open it. No, he was trying to open it on the hinged side. The other! It opened readily, and a little fumbling brought to light four long screws and a good-sized screw-driver. A gimlet, also, rewarded his further search. In two minutes the bed was securely screwed to the floor, and not a moment too soon, for aroused by the noise which this operation rendered necessary, the infuriated animal again sprang to the attack. Time after time he savagely thrust his head as far as he could reach under the bed, the desperate man, guided more by the sound of the animal's breathing than any thing else, thrusting fiercely at the bristling muzzle with the sharp screw-driver. Suddenly, however, the huge cat changed his tactics. Taking a rapid turn around the room as if to reconnoiter, with a furious bound it sprang upon the bed, and with its sharp claws rapidly stripped the two mattresses from its surface. A woven wire mattress and the slats now alone interposed an apparently frail barrier between the enraged animal and its helpless victims.

Maddened with rage, the huge man-eater tore fiercely at this fresh obstacle, its sharp claws, however, failing to make any impression upon the tempered spring steel. But it bent dreadfully. Will it hold? Yes, it bends, it is true, but even those claws, terrible weapons though they be, rebound harmless from the slippery and springy surface. Thank Heaven! It forms a coat of mail through which the huge beast can not penetrate. After a few minutes of futile endeavor the tiger, exhausted with its exertions, lay crouched above them. The man, white with terror, could see the saliva dripping from its jaws and mark the ferocious gleam in its yellow eyes as it glared savagely down upon them. Without covering, it was bitter cold. A deadly chill crept over him. Would he and his wife survive the horrible experience. His wife! He reached out his hand and touched her. He spoke to her, low at first, then louder. There was no response. Overcome with the horror of their situation the unfortunate woman had fainted. Each minute seemed an hour as he lay there, the immense form of the tiger above them, while his face was turned away to escape the prurient odors which its body emitted. In their exposed situation his wife would perish with cold and fright. Something must be done. He saw, too, that beneath the repeated onslaughts of their foe even the steel mattress showed signs of yielding. Suddenly the thought struck him, "That box of tools again." With the augur and saw it contained why should he not cut his way through the floor, drop into the parlor below, and summon assistance. No sooner had he hit on this plan, than he proceeded to put it into execution. Turning over on his face, he bored with as little noise as posssible a series of holes through the soft pine flooring, and inserted the edge of the saw. It was new and sharp, and the soft wood readily yielded to his efforts. Soon he had cut a hole two feet in length in one plank. The tiger had not moved. Mrs. Hartley was lying face downward, and groaned from time to time uneasily. She had regained consciousness, but replied to all her husband's questions in an incoherent manner, and the poor man thought piteously that perhaps her reason had given way under the dreadful strain. The thought urged him on to renewed efforts. The second plank was now cut through. Breaking away the plaster beneath, he thrust his legs into the hole thus made, and hung suspended by his fingers. Whilst in this position the thought involuntarily flashed through his mind that perhaps the tiger might rush downstairs and seize him, and he gripped the rough boards tightly with his tired fingers. He would soon have to let go his hold any way. He felt his fingers gradually slipping from the boards. He looked up, a prayer trembling on his blanched lips. The animal had not moved from its recumbent position on the bed. Its eyes were half closed, and it was apparently becoming drowsy. He let go his hold and fell—down, down, down—away into space. It seemed that he never would reach the floor.

At this juncture the merchant's wife shook him violently by the shoulder and exclaimed, in a somewhat irritable tone: "For goodness sake, James, wake up and cease dreaming about that wretched tiger. I believe you are more frightened about it than I am."

And he was.—Austyn W. Granville, in Chicago Journal.

KILLED THEIR HORSES.

Pathetic Scene When Thouars' Gauchos Slaughtered Their Best Friends.

M. Thouar, the French explorer who made himself known by his explorations in the Gran Chaco, that part of the Argentine Republic where the fierce Toba tribe had already killed several explorers, has just published an account of his first expedition in 1885, when he fought his way, mile by mile, through the Indian territory until he had traveled about two hundred miles up the river. Having ascended the river by the land route he cut down trees and made canoes for the purpose of descending by water. When he was nearly ready to start he told his Argentine escort that they must kill their horses to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Toba.

This order gave rise to a very pathetic incident which all will understand who know how dear his horse is to every wanderer on the Pampas. Over fifty years ago Darwin told us even the beggars along the Plata were mounted on horseback. Thouar says that in the affections of the Gauch his horse fills a place to which his wife can hardly aspire. His horse is a part of himself, the witness of all his joys and sorrows, and his constant companion from his earliest childhood. On this dangerous expedition the horses had doubly endeared themselves to their owners. In fact every one believed that more than once their faithful horses had saved their lives; and in the midst of this savage wilderness it was easy to recognize the instinctive attachment which the docile brutes felt for their masters.

The men at first told Thouar that they could not kill their horses. If they must part with them they would turn them loose. The leader told them that this would simply be to give the horses up to the Toba, who would use them to follow the canoes along the bank and renew their attacks. It was over a day, however, before the men would consent to an act that seemed to them like the murder of their dearest friends; and when they did at last admit that it was best and promised to carry out the wishes of their leader every eye was wet with tears.

None of the men would take part in killing his own animal. Thouar set the example. His horse was thrown to the ground and an artery being opened in his breast his sufferings were soon ended. The men said afteward that the horses seemed like human beings to them, so appealing and reproachful were the glances they cast upon the men who were taking their lives. The butchery was soon over and Thouar says the big, strong Gauchos turned from the scene of slaughter crying like babies. For a whole day the men seemed to have been struck dumb. They would answer only in monosyllables when their leader addressed them, and they all hoped that Toba would attack them again that they might wreak vengeance upon the enemy whose hostility had compelled this slaughter of their faithful four-footed friends. But the Toba kept their distance and the party launched their dugouts and started on their exciting journey down the river.—Chicago Times.

CRUSH ALL SUSPICIONS.

How to Avoid Drifting to a Miserable Condition of Mind.

There are few things more productive of evil in society than a suspicious disposition. He who is always on the watch for wrong-doing actually fosters it. He may fancy that he is a foe to evil, but in truth, by letting it dwell it his mind, he becomes it promoter. The gross injustice he does to the innocent is but part of the injury. He stirs up resentful feeling, destroys friendship, embitters intercourse, sows seeds of distrust everywhere, poisons both his own happiness and that of many others. So manifest are these results that there is a very general stigma placed not only upon the suspicious person, but upon all suspicion itself. "If its continual presence be so baneful, let us banish it altogether," say many social well-wishers. A little deeper reflection, however, would show that this utter extermination of suspicion is neither possible nor desirable; for as long as there is evil in the world there must be the fear of evil, and a suspicion in its first formation is but a fear, a doubt, an uncertainty in the mind, based upon more or less reasonable grounds. A man, for example, suspects some one in his employ of unfaithfulness. He may have strong cause for the suspicion, or there may be but slight foundation, or it may be entirely a figment of the imagination. In any case he, perhaps, can not avoid in the first instance the entrance of the suspicion into his own mind, and it may be well that he can not. His own interest and the cause of justice might otherwise both suffer. Being there, however, the question immediately arises, What shall he do with it? There are three paths open to him and to every one who suspects another of wrong-doing. He may test the suspicion, he may quench it or he may cherish and retain it. The last of these methods is the most common, and this it is that works so much evil and gradually develops the suspicious disposition. To retain the suspicion, to let it rankle in the mind even slightly, is both unjust and unwise, and when to this we add the very common habit of confiding these unprovoked doubts and fears to a third party the injury is multiplied.

There are many suspicions that need crushing in the bud. We fancy our friend is cool to us; we imagine some one has slighted us; we suspect our neighbor of having spoken ill of us. Most likely we are mistaken, and, in any case, we could never profitably search into the matter. Our trust in our friend or our own self-respect, should lead us to put away such thoughts, to abandon such suspicions. Some one has, perhaps, dropped a poisonous word of scandal into our ears. Let us banish it from our thoughts with scorn. Circumstances may tend to cast suspicion on one whom we may honor; let us continue to trust him in our heart of hearts. We may fear that some one has committed a fault, which, however, does not concern us in the least, and in which we are not called upon to interfere; let us expel the idea of an unwelcome intruder. In one of these two ways every suspicion may be rightly dealt with. If as a warning it has a mission to perform, it will do its work; if it is an unworthy or an idle conjecture, it will be dismissed. In either case it will pass away as all suspicions are meant to do. As transient guests of the mind, they may be useful in establishing the innocence which should be brought to light, or in proving the guilt which should be purged away. But as permanent inmates of the mind, their influence is most pernicious. Suffered to remain, they rankle and fester, and produce all manner of social corruptions. People are not naturally suspicious, as is sometimes supposed. They have brought themselves into this unwholesome and unhappy condition by failing to deal rightly with each separate suspicion as it arises. Instead of courageously testing it, or firmly resisting it, they have permitted the constant presence of one suspicion after the another until they cloud the mind, darken the thoughts, and fill the heart with distrust and bitterness. But he who deals intelligently and faithfully with his suspicions, mastering them, and never suffering them to master him, will never sink into the miserable and misery-giving condition that every one must occupy who has a suspicious character.—Moravian.

—According to a news item, two young men recently fought a duel for the hand of a young lady, and as neither was wounded, the girl refused to have either, saying that "she didn't want a man who couldn't hit a barn in her family." Whereupon one of the young men said if he had known that "she had a barn in her family, and wanted it hit, he wouldn't have fought a duel for her, because a barn in the family is as much out of place as a family in the barn."

—At a table in a restaurant a diner said to another on the opposite side of the table, "I beg pardon, sir, but will you kindly pass me the salt-cellar?" "Humph!" said the other insolently. "Do you take me for the waiter?" The first diner made no reply, but calmly called, "Waiter!" The waiter came up, bowing, and asked him what he desired. "Nothing," said the gentleman, "except to apologize to you. It seems that I took this man for you."

—A man in California has played 78,832 games of whist during the past fifty-one years, and he thinks it is a wanton waste of time for women to paint long-legged storks and water lilies on brass plaques.—Norristown Herald.

FIRST-CLASS STABLES.

Concrete Floors Which Outlast and Cost Less Than Plank.

Ask any farmer what part of his premises gives most trouble and expense to keep in repair, and I think the usual answer will be, "The stable floors." Recent inquiry gave me the information that these last only three to five years. My new barn, built four years ago, had selected seasoned lumber for the stable floors, and while in the cow-stable the floor is still in fair condition, I was obliged to put a new layer of, boards in each stall of the horse-stable last fall to enable me to get through the winter. I have for several years wanted to substitute concrete for plank, but could not learn how to do it so as to be sure of a good, substantial job, and did not feel like paying the price the men asked who are regularly in the business, namely, $80 for flooring a stable 15x30 feet. Visiting a friend last fall, he told me he had kept close watch of a barn floored five years previous with cement, and had determined to adopt it. He found that in stalls where heavy, sharp-shod horses had stood for the five years the floor did not show a sign of wear, and he believed that if rightly made a stable floor of concrete would last a lifetime. This friend visited me last week and told me he laid his floor in October and put his horse on it a month later; that it was a perfect success, and he intends, the coming autumn, to put floors of this material into his cow-stable and his horse stable in his own barn, the floor he laid being in a new horse barn. The stable he floored is 15x44 feet, and to complete it he used eight barrels of common or Louisville cement ($1.50 per barrel), and six barrels Portland cement ($3.50 per barrel), or $33 for purchased material for the floor. The sand, gravel and broken stone he had in abundance on his own farm. As most of the job was done at odd times when the land was too wet to work, he could not tell exactly what it cost, but it required something over a week for two hands. He first filled his stable with good clay and leveled it up to within eight inches of where he wished the floor to be. (This clay must be thorougly tamped, and the best way is to put it in some weeks beforehand and let the horses tread it down solid. If the ground is spouty, or inclined to wetness, it is best to use coarse gravel instead of clay.) Then six inches of concrete was put in, made as follows: 2 barrels clean, sharp gravel and three barrels stone, broken so that no piece was larger than an egg, were mixed with 1 barrel of Louisville cement.

This was shoveled over so as to get it thoroughly mixed, and then wet just enough to make the cement adhere to the stone. It was then spread down, 2 inches at a time, and thoroughly tamped with a rammer having a face 8 or 10 inches broad. In putting in this foundation use a level or straight edge, and level up and establish the grades exactly as you want them when done. For the finishing coat (or "liquid stone," as it is called) use three parts sharp sand to 1 part Portland cement; mix dry with shovel or hoe and then screen, to insure thorough mixing. Have one man to mix while another puts it down, and mix but little at a time, as it soon sets. Lay this finishing coat in strips 2½ feet wide, so you can reach across to finish it. Work with your knee on a strip of 2-inch plank and fill just even with the top of it, using a short straightedge across to the last strip. As soon as a strip is laid down it must be smoothed off, as cement soon hardens so that a trowel will have no impression on it. It would probably pay the average farmer, unused to handling a trowel, to employ a man to put down the finishing coat, but with an ordinary day laborer any farmer can put in the foundation and get the material all ready for the last coat. If the weather is very hot and dry keep the stable closed so as to prevent drying too rapidly. Do not put the horses on it until it is solid, which will be perhaps a month, and when you first use it bed heavily with sawdust or other fine bedding not easily pawed out of the stall. A little figuring shows that the coat of the cement is not far from what the lumber would cost to floor a stable, and in my locality, if I should buy oak lumber it would cost considerably more, as oak here is $25 per M., or over, and 1,320 feet will be required to lay a 2-inch floor, beside the joist, in a stable the size of that which my friend floored with $33 worth of cement. I believe the cement is much better for horses' feet, as it will not dry out the hoofs like plank. In laying this floor you must set the studding for the stall partitions before putting in the foundation, so that they will be held firmly. It would probably be wise to floor a stall or two, or a small stable, and give it a trial before adopting it generally. I believe, however, that if you follow the above directions there will be no danger of failure.—Waldo F. Brown, in N. Y. Tribune.

—Poor Inventor—"I have perfected a wonderful invention, sir, which needs only capital to develop. It is a process of extracting electricity in enormous quantities direct from coal. It will reduce the cost of motive power to a mere fraction of the present cost; it will heat and light whole cities at about the cost of supplying water." Broker—"Have you the machine ready?" "Yes, sir; working now." "Will you allow any one to examine it?" "Any one at all. It is protected by patent. The whole world can look at it and see exactly how it works." "Humph! Won't do. Impossible to get capital for such an invention. It lacks the vital element of mystery."

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Fresh milk boiled with cut sugar will soothe a cough when other things fail.

—Every dead limb on a tree should be cut away, not only for the appearance of the tree, but to avoid the incumbrance.

—I make glue that is very good by dissolving the gum to be found on cherry trees in water. Keep water on it all the time, and it is always ready for use.

—For seed potatoes for next year select those which are well matured, clear of disease, fair size, even and smooth, carefully handle them and store them separately from the crop.

—Cut a fig once or twice in two, put it in a cup, pour boiling water on it, let it stand till cool, not cold; then bathe the eye with the water quite frequently. It is a sure cure for a stye on the eye.

—Sir J. B. Lawes gives as the results of his very careful experiments that the pig utilized 20 per cent. of the dried substance of its food, while the sheep only utilized 12½ per cent. and cattle only eight per cent.

—Peach Pudding: Pear and slice several peaches into a pudding dish, cover with sugar, pour over this a cold boiled custard, cover the top of this with frosting made from the white of an egg and one teaspoonful of sugar; brown in an oven; eat when cold.

—Eggs and Asparagus: Boil the tender parts of asparagus in a little salted water; when done drain and chop fine. Have beaten eggs as required. Put the asparagus in a saucepan in which is melted butter, pour in the eggs and cook three minutes, stirring to prevent burning.

—Trousers that are in constant wear will invariably "bag" at the knee, though a little intelligent care will ameliorate the difficulty, and where there are several pairs to wear, turn and turn about, it may be entirely obviated till the cloth is considerably worn and has lost its firmness.

—There is nothing a laying hen likes better than a variety, not only in her soft food, but in her grain. With bran for the bulk of their morning food, add one day ground oats, another ground wheat, with always meat and vegetables, if available, and the table scraps. Wheat, oats and barley form a regular grain diet, but corn, buckwheat and grass seeds make fine relishes.

—Potato Pudding: Boil four large potatoes and press them through a sieve; stir into them powdered sugar to taste, and the yelks of two or three eggs; add a few drops of essence of lemon, then the whites of the eggs whisked to a stiff froth; mix quickly and well, pour into a plain mould, buttered and bread-crumbed. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Poor crops of almost any thing else may be laid off upon the season or some other excuse; but a poor corn crop means poverty of soil and poor cultivation, or both combined. Land can not be too rich for corn, as it may for almost any other grain, it can not be too thoroughly tilled. Knowing this the poor corn crop is all through the season a standing reproach to the careless, shiftless farmer. Sometimes the carelessness begins even with the seed. If that is poor nothing after can be done to remedy the defect.

SUGAR FROM BEETS.

One of the Most Profitable of the World's Important Industries.

The simple and inexpensive methods adopted in the German factories have made the beet-sugar manufacture one of the most profitable of industries, and the work goes on day and night, at a prime cost for conversion of two dollars per ton of beets, or one cent per pound of sugar, not estimating the cost of the beet-root, but including labor and all materials used, like coal, coke, lime, charcoal, wear and tear, and interest on the invested capital. The monthly disbursements of such an establishment exceed sixty thousand dollars, and give employment to thousands of wage-earners in direct and collateral industries. One sugar corporation in France reported a net profit derived from the manufacture of beet-sugar a few years ago of two millions of dollars, and the season did not extend beyond one hundred and twenty days. Under these new conditions the production of beet-sugar in continental Europe has doubled in the last decade; and, after the home populations are supplied, the surplus is exported to Great Britain and the United States, reducing the price of sugar in the markets of the world more than fifty per cent.

The sugar refineries of this country use the beet and cane sugar indiscriminately in the manufacture of the block sugar of commerce, and the family grocer sells the imported refined beet-sugar at a price from twenty-five to fifty per cent. above the price of cane-sugar.

Before our late war, Louisiana produced more sugar than Germany; and although the beet-sugar industry in the latter country was greatly stimulated by the high prices of sugar prevailing, incident to the entire destruction of the cane-sugar industry of the United States, yet as late as 1875 the empire produced only twenty-five hundred tons, while for the year 1888 a production of one million three hundred thousand tons of sugar and saccharine resultants is recorded.—A. H. Almy, in Popular Science Monthly.

—You never know how much water an umbrella is capable of containing until you accidentally stand it against the wall on the pearl colored carpet that cost five dollars per yard.