THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA.

EVENING RETROSPECT.

Far o'er the hills glows red the setting sun,
And [illegible] rays athwart the upmeads lie
Above the clouds a host of [illegible],
And golden shadows fleck the western sky.

Across cool meadows in their verdure dressed
The evening bells fall softly on my ears.
As on the time-worn bridge my feet I rest,
And pause to view the [illegible] work of years.

The silver water running far below
The slender thread was once a flowing stream;
The [illegible] current, falling soft and low,
Seems like some fragment of a song past dream.

The old red house beyond the bridge is gone,
And waving grain now shades the sunny place
Where childish voices woke the air at morn,
And life and love clasped hands in silent grace.

Just on the hill the quiet graveyard [illegible]
[illegible] far
The [illegible]
[illegible]

Ah, many a time with [illegible] fear and dread
My youthful feet have [illegible] those meadows between.
Pushed back the tangled vines, the name to read
Of those asleep beneath the [illegible] green.

The sun goes down to greet another day,
The [illegible] appears from the meadows low.
I turn with faint reluctant feet away
From dreams of youth and scenes of long ago.

—Helen S. Packard

THE TWO THOMASES.

The Embarrassing Way That One of Them Acted.

"I do love this little [illegible] kitchen, and I [illegible] get tired [illegible]. I couldn't live without [illegible] of a [illegible]" said [illegible] Bella Haynes, [illegible] from the [illegible] evening [illegible]

[illegible]

"You are [illegible] handsome [illegible]

[illegible]

"But [illegible]

[illegible]

"Yes," [illegible]. "But how you have grown!"

He [illegible] in his great strong arms to a [illegible] with his sunburnt face, and kissed her three or four times so heartily that the few loungers in the depot found [illegible] curiosity excited over the cause of such an affectionate meeting. Then he drew her hand into his arm, and they set off together, laughing and chatting, for a five minutes' walk home.

"I never was so happy before in all my life, and neither was mother! I've got lots of nice things to eat, and a real soft bed for you to sleep on, and—and"

"And a warm welcome, which is better than all! It seems a mile; why didn't you let me take a carriage, little girl?" the young man asked.

"Oh, we never, never spend our money so!" was the answer.

"Ah, you are too prudent! I'm afraid mother is growing [illegible] and hoarding up her money," said Thomas, laughing.

"Well, here we are!" cried the young girl, as she ran up the steps of a decent brick house, and [illegible] up the stairs, followed by the new comer.

She threw open the door of the "parlor-kitchen," and as she did so the pale old lady came towards them, with outstretched arms.

She then drew back a little, and gazed up at the dark, stalwart fellow before her, exclaiming:

"Surely this can never, never be Thomas!"

"Yes, this is Thomas, but you are not my mother," he said, still holding her thin hand tenderly.

"Oh yes, she is your mother! She's only pale and thin!" cried Bella.

"No! no!" said the poor woman sadly.

The stranger replied: "No! no!" Turning to his young guide, he added:

"Then I suppose you are not my niece, Kate?"

"No! I'm this mother's child," replied Bella, with tears of mortification and disappointment in her fine eyes: "Oh, this is dreadful!"

"Who is? I? My mother won't say so," said the young man, playfully.

"But where is my Thomas? Did you leave him in the mines?" asked the disappointed woman.

"The mines? I never saw a mine in my life. I'm the first mate of the Orient, and have just returned from China. But your son's safe, I hope. He'll be here by the midnight train, take my word for it," a remarkable exhibition of ideal confidence, as he had never seen nor heard of the missing son and brother before!

"I hope you'll let me come back to-morrow, and see if this is not so," he added.

"Oh, no, I shall be ashamed ever to see you again—I made such an exhibition of myself at that depot!" said Bella. "I ought to have asked you if you were my brother, Thomas Haynes. I ought to have known there were hundreds and thousands of Thomases in the world!"

"Oh, I see now what the 'dreadful' thing was! I kissed this little girl at the depot, before all the people, thinking it was my niece grown beyond my knowledge. I don't see how I can help it now—she wouldn't let me take the kisses back, I know!"

"Well, call it a blunder that no one could help. But I do wish I could know where my boy is! He was to come, surely, by this train," said Mrs. Haynes.

"He'll come to-night; don't worry. Now, let me say 'good-bye' to you both, for there's another mother worrying now, on Prince street," said the stranger. "I wondered what she had moved for."

The young stranger had scarcely left the house, when a messenger boy came with a telegram with which he had been running about for an hour. Thomas Haynes had missed the morning train in New York, to the care [illegible] of a hack-driver, and would be at home at midnight. But how was he to find where the family lived now? for they had moved to their new home since he had left the mines. Bella left a message with a sleepy-looking official, as to how the inquiries of a stranger for "Mrs. Mary Haynes" should be answered. But she might have saved herself the trouble, for "that other Thomas," as she now styled the [illegible] intruder whom she said she "hoped never to see again," was waiting the train.

He knew Thomas Haynes for a [illegible] and did [illegible] his [illegible] that he [illegible] handsome. It was [illegible] during their separation.

"Of all the earth's blessings that can [illegible] a woman," said the aged mother, "good and dutiful children are the [illegible]."

[illegible] "That Thomas," and [illegible] "That Thomas." [illegible] pleasant evenings of [illegible] adventures and stories. This Thomas and that Thomas were [illegible] of rough work on land and sea. Each had a small amount of money, and after some weeks of [illegible] intimacy, the two decided to buy a farm together, and [illegible] enter into the [illegible] relation of [illegible] their sisters are [illegible]. It was so in this case. Bella was not forgotten.

The next spring the double family—for the two families were now one—moved into the farmhouse, the coziest and the sweetest room in which was the "parlor-kitchen," which Bella had reproduced with the furniture of the old one in the city. And Bella, the sister of this Thomas, and the wife of that Thomas, made the one home as happy as she had made the other, for a good daughter and true sister, and an agreeable and careful housekeeper in her "teens," is apt to prove a very appreciated wife, and become the head of a happy household.—Youth's Companion.

Gladstone's First Portfolio

In 1841 Sir Robert Peel, on coming into office after the memorable election of that year, sent for Mr. Gladstone to offer him office. He went off, saw the great man and returned home. His wife, then, as now, the ever eager sharer of his thoughts, received him with the affectionate curiosity natural to the occasion. Mr. Gladstone sat down on the sofa, and did not look best pleased. "Well," said Mrs. Gladstone, "what has he offered you?" "The worst that could possibly be. He has offered me the vice-presidency of the Board of Trade. It is not to my taste, and you know I wanted the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland." "Shall you take it?" asked the wife. "O, yes," [illegible] statesman. "I [illegible] chief of the party, but I am [illegible] and I don't [illegible] pleasure to my [illegible]." Such was Mr. Gladstone's introduction to the great commercial and fiscal labors in which he afterward became famous, and developed an altogether unsurpassed genius.—Liverpool Post.

—"The Gazette says there is a great increase of celibacy in Boston," said Mr. Perkins, the other evening. "Dear, me!" sighed Mrs. Perkins, "I suppose it's all on account of them high east winds. Is it any thing like diphtheria, John?"—Life.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

DIMPLE-LAND.

In Dimple-land, in Dimple-land,
The grass is always green;
There May and May go hand in hand,
With not a storm between.
'Tis all [illegible],
And daffodils,
And dandelions gay;
And trees that dress in pink and white,
And birds that sing all day.

The lucky folk in Dimple-land
Do naught from morn to eve,
Yet everything that's fine and grand
Grows there for every one,
With little smiles,
And coaxing wiles.
They buy whate'er they please;
And naught is there too great or dear
To purchase with a kiss.

Such fun they have in Dimple-land
It is the greatest place.
Somebody shouts, or waves a hand,
Or makes a funny face,
Then all the folk
Join in the joke,
And jump and sing and laugh.
So many merry games they know,
I can not tell you half.

And when at last they just begin
To tire of so much play,
The Queen of Dimple-land comes in,
And takes them all away;
And shuts their eyes
With lullabies.
I think that you'll agree,
No other country ever had
So sweet a Queen as she.

—Carrie W. Bronson, in N. Y. Independent.

KING OF BIRDS.

How the Proud Title Was Earned—Stories of the Wren.

Now, you think I am going to tell you about the eagle. Confess that you do! "Of course!" you say. "Everybody knows that the eagle is the King of birds. Do you think we are dunces?"

No, I don't think you are dunces; but perhaps there may still be a few things that you do not know, though, of course, it is only because you have not had time to learn them. And one of these few things is that, according to ancient story, the King of all birds is not the mighty eagle, but the [illegible], the tiny, chattering, brown wren, who builds his pretty, little, round nest in [illegible] and [illegible]. I will tell you the story as it was told to a famous writer, many hundreds of years ago, and then you may believe it, or not, just as you like.

Once upon a time, then, all the birds met together to choose a King, and they decided that the one who could soar the highest should be ruler over all the feathered tribes. Up they all sprang into the air, hawk and heron, swallow and skylark, and every bird that flew, up, up, up, till their wings were weary and their hearts faint. But far above all the rest flew the mighty eagle, his broad wings bearing him up like sails. When the other birds paused, exhausted, he alone soared onward and upward, till at length, resting on his outspread wings, at a dizzy height he screamed in triumph: "O birds, behold your King!"

"Behold him, indeed!" cried a tiny voice at his ear. "But not in you, clumsy fellow!" And the wren, who had been [illegible] and [illegible] on the eagle's shoulder, [illegible] and chirped from a still greater height [illegible] wings. He could [illegible] and so [illegible] the wren was proclaimed King of all birds, and to [illegible] day. Isn't it a very pretty story, whether you believe it or not?

Now, let us look at this saucy little King, and see what he is like. He is about four inches long, of a rich reddish-brown color, and he has a saucy little cocked-up tail, and knowing black eyes, and a very sweet voice, which says very impudent things. He is always gay and cheery, and sings as merrily on a cold day as on a warm one; this is a good point in any King. He builds his own palace, and a very fine one it is for its size, being made very neatly of leaves, moss and grass, and having always a dome, which covers it completely, the opening of the nest being always at the side. King Wren prefers this domed nest to any other, first, because it is more lofty, and, second, because it protects the royal eggs from cold and rain. But sometimes he chooses the strangest place for his nest. A wren's nest has been found in the body of a dead hawk, which had been killed and nailed to the side of a barn, to frighten other hawks.

Once a farmer had killed a calf, and hung its body on a tree. (It seems a singular thing to hang a calf on a tree, as if he were a horse-thief, but that is the way I heard the story.) Some days after, when the farmer cut the calf down in order to cut it up, he found a wren's nest in its throat. Again, I have heard of a little Queen Wren, who made her nest inside a pump, and went in and out through the spout to attend to her natural duties. "What did she do when they were pumping water?" Why, I suppose she waited until they stopped; don't you? At least that is what I should have done in her case. When winter comes the little wrens are put to all sorts of shifts to keep themselves warm. Sometimes, in very cold weather, they may be found all huddled together in heaps, six or seven of them united, looking like masses of soft brown feathers. Sometimes they get into their summer nests, the whole family, parents and children, crowding into the little hollow under the dome.

Once a fine lady, who was very fond of birds, and used to scatter crumbs for them in her garden every day in cold weather, happened to see a party of wrens go to bed; and this is how they did it. They gathered together on a large branch of a tree, about four inches above which grew another branch. On the lower branch the wrens packed themselves comfortably together, three or four deep, the topmost bird always having his little crown back pressed against the upper branch, as if to keep the whole pile steady. The lady pitied the poor, shivering little creatures, and the next day she nailed to the branch a square box, lined with flannel, with a very small round hole by way of a door. When the wrens came to go to bed they examined the box, and soon seemed to understand all about it, for they crowded in eagerly, jostling each other in their hurry to get into the fine new bed-room. The next night there were more of them, and more and more, till at last more than forty wrens would crowd into the box, which did not seem big enough to hold more than half that number. Just think! Forty Kings and Queens, all in one palace! What a proud lady she must have been!—Laura E. Richards, in Our Little Ones.

JOHNNY'S CONQUEST.

He Remembered Just in the Nick of Time, and Stood Bravely at His Post.

Johnny was all alone in the house, rocking baby Lulu to sleep, and the big tears were rolling, one by one, over his red cheeks, and down his straight little nose with alarming pertinacity. He wasn't crying! no, not for the world would he acknowledge that he was crying. But what was the matter?

Johnny was the "best boy in the world," so his mamma said, and I'm sure she ought to know if anybody should; and ever since God took his papa home to Heaven, mamma would leave little Lulu in Johnny's care while she went out to fit the ladies' dresses for them. And then, when she came home, he always had such a bright, cheery fire in the winter-time, and in the summer would run and draw a clear, cool glass of water when she came in tired and warm.

Mamma was gone now, and Johnny had been rocking baby a long, long time, it seemed to his tired little arms. But that wasn't the cause of the trouble—oh no! He is in his mind that [illegible]. Let us follow Johnny's gaze. Away down at the end of the street, right on the [illegible], but almost hid in the thick foliage of the maples that [illegible] the street, we see—what? A great awkward form, that looks like—can it be?—an elephant! And then we are sure those are camels, we can see their humps. And that group, the people crowd so we can't half see—that must be the door [illegible].

Johnny's mamma had [illegible] him [illegible] go and see the [illegible] for it was a show that had come to the village, but she thought she would have time to go and alter Miss Merriweather's basque for her before the procession would start. So here Johnny sat, rocking the baby, instead of making one of that merry crowd of boys and girls watching the procession down at the end of the street.

Now, don't give our little boy too much credit. His first impulse, when he heard the music, was to put baby on her crib, and "fly." Really, he did get her in the crib, when he remembered. Then he cried aloud: "Mamma! O mamma!" in real agony. But Mrs. Merriweather's house was quite five blocks away, and mamma couldn't have walked home fast enough for him till he got even if she had heard that poor little cry. And, with just distracted music sounding in his ears and the dim shapes of those wondrous creatures from all over the world [illegible], what would a tired little boy do? He [illegible] down his [illegible] as he might to keep them back.

I said that Johnny remembered, and just in the nick of time, too. Indeed, if it had not been for his remembering, I doubt if he would have stood so bravely at his post. But first I must tell you a little secret. And, as all this happened so long ago, I don't think Johnny will care. The very top pinnacle of Johnny's ambition and happiness was to be a soldier. His dear papa knew about this desire of his heart, and not long before his death he talked with Johnny about it, and said: "Son, remember, a soldier must never flinch, but stand like a rock at his post." These words had taken deep hold on Johnny's young mind, and so it was he remembered. But oh, it was so hard! He was a soldier, he was at his post, and stand he must, like a rock. And so he did, brave little hero!

The gay parade and the bewitching music are gone now, and mamma comes in, all flushed with walking so rapidly. She takes in all at a glance, the brave little face that would not cry, the sleeping baby. She quietly takes baby and puts her in the crib; then (wise mother) she lifts her soldier in her arms, and, in mother's lap, he no longer tries to check his tears, but, close to that loving heart, sobs it all out.

Look up, little captain! Dry your tears, put on your brightest smiles, for you have played a nobler, braver part than if you had marched at the head of a regiment and captured a city.—Elma Sheldrake, in S. S. Times.

A Vulgar Brute.

Adolphus—I say, Wegmald, I saw you talking to that dwcadful cad De Smith yesterday. Don't do it again, chappie; the fellah is a low chap, ye know.

Reginald—Bless me, I thought the fellah was a decent sort, ye know.

Adolphus—Oh, dear no! Why, I saw him down the street the other day carrying a bundle—actually a bundle.

Reginald—The vulgar twetch.—Rambler.

—An audience in Sayles Memorial Hall at Brown University, the other evening, found themselves so securely locked in by students that half an hour was spent in efforts to break the chains and get out.

—General Lew Wallace says that during the four years he was at Constantinople he saw the American flag in port only twice, once on a man-of-war and once on James Gordon Bennett's yacht.

THE SAILOR-MAN.

A Sailing-Vessel Captain's Bill of Fare on Ocean Voyages.

The captain of a deep-water sailing vessel as a rule lives well. Tomatoes and truffles do not grace his table, but sea-pie, scouse and plum-duff do, and a healthy appetite would [illegible] under the latter [illegible]. Sea-pie is a most savory dish. It is baked in a deep sauce-pan and has a crisp brown crust on the top. A sea-pie is made as a three or four "decker," according to size of the pie desired. The cook puts a layer of scraps of meat and small pieces of potatoes in the sauce-pan; over that he places a layer of crust, and so on until he has the requisite number of decks on the structure. Then all hot and juicy it is placed on the captain's table. After a course of sea-pie nothing goes better for dessert than plum-duff. Plum-duff is flour, water, lard, a little salt and some baking powder to make it light. Raisins are scattered through it and it is boiled like a pudding. The number of raisins in the duff depends on the generosity of the steward. When there are not many they have an unpleasant way of congregating in that particular slice of duff which the captain gets. The story is told of an economical skipper who always had the plum-duff placed on the table between himself and the mate and instructed the cook to see that all the plums got in his end, for he and the mate used to cut the duff straight across its center, each taking half. The mate discovered this, and one day when the duff came on the table, he picked up the dish and looking at it critically said: "Isn't that one of the plates we bought in Shanghai?" replacing it on the table with the plum end nearest him. "I believe it is," replied the captain, picking up the dish, looking at it carefully and replacing it in its first position. "No," said the mate, "we got that in Hong Kong," and again he turned the dish around. The captain looked at the mate and the mate looked at the captain; finally the latter said: "Suppose we cut this duff lengthwise?" and they did.

Lobscouse is simply wet hash, but a sea cook has a way of making it that is never attained on shore. Besides the peculiar sea-dainties, the captain's table is garnished with all sorts of canned things and such articles of food as may be kept on a sea voyage. A live pig and some coops in which hens lay eggs for the cabin are generally carried. This is a "cabin" [illegible], and the forecastle lives quite differently. The plum-duff is apt to degenerate there into "cannon-ball pudding," and the sea-pie savors of the scrapings from former dinners. Canned goods are replaced by "salt horse" and a separate and peculiar brand of coffee, called "sailors' coffee," is served up sweetened with molasses.—N. Y. Press.

NEEDHAM'S IDEA.

Former Experiments with Regard to Spontaneous Generation.

An interesting experiment was devised one hundred and thirty-seven years ago by an English Catholic priest, named Needham, in association with the French naturalist, Buffon, but only properly carried out seventeen years later by an Italian philosopher, the Abbe Spallanzani. Its purpose was the same as Bell's, to keep an organic substance so that nothing could alight on it from without, in order to find whether, under such conditions, life would spontaneously develop within it. So minute are the organisms, however, that multitudes might be deposited, unseen, from the air during even a few minutes' exposure. With great ingenuity were the altered circumstances met. It was argued that heat would destroy organism, as it destroys other living things. So an organic infusion was placed in a flask and boiled, and, while it was boiling, the neck of the flask was fused and sealed by a hot flame. Thus any living thing in the infusion must have been killed, and no others could enter. When this had been properly done the flask might be kept for years without any animalcule (so called) ever appearing in the infusion.—Good Words.

FROGS' SKIN.

An Article Used as Grafts at Some of the London Hospitals.

Sometimes slowly-healing wounds with feeble granulations are made to increase their activity in the direction of cicatrization by transplanting minute fragments of epidermal tissue containing some of the cells of the rete Malpighii on the healing surface. O. Petersen has successfully used the skin from the back of a frog. The slowly cicatrizing wound was situate on the back of the neck of a man and had resulted from excision of a malignant pustule. A piece of frog's skin the size of the thumb-nail was washed in a two per cent. solution and placed upon blotting-paper, when it was divided into two. The grafts were applied to the wound so that the blotting-paper was interposed between them and the fixing plaster. Two days after the transplantation both fragments of epidermis were found to be adherent. Two days later a fresh grafting was made, the former grafts had become roseate. In a further period of forty-eight hours the pigmentation of the grafts had almost disappeared. The cicatrix resulting after this treatment was found to be of great softness and elasticity. Frog's skin as grafts has been recently employed at some of the London hospitals.—London Lancet.

—Thieves broke into the unoccupied house of Assistant Secretary of the Interior Jenks at Brookville, Pa., recently, and carefully packed up all the articles of value that they could carry. Then they visited the wine cellar and drank so much that they couldn't carry away their plunder, and departed taking only a small sum of money.—Philadelphia Press.

HAYING TIME.

Preparations for Haying Which Should Be Made in Early Summer.

The importance of having an ample supply of good hay for winter feeding is not fully appreciated by our farmers. It is more truly the staff of life to our domestic animals than is bread to man, and [illegible] of stock [illegible] on it alone if properly grown and secured. Even hogs relish the sweet early cut hay in the winter.

But hay, to be valuable and satisfying, must be harvested at the proper time and in the right way. [illegible] bread can be made soggy, [illegible] and [illegible] by improper making and baking, so can hay be made of [illegible] by improper management.

Much of the good quality of hay is dependent on the time when it is cut. Even the most careless farmer will admit that grass can stand too long as to be of little value, and they also know that it can be cut too early to get the most and best hay. [illegible] that there is a time when the hay is at its best. When this is [illegible] determined in the minds of all who have considered the matter [illegible] agree that there is a time when the grass has reached its best, and from then on it loses its sweetness, etc. The weight of authority asserts that as a rule grass is at its best when the seed is in the milk, some claiming it is a little before, some a little after this time. But whatever is the exact time the hay-maker must be ready with all of his tools in order and everything in readiness, so there will be as little delay as possible when haying has once commenced.

Haying machinery has been perfected to a wonderful degree. Not many years ago, this work was the most laborious on the farm. Now all the work, from cutting the grass to mowing the hay away in the barn is done by horse power.

The amount of machinery necessary in haying, of course, depends on the amount of haying to be done, and it will sometimes pay to hire a portion of the machinery rather than buy it. Neighbors can [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] hay [illegible] than a few days in a time, and, by mutual arrangement, can be made to serve the two farms.

[illegible] and rake that are considered indispensable, there are [illegible] that will pay more to [illegible]. A hay-loader is a valuable aid in making hay, especially when the grass is heavy. The [illegible] [illegible] well with [illegible], but when the grass is [illegible] it is difficult to [illegible] without turning, and to do this [illegible] work.

Hay-loaders, stackers, hay-forks, etc., are all of great service when rightly managed. [illegible]

[illegible]—Farmer's Review.

THE WIFE'S SHARE.

Success on the Farm Due to the Self-Denial of Noble Women.

[illegible] to go out with the husband of her choice and commence the struggle of the wife [illegible] poor homes, with the farm capital, except their resolute, [illegible] and [illegible] of whom poets [illegible] their words of praise. Upon her falls the most of the burden [illegible] and with her [illegible] many of the beginnings look after, her lot is [illegible]. And when, after years of struggle, success with [illegible] comes, she crowns the husband [illegible] the brightest [illegible] the noble wife, who was the stay and [illegible] of all hope in the stormy days of trial. The [illegible]. We hear [illegible]. We hear that [illegible] making money, and he gets the credit of being a [illegible] man, but it is quite as [illegible] that the [illegible] woman, who has toiled and [illegible] and [illegible], and saved, and [illegible] is the one to whom the [illegible] most greatly indebted. These are the women who [illegible] and [illegible] where [illegible] of [illegible], not to worth and royal manhood.—Farmer's Advocate.

Tanning Skins with Fur On.

Clean the skin of flesh, and put it into a liquid prepared thus: Upon one pound of hardwood ashes pour four gallons of hot, soft water; let it stand a few hours and strain off the liquor, and add to it three pounds of common salt, one-quarter pound of alum and one pound of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol). The mixture is to be made in a wooden vessel, and care must be taken in handling the acid that none comes in contact with the clothing or person. Place the skins in the liquid and allow them to remain there from one to two hours, then rinse and hang up to dry.—Cor. Prairie Farmer.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—Succulent food is the natural kind. The greater the amount of succulency the easier is digestion and the greater [illegible].

—[illegible] farming consists in making the soil increasingly fertile. Profit comes of high fertility and excellent tillage.

—[illegible] good upon the [illegible] for drinking water. The [illegible] the [illegible].

—A horse [illegible] water and better with [illegible]. By all means [illegible] head.—[illegible]

—Is there [illegible] a sheep [illegible]. It is a good [illegible] of the [illegible].

—A [illegible]

—A [illegible] parts [illegible] gravated [illegible]

—Joseph H[illegible] of New York [illegible] [illegible] ing during [illegible].

—[illegible] [illegible] near [illegible] extremely [illegible]—Prairie Farmer.

—Agriculture [illegible] of the [illegible] advantage in the [illegible] the [illegible] mechanical [illegible] greatly reduced [illegible] in the personal [illegible] amount of [illegible] and [illegible] advantage [illegible].

MIXED RATIONS.

A Variety of Food Which Will Increase the Laying Capacity of Hens.

Some [illegible] with [illegible] for [illegible]

[illegible]—Farmer.

PARIS GREEN.

How and in What Proportion It Should Be Applied to Trees.

A correspondent [illegible] of Paris green [illegible] applying [illegible] depends upon the quality of the Paris green. Some of the Paris green that is sold is [illegible] it is not [illegible]. If it is full strength Paris green, [illegible] even tablespoonful to two gallons of water. It must be [illegible], so it [illegible]. It may be applied with a common sprinkler or fountain pump if it is to be used on trees. It is sometimes applied mixed with flour, but the better plan is to use the liquid, [illegible]. Of course it is hardly necessary to say to anybody that care should be taken in handling this poison, but in these careless [illegible] we [illegible] the caution. Used as Paris green is generally used, there is no danger to be apprehended from eating the fruit or vegetable on which it is applied. Prof. Forbes applied it extensively in making certain experiments to apple trees. From one of the trees that sprayed in September apples were picked a week after the operation, enclosed in a sack, and subjected to a chemical analysis. It was found that it would take seventy-five apples to make a poisonous dose. It is concluded that a week of ordinary weather is sufficient to make the eating of fruit to which Paris green has been applied safe. But in such matters we advise great caution.—Western Rural.