The Red Cloud Chief.

A. S. McDONALD, - - - Proprietor.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1886

## THE GARDEN SOIL.

Some Useful Suggestions Regarding the Treatment of Various Soils.

The ideal soil for a garden is a mellow, sandy loam, underlaid with a subsoil that is not too open or porous. Such ground is termed "grateful" and it is not the kind of gratitude which has been defined as "a lively appreciation of favors to come" which is true of some other soils. This ideal land remembers past favors; it retains the fertilizers with which it has been enriched, and returns them in the form of good crops until the gift is exhausted; therefore it is a thrifty as well as a grateful soil. The owner can bring it up to the highest degree of fertility, and keep it there by judicious management. This sandy loam—nature's blending of sand and clay—is a safe bank. The manure incorporated with it is a deposit which can be drawn against in fruit and vegetables, for it does not leach away and disappear with one season's rains.

Light, thin, sandy soil, with a porous or gravelly subsoil, is of a very different type, and requires a different treatment. It is a spendthrift. No matter how much you give it one year, it very soon requires just so much more. You can enrich it, but you can't keep it rich. Therefore you must manage it as one would take care of a spendthrift, giving what is essential at the time, and in a way that permits as little waste as possible. I shall explain this treatment more fully further on.

In the choice of a garden plot you may be restricted to a stiff, tenacious, heavy clay. Now you have a miser to deal with—a soil that retains, but in many cases makes no proper use of, what it receives. Skill and good management, however, can improve any soil, and coax luxuriant crops from the most unpropitious.

We will speak first of the ideal soil already mentioned, and hope that the acre contains an area of it of suitable dimensions for a garden. What should be the first step in this case? Why, to get more of it. A quarter of an acre can be made equal to half an acre. You can about double the garden, without adding to it an inch of surface, by increasing the depth of good soil. For instance, ground has been cultivated to the depth of six or seven inches. Try the experiment of stirring the soil and enriching it one foot downward, or eighteen inches, or even two feet, and see what vast differences will result. With every inch you go down, making all friable and fertile, you add just so much more to root pasturage. When you wish to raise a great deal, increase your leverage. Roots are your levers; and when they rest against a deep fertile soil they lift into the air and sunshine products that may well delight the eyes and palate of the most fastidious. We suggest that this thorough deepening, pulverization, and enriching of the soil be done at the start, when the plough can be used without any obstructions. If there are stones, rock, roots—anything which prevents the treatment which a garden plot should receive, there is a decided advantage in clearing them all out at the beginning. Last fall I saw a half-acre that was swampy, and so encumbered with stones that one could walk all over it without stepping off the rocks. The land was sloping, and therefore capable of drainage. The proprietor put three men to work on the lower side with picks, shovels, and blasting tools. They turned the soil over to the depth of eighteen inches, taking out every stone larger than a walnut. Eight or ten feet apart deep ditches were cut, and the stones, as far as possible, placed in these. The rest were carted away for a heavy wall. You may say it was expensive work. So it was; yet so complete a garden spot was made that I believe it would yield a fair interest in potatoes alone. I relate this instance to show what can be done. A more forbidding area for a garden in its original state could scarcely be found. Enough vegetables and fruit can be raised from it hereafter, with annual fertilizing, to supply a large family, and it will improve every year under the refining effects of frost, sun, and cultivation.

It should be remembered that culture does for soil what it does for people. It mellows, brings it up, and renders it capable of finer products. Much, indeed, can be done with a crude piece of land in a single year when treated with the thoroughness that has been suggested, and some strong-growing vegetables may be seen at their best during the first season, but the more delicate vegetables thrive better with successive years of cultivation. No matter how abundantly the ground may be enriched at first, time and chemical action are required to transmute the fertilizers into the best forms of plant food, and make them a part of the very soil itself. Ploughing or spading, especially if done in late autumn, exposes the mould to the beneficial action of the air and frost, and the garden gradually takes on the refined, mellow, fertile character which distinguishes it from the ordinary field.

In dealing with a thin, sandy soil one has almost to reverse the principles just given. Yet there is no cause for discouragement. Fine results, if not the best, can be secured. In this case there is scarcely any possibility for a thorough preparation of the soil from the start. It can gradually be improved, however, by making good its deficiencies, the chief of which is the lack of vegetable mould. If I had such a soil I would rake up all the leaves I could find, employ them as bedding for my cow and pigs (if I kept any), and spread the compost heap resulting on the sandy garden. The soil is already too light and warm, and it should be our aim to apply fertilizers tending to counteract this defect. A nervous, excitable person should let stimulants alone, and take good, solid, blood-making food. This illustration suggests the proper course to be taken. Many a time I have seen the action the reverse of this resulting disastrously. For instance, a man starts on his light thin soil with barnyard manure from the city stables, and plants melons, cucumbers, cabbages, cauliflowers, and other vegetables that need a cool, retentive soil. The result is that the vines make a luxuriant growth, and promise a bountiful harvest, when a hot term comes on, and they shrivel and die. Then he plants his potatoes, and they do the same thing. Then he sows his beans, and they do the same thing. Then he sows his beets, and they do the same thing. Then he sows his turnips, and they do the same thing. Then he sows his corn, and it does the same thing. Then he sows his buckwheat, and it does the same thing. Then he sows his grass seed, and it does the same thing. Then he sows his land to Canada thistles, and they do not do the same thing. Then he concludes that farming is a very uncertain business, and that he guesses he will go into the grocery business instead.

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## The Wit of Women.

If steamers are named the Asia, the Russia and the Scotia, why not call one the Nausea?—*Louisa Alcott.*

A friend said to the sister of President Cleveland, as she was leaving Buffalo for Washington: "I hope you will hail from Buffalo." "Oh, you expect me to hail from Buffalo and reign in Washington."

If the Venus de Medici could be animated into life, women would only remark that her waist is large.—*Ouida.*

We shall be perfectly virtuous when there is no longer any flesh on our bones.—*Marguerite de Valois.*

One loves to talk of one's self so much that one never tires of a tete-a-tete with a lover for years. That is the reason why a devotee likes to be with her confessor. It is for the pleasure of talking of one's self—even though speaking evil.—*Mme. de Sevinge.*

When you wish to affirm anything, you always call God to witness because He never contradicts you.—*Queen of Roumania.*

Her neck and arms were as naked as if she had never eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.—*Jane Carlyle.*

Judge no one by his relations, whatever criticisms you may pass upon his companions. Relations, like features, are thrust upon his; companions, like clothes, are more or less our own selection.—*Kate Field.*

Marryin' a man ain't like settin' along side of him nights and hearing him talk pretty; that's the fust prayer. There's lots an' lots o' meetin' after that.—*Ross Terry Cook.*

No! I ain't one to see the cat walking into the dairy and wonder what she's come after.—*George Eliot.*

"What would you do in time of war if you had the suffrage?" asked Horace Greeley of Mrs. Stanton. "Just what you have done, Mr. Greeley; stay at home and urge the others to go and fight," replied the lady.

Mlle. Mars, a favorite of the Theatre Francais, had offended the Gardes du Corps, and they went to the theatre to hiss her down. She came to the edge of the stage, and, referring to the fact that they never went to war, said: "What has Mars to do with the Gardes du Corps?"

"Pray," said an army officer who had been on guard duty in Washington seventeen years, to Miss Cleveland, "what do ladies find to think about besides dresses and parties?" "The heroic deeds of our modern army officers," replied Miss Cleveland.

A lady once told me she could always know when she had taken too much wine at dinner—her husband's jokes began to seem funny.

"Have you seen Mrs. —— lately?"—a lady who did all the talking. "No, I had to give up her acquaintance. I tried for two years to tell her something in particular."—*Collected by Kate Sanborn.*

## He'd Choose to be a Baby.

The following story was told at the recent encampment of the Grand Army at Mexico, Mo. A group around one of the numerous camp-fires were relating incidents of bravery and cowardice shown in battle, and this is one of them:

"It was at the battle of Gettysburg," said the speaker, "when the bullets were falling like hail, and the shells were shrieking and bursting over our heads in a way to make the bravest heart tremble, a private dropped out of the ranks and skulked back to the rear. He was well under way, when, unfortunately for him, he was met by General Slocum coming to the front.

"'What are you doing here? Get back to your post,' the General shouted.

"The poor fellow stopped still and trembled like a leaf, but made no reply.

"'Get back to your post, you miserable coward; aren't you ashamed of yourself to be skulking back here when you should be in the front with your brave comrades?'

"Still the man made no reply, but commenced to cry like a year-old infant.

"'You infamous, sneaking coward,' shouted the infuriated general, 'get back to your post; I'll ride you down like a dog. Why, you are nothing but a baby.'

"'I-I-I'll t-t-t-tell you what, g-g-general,' said the blubbering fellow, 'I'd g-g-give anything just n-n-now if I was a b-b-baby, and i-i-if I had my ch-ch-choice I'd r-r-rather be a female b-b-b-baby.'"

## "How Paddy Stole the Rope."

"'Pon my soul, a most remarkable thing," said an amateur photographer recently. "Most peculiar thing I ever knew. I took my instrument to the roof of our house the other afternoon,—always carry it with me in case of an emergency,—and as I gazed about my eye was attracted by some linemen adjusting some telegraph wires not far off. There were five wires and a number of men at work at different points. The bodies of the men were black spots against the white sky, and the five wires showed very clearly. The whole thing had the appearance of an enormous clef of a musical score, the men being the notes.

"What did I do, you ask? Such an opportunity was not to be missed. I took an instantaneous picture of the thing as it stood. I am no musician myself, but when my first proof was finished I took it to a friend who performs on a piano. He placed the photograph on a music rack and looked at it for a second. Then we were both astounded. My impression had been truer than I had thought. He played off the first few bars of 'How Paddy Stole the Rope.' I wish it had been some other tune, but it was remarkable, wasn't it?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

## Napoleon's Liberality.

Napoleon I. was a great admirer of Mlle. Georges, but by no means faithful in his ideas of liberality. One day, however, after alluding in terms of enthusiasm to her performances on the stage, he concluded by expressing his astonishment at her not having a match of his own against, and asked her what she could have to do therein.

"Sire," she replied, "my great talents, which you so generously appreciate, oblige me to be economical in proportion. I keep myself for nobody else than the man who can make it worth my while to ruin myself for him."

Published under at once, and to ferment and decay in the soil. The process of decomposition will tend to banish its cold, inert qualities, and make the ground loose, open, and amenable to the influences of frost, sun, and rain.—*E. P. Roe, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

Mr. H. M. Fudge is evidently angry, as appears from the following card, which he prints in the Albany (Ga.) News: "Whoever poisoned my dog is a low-down puppy, and mean enough to do anything. I am satisfied that it is a white man and of good standing in this town, and he ought to be found out. I am afraid of him only in one way, and that is he will burn me up while asleep. I hope whoever it may be when he reads this he will stop, as he is called a puppy, and is not man enough to resent it. I am satisfied it is a white man, as no negro could get so much poison from the druggist without some notice being taken of it. I am responsible for every word in this card, and can whip the man that poisoned my dog. No man will resent an insult that will steal, lie, burn houses, and slip around at night and poison a man's dog."

Nevada is the paradise of the school teacher, where the average salary is $140 per month for males and $76 for women.

The Rev. J. L. Scudder of Minneapolis is in error when, in trying to prove that women are more fond of dancing than men, he says: "Women will dance with each other by the hour, but men never dance except with women." We have seen in a dancing hall in Rome men dancing with each other by the dozens of couples in preference to the partnership of young women who danced equally well. This was undoubtedly evidence of the most undiluted love of dancing for its action and the rhythm alone; but we take it that the love ingrained in the human heart for this historic exercise is the same whether in man or woman.—*N. Y. Sun.*

**Cure For Piles.**

PILES are freqently preceeded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, flatulency, uneasiness of the stomache, ets. A moisture like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a common attendant. Blind, bleeding and itching piles yeald at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbinb the tormors, allying the intense itching and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua O Sold by Henry Cook and J. H. Kellogg & Co.

**Take No Chances.**

when you buy Chamberlain'st holic, Choera and Dsarrhoea Remedy. It is positively guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. An attack of bowel complaint and griying pains are so often sudden and danerous that no one can afford to be without a prompt and certain remedy. Ask your druggist for Chmberlian' Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Manufactured at Des Moines, Iowa, and be sure you get it. Three sizes. 25 cts., 50cts. and $1.00 bottles. sold by druggists.

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And take Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It cures pain in the stomach almost instantly, get a 25 cent bottle. take nothing else. You will need notping else to cure the worst case of diarhoea, choera morbus or bowel domplaint. This medicine is made for bowel complaint only, and has been in constant use in the west for nearly fifteen years. Its success has been unbounded and its name become a household word in thousands of homes. Try it. Sold by druggists.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, feyer sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Henry Cook.

**The Excitement Not over.**

The rush at Ferguson & Co's drug store still continues on account of persons afflicted with coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, and consumption to procure a botle of Kemp's Balsam or the throat and lungs which is sold on a guarantee and is giving entire satisfaction. It is a standard family remedy. Price 50c and $1. Trial size free.

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The rescent statistics of the number of deaths show that a large majority die with consumption. This disease may commence with an appearantly harmless cough which can be cured instantly By Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 50 cents and $1.00 Trial size free. For sale by Ferguson & Co.

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Bay Frank is a thoroughbred Imported Clyde, and his pedigree can be seen at public sale.

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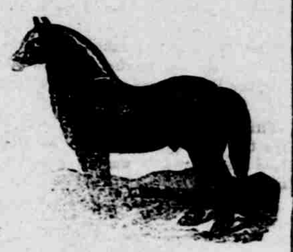

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Because should you wish to borrow money and offer as security your stock the security will be more ample, and you can obtain money more readily, and at a lower interest, if that stock is covered by a policy of insurance in this company.

Because we insure stock against *death by accident, disease or theft.*

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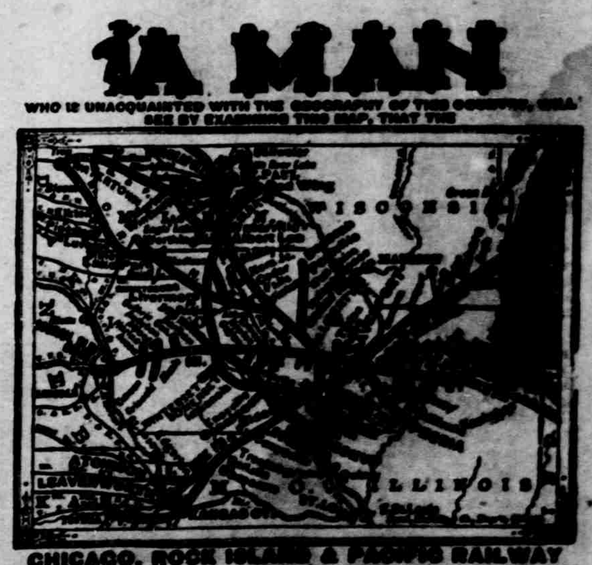
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