

# RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA.

## AFTERWARD.

When slow the dawn serene of Heaven is break  
On weary earthborn hearts with glad surprise,  
And all the brightness of unspangled waking  
Is shining forth in happy, unspangled eyes;

When to the soul Heaven's new and rapturous living  
Through hours of peace has ever fairer grown,  
One joy seems great beyond the heart's believing—  
That there we know even as we are known.

This is the welcome boon our Lord bestoweth  
On souls that e'en in rough darkness followed Him,  
And to His faithful ones He freely showeth  
His wondrous meaning where their sight was dim.

What here we question with still resignation,  
Loving His will, but understanding not,  
There shall we learn with sweetest consolation,  
Seeing His guidance in each earthly lot.

Why one has gone to be with Him forever,  
Whom love and memory ever yearning seek—  
Why failure oft has followed long endeavor,  
And active, useful hands grow frail and weak—

Why living sorrows on the spirit lying  
Drain life's fresh strength as day slow follows day—  
Why through the world the power of sin undying  
Doth with its load the guilty spirit weigh—

As here we see but darkly, only feeling  
That e'er misery and woe our Master reigns,  
And that in meek, not in wrath, His dealing  
Counteth the soul above all earthly gains;

Then shall we know in full and glad completeness  
All the long way our stumbling feet have trod,  
And in that revelation's wondrous sweetness  
Praise and adore the wisdom of our God.

—Elizabeth French, in *Springfield (Mass.) Republican*.

# TREAN;

## THE MORMON'S DAUGHTER.

By ALVA MILTON KERE.

[Written While Living in Utah.]

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.  
All that day, like a Greek slave, Trean went about her work in silence. She seemed to move heavily, and her strong figure, as if it were freighted with some invisible burden, seemed less erect than usual. The father seemed more aged, too. His large, bulging frame seemed sagged a little more, and sunken in upon itself like some ancient habitation that falls slowly into ruin.

Elchard noticed this, though they did not come often into the room where he lay. In the afternoon the old man came in and sat down as if to talk, but fell to gazing out the door in moody silence. The injured man let his eyes rest listlessly upon him awhile, then began trying to think back along the life-path of this being before him; of the coarse and uneducated region he had been reared in; of its lank-bodied, primitive people, their superstitions, and the crude influences that had made him capable of receiving this astounding system, this distorted imitation of the early Hebraic barbarism masked under the forms of religion. Then of the system itself, its ridiculous inception, the fraud of it; and after that the deception, knavery, theft, murder, lechery, and shame practiced by and upon its ignorant followers. Then of the deadly and mysterious hold such dark beliefs seem to have upon such nature, clouding the whole mentality, making the very seem of thought seem sweet, unnatural dears seem natural, and a thick and muddy heart seem filled with the light of truth. Could else than a sort of insanity have brought the people of these lovely valleys out from all dark corners of the civilized world, to a journey of such length and cruelty as words can make no pictures of, here to dwell in all discomfort and such servility to those who had deceived them as would all but put a slave to shame? O, Religion! he thought, what wrongs have been committed in thy sacred name!

Suddenly the old man looked up, almost as if the matter revolving in Elchard's mind by some inscrutable process had touched and quickened the slowly revolving questions in his own. But perhaps it was only some vague mistrust of the sanity of his course, some throbbing of pity for himself and Trean, or a flinching doubt of his doctrines jarred into life by the thought of losing her to such a bitter fate. "It's a hard way, a hard, miserable way we've, almost on us, of a gittin' to Heaven," he said, with a weary sigh and shake of the head. "I never told ye of our acrosstin' of the plains adraggin' hand-carts after us, with our pervisions an' the sick an' dyin' in 'em, I suppose!"

Elchard shook his head and let his eyes rest upon him inquiringly.  
"Well," he went on, "one may as well begin at the beginnin' as in the middle of a story an' splice it. Anyhow when I look back at that trip pine blank, rememberin' it all as it was yesterday, I know I lent tell it, noways es it was, ne'r no other man alive ken either, ne'r mebbe dead, fer it's beyond the powers of language."

"When the brethren was driv out of Nauvoo, some says fer thier own an' settin' up theivselv's agin the law an' the lies, though es fer believin' soch I leave that to other folks—they moved away, with what pain and sufferin' mortal tongue ken never tell, more'n a thousand miles over a burnin' an' Injuns, an' snakes, an' rivers, an' starvation, to this region of God's preparin' fer 'em. But President Young was bound to git 'em to a place of safety, an' he did."

"The thought was passin' through Elchard's mind, with some bitterness, how this false Moses had crossed the desert in a carriage, had gotten immense wealth out of his misguided dupes afterward, played the King, committed crimes to keep his power, and had a harem full of women, but he said nothing. "Then the servants of God was sent out preachin' through all the world, an' hand after hand followed through the howlin' wastes, an' the same mountings, an' the same sufferin', to these valleys of Zion. Thousands walk d'every at-p of the way, from the Mississippi r'v'er, over a thousand miles, an' some what had no money an' had worked their way over in vessels from Europe, walked clear from New York to Salt Lake, nigh three thousand miles; some dyin' on the way, an' some dyin' soon as they got here, an' some livin' to work fer the Lord in His vineyard."

"Well, they'd always try to come in bands, from the Missouri river anyway, cause the Injuns was bad. Sometimes es many es

five hundred come in a band at once. So, es it tuck a good many yokes of steers to haul the pervisions an' beddin' fer so many, President Young had a revelation from the Lord that each one was to be fixed out with a hand-cart and haul most of his pervisions an' beddin' through with him es he come. Some was fer doubtin' the wisdom of this, I hev heard, but the Lord's prophet sent word through his servants that nothin' could harm a hair of our heads if we trusted in the Lord, an' had the kind of faith we should hev. Well, I s'pose what he said was true es gospol, an' the fault was man's some way, an' not God's revelation, but the journey was hard, hard es death, an' es death to lots of us, an' I'm boddily shore nothin' never could be harder!" And he shook his gray head and stared mistily a moment at the floor. "Well," he went on, "about that time one of the brethren come a preachin' down through Tennessee, an' me an' wife an' some more was turned from our folkes, an' sot out fer Zion. My wife Catherine didn't want to go, but the whole batch of us was nigh wild to git out of the wilderness of sin about us and gether to the Zion of the Lord here into the West, whar we was tole, I s'pose es a figger of speech, all was peace an' es had it was a flowin' with milk an' honey."

"We es had that children then, a little darter an' son that we'd buried, an' one livin' girl-child who's a wife of Elder Smoot's in Salt Lake now. It was pine blank hard a gettin' away from them two little graves of our'n, ye may believe. We knowed that es long as time lasted we'd never see 'em no more, an' I thought Catherine's heart'd break that mornin' we left, an' mebbe it did! mebbe it did! fer she went upon the hill back of the house whar them little graves was under a tree, an' I seed her stan' awhile lookin' down through the valley whar most of our kinfolks an' friends lived, then I seed 'er turn round an' fall across them little graves of our'n an' lay there es if the life had gone clean out of 'er. She laid so long there I was afeard fer 'er, an' went up the hill to bring 'er back, fer the wagon was awaitin' to take us to the river landin' fer the boat. When I got there she was afeard 'twixt the graves with a arm round each little mound, an' a cryin' an' moanin' turrible. When I got her up she fell down agin, an' I kissed each little grave, an' put a pinch of moss from each one into her bosom, an' come astumblin' down the hill, fer she seemed blind, an' got into the wagon an' we dr' away. It was hard, but I guess I didn't feel it es much es her, fer I was resolute an' determined an' filled with the spirit of getherin' to Zion."

"Well, it was a long an' tojns journey, from Tennessee to whar we joined the immigratin' band of brethren in Iowa, but it was es nothin' to the travelin' after that. I fairly shiver w'en I think of it. The turrible, turrible tiredness, the heat, an' sun an' thirst, an' draggin' feet, the never never endin' miles an' miles of treeless, trackless wilderness, the glare of the sun, 'n after while the cold, an' mountings, an' an' freezein' an' death, an' hoverin' savages, it all comes back afore me now an' strikes me nigh dumb," and the old man leaned forward upon his knees and shook his head, staring at the floor as if he saw some fearful picture there.

"We built the hand-carts in Iowa at a camp whar we met," he began again, "an' that was whar we lost; it tuck to the middle of summer afore we was ready to start. We had ben tole by the elders down in Tennessee, an' them acatin' from other countries an' places had ben tole the same, we found, that the carts an' tents an' truck would all be a-ready for us at the meetin' place in Iowa w'en we got there; but nothin' had ben ready. Most of us had sent money ahead, or gin it to the elders to be sent, an' some gin nigh to all they had, but it had gone into President Young's fund at Salt Lake by mistake, an' so we had to git things ready the best way we could. Ef we could a' started right away we might hev



"I THOUGHT CATARRH'S HEART WOULD BREAK."

got through afore winter, mebbe; some companies did; dragged carts clean through, fer it was a test o' faith, an' didn't lose very many, but we couldn't go no quicker 'n we did. Some at knowed the danger fit agin us, but we had mostin' es every night, an' our zeal was high. The Lord would take heed of us, we felt, and we was zippy. At last we started, started fer Zion more'n a thousand mile away into the West, a pullin' our hand-carts after us. It was a wild trip, but the Lord was with us a-leadin' us on to His Kingdom."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE JOURNEY.

"There was six hundred on us, men, women, an' children," continued the gray old Mormon, "an' we sot out in a fever of joy an' zeal. But some seemed to feel whar we was acatin' an' their feet dragged from the start. My Catherine was heavy and droopy a good share of the time; seemed like she was never herself after we left them two little graves in Tennessee, but almost on us was shoutin' an' singin' an' ap'raisin' the Lord es we went on! fer the first two or three days. Every night after the tents was planted we held meetin' an' there was preachin' an' exhortin'. Some of the elders said no matter if winter did come the Lord would save us, no matter if we got sick; the Lord would heal us, fer President Young, the Lord's mouth-piece, had said so."

"Sometimes I felt a little jibous, I ken't hev sayin' pine blank, fer it was turrible labor draggin' a loaded hand-cart day after day, with yo'r feet an' hands blistered an' the sun streamin' down on ye. Then there was a thousand mile to walk, six hundred hand-carts, an' a thousand miles over a burnin' an' Injuns, an' snakes, an' rivers, an' starvation, to this region of God's preparin' fer 'em. But President Young was bound to git 'em to a place of safety, an' he did."

dragged on 'em, hour after hour, day after day, an' never seemed one step furder towards the end. Two of the apostles an' some elders was with us till we got across the river at Council Bluffs, then the apostles an' most of the elders left us. They had three or four cerryges amongst 'em, an' two spring wagons with horses to haul their pervisions, an' es a squad of cavalry was goin' to Fort Laramie, they went along an' was in Salt Lake long afore the snow flew."

"But what had we ains us but work an' sufferin' an' the plains stretchin' furver and furver away in front of us? We couldn't make fur in a day, not more'n ten or fifteen mile. Our shoes wore through onto our feet, an' our feet wore into holes, an' our hands an' fingers cracked an' raw from a pullin' on the carts. Fer our provisions begun to run low, fer we didn't hev enough w'en we started, an' we tuk to sufferin' from hunger an' most of the time from thirst. Most on us prayed an' seemed to keep up faith, but all on us begun to git holler-eyed and afeared. We seed that life an' death was afore us with the life the furst day, an' we strained forwards day after day with our teeth set a prayin' under our breath an' sufferin'."

"All through August the sun come blow out of the plain to the east es red es blood an' went blazin' on over our heads es we toiled on 'ard through the sand, an' red es blood sunk into the plain in the west, an' it seemed like we'd scurely moved. Then we'd jest drop down onto blankets or the bare ground, an' lay there till that burnin' ball of blood come blazin' onto us agin from the east, an' we'd eat a little somethin' an' stagger on. It was turrible! Sometimes one or two of the puny ones'd be dead when mornin' come, an' we'd bury 'em in the sand an' leave 'em. It seemed like it was furver drouth in that d'sert; dry, dry, dead-dry, an' always the waves of heat that seemed a million wrinkles of hot meltin' glass, would hover an' hover, an' quiver an' burn an' beat, till one's eyeballs was red, an' some slavered at the mouth an' mumbled of water an' shade an' rest, an' wandered in their minds. An' sometimes, away up in the stagnant air we'd see the bodies of insects afloatin' like flakes of ashes, an' they'd flicker an' glimmer an' drap down onto us nothin' but dead shells like bits of tinsel. An' the stream we was tryin' to foller got to be nothin' more'n a strip of green pools sprinkled with scales an' dry fish-eyes, an' we'd creep down to it an' sip at it with cracked lips, an' stagger on agin."

"But at last we drawed out of that part of the d'sert, leavin' our pore dead behind, but it was the last of September afore the mountings hove in sight, an' the sun sunk down for a week amongst the snow-covered peaks; I remember, afore we reached 'em we was so sick an' lame an' wore out. I mind that all them days my head seemed goin' round an' round es I pulled, an' the blood kep' buzzin' in my ears, an' some times I'd retz blind an' couldn't see nary thing afore me, but a sorter clear sense kep' alive in my head, too, fer death was shorely afore us if we gin up. A good many did gin up, especial the ole an' puny ones, an' we'd seldom leave a camp-ground in the mornin' without two or three had to be buried. It was turrible! We didn't look much into each other's faces at them buryin's, fer we knowed what was afore us an' couldn't bear it."

"Well, at last we drawed into Laramie. O, how we'd looked forred to this! fer there the Apostles had promised that we'd find a supply of pervisions awaitin' fer us, but nothin' was there! Then things begun to look black. We had a meetin' an' figgered on our chances, an' we found that at the rate we'd ben a-travelin' an' at the amount of rations we'd got each day, which was a pound of flour each, we'd not hev a month's food left w'en we was yit three hundred miles of the end of our journey. So we cut down the ration to nine ounces of flour each for grovored folks an' four to seven ounces for the young ones. Then we pulled ahead with what little strength we had left, makin' every mile we could, fer it was life an' death with us. W'en we started there was four or five mitch cows to every hundred persons, but now they was strung all through the d'sert, dead, an' we had to drink wharver we could get, which was mostly alkali water that left our mouths bloody an' raw; an' our steers, too, had ben stamped by a herd of buffalos camped on the plain, an' an' one yoke of oxen each was left to a wagon, an' es they couldn't haul the wagons that way through the sand an' stones loaded so heavy, a sack of flour fer each of the hand-carts was tuck of 'em an' put onto us. It was like death itself to add another pound to the weight of 'em, fer lots of us could scurely hold up the handles much less pull, but the wimmen an' children would push behind an' some would git inside the handles an' pull, an' with some a-cryin', an' some a-prayin', an' some lookin' blind an' dumb, we struggled on."

"About that time, I mind, one day a party with three smart cerryges, an' some light spring wagons come adashin' up behind us. It turned out to be three of the Apostles and four Elders an' a son of President Young. They was a returnin' from a preachin' tour over night with us, an' in the mornin' Apostle Richards preached to us, rebukin' us fer the seemin' lack of faith amongst us, an' tellin' us the Lord would keep the winter back if need be on our account, an' that they'd hev pervisions sent out to meet us at South Pass. Then they rode away in their cerryges, takin' some of our best provisions with 'em. They didn't realize our condition, I reckon; leastwise the mistakes of men don't taffort the revelations of the Lord; them air above errors an' the like."

"But I must say pine blank most on us felt purty bleak around the heart them times. Some on us was dyin' every day an' ben' left under a pile of stones for the wolves to dig at, an' the livin' was starvin' an' dyin' by inches at the carts, but we striv on in the desperation of despair. Us two families from Tennessee kep' together the best we could. The other family was pore like us, an' had gin most what they had to the cause. The man had never ben stout an' now he got worst. He had two little children in his cart, an' his pore wife who pushed what she could behind had a little baby on her breast. It was awful to see 'em workin' with the shades of death acatin' an' agoin' in their eyes. But we wasn't much better off, only I was stouter, an' Catherine, who was this an' white es paper an' with eyes lookin' big an' wild like some animal that sees it's agoin' to be killed, worked day after day mos' like a person that's insane. She never said nothin', an' yit jest worked an' fit fer life. I think it was mostly fer me though, an' our little sick darter alyarin' up there in the cart."

"Well, about them days it fell to freezein' at night, an' wherens we could sleep an' rest some afore, now in the mornin' we was a crowd of dazed, shiverin', half-dead people. About a hundred had died up to that time, an' there was five hundred of us strugglin' an' alyarin' ahead towards the darkness."

"The man in our other family I could see kep' siddily fallin', an' one mornin' w'en we started I seed he was bein' killed, like a corpse, an' his wife looked nearly like 'im; but they kep' at it all day, steady gin' an' tuggin' an' draggin' their feet along. But all that day they was a-dyin', my friend, all that day they was a-dyin', fer w'er we

stopped that night the man sunk down inside of the handles with his face betwixt his knees an' never moved agin. The wife fell onto her side along side the cart, but I got 'er up an', after gettin' her tent set up, laid 'er in it an' fixed 'er the best I could. In the mornin' she was dead, though, 'n 'ez cold an' stiff, with the child dead, too, 'n 'ez breast. There was six corpses in camp that



OVER AT LAST.

mornin'. What days them was! an' God in Heaven, what nights! We hadn't ben allowed but seventeen pounds of clothes an' beddin' apiece, an' we jest laid an' shivered in spasms of cold. I s'pose most of us'd a-died in our tracks only fer our faith, fer we did hang onto the belief that the word of the Lord's servants would come true. But it didn't; they made a mistake somehow, though it wasn't the Lord's fault. Winter come on earlier 'n common, an' there was amongst the mountings, wadin' rivers, haulin' the carts up hills an' down through rocky gulches, with our shoes an' boots wore of our feet, or cut up to make boxes for the axes, a long string of baggage, corpse-like men an' wimmen an' children stumblin' an' alyarin' forred towards the bitter end."

"Then at last it got so there wasn't secretly strength left to put up the tents at night, an' every mornin' from six to ten corpses had to be buried; an' some got stupid, an' some got savage an' lost their minds. My Catherine jest fit on 'ard like a tiger. She never gin back. She peared to me like she was all eyes an' leaders; there was nothin' of her much, an' fer the last week of it she never sleep more et than I seed. I was one of the stoutest in the band, w'en I was young I could take a ox by the horns an' throw 'im; but I couldn't nigh keep up with 'er. My Catherine was insane w'en the reason! I hadn't no heart in me afore that, and staggered like a drunk man from weakness, but I fit forest with 'er. We had our ole, little thing an' the two children of our ole friends in the cart, and she thought they was all our'n, the two from the little graves in Tennessee alive agin, an' she kep' 'em diveder up an' fed 'em tuck care of 'em, an' at times she'd seem happy jest like a child an' stop an' play pickin' flowers along the way, an' talk of the thousands an' thousands of miles we'd come an' how we'd hev to git it afore we got to Heaven, an' I'd jest lay my head down on the cart an' cry, it broke my heart so."

"At last the storm came in earnest. It begun to snow an' blow turrible, but we stumbled on 'ard blind-like all day. We seemed plum crazy to get out of danger an' our misery, but was runnin' furder into it every step. What we suffered could never be put in language. I ken mind one pore gal with a awful look on her face alyarin' an' half draggin' all day at the cart next to our'n. She now lives near Salt Lake a pore helpless cripple, fer both her limbs was froze that day, an' had to be cut off."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ORIGIN OF COLDS.

### Nervousness a Pre-Hic Source in the Production of Catarrh.

Cold is not the only factor in the production of catarrh. There is a collateral cause, and a most important one, in certain depressed conditions of the nervous system, which is too little known and appreciated. In healthy conditions of the nervous system, provided reasonable precautions are taken against cold, there is enough vitality in the organism to resist the injurious influence. The nervous system is in fact, the guardian, controller, the prime regulator of animal heat or body temperature, and its slightest failure to fulfill its responsible duties—the least relaxation of its constant vigilance—renders us liable to fall a prey to cold.

The following supposititious cases will afford an illustration: An individual who habitually drives about in an open conveyance with perfect freedom from catarrh, happens on one occasion to fall asleep when he is out, and the very next day has a cold. The explanation of the phenomenon is to be found in the fact that during sleep nervous energy is lowered and the system, therefore, less able to withstand the injurious effects of cold. If we assume that the individual was also in a state of intoxication at the time, the damage done by cold would be more serious, as the depression of alcohol is superadded to that of sleep. It is, therefore, not surprising to find that inflammation of the lungs is frequently contracted under such circumstances. We instinctively acknowledge the nervous depression during sleep by taking the precaution to throw a rug over the knees before our forty winks on the dining-room sofa.

A timid woman comes home one night pale and ghastly with fright, having contracted a splintered cold in her throat, which she calls a "ghost." In a day or two she develops a cold, for which she can not in any way account. Fear acts as a desperate depressant to the nervous system, crippling its power of resisting the action of cold; hence the phrase, "shivering with fear." Similarly innumerable events of daily life tend to irritate, depress or excite the nerves, and render them unfit for maintaining the body temperature against the fluctuations of weather and climate. During these unguarded moments, a trifling exposure to cold or damp is sufficient to induce catarrh. It is known that stout boots, umbrellas and wraps, though excellent preservatives in their way, are not the only precautionary measures to be adopted; that we must endeavor to strengthen the nervous system, if it be defective, and that when we are compelled to expose ourselves to cold or wet when the nerves are depressed from temporary causes, such as fatigue, anxiety, grief, worry, fear, dyspepsia, or ill humor, we should be especially careful to guard against cold.—*Chamber's Journal*.

"Do not think, young man," he said, "that you will be able to take care of my daughter, Flora, in the style to which she has always been accustomed." "I think so, sir," answered the young man confidently. "She refused to go to the concert with me last week, because she said she had 'nothing to wear.'"

FLOOR WALKER (Pigeon-toed).—"Walk this way, madame." (Cute, young Irish woman).—"Walk that way, is it; arrah, be off w' ye, now, shure me fate w'd trow me down, if I tried it!"

## IMPROVED FARMING.

### How Western Land May Be Made to Produce More Than It Ever Did.

The tilling of soil and growing of crops—that is what one usually characterizes as farming; but that term can scarcely be applied with justice to much of the work done on our farms to-day. Farming should mean the perfect handling of a given portion of land so that it shall produce a maximum amount of products, cereals, roots, vegetables, fruits and grasses, and their secondary products, horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, eggs, butter, cheese and milk. Regarding it in this light, then, can we say that farming, so-called, deserves the name? Is not a great majority of it a mere attempt at farming—a work begun and only half finished—a profession practiced but not thoroughly understood; a pursuit capable of the profitable introduction of more brain power into the mechanism of its machinery, and in short demanding the better education of those employed in it? Years ago when the great Western plains of America lay in undisturbed repose, the prairie grasses gamutally growing up and falling down, thus gradually but surely enriching the soil whence they came, the pioneer—the "farmer" of his day—came, saw and settled thereupon. Possessed of limited means and but crude implements for cultivating the soil, with no railroad facilities and few marketing points, his requirements were of necessity those merely of himself and family. Thus no great efforts were needed by him to secure sufficient returns from the soil for the maintenance of himself and children. He merely "tickled" the soil, so to speak, scattered seed and the fertile earth rewarded him an hundred fold. This man was a farmer sufficiently well versed for his day and opportunities, when manual labor alone was almost all that the pursuit required. Since then what a change has come to these Western farms and to the descendants of those pioneer farmers? The present generation inherits, not virgin soil to cultivate, but farms that have been hard run and badly worked; a legacy of poverty this to the man who has not learned more about farming than his forefathers knew, and worse yet to his children after him. With the stern necessities of the farmer's position of to-day, surrounded by thousands of men competing with him in the markets of the country, middlemen, high freight rates and consequent low prices for products, with land no longer rich in nature's store of crop food for the manufacture of farm products, farming has become a most difficult profession. Men, who, finding themselves in these circumstances, surrounded by difficulties and possessed of unprolific soil, content themselves with farming as their fathers did must fail, or at best make but a hard-earned living for themselves and families in the sweat of their brows. Those who would make a success of farming are of an altogether different class. They are men whose headwork precedes their manual labor in every department of the farm; whose manual labor is the carrying of science into practice, and whose practice is perfect in detail and correct in principle. Their farms are farmed in the proper sense of the word. Crops are taken from the land, and in their place something is returned to repair the loss consequent upon cropping. The land is thoroughly worked, every inch of it; the crop is thoroughly removed, no ten-inch stubble being left behind, is thoroughly threshed, no good grain finding its way into the chaff, and is thoroughly fed to "thoroughbred" improved stock. In short, the successful farmer is the thorough farmer, who understands farming principles and practically applies them. Such farmers have not each day to look out upon slovenly surroundings and miserable, unthrifty "scrub" stock, but live comfortably themselves because they have the better feelings of "thoroughbreds," and warmly house and properly feed their stock because it too has a dash of thoroughbred blood in it, enhancing its value, and therefore rendering it worthy of proper attention. Our farming has improved because our farmers have improved themselves, to enable them to cope with deteriorated soil and depreciated prices for products. By proper farming the land may be made to produce more than ever it did, and by improving the quality of its products the prices commanded by them will be greater and more remunerative than before.—*Farmers' Review*.

—A man named Burdick, who removed from the East to Kansas several years ago, recently found a tax receipt given to his grandfather in Allegany County, New York, thirty-five years ago. He picked up the paper on the prairie forty miles from his own home, and miles away from any settlement. His grandfather never was in Kansas, nor had the finder ever seen the paper before. Now he is puzzling his brains to ascertain how that old receipt traveled so far.

—A hoed crop should be a part of the regular rotation on all farms, for the reason that such a crop requires close cultivation and when removed leaves the ground clean. Unless this be done the weeds will at some time take possession of the field, though much benefit will result from the use of the cultivator if a corn crop is grown.

—In case of tomatoes to be grown in new soil, likely to be too rich and send up plenty of vines and blossoms but little or no fruit, start the plants early in the house; transplant at least twice. When the plants begin to bloom, or just before, sink a spade about the roots and within a foot of the stem.

## METHODS OF BURGLARS.

### How They Dispose of Bonds, Jewelry and Precious Gems.

"A man must be a good mechanic to be a burglar—a safe-blower," remarked an old detective. "He must have good tools and know how to use them. Now, if you had a drill and undertook to drill a hole through that stovepipe there you would probably make a mess of it. How, then, is an unskillful man going to make out when he has to drill through the hardest steel? An expert burglar must be a good mechanic, know how to use his tools and where to work on a safe. He has to do his work quickly, and use a blow-pipe or some other means of softening the steel. The tools used by expert burglars, the men who rob banks, are of the finest workmanship, and a kit costs \$1,000 or more. It takes some capital for one to get a start as a burglar."

"Do these burglars get much of the proceeds of their skill?" asked the reporter. "Now," said the detective, "we will suppose burglars rob a bank safe in Washington and get, we will say, \$100,000 in negotiable bonds—Chicago & Northwestern, or something like that—bonds that are not registered, but are numbered. The bank has a list of the numbers. They can not, you see, dispose of the bonds in open market; but they will take them to a man who will give them about one-third of their value. If the bonds are worth par, he will give them, say \$30,000 cash. That is all they get. Now the man that buys the bonds calls in another man skilled in his line, who goes over them and alters the numbers. For this he receives 10 per cent. of the value of the bonds, or \$10,000. The man who bought the bonds has paid out for them so far \$40,000. He may figure, you see, as a respectable broker and easily handle them himself. After the bonds are altered he calls in a man known as a 'layer down.' It is this man's business to dispose of or lay down the bonds. For this he gets one-half of the profits. He sells them at the full market value, say \$100,000, and gets half of the \$60,000 remaining, after the money paid to the burglars and to the man who altered the numbers is deducted."

"But thieves who get diamonds and jewelry?" "Well, suppose," said the detective, "that a thief has got into a man's house and taken the man's watch, worth, say, \$150, his diamond stud worth \$160, his wife's diamond earrings, worth, say, \$50, and perhaps a diamond ring, too, making the value of all about \$1,000. He goes to a fence, who looks at the watch, calculates how much the gold cases will amount to when melted down, says he will have to have a new plate put on the works, so as to alter the number of the watch, and finally gives \$25 for it. He takes the diamonds from the settings, examines them and weighs them, and gives perhaps \$50 for the stud, \$150 for the stones from the ear-rings, and so on, making in all about \$250 for the lot. That is all the thief will get for his job. The settings of the stud and earrings will be thrown aside. It is the stones that are valuable, and, except in the case of very large and valuable diamonds that are registered, no one could swear positively to them after they are reset. The fence, of course, has to take risks, and many have to keep the stolen diamonds for six months or more. If a fence becomes known, thieves won't put anything away with him. If it is a choice between two, and one of the two conducts his business so quietly that he has not been discovered, the thief will go to him, though he knows he will get a much smaller sum for what he has to dispose of."—*Washington Star*.

## WEIGHT OF BRAINS.

### A Study That Bears Directly Upon the Question of Intellectuality.

The average human brain weighs forty-nine or fifty ounces in the male and about forty-five ounces in the female. Great brain weight is not always associated with intellectual vigor, as is shown by the fact that an idiot is known to have had a brain of over sixty ounces in weight. But notwithstanding the evidence of such cases as that of the idiot referred to, great mental power is generally associated with a brain weight exceeding the average. Cuvier's brain weighed sixty-four ounces. But Gambetta's brain weighed less than the average woman's brain, which is, of course, peculiar because of his great intellectuality. A strange problem is developed by a comparison of the average weight of the male and female brains with the minimum weight of each within the range of intelligence. The average weight of the female brain is about five ounces less than the average weight of a man's brain. If the weight of the brain were an infallible gauge of intellect the average woman would, so to speak, have five ounces less intellect than the average man. But the weight of brain in a man below which idioy exists is about five ounces higher than it is in a woman. This is what presents the problem. If, say, thirty ounces of brain in a woman saves her from idioy and thirty-five ounces are requisite in a man, what becomes of man's average of five ounces of brain weight in excess of the average in woman? The conclusion seems to be that a smaller quantity of female brain is essential to intellectuality than of male brain. This is equivalent to saying that the female brain is of a superior quality. A contradiction of this the fact may be cited that in comparison with men but few women of great intellectual vigor have appeared in the world. If the comparison just made held true a woman with a brain of fifty ounces ought to be the equal of a man with a brain of fifty-five ounces.—*Denver Republican*.