

RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD. - - - NEBRASKA

THE OLD FLINT-LOCK GUN.

There's a battered old gun of the time of King George.
That hangs on my grandfather's wall:
The barrel was wrought in some rude country forge,
And the stock—'t was just happened, that's all.
'Tis rusted and bent, and there's a rattle dent
In this old-fashioned engine of war;
For fox and for "petridge" it's not worth a cent,
And I'm sure I'd not trust it for "a war."
But, long, long ago, when my grandfather's dad
Was a strapping young sprout of eighteen,
That ramshackle gun made the Red-coats feel bad,
As they marched through the broad village green.
They say that my ancestor crouched 'neath a wall,
And rested his piece on a stone,
And rammed it and crammed it with powder and ball,
And peppered away, all alone.
The foe could not stop, for, like fate, in the rear
The minute-men followed *en masse*;
So granddaddy's dad pegged away without fear,
Till four of the Reds bit the grass.
A brave deed, you say? Well, I never shall boast
Of the family prowess—not I:
But I think there are some who'd have quitted the coast
And let the King's soldiers march by.
I'm proud of the flint-lock that gleams on the pegs,
In the bright, flinty blaze of the fire;
And I'll venture to say that few men with legs
Would have stuck like my granddaddy's sire.
All honor to him! And when brave deeds are sung
Of the heroes whose fame we recall,
Let a line be slipped in for the old flint-lock gun,
And the man who pegged over the wall.
—Paul Pastor, in Pack.

HI CHANG AND THE CUR.

The Prominent Part They Played in a Domestic Drama.

Locality—a valley in the interior of California, described in real estate prospectus as the "loveliest of earth's favored spots, where mere existence is perpetual delight," but presenting to the unappreciative eye the appearance of a very thinly populated, treeless and grassless region.
A farm-house stands some distance back from the public road. The chief advantages of its situation seems to be exclusiveness and open air. A disorderly picket-fence surrounds a front garden, in which Nature blooms unrestrained in thistle and tar-weed.
Enter through the gate a rotund Chinaman with a very long cue. A small terrier dog, apparently in a transitional state between the blue-blooded Skye and the blind-alley cur, follows, per force of a string attached to his collar. The dog, as he approaches the house, wails dolorously and tugs at the cord.
The Chinaman darts a side-glance at him, and shakes a chubby finger, saying, "You look aw now; you go back."
A middle-aged female person rushes out of front door, grasps the dog and infolds him in ecstatic embrace.
She cries out, "And you are here again, are you?—my jewel, my blessed one!"
Hi Chang, serenely smiling—"Yes, me come."
Response, in excited, slightly Hibernian tones—"You think it's you that I'm a talking to—yes, indeed, and you're an ignorant heathen. What is it you're meaning, to keep the dog, knowing all the country was being searched for him? May be it's starved he is—Waggy—my own poor dog!"
Waggy wails affirmatively.
Hi Chang, tranquilly—"Me drive him 'way; he no go; me bring him you this time, next time he come, he good bye you." Horribly significant wink of left eye.
Female party, frantically wrought up—"You are not daring to mean you'll kill him!"
Pagan, oracularly—"Velly bad dog, no can all time live. He come my boss place, kill him one day the chicken, bleak him leg one duck, and not for eat, for play! You think my boss buy chicken make play for your dog!"
Volcanic emotion on female visage.
Hi Chang continues, with solemnly warning voice—"My boss say come 'gain he house, may be no not come any more."
Female, with air of an avenging goddess—"It's a God-forsaken man that would take the life of a mite of a senseless beast that's the sole protection of two lonely women. We'll set the law on him."
Hi Chang, placidly triumphing shining out of his eye-slit—"My boss lick man, do all same he like."
The other party, in haughty scorn—"Rich, and cares so much about a chicken or so? We'll pay for his precious chickens."
Hi Chang, with equally lofty scorn—"He no care chicken, got plenty money buy chicken. He care how! Dog come make big noise; my boss say: 'Kill blank beast.' Next time, an impressive pause—"You not see 'gain. Goo'-bye." Turns away.
Female, with pursuing shriek of expostulation—"Here, you Chinaman! we'll pay any thing, tell your boss."
Chinaman, with three unrelenting shakes of head—"No can pay for how! Closes gate, and trips away, while Odella makes fierce gestures at his disappearing cue.
Languid voice from interior of house—"Odella, what is all the talking and noise?"
Odella, rushing in direction of voice—"It's our own Waggy that I'm just after taking from the clutches of a murderous-heated pagan."
Voice within, full of keenest anxiety—"O, tell me, tell me, is he entirely safe?"
Odella, in choking voice—"For this time, yes; but for the next time he goes he's the same as dead. All because of a few chickens." And she crouches in a Niobe pose on the porch near a window.
Voice through blinds—"But Odella, we will pay for any wretched chickens Waggy may kill."
Odella, despairingly—"And wasn't I telling the sinner just that! And don't he answer me that it's the howl his Turk of a master makes a murderous talk about. What's a little noise!"
Sigh from within—"The poor man may be nervous, may have trouble on his mind; most of us have. But, Odella, if Waggy will go there and make a noise, what can we do?"
Odella, emphatically—"We can make haste to get out of this pagan country, all alive with devils walking around in pigtail."
Voice within, querulously—"We can not Odella, we can not. You know that only in a few hidden place like this do I find peace of mind. Bring me Waggy; he understands."
Waggy at that moment struggles for the freedom of this place, and has to be compelled into the arms of his sympathy-craving mistress.

A farm-house, painted into glazing fresh

ness, general environment indicating recently expended money. A gentleman sits on the porch, his feet on the railing, his hat far down over his eyes. Hi Chang approaches, accompanied by the ubiquitous Waggy, attached as usual to a string.
Hi Chang, addressing sole of foot on railing—"Me chatchee him—dog—one time more."
No response.
Chinaman, in higher key—"This time he kill the looser, one little chicken."
Hi Chang continues, categorically—"I am him sheep, drive in corner fence, bark, bark, till sheep no can stand, make sick."
Rumbling voice under hat—"Feed the beast on chickens, mutton, Durham bulls, Jersey pigs and other vermin. It's just as profitable a way of disposing of the truck as any I have found."
Long, reverberating howl from Wagner. Feet on railing come down with a thundering clasp.
"Hing the demonic brute!"
"Hi Chang, sentimentally and approvingly—"All right—hang him light away."
Soliloquizes as he drags the resisting Wagner off—"He too muchee think—inside him; no good think."
Gentleman tosses a half-smoked cigar aside, and entering the house, he partakes of something out of a bottle. He looks at his watch.
"Half-past four only; thought I'd been scorching on that porch three hours. This is the striving, active Western life which was to make a new man of me, and choke off all morbid retrospections. Morbid retrospections seem to me about all the place is made for. I drive them off with brandy, or try to, and my nerves are going to the deuce. The howl of a miserable little cur starts the most insipid fancies in my brain. I'd better be moving further on somewhere—try a South Sea island, or try the climatic influences of Kamchatka. I won't wait to find as big a fool as myself to pay me the worth of my improvements on this income-devouring ranch. I'll change him only for the climate, about half as much as I paid for it myself." (Irritably mopping his shining brow.)
"And throw in the new barns, fences and agricultural implements. If all the idiots swarming to this gigantic fraud of an over-advertised paradise lose as much coin as I have lost and gain as little peace of mind."
He hears outside an intermingling of pigeon English and canine moans, and he strides to the window, and exclaims: "By Jupiter! what's the pagan up to! I say, Chang, let the beast alone! Are you fool enough to suppose I'll let you hang the harmless whelp in full view of my windows, or any where else?"
Hi Chang—"No hang him! 'Well, what must do now?"
He stands with dangling rope and patient expression, Waggy subduedly lamenting the instability of human intentions and canine fate.
The Boss—"Let him go! Keep him out of my sight and hearing! Give him a beef-steak."
Hi Chang, hanging out clothes on line. He chirps a vivacious Chinese melody. Odella approaches from rear and addresses Chinaman in a white-shirted back.
"Is there any body on this place besides you?"
Hi Chang, intensely gracious—"O, you come make visit! Velly glad see you!—velly hot day! Me here all by self."
Odella, rapidly twirling string of sun-bonnet, but speaking with sort of pulled-up-by-roots politeness—"Yes, very warm day. I have come to ask if you have seen any thing of my little dog? He is missing since Saturday."
Hi Chang, sympathetically—"You lose him dog? Pity—heat pity! What kind dog? Black—white place on tail!"
Odella, keeping a grip on her feelings—"No; little dog—long hair—all gray."
Chinaman, meditatively swinging coil of wet sheet to and fro—"Little dog—all gray. Long time 'go me see one all same that."
Voice from sun-bonnet, like a boiling-over kettle—"You deceiving cat! you've seen him yesterday or to-day, sure as you're standing there alive and grinning like a corpse. Where is it you're keeping the dog?"
Hi Chang, in high-pitched wonder—"Me keep him! What for me keep him dog?"
"To play your tricks with the devil."
Hi Chang, with sudden illumination—"O, may be so he go devil, and may be so you like go find him."
Odella, twitching Chinaman's sleeve, bonnet falling off in her agitation—"Here, you take this dollar for the chickens, and get me the dog."
Hi Chang, sliding out of her grasp, and seizing the dollar with a speculative squint—"Dollar too muchee for dog, not 'nough for chicken."
Odella, wildly—"So it's for money you're holding the dog, are you? You're thinking it's me you can cheat and rob. You'll see—you'll see." Goes off with a rush.
Hi Chang, excessively courteous—"You go now! Goo'-bye; come again soon."
IV.
Hi Chang, at a table chopping hash in time to his favorite melody. He hears approaching steps. He smiles and blinks in response to some idea in his heathen brain. Continues to chop energetically.
Low, sweet voice at the door—"I am looking for a little lost dog."
Hi Chang, dropping hash-knife as if shot, turns to see a young and handsome lady, who is certainly not Odella. The pagan, breathless with wonderment, seems about to prostrate himself in Oriental adoration. He speaks in honeyed tones—"Dog 'blong you! My! my! me no sabe 'blong you! Me no sabe you—me sabe *de* woman. She come here, talker heap bad; me talk velly polli, and all time she get more mad."
Lady, sweetly—"Yes! Well, it is my dog, and I have come for him. Perhaps he lost his way, and somebody here is taking care of him for me!"
Hi Chang, his face one all-illuminating grin—"Yes, lose him way. He come here; he like stay; he good dog; me fix nice for him. One minnee—me show you."
He vanishes through inner door, and returns after a short absence.
"You like come now—me show you."
The lady is conducted up a narrow, dark stairway, which ends in a dim little attic-room. She does not like the look of things at all. Chinaman divines her feeling, and turns to give a reassuring wag of his head.
"All right—you no fald. Now look see."
He throws open a small door, and reveals a closet of a room, furnished with a Chinese chest on the floor and a plate of food. And there, devouring the food with frightful voracity, is the lost dog.
Lady emotional. Wagner more responsive to hunger than to affection.
Hi Chang, placidly—"You think me no good for dog? You see nice loom, nice bed; feed him time one day, heap high tone, all same home."
Voice below, singing. Lady starts up with alarmed exclamation. Dog howls.
Voice below—"Where is that howling dervish of a brute! Here, you, Chang! Hi Chang!"
Lady, in whisper—"B-h! Waggy!"
Chinaman—"Do-do show me another way down!"
Hi Chang—"No more way. Boss good man; he no mad you."

Waggy's wall continues. Gentleman stands at back-way—Early returns into darkest corner.
Gentleman, with ferocity—"Am I to have my house turned into a kennel for this yelping mongrel! Didn't I tell you I must be rid of him!"
Hi Chang, gently—"You tell me feed him cow, sheep, chicken."
Gentleman swears, but stops, astounded, on seeing a dimly outlined figure in a corner.
Hi Chang, in explanation—"Lady catch him dog."
Gentleman—"You will kindly excuse any violent expressions, madam, but I confess the repeated visits of your dog have been rather annoying to me."
No response. Gentleman frantically and curiously approaches figure. He stares, and stares harder; holds his breath, and finally exclaims—"Thunder and Mars! Impossible! Yes, without a doubt!"
Lady, in muffled tones—"I am here only for my dog. I had to come myself to get him. I thought some good old farmer lived here."
She makes a movement to pass the gentleman, who holds out a detaining hand.
"But, Millicent, this extraordinary meeting must be explained."
Millicent, scornfully—"You should know that I never make explanations."
Gentleman—"But I was so sure you had gone to Europe."
Millicent—"Yes! You thought yourself sure of a good many things. Who said I was in Europe?"
Gentleman, suddenly—"No one said I guessed so—and came straight this way."
Millicent, sarcastically—"So did I—I by an unfortunate coincidence of ideas."
A good deal of animated discussion follows. Hi Chang deliberately retires into the small room, keeping one eye fitted to narrow chink of door. His reflections—"Me sabe now what for he so much think, and like give dog sheep, bull, chicken. Have big fuss; he go away. He sit down, think, think, all same not pleasing woman in world. He heap mad; he like never more get please. She come; she look velly nice; he forget one minnee. She no forget—she talk make him silly—woman heap smart—man no can all time find out."
Lady—"You grant that you gave me more than provocation?"
Gentleman, abjectly—"Yes, you were justified, entirely. But a man can't help the mad things he does when he is jealous."
Millicent, speaking fast—"I don't in the least refer to things you did when you were jealous. If you were so, it was the real dignities I suffered through her. And, by the way, where is she now?"
Gentleman—"I have not seen her since that hideous week at Tumbado Park."
Millicent—"Ah, really! how wonderfully, with what fortitude, you endured the horrors of that week. We noticed, didn't we, Wagner!"
Gentleman, grappling at diversion—"No wonder that beast's howl was so familiar."
Millicent, reproachfully—"You threatened to hang him. But you hated dear little Wagner always."
Gentleman—"Because you doted on him, and I looked on him as a sort of bond between you and the man who gave him to you."
Millicent, aggrievedly—"O, cruel suspicions! Wagner was so like my grandmother's pet, Judy, and in some way he always recalled to me my dear grandmother." (Gentleman smothered blasphemously, but doesn't do so.) "Afterward I loved Waggy for himself—in my troubled hours he seemed to understand and sympathize, and he hated her so!"
Gentleman, aggravatingly—"He used to snivel around her as if he adored her."
Millicent, in low interjectory, mimicking some one else—"Clever little Wagner!"
"Till she boxed his ears for tearing her lace. He was cowed, but a doberman always brought him wriggling back. Admirable security, powerful understating!"
Millicent, languidly—"Wagner will now leave, and promise Mr. Vandervere not to disturb him again."
Mr. Vandervere, in commotion—"Millicent, you can not think of breaking off in this cold-blooded way!"
Millicent, sighing—"You seem happy, I exist at least, in peace and obscurity. A life of solitude and loneliness is not so unendurable as one in which mind and heart are daily tortured."
Hi Chang, sighing responsively—"She get him all like she want now. She talk heap pity."
Much persuasion and entreaty on one side; reminiscence and reproach on the other.
Millicent, finally, with decision—"You admit, then, that your affair with that person was a disgrace to yourself and a wrong to me!"
Vandervere, expostulating weakly—"But, dear Millicent, in justice to her I could not admit that much."
Millicent, half way down stairs—"So you prefer to do an injustice to your wife! Very well. Consider this meeting merely an accident. We continue apart."
Vandervere, desperately—"No; I know, dearest, I did make a fool of myself, and she was imprudent."
Millicent, with stony mirth—"Imprudent!"
Vandervere—"Then, exacting of attention."
Millicent—"For exacting, say ravenous; for attention, say intrigue."
Vandervere, wildly—"Yes, yes, she likes somebody around always, hankers after fun, or, what's your word?—intrigue, any thing you choose."
Millicent, sadly—"It was unworthy of you to allow such a person to keep you dangling after her."
Vandervere, recitatively—"It was unworthy of me."
They turn now to quiet down stairs. Hi Chang tip-toe out into vacated hall, grinning and wrabbling his chubby neck.
"Melican wife heap smart; she say: 'Me do 'long, what you make me do! Then husband think he may be so velly bad man.' He pensive resumes hash-chopping in kitchen. Enter Odella, tumultuously, making confused exclamations. Hi Chang chops on.
Odella—"Isn't there a tongue in your head to answer a body?" Hi Chang swirls around, waving hash-chopper and grinning sardonically. Odella, desperately brave, steps at him with sun-bonnet, as she backs out of door.
Hi Chang, with lightning transformation into grotesque mirth—"Before you lose him dog, now you lose him lady. Evly time lose him something, you come ask me. Some time you can no find you head, you maybe so come ask me. Me think," with critical scrutiny of Odella's top-piece, "you lose him head, nobody steal him."
Odella, gurgling with rage—"O, it's not me that minds your impudence. It's my lady! I'm looking for, and I'll find her or die!"
Hi Chang, in a squeaking whisper—"One minnee, me show you. My boss catch him dog, then catch him lady. He take outside, and (he makes a few hideously significant passes with the knife, unpleasantly close to Odella's throat, smiling a satanic smile as he does so) "you sabe—he make play, all same dog and chicken."
Odella, with hollow lightness of tone—"And so you're thinking to make a fool of me entirely!"
Hi Chang—"You no believe!" He slides over to window and gazes around. Then stepping out of door, calls to the excited

Odella: "You come, me show you." She follows; Chinaman, still smiling back-chopper, and stepping cat-like, makes a winding course among the out-buildings. He stops at a small tool-house near the orchard, and flattens himself against the wall, one eye peering around the corner. He beckons to Odella: "S'h! no make him noise."
Odella plants herself at the wall, and thrusts her head out above the Chinaman's.
"In the name of St. Patrick!"
Object of exclamation—two figures side by side on narrow box under an apple-tree, a dog stretched across the two laps.
Odella, after a long study of the scene—"It's the live man and not his ghost. Every thing made up, and no divorce, after all she's been saying. And me wearing my soul away three months in this pagan land, ten miles from confession. The saints above can't tell what a woman will do when she's got a husband!"
Hi Chang, reprovingly—"No make him fuss, spoil everything. Velly pretty lady! My boss heap sabe. Me sabe, too. Me work hard, get money, go back China, catch him wife, heap fat, littee foot. Tice hundred dollar wife! You like catch him husband? Me fald take big money—may be so tell you—sane dollar—eh!"—Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.
SCIENCE IN AGRICULTURE.
How Farm Operations Will Be Conducted in the Years to Come.
The average yield of wheat in the United States is about twelve bushels per acre. It is commonly sown with a drill, which deposits the seed in rows eight inches apart; eight rows are commonly planted at each turn; an average of one and a half bushels of seed is used per acre; one man with team will plant eight acres per day, and this being done in September, the field has no further attention until the reaper is put in the following July to gather whatever harvest Providence has seen fit to send as a reward for the negligence of the husbandman.
Prof. Blount, of the Colorado Agricultural College, having first made an elaborate study of the habits and needs of the wheat plant, conducted a series of experiments in its cultivation, with the following results:
First he planted upon an exact square acre seven and one-half pounds of hand-picked wheat in rows of eighteen inches apart; and at harvest threshed out sixty-seven bushels; again, upon one-fourth of an acre he planted thirty-two ounces of selected seed, and the product was eighteen bushels; and again, upon seventy-six square feet he planted seventy-six kernels of extra-fine seed, weighing forty-five grains, and the product was ten and one-half pounds, or nearly at the rate of one hundred bushels per acre.
These results are not more remarkable in the excessive yield from a given area than in regard to the yield from a given portion of seed. Agricultural discussion too often directs attention to a result without sufficiently analyzing the means by which it is obtained. A pertinent feature of these experiments is the saving of an amount of seed which, averaged upon the entire grain acreage, would add annually a vast sum to the wealth of the nation.
If we should throw into the sea annually fifty million bushels of wheat and a proportionate amount of the other cereals, the world would cry out at our improvidence. Yet if Prof. Blount's conclusions are correct—and they are supported by much collateral evidence—we bury this amount in the ground where it is not only thrown away, but where it actually decreases the resultant crop.
The economic results that would follow if we should be able to increase our production even approximately to the above ratio are too far-reaching for the scope of this article. Our ability to feed an almost limitless increase of population would be assured. It may be that over-production would recoil upon ourselves, but we have already successfully encountered the lowest wheat markets of the globe, and as increased production would mean decreased cost, we might eventually be able to make good our boast of "feeding the world."
With a population increasing at the rate of twenty-five per cent. with every decade, it is hardly probable that our production (after the final occupation of all the public lands) will at the best more than keep pace with its needs. As before suggested, a most progressive development will be required if we even accomplish that.
Farmers generally will say that the results secured by the above experiments are not attainable upon any extended scale; probably not, to the average farmer, because, having so much land to till, he must still sow his eight acres per day. It may occasionally occur to one of particular intelligence that it might be economy to produce his hundred bushels by the thorough cultivation of two acres rather than by superficially working upon eight. Such a one will find that exact and scientific methods are practical as well.

It would consequently seem that the pursuit of agriculture can offer inducements to the student who would in turn become the teacher, to the business man who would exert his talents in it as a financial enterprise, to the scientist who would combine a profitable avocation with the investigation of the laws of nature, and to the economist who from his own observations would add to the general knowledge of how best to conserve the forces of production.—James K. Reeve, in Harper's Magazine.

DRAMATIC INSTINCT.

The Drama That Influences Man in Embodying Ordinary Stories.

There are many people who are neither dramatists nor novelists by profession, but who yet have such a keen eye for "effect" that they may be said to be both. Like farce-writers, such people are quick to see a "situation," and, if necessary, to make one, in order to indulge in a little cheap theatrical display. It would not be difficult to show that almost every man of genius or poetic temperament has indulged more or less in this propensity; in many cases, doubtless, without intending any harm by the simulation or untruthfulness. Some one ventured to remind Alexander Dumas that an anecdote he had just related was not strictly in accordance with the truth. "No," he said frankly, "it was not, I know; but the story was ever so much better as I told it." The same desire has influenced, and will influence, thousands of persons in embellishing a story. Being a novelist, Dumas may perhaps be excused for giving play to his imagination for the sake of heightening "effect," and the same excuse could be urged in favor of those novelists who, in recording their "personal experiences," hardly ever allow one to lose sight of the fact that they are story-tellers by profession. So much of their time is spent in contriving situations that it is not at all surprising that they are often tempted to stray from the paths of absolute truthfulness. The general public, however, has no such excuse. Yet so keen is the dramatic instinct with many people that they contrive "situations" with a fertility of resource that would make many novelists wild with envy. But the dramatic instinct is mostly displayed in the telling of stories, in connection with which "truth is," no doubt, "a sad hamper of genius," because it is comparatively rare in real life that experiences fit in with preconceived notions. These—whether owing to innate ideas or from a loving study of fiction—is more than need be determined—are frequently romantic in the extreme. Fitz Boodile confessed that in all the comedies and romances he had read the hero had always a go-between—a valet or humble follower—who performed the intrigues of the piece; and consequently he selected some subordinate to carry his letters to Minna Lowe, notwithstanding that he might easily have given her them himself. There may be a good deal underlying this little bit of satire. In private life the love of effect is generally pernicious. Every body remembers that the immortal Pecksniff always contrived to inform his daughters of the coming of any visitor in order that they might be found suitably employed; and every body remembers, moreover, that those charming girls were greatly surprised and blushed furiously when the visitors arrived.—Chamber's Journal.

DANIEL BOONE'S COMRADE.

Death of a Man Who Fought Indians with the Kentucky Pioneer.

FARM AND FRESIDE.

There is no clover seed in that world so good as that raised on a sandy soil," affirms a Wisconsin farmer.

—The great question for farmers to solve is, how to reduce the cost of farm products and increase the yield.
—One warm day does not make the proper season for planting any more than one swallow makes a summer.
—The half-fat sheep is responsible for the antipathy which so large a proportion of American people have for mutton.—National Stockman.
—In New South Wales farmers are allowed to shoot stray dogs on their premises without posting any notice to that effect. A similar law in this country would have a wholesome effect.
—Iron and steel are fast taking the place of wood in construction of farm implements that a few years ago were made of wood only; and all the time they are being improved and made better.
—Corn may do well on hilly land (though the crop must be uneven), but nearly always the land will lose heavily by the denuding action of rain—often so heavily as to make grass or small grain a more profitable crop.
—Over-feeding is the common bane of the pig, according to the American Agriculturist which advises a pint of milk and two ounces of boiled cornmeal mixed as a daily ration for the first week, and a gradual increase may be made, substituting raw cornmeal.
—Every farmer should have plenty of grapes. Wherever there is a side of a building or fence to which a vine can be trained, plant a vine. Dwellers in towns and villages, who can find room for the roots of a vine, should plant one; a place to train the vine can easily be found. Newly planted vines should bear but one shoot; rub out all others. As soon as bearing vines show clusters of buds, pinch off the end of the shoot at the second or third leaf beyond the uppermost cluster.
—A correspondent of the Massachusetts Ploughman says: "I once saw a row of currant bushes some ten rods long, where one-half the row was completely bare of leaves, while the other half was in full foliage. Where the leaves were the ground was sowed with coal ashes and there were no worms on the bushes. Where there were no ashes there were no leaves on the bushes. The use of ashes is a cheap way to secure a crop of currants."
FEEDING THE HOGS.
Items of Interest to Farmers Based on Recent Experiments.
Custom has long prompted the farmer to feed his hogs on carbohydrates (fat-forming foods), corn being the principal substance used, it being supposed that heavy weights could not be obtained without excessive fat, but new light has been thrown on the system in the recent experiments of Prof. Henry of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, which is very valuable to every farmer in the country. He found that by feeding to obtain the largest proportion of lean meat not only the health of the animals was promoted but greater weight was obtained. He selected six pigs, and began with them when they were 100 days old. Up to the beginning of the trial the pigs were fed alike from the same trough, with a mixture composed of shorts, cornmeal, buttermilk and skim milk, the pigs having been cross bred Jersey Reds and Poland Chinas. The pigs were divided into two lots of three each. The first (lot A) were fed a ration composed of six parts dried blood, six parts of shorts and fourteen parts of sweet skim milk by weight, while the second lot (B) were fed all the cornmeal they could consume. They had small back yards for exercise, and were fed for 136 days. Lot A consumed in the 136 days 3,802 pounds of skim milk, 1,415 pounds of shorts and 236 pounds of dried blood, while lot B consumed 1,690 pounds of cornmeal. Of the actual digestible matter of the food that of lot A contained 428 pounds of muscle-making food (protein) and 833 pounds of fat-producing food (carbohydrates), and that of lot B contained 153 pounds of muscle-producing food and 1,193 pounds of fat-forming food. The weights and relative proportions of lean and fat on the carcasses of each lot were: Live weight of lot A, 669½ pounds; dressed weight, 541½ pounds; external fat 150 pounds; lean meat, 233 pounds, and live weight of lot B, 561½ pounds; dressed weight, 451 pounds; external fat, 156 pounds, and lean meat, 178½ pounds. The hogs fed for lean meats were 19 per cent. heavier when alive, the carcasses when dressed were 21 per cent. heavier, the bones 23 per cent. heavier, the large muscles of the back 64 per cent. heavier, the tenderloin muscles 38 per cent. heavier, and the blood 58 per cent. heavier. Of all the meat that could be cut from the carcasses of lot A only 38 per cent. was fat, while the fat from lot B was 46 per cent. The professor has demonstrated that by a judicious system of feeding hogs can be made to contain a larger proportion of lean meat and weigh more in the same period of time than hogs fed exclusively for fat, but he fails to give the proportionate cost of the food, which is the most important item. The question with farmers is whether a lean-meated hog can be produced with as little cost as one containing more fat and of the same weight. Dried blood cannot be easily obtained on some farms at a low cost, and corn, being a staple product, will give the preference. The experiments, however, are some of the most valuable ever conducted, and will at some future time work a revolution in the present system of swine feeding.—N. C. Farmer.