

RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

NEIGHBORS.

Your name is Helen: are you dark or fair? Deep blue your eyes, or black as shadows are. That lie in woods at midnight? Tell me, sweet, What form you wear—large, medium, or petite? I never saw you, nor you me, I ween, And yet our eyes are on the self-same sheet. Are printed in the last new magazine.

I faint would know, fair neighbor, if your song Came from the woodland is, or the city's throng From mountain fastness, or beside the sea? Breathed it in chambered solitude, or free As birds on wing amidst some sylvan scene? I pray you grow acquainted, and let us be Neighbors in thought as in the magazine.

So may I ask if you are deeply blue (As to the nose, I mean), or just a true, Bright little woman—nothing Bostonese— Whose song is sung without a thought to please Aught but the singer? May I read between The lines, and ask such things as these, Hoping they'll print them in the magazine?

Did hope deferred—that is the weary time, Between acceptance and the printed rhyme— Make your sweet heart, like my old battered soul, Endure long agonies, and curse the whole Confounded tribe of editors whose keen, Cool business sense would not once enroll Our burning thoughts in their next magazine?

And did you anxiously each month expect track, From leading articles to Eric-a-Brac, Each page, lest haply they had hid your verse Between some dreary kind of prose—or worse, Lopped off a line to pad a page, and then Misspell your name, the tender poet's curse? Alas, for poets in a magazine!

Impugning idly Chance, and chance alone, Upon one page my verse and yours has thrown, But let me whisper e'er I drop my pen, I am the steadiest of all married men. And write these lines—oh, may they yet be seen By your bright eyes—oh, hopes they'll bring me joy, Or twenty dollars from some magazine.

—R. T. W. Duke, Jr., in Century.

AN AWFUL PLACE.

That's What Mr. Rufus Thinks of New York City.

It was not very often that Mr. Rufus gave himself a holiday; his business demanded his time, and he was a very devoted family man. But the time came, as it does to most over-busy men, when the family doctor looked solemn, and said to Mr. Rufus:

"My dear friend, you must take a little rest—you really must. A holiday will do you all the good in the world."

"What shall I do with a holiday?" replied Mr. Rufus.

"Go down to the city and enjoy yourself for a week; see the sights, and have a Turkish bath or two, and you'll come back another man," said the doctor. "I don't want to have you on my hands; Mrs. Rufus doesn't want to nurse you—I tell you that."

Every body liked the doctor for his affable manners, and his pleasant way of talking. Mrs. Rufus smiled and shook her head; Mr. Rufus laughed and promised to take his holiday.

"I suppose I ought to rest myself," he said; "and I'll take a fortnight. Cousin Barker can go into the office while I'm gone."

"I shall be unhappy while you are gone," said Mrs. Rufus. "I shall miss you, and I do wish it was so that I could go, too; but I'm very well. Have a real good time, Job, and don't hurry home; and promise me you'll take the Turkish baths right away."

For several days the whole family, servants included, were busy, doing up linen, ironing silk cravats, seeing to buttons, packing a trunk and a portmanteau, seeing that Mr. Rufus had pins on a pin-cushion, plenty of cologne for his handkerchief, his night-caps and his little prayer-book. Had he been going to a desert island he could not have been more carefully provided with every thing; and although Mr. Rufus was a wealthy man, well up in the topics of the day, and not past his prime, it was now fifteen years since he had left his native town.

At last the hour came. Wife and children went with him to the depot. He jumped into the train, and flew away. There was a sense of adventure and freedom about this sort of thing, to be sure; but as the platform receded into the distance, and the well-known forms of his family became so many small blurs, he put his ecrú silk kerchief to his eyes, and felt desolate.

"However, I'm going for their sake," said to himself. "I don't want to break down at fifty, as so many men do." Then he got up and went into the smoking-car, and there fell into a conversation with a person of dreadfully communistic views, who wanted to have all the rich men's property divided equally amongst the poor. The rich men to have none, "to show 'em," the communist said, "how it felt"; and was so completely horrified that his journey ended before he thought it half over. He was in New York, and amidst a howling band of cab-men and porters. He was dragged into a vehicle, and saw his trunk strapped on behind, and his portmanteau on the seat opposite him.

"Where to, sir?" yelled the cabman at the door; and conscious that he was a little old-fashioned in his ideas, Mr. Rufus faltered out:

"Oh—ah—well, really, what do you consider the best hotel?"

"Sure, there's no better than the O'Dowd House, sir," cried the cabman, remembering, with all the warmth of Irish friendship, a cousin who kept a small hotel somewhere near the docks.

"No better anywhere."

"Very well, drive me there," said Mr. Rufus.

"I'm afraid New York is a very nasty place," he sighed, sniffing the odor of the garbage boxes as they drove along, and looking out at the dingy tenement-blocks just lighting up through the dusk.

"And, dear me, this isn't what the Astor House used to be," he sighed,

as he alighted, and walked up the steps.

A dingy girl was washing up a very shabby hall oil-cloth, and the table-cloths on the little tables in the dining-room were spotted with gravy. A doubt that this cabman was not a good judge of the respective merits of hotels entered the mind of Mr. Rufus; but it was too late to change that night. He followed his trunk to his room alone, after registering his name, and instantly sat down to write to his wife. Alas! as he searched his trunk, he remembered that, in searching for his razor, he had taken out the box of note-paper and envelopes, so carefully bestowed on top of his trunk by his wife, and left them on the bed.

"Hang it!" he said. "What a fool I was, to be sure! Waiter, have you paper and envelopes?"

"I'll get ye some, sur," said the waiter, "but it's an extry."

"Very well," said Mr. Rufus. And the man ran away, and soon returned with an envelope bearing on it the name of the O'Dowd House, and a sheet of paper on which the artist had drawn from his imagination a palatial hotel, up the steps of which thronged many gorgeous guests, and over the door of which shone this inscription:

THE O'DOWD HOUSE.

BY

B. O'DOWD.

Hastily scribbling upon the latter a statement of the fact that he had arrived, and was safe in the inn, he addressed and dispatched it, took his supper, and went to bed. It was a comfortable bed enough, and he slept like a top, and early in the morning, true to his country habits, arose with a firm determination to have a Turkish bath before breakfast. He had the direction of the baths in his pocket, and a car took him to the door. Having bought a ticket, he was introduced into the public room, and to a private dressing-room, and went through his ordeal. Afterward, as he reclined on a sofa, he came to the happy conclusion that his inner man had not escaped through the pores of his skin, and that when he solidified again he should be himself once more. There was only one early bath in the place, and he did not pause to rest. He was off as soon as he had put his clothes on.

So Mr. Rufus was able to depart also. He went to the little room where he had left his garments and essayed to clothe himself, but something had happened to his garments; they were too small. Had he swollen in the bath? No. They were not his garments. Yet he was sure of the number of his dressing-room. He rang a bell. An attendant appeared. A search was made. The polite proprietor was summoned.

The gentleman who had just departed had evidently changed the clothes. The same key fitted both doors, and yet the garments left were not shabby. They were in fact, almost new: a short cutaway coat, a light, greenish-colored overcoat with tremendous buttons, trousers of a very broad plaid, a very sombrero of a soft hat, all at least two sizes too small for Mr. Rufus.

I have known abstracted gentlemen, but never one so abstracted as this gentleman must have been," said the proprietor. "Probably he'll discover his mistake and return."

But Mr. Rufus, sitting disconsolately in his blanket, had no such hope. He waited a long while and was at last informed that the "ladies hour" had come, and that all gentlemen bathers must depart, and cramming himself into the garments we have mentioned, departed, a comical sight enough, with sleeves that left his wrists bare, and at least a quarter of a yard of ankle between cloth and shoe.

As he descended the steps of the house, he saw on the opposite side of the way a large sign bearing the words

CRASH & COBBER,

Clothiers.

"Thank Heaven, I shan't be obliged to go far, he sighed; and crossing the street as hastily as a man might who could not bend a joint, he entered the store.

"I want some clothes," he said to the clerk who approached him. "Some rascal has changed mine for these in the Turkish bath house yonder. I was obliged to wear them so far, for I'm not at home. I live out of town."

"Yes, sir; very annoying; very annoying," said the clerk. "Certainly, they're not what we might call a fine fit, sir. What shall I show you, sir?"

"The best you have," said Mr. Rufus. "I—"

Here he dived into his pockets, and pulled out some keys.

"Hang it!" he said. "The rascal has taken my pocket-book! However, I'm Job Rufus, of Rufustown. Been in business there thirty years. You'll let me have them, and I'll send you down a check; or, rather, I'll bring it in tomorrow. I shall have to telegraph home at once for a money order."

"We don't do business that way in New York," said the clerk, instantly growing stony and folding away the garments he had taken down just then.

"See here," said a voice at his ear, "come along quietly unless you want a row. There are two more of us. I'm armed and have handcuffs in my pocket. My name is Burke."

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. Rufus, retreating, "has it come to this, that highwaymen attack one openly at noonday? Help! some one. Help! Thieves! Murder! Help!"

In an instant more a pair of handcuffs were on his wrists.

The clothing clerks gathered around him. A patriarch with a flowing white beard, who would have done for Moses in a tableau, but who was really the proprietor of the place, joined the group.

"Venerable sir," cried Mr. Rufus, "don't see me murdered before your eyes. I'm Job Rufus, of Rufustown. I've been robbed already. Mercy! Help!"

But all the patriarch did was to inquire of one of the two desperadoes: "What's he done?"

"A bank was the last thing," said the man who had first spoken. "I've been on his track a week. I'm Detective Burke."

And Mr. Rufus was hustled into a cab. He was beginning to understand that a mistake had been made, and though furious, was no longer terrified.

"Who do you think I am?" he inquired, over his handcuffs, of Detective Burke.

"O, gammon!" replied that gentleman. "There isn't a suit like that in New York nor a hat."

"I doubt if there is, sir," replied Mr. Rufus, quite calmly.

Shortly after, in some stronghold of the law, he discovered that he was supposed to be one Knowing Bill, of Baltimore; that Detective Burke had never seen his face, but had followed the hat and overcoat from description, and despite his wrath and the miseries of a day and night passed in durance vile, it was a joy to him when at last he heard a portly, white-haired gentleman remark:

"Detective Burke, you are an idiot. Couldn't you see that this gentleman's story was true? Knowing Bill has changed clothes with him in the bath-rooms, and so eluded you. Why, the fellow is twenty-eight, as dark as an Indian, and half this gentleman's age. Very sorry, Mr. Rufus, that this has occurred."

Poor Mr. Rufus! he uttered a furious philippic, and afterward pinned together the garments which the action of his strong knees and elbows had already ripped, and hurried down stairs. To return to his hotel and telegraph for money from home was his only course. He could not take a cab. Cabmen must be paid, and—

"Lord help me!" said Mr. Rufus. "I've forgotten where I stop."

Indeed, after standing on the curbstone for half an hour, he found that the name of his hotel was utterly gone. He had never noticed in what street it was located, and only that it had an Irish name.

The O'Gorman, the McManus, the O'Brien—what was it? Alas! it was gone.

"I'm going mad," thought poor Mr. Rufus. "I'd better go home and be locked up there."

And as he knew the way to the depot he hurried up Broadway, the pins in his knees flying out at every moment and exhibiting the red flannel beneath, his big sombrero shading his eyes, his tight little overcoat bursting up his back. Who would have recognized Mr. Job Rufus, of Rufustown, as he hurried into the depot?

"Well?" said the ticket clerk, peeping out at the remarkable figure that stood before his window.

"I'm Job Rufus, of Rufus Brothers, Rufustown," replied Mr. Rufus. "I've been robbed. I want a ticket down there. I'll pay at the other end."

"You will, eh?" asked the clerk. "Get it at the other end, then."

"But, sir—" exclaimed Mr. Rufus. The window went shut in his face.

Mr. Rufus clasped his head with both hands. What should he do? He went to the door and stood there for a moment. Suddenly his eye rested on a sign opposite:

REFUS & Co., Agents.

A wild hope urged him. He rushed across the street, and bolted into the office. Two very ill-tempered looking gentlemen looked up from newspapers, and inquired his business with their eyes.

"Your name is Rufus, sir?" said Job. One of the men nodded.

"A Rufus of Rufustown?" inquired Job.

"No," replied the gentleman.

"I thought I might perhaps discover a cousin," faltered the hapless Job. "So many of our family have settled in New York. I'm Job Rufus, of Rufustown; and although I feel greatly embarrassed, I will tell you my dilemma: I came down yesterday. I—I've been robbed—all my clothes taken, and these left. I want to get back home, and if you'll lend me the price of a ticket I'll return it at once, and be greatly obliged also—greatly—and if I can ever do anything for you at Rufustown—"

"Look here, my friend," replied the man addressed; "when I was young and fresh confidence men often took me in. They can't do it now. You tell too old a story. I have sworn to have the next fellow of the sort arrested, but you may go, if you'll go at once. You're an old man, and you look as if you had been a decent fellow once. There's the door."

"A confidence man!—I?" roared Rufus. "Lord forgive you! Lord forgive you! There's a fellow-feeling left in the world!"

He staggered out of the office, weak with hunger and crushed with mortification.

"Could he walk to Rufustown?" he asked himself. "Could he beg a ride on the baggage cars?" He went back into the depot and sat down; he felt nearer home there.

A train was coming in; people hurried by; he watched them dreamily. A boy was crying the papers for sale:

"Mysterious disappearance of a gentleman!"

"O, dear! O, dear!" sobbed a voice near him, "he means your pa!"

Mr. Rufus started up. A youth of fourteen, whom he recognized as his second son, was passing behind him, supporting on his arm a lady, whom he knew at once to be his wife.

"Emma Jane!" he roared. "Emma Jane and Washington!"

O, how that poor little woman clung to him; how she sobbed.

"They telegraphed to us. They said you'd mysteriously disappeared," said Mrs. Rufus.

"So I have, my dear," and in a cab, which Washington had the presence of mind to call, all was explained.

O'Dowd had telegraphed to the poor wife, and the morning paper had a long account of how Mr. Job Rufus, of Rufustown, had ordered breakfast, gone out to bathe, and returned no more.

"Sure, we thought you'd been murdered, sir; and I'm proud to see you alive again!" said Mr. O'Dowd; and looking upon him as his best and truest friend, Job Rufus shook him by the hand, and poured out thanks and blessings.

"But for that man," he declared to Mrs. Rufus, on his way home in the cars, "but for that man, I'm not sure that I should not have mysteriously disappeared forever. New York is an awful place."—N. Y. Ledger.

A PICKEREL STORY.

So Wonderful That Those Who Know It True Don't Dare Tell It.

Of all the numerous guides and oarsmen at Greenwood lake, young Tom Garrison is one of the most industrious and the most patient under misfortunes and adverse circumstances. Tom never has been lucky for himself. He has had a "bad leg" for several years, and last summer his grandfather died and left \$5,000 to Tom's younger brother, locally known as "Snapper," since the jockey of that name became famous.

Tom struggled through last season with his bad leg encased in six yards of elastic rubber, and did not make much money because the season was short and the fishing rather unsatisfactory, for what reason nobody knows. In previous years Tom was enabled to make considerable money by piloting unsuspecting anglers to a little lake on top of the mountain, inducing them to tramp there with him by means of the alluring story that the lake was so full of bass that another could not be put in without two being crowded out on shore. The crop of strangers was not large last year, and the story had become too threadbare for the frequent visitors.

Late last fall Tom and Frank Hazen went out after rabbits. A single shot from Hazen's gun glanced from a stone and put out Tom's right eye. Like those of the worst luck Tom ever had, worse even than missing a share of his grandfather's inheritance; but it did not prevent him being one of the most skillful oarsmen and anglers at the lake. He procured a perfect counterpart of his good eye in glass, and while it was a hollow sham for all practical optical use, it certainly served the outward purposes of the eye he lost in the woods, and if it had not been for the fact that the glass eye was prone to weep at all times and was constantly suffused, Tom would not have minded it much. It was a hollow shell of cunningly blown and colored glass, and behaved well, inasmuch as it stayed straight in its socket and did not make him appear ridiculous by trying to turn into the corners. Tom, while out fishing a few weeks ago, took his eye out to wash it in the lake, and as he was rubbing it between his thumb and forefinger it popped out of his hand and fell in twelve feet of water. Tom spent two hours looking for it, and was finally compelled to sadly turn away and contemplate the necessity of spending a large sum for a new eye.

A day or two later he took Charles Mockridge, of Soho, out after pickerel, and they caught 115 fair sized-fish before turning the bow of the boat toward the Lakeside Hotel. When they landed at the wharf Tom called Mr. De Graw's attention to the fact that he had recovered his eye and was wearing it.

"How did you get it?" asked De Graw, and right there Tom became silent. Since then he has said rather than lose the respect of his patrons, who have always believed what he said, he would never tell how he recovered the eye. Among the fish which he displayed was the largest pickerel which has been caught in Greenwood Lake in several years. It was a six-pounder and had only one eye, the other having evidently been eaten out by the deadly "eye-pinchers" as the guides call a sort of water beetle which attacks the eyes of all fishes in the lake. Mr. Mockridge was almost as reticent as Tom, but he admitted that the recovery of the eye was so singular that he would not have believed it if he had not witnessed it. He finally and reluctantly said—it was as much as he dared say at the time—that the eye was disgorged in the fish well of the boat by the big pickerel. Afterward, however, in a moment of confidence, he told a Newark friend that when the big pickerel was pulled in it wore in its vacant eye socket the glass which Garrison dropped overboard a day or two before. He now absolutely refuses to say any thing about the matter, but he has the dried head of the pickerel and Tom Garrison has the glass eye.—Cor. N. Y. Sun.

—Insecticides should be used before the damage to fruit is done. It is too late after the insect has found a retreat in the fruit.

MEX-CAN FOOT-BALL.

"Tlachtli" as Played in Mexico Before the Spanish Conquest.

It may be a satisfaction to the lovers of foot-ball to know that it has a better historical right to be called "our National game" than has base-ball. The ancient Mexicans (native American) had a game of ball resembling modern foot-ball, and we are told that it was their favorite game at the time of the Spanish conquest. They used a large, solid rubber ball, played in parties with equal numbers on each side, and struck the ball with any part of the body, but in most skillful playing with the hip. Each party tried to drive the ball to the wall, and it is not difficult to imagine squirming heaps of Indian legs and arms, such as may be seen in modern "scrimmage for the ball."

They had large buildings especially for the game, which are referred to by the ancient chroniclers as "tennis courts," although the resemblance of this game as seen by the Spaniards in the City of Mexico before the destruction of the "halls of Montezuma," of which the following is a translation, taken from Stephens' "Travels in Yucatan:"

"The King took much delight in seeing sport at ball, which the Spaniards have since prohibited because of the mischief that often happened at it, and was called by them tlachtli, being like our tennis. The ball was made of the gum of a tree which grows in hot countries, which, having holes made in it, distills great white drops, that soon harden, and, being worked and molded together, turn as black as pitch. The balls made thereof, though hard and heavy to the hand, did bound and fly as well as our footballs, there being no need to blow them; nor did they use chaces, but try'd to drive the adverse party that is to hit to the wall, the others were to make good or strike it over. They struck it with any part of their body, as it happened, or as they could most conveniently, and sometimes he lost that touched it with any other part than the hip, which was looked upon amongst them as the greatest dexterity; and to this effect, that the ball might rebound the better, they fastened a piece of stiff leather on their hips. They might strike it every time it rebounded, which it would do several times, one after another, in so much that it looked as if it had been alive. They played in parties, so many on a side, for a load of mantles, or what the gamblers could afford, at so many scores. They also played for gold and feather-work, and sometimes played themselves away, as has been said before. The place where they played was a ground room, long, narrow, and high, but wider above than below, and higher on the sides than at the ends, and they kept it very well plastered and smooth, both the walls and the floor. On the outside walls they fixed certain stones, like those of a mill, with a hole quite through the middle, just as big as the ball, and he that could strike it through there won the game; and in token of it being an extraordinary success, which rarely happened, he had a right to the cloaks of all the lookers on, by ancient custom and law among gamblers; and it was very pleasant to see, that as soon as ever the ball was in the hole the standers-by took to their heels, running away with all their might to save their cloaks, laughing and romping, others scouring after them to secure their cloaks for the winner."

As to the fate of this ancient game there is the old story. It was prohibited by the Spaniards "because of the mischief that often happened at it"—because, in truth, the people were attached to it, and it was the policy of the Spaniards to wean them from all their old customs; yet the policy that substituted bull-fighting for tlachtli may well be questioned.—N. Y. Evening Post.

STORIES OF PETS.

Accompanied by the Affection of Five Lives of Great Skill.

A man in Westchester County has a pet cat which he has taught to play "Home, Sweet Home," by walking up and down the keys of the piano. The cat also sits on the rocker of the cradle and rocks the baby of the house to sleep every night.

"Stump" is a dog living on the Jersey coast and owned by the captain of a pilot-boat. Stump never likes to stay ashore and can never sleep in less than ten feet of water, where he sinks to the bottom and curls up in the sea-weed and sand. All the fish eaten on the boat are caught by the dog; but it is fair to state that they never eat fish on board that pilot-boat.

A colony of black-snakes lives in a garden in New Jersey. They make themselves useful by allowing the peaches to be trained over their bodies in place of stakes, while two of them tie themselves into knots about the gate to keep out intruders.

The editor of a Long Island paper has a pet turtle which he uses as a paper-weight. The turtle eats nothing but printer's ink, and every night gathers up the papers on the desk into a neat pile and then sleeps on them. The turtle is marked "G. W., 1789," but that is believed to be a fraud, although any doubt uttered in his presence is quickly denied by vigorous screams on the part of the turtle.

Parrots as pets are very common, but there is a certain green parrot in New Hampshire which is an extraordinary bird. His owner is a deacon of the church, and the bird goes with him to prayer-meeting and leads in the singing. He knows every hymn by heart, and the deacon has only to give out the number of the hymn and he starts off at once. His favorite piece is, "O for wings to fly."—Judge.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Lemon Flapjacks: One pint of milk, three eggs, juice of one lemon, one-fourth of a teaspoon of soda dissolved in hot water, flour to make a light batter; fry in hot lard and sprinkle with sugar.

—A good appetite indicates good health. It is no disadvantage to have an animal that is a heavy feeder. Such animals usually produce proportionately to the quantity consumed. The food is simply the material to be converted into products.

—If you happen to feel a little cross—and who among us does not at some time or other?—do not select that season for reproving your noisy household flock. One word spoken in passion will make a year that a summer of smiles can hardly heal over.

—In cutting up chickens be sure to use a knife to disjoint them, instead of chopping them. Also care should be taken with all meats not to use a hatchet, as the fine splinters and slivers of bone, which are exceedingly sharp, may cause serious trouble if taken into the mouth and stomach.—Country Gentleman.

—The Journal of Health asserts that no thoughtful mother should rest until she has taught her daughter to do well the following things: To make a cup of coffee, to cook a loaf of bread, to cook a potato, to broil a steak or chicken, to cut, fit and make a dress, and to set a tidy table.

—Lima Bean Soup: Put a quart of dried beans in a saucepan, cover with boiling water, and boil slowly one hour. Drain and pass through a colander. Put a pint of milk on to boil, add the beans, thicken with a lump of butter rolled in flour, let it boil, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, season with salt and pepper, and serve.

—Encourage the children to take good walking exercise. Young ladies in this country are rarely good walkers. They can dance all night, but are tired out if they walk a mile. Girls ought to be able to walk as easily as boys. Half the nervous diseases which afflict young ladies would disappear if the habit of regular exercise were encouraged.

—The farmer, because of the credit system, indulges in many luxuries that would be denied if they were to be paid for at the time. It is an easy matter to give an order with the suggestion to "charge this," and if paid at the time would be easy; but it is the accumulation of these little charges that soon confront the debtor in the shape of an enormous bill that causes the trouble and inconvenience. It would be far better for all farmers if the rule of paying as one goes could be adopted, or else not to go.

—Strawberry Acid: Have three quarts of ripe strawberries, two ounces of citric acid and one quart of water. Dissolve the acid in the water, pour it over the berries in a stone pot or glass jar, and set in a cool place for twenty-four hours. Then drain off the liquid and pour it on three quarts more of fresh berries, and again set it aside for twenty-four hours. Drain again, and add as many quarts of sugar as you have of juice. Boil and skim for three or four minutes. When cool bottle and cork lightly for three days, and then cork tightly. A spoonful of this in a glass of water is a most refreshing drink.—N. Y. Independent.

OVERFEEDING THE PIGS.

It Produces Apoplexy, Paralysis and Other Serious Affections.

Swine are proverbially greedy, but it is the duty of the owner of an animal to control its natural habits when these are opposed to its well doing; so that the first thing to be done in feeding young pigs is to measure their feed judiciously. They should never have all they will eat. Only fattening swine should be so fed, and they would soon die from overfeeding if they were not killed. When a young pig chokes at the trough, squeals and falls over in a fit, it is overfed; when it goes to the side of the stall, champs its jaws, foams at the mouth, and does nothing else than this, it has been overfed, and in both cases it is suffering from congestion of the brain, due to indigestion and disturbed circulation. It is in a state of apoplexy and will probably die, anyhow, but the others may be saved by at once reducing their feed to about one-fourth of what they have been getting. The prevalent paralysis of the hind limbs is caused by over-feeding by which the kidneys have been overtaxed and the nervous system of the lumbar region (the lions) is disturbed. Thus the power of motion of the hind legs is lost. Recent experiments in feeding young pigs goes to show that a forty pound pig needs no more food per day than two quarts of milk and four ounces of solid food, such as bran or oats and corn-meal. On this allowance, gradually increased, pigs make a steady and healthy growth, while two others kept in a pen by themselves, and suffered to gorge themselves, became stunted, stopped growing and in the third week one was attacked by congestion of the brain and had to be starved out of it. Losing fully two months' growth. When young pigs are weaned, they should be fed in a shallow trough, from which they can take food only slowly. A pint of milk and two ounces of boiled corn-meal mixed with the milk will be enough for a daily ration the first week, and a gradual increase may be made, substituting raw meal, not exceeding the limit above mentioned, for a six-weeks' or eight-weeks' old pig of the best kind, and less in ratio with a less weight. Over-feeding is the common cause of the pig.—American Agriculturist.