

RED CLOUD CHIEF

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BEYOND THE HILL.

Long, long ago, when life was sweet, And days with love and hope were bright, I lived where shade and sunshine met, Beside a hill.

I used to gaze, with wondering eyes, Away to where the hill-tops rise— Where, bending low, the purple skies Caresed the hill.

The blue rim of the horizon, The vaulted skies at rest thereon, And over all, the yellow sun, Poured mellow light, My fancy, with a strange unrest, Went often to the far-off crest, Of hills low-lying toward the west, With eager flight.

What strange new things beyond might hide! My world so narrow—that, how wide! What was it on the other side? I questioned still.

Till one day, my restless feet Went out across the meadow—sweet— Went gaily out, the world to greet, Beyond the hill.

How long I journeyed—where I left The blue hills which the distance clef, Or how, or when, of hope bereft, I do not know.

The way led through a weary night, And o'er my spirits fell a blight; The path grew rough and chill and white With frost and snow.

It seemed the time was years and years, The way, through leagues and leagues of tears, And I, beset with doubts and fears, And longings vain.

The world I found was wide and cold, And hard and selfish; fame nor gold Could comfort me; and I grew old Through grief and pain.

But sometimes through my tears would rise Strange visions of those purple skies And wooded hills and golden eyes That knew no chill; And comforting my wild despair, A low voice whispers: "Over there Is life and love, and rest from care— Beyond the Hill."

—Nellie W. McVey, in America.

JESSICA'S MARRIAGE.

It Occurred Many Months Before She Met Her Husband.

Jessica Wynne had wavy brown hair, merry dancing eyes, red lips, always parted over small white teeth, a round waist and a bright, fresh complexion; she was barely seventeen, a perfect edition of the pocket Venus and the possessor of a fair portion.

These were her assets, against which stood the facts that she lived in a quiet country house in Wales, that she had neither father nor mother, and had been since her babyhood the charge of a widowed, childless aunt, blessed with a philanthropic turn of mind and more solicitous of sparing labor to her lady helps than of contributing to the pleasures of her niece.

However, on the whole, the odds were in favor of the girl, who, being gifted with a fearless, independent nature, contrived to make the most of opportunities, and as she grew up became the acknowledged belle of the country side.

Her reputation extended as far as Cardiff and Brecknock and no county or garrison ball was deemed a success unless Miss Wynne was present. She was escorted to these festivities by some obliging chaperon, to whom Mrs. Polsover trusted her, sometimes for a couple of days at a stretch, with many recommendations as to propriety and deportment.

One never-to-be-forgotten day Jessica was invited by some acquaintances she had met at Cardiff, and who had taken a great fancy to her, to spend two months with them in London immediately after Easter. The girl passed a week in a delicious joy of preparation and anticipation; she dreamed of triumphs which would eclipse those of the little Welsh belle, of intoxicating delights, of parties, balls, Hurlingham, Sandown, the New Club, theaters, of all the places she had read of in the society papers; and, looking at the pretty face in the glass, she even hoped that it might be her proud fate to see her name in print as "the lovely Miss Wynne" in some glorified paragraph.

Colonel and Mrs. Trevellick, her future hosts, were a fashionable middle-aged couple, addicted to a good deal of wandering over Europe in quest of health and amusement, but generally occupying a fine house in South Kensington during the season, where they entertained liberally both their compatriots and foreigners, whenever they were not themselves being entertained.

Jessica Wynne returned to Wales at the beginning of July. If Mrs. Polsover had been observant she might have noticed a shadow in the laughing brown eyes, a certain compression in the scarlet lips. She vaguely observed that the girl was unusually reticent about her London experiences. "Yes, London was very gay—plenty of things going on, of course; lots of fine gowns, good music. O, yes, heaps of concerts, too—many of them. "Had she enjoyed herself?" "Of course; how could she help enjoying herself in London during the season?" and answers to that effect.

The truth of the matter was that the popular little Welsh belle had been sorely neglected in London. She found, to her indignant dismay, that her beauty, wit and repartee remained unappreciated; with increasing choler she soon remarked that other maidens as fresh and fair as herself shared her ignominious obscurity. Her consciousness, which was not conceit, told her that she was sacrificed to rivals less fair, less clever, and, above all, less young; she realized that one and all of the successful queens of society were odious married women—fast, bold, exacting, tyrannical matrons, who monopolized the attentions of the men. She saw those unprincipled creatures surrounded by their courtiers at the play and at the races; they were asked

to dinners, picnics and balls, and when poor little Jessica did get a card for a dance the entertainment painfully reminded her of the breaking-up festivities of her school, where the white frocks so hopelessly predominated over the black coats. Remembering all these things, the girl set her teeth hard, gathered her eyebrows into a resolute frown and vowed that if she had lost her first innings she would be even yet with the London world.

Miss Wynne had not forgotten her vow, or else fortune favored her. A year later Mrs. Polsover died, leaving half her money to the lady helps, the other half to Jessica, who became almost an heiress. When six months had passed, a little paragraph appeared in several Welsh papers containing the following intelligence:

"We understand that the beautiful Miss Jessica Wynne will, at the expiration of her mourning, return to society as the bride of Captain Montgomery Swift. This gallant officer, now on leave, will, however, shortly after the honeymoon be compelled to join his regiment abroad."

This announcement, shorn of local hyperbole, gradually found its way into the Birmingham and Manchester dailies, and finally drifted into one or two London papers.

Mrs. Montgomery Swift took a charming furnished house in Mayfair, kept a perfectly appointed brougham and victoria, procured her toilettes from Paris and forthwith became the rage. Her gowns were copied, her repartees quoted, her five o'clock at homes crowded. She gave neither dinners nor parties, availed herself of a few of the introductions obtained through the Trevellicks, who were abroad; with charming impertinence and pretty audacity dropped all the people she considered bores, and plunged into the maddest whirl of social dissipation. American girls gnashed their teeth with envy when the little "grass widow" carried off their most hopeful admirers, dowagers frowned, young matrons nursed their lips, mothers of marriageable daughters were bitter, but Mrs. Montgomery Swift heeded them not, and reveled in her popularity.

"Who the deuce is Captain Swift, and where does he hang out?" queried a guardsman of a fellow warrior parting from Jessica, when she re-entered her carriage after her daily walk in the park.

"Who cares a big D for the husband of a pretty woman?" was the flippant answer. "He's somewhere on the gold coast, or in India, or at Sukkim, she tells me; he might be dead and buried for all I care—only it's much safer to know there's a husband somewhere; and, to do the little woman justice, although she flirts to the nines, she does drag the captain in pretty freely; and even were he to mount guard over her like a watch dog, he wouldn't find much to make a rumpus about."

"No," said the other, reflectively, pulling his mustache; "it's a case of Canute and the sea—just so far and no farther. She's a ticklish one to deal with. I don't quite make her out."

"She does pull a fellow up pretty short sometimes, that's a fact, but she's awfully jolly—no confounded sentiment about her—not like those old stagers who run you in before you know where you are. She's rare fun, by Jove!" and he smiled with retrospective enjoyment.

For once the verdict of clubs, mess rooms and smoking rooms was just; Mrs. Montgomery Swift's morals were unimpeachable. Without ostentation she frequently alluded to her absent consort, retailed passages from his correspondence, bewailed the long exile and frequent changes entailed by his profession, wondered how long he would remain in those outlandish places where wives were an impossibility, and occasionally reduced her admirers to frantic despair by announcing her intention of joining Captain Swift wherever he might be sent next.

When assured that such self-immolation would be madness, she pensively concluded that perhaps it were wiser to await his return to civilization and England.

Sometimes—not very often—Jessica was alone, and then she would look at herself in the glass and smile quaintly. "Isn't it funny?" she murmured, scanning her features. "I am sure I am not quite so fresh and pretty as I was two years ago, and I don't think I am nearly so nice. And yet—then nobody even looked at me, while now—" Her eyes sparkled. "O, my blessed husband, what a service you have rendered me! And to think that I shall never, never be able to repay you!"

Towards the middle of August, with the abruptness which characterized all her movements, Jessica, without a word of warning to her courtiers, accepted an invitation to spend a fortnight in Scotland with a young married couple who had taken a house on Loch Lomond for two months. She had not been told whether or not there would be other guests, but she knew that the Bellunes had the knack of making people comfortable, and she felt just a little tired of a surfeit of devotion, and inclined to escape from it and rusticate in comparative solitude. So one morning she found herself at St. Pancras station, and when her maid, previous to seeking her second-class carriage, had settled her in a first-class one, with her books, rugs and dressing bag, she prepared for her long, solitary journey with restful satisfaction. However, just as the hour of departure had struck the door of her carriage was violently opened, a military-looking portmanteau and case were thrust in, a guard exclaimed, "Plenty of room—just in time—jump in, sir—thank you, sir!" and slammed the door again upon a tall, handsome man, who had entered

hurriedly, and who, as the train steamed out of the station, looked rather disconcerted in finding himself tete-a-tete with a young, pretty and elegant woman.

Before reaching Leicester the travelers had already exchanged a few commonplace civilities connected with the pulling up and down of windows, the loan of newspapers, etc. Instinctively they recognized that they belonged to the same social class; each discovered in the other a certain independent, unconventional originality, and like strangers meeting by chance at some dinner party, they soon began to converse on every possible subject.

"Do you propose stopping at Edinburgh?" said the gentleman, when, after Normanston and lunch, they had resumed their seats.

"For the night, perhaps; but I am bound for Inverness," answered Jessica.

"Ah!" with a slight start; "I have some friends about there myself—relations."

"I wonder if they know my friends—at the Towers?"

"The Bellunes?"

"Exactly."

"Why, Dora Bellune is my cousin and I am on my way to see her."

"How very amusing! Well, I had an intuition that we should meet again—in fact, I had quite mapped out your destiny before reaching Bedford."

"Let us hear the horoscope—past, present, future; the first will, if correct, be a guarantee for crediting the last."

"I consent to tell you what I think of you; but only will you tell me first who you think I am."

"Would you be offended if I said a charming woman? Don't frown. I have not said it."

"Be serious. Am I maid, wife or widow?"

"Not a miss, certainly," with a fine contempt on the noun.

"Of course not, or you would not have deigned to be even decently civil."

"Frankly, I am at fault now. Is it wife?"

"I own there may be reason for a doubt. You see, it is difficult to be a widow without having been a wife, and as men don't marry girls nowadays, it is equally difficult to be a wife. However, as no other status has been invented, I have no husband."

"And no wife, although I have been married."

"A widower! Hum! I should not have thought so."

"No, not a widower. I was married without my knowledge, by mistake, in default. The newspapers married me—I heard of it in India—and so persistently that I got a three months' leave only to make myself a free man once more. I left the P. and O. three days ago, and am on my way to the Bellunes to ask what they were about in allowing their nearest relative to be labelled all over the world as booked and done for."

"A hard case, and one deserving of much pity. So the indignity of wedlock has been put upon you. Accept my deepest sympathy."

"You may laugh, but it was, it is odious. All the fellows out there affect to believe it is true—that I am a dervish husband with a family. On landing here I found no end of letters of congratulation. I dare not show myself at the clubs. If at first I was inclined to treat the matter lightly, now I am determined to sift the whole thing sue the libellers, and give a public denial."

"To the compromising accusation of matrimony? I would, if I were you."

"I shall," he said sternly.

They were just steaming into the Carlisle station. Jessica remained alone while her companion smoked a cigar on the platform. She took advantage of the gathering twilight to rise, and unperceived, to examine the label on the hat box reposing in the rack. She had some difficulty in deciphering it, and fell back into the seat as the owner of it stepped once more into the carriage. He fancied she looked very pale, and asked her if she was tired. She did not answer at once, but as soon as the train was fairly under way she said, abruptly: "Is your name Montgomery Swift?"

"It is," he said, surprised; but glancing at the hat box, which lay in an altered position, he added: "Have you guessed that, too, your fortune teller?"

"And you call yourself a captain?" continued Jessica, in the same harsh voice.

"I do, till I become a major."

"Impossible! There is not a Captain Montgomery Swift in the whole British army."

"I beg your pardon. I am that humble officer."

"No, you are not; there is no such man in the army list—there was not a year ago."

"Possibly not at that time, for a year ago I was Monty Gordon. Last Christmas a good old man, who was my god-father, died and left me all his fortune and estates, on condition that I should take and bear his name. I complied. A Swift was manufactured out of a Gordon, and yet remained a captain. Under either appellation, equally at your command. But now I must ask of your dressing-bag the same introduction furnished by my hat-box, and learn by what name I can address my traveling incognita when I meet her again at the Towers." He quietly bent over the flap of Jessica's neat russet leather bag, but saw only the letters "J. M. S."

"Ah," he said, "the same initials as mine; then, interrogatively, "they spell?"

"Jessica Montgomery Swift."

A dead silence followed. Jessica lay back against the cushions motion-

less, with a crimson flush on her cheeks and forehead. Captain Swift felt that some painful mystery was about to be disclosed, and that the woman by his side was gathering strength for a great effort. He generously repressed every sign of curiosity and astonishment, and waited her pleasure.

After a few moments she turned toward him and spoke slowly and hesitatingly.

"I throw myself upon your mercy, Captain Swift; do not deny publicly tomorrow that you ever were married to Jessica Wynne. Do not pursue those who originated that—libel. Give me time. I assure you that I will do my utmost to undo what I have done."

She looked very young and fair, with her earnest eyes and moist lashes. "What have you done?" he said, simply.

"Listen to me, and forgive me if you can. When I first came to London, at eighteen, I found it a horrid place; only married women were admired, petted and courted—we girls were nowhere. So I made up my mind to come back to town—married, and as I had not a husband handy—they are so scarce you know—I invented one. I thought I was quite safe. I wanted him to be an officer, because England has such a lot of troops in places people never go to. I looked all over the army and navy lists to make sure I did not choose a name belonging to any living man; I christened him Montgomery Swift, hap-hazard; I put the paragraphs in the papers. He was a very likely sort of husband to have, you know, and it seems so natural that he should forever be among the savages—anywhere. Nobody seemed to care about him at all; but they did for his wife simply because she was not a girl, and it was all working beautifully. O, why did you turn up? Why did you have a Swift for a godfather? Why did he die?"

"Would it have suited you to keep up this farce much longer?" said Captain Swift, gravely, but an amused look passed in his eyes.

"Only a little while," said Jessica, promptly. "I intend becoming a widow very soon—some of the climates out there are so unhealthy—no one would have asked any questions. One accepts anything in London when it is convenient to be credulous; but if you are that horrid man please don't expose me yet."

"Not till I am dead, eh?"

"I can't make him out dead now," she said petulantly; "but I will go away, hide myself, never show my face again."

"That would be a pity; there must be some other way to achieve widowhood."

"Don't be cruel. It is dreadful! and I know I have been very foolish. But really," she added, with a resumption of her old quaint coquetry, "I can't do more than ask your pardon."

"Yes you can; you can ask for my advice," he said, extending his hand, "and, on my honor as a gentleman, I will help you to get out of this scrape."

They talked low and earnestly for the remainder of the journey. At Edinburgh they shook hands warmly and parted. But neither Jessica nor Captain Swift went to the Towers. Two separate telegrams informed Mrs. Bellune that her expected guests were unavoidably prevented from joining her party; nor did Mrs. Montgomery Swift again gladden the hearts of her faithful swains by her presence at the fashionable resorts of late summer or early autumn.

Three months later Jessica was walking on the seashore only a mile distant from a pretty village near Bagini di Luca, looking as fresh, crisp and fair as before her first disastrous London campaign, only there was a new tenderness in the dancing brown eyes as she lifted them trustfully to those of a tall man on whose arm her small hand rested.

"And so you are really, truly not sorry that you never denied your marriage with Miss Wynne?" she said, coaxingly.

"Not sorry at all, darling, as it saves me the fuss of communicating it now," answered Captain Swift. "I'm desperately glad, though, it's all settled and done with."—London Truth.

Curious Archeological Discovery.

A curious discovery has just been made at Vimoutiers, France, by a peasant living in the village of Cutesson. He was digging in his field when the ground suddenly gave way, and he fell into a hole ten feet in depth. The peasant had accidentally lighted upon a subterranean chamber, the existence of which was not even suspected by the country people. On examination a number of human bones partially petrified were found in an adjoining vault constructed in the form of a circle. The bones are of exceptionally large dimensions and appear to have belonged to a race of gigantic stature and great breadth of frame. In fact, the persons who have studied the case on the spot are of opinion that the bodies must have been interred in this burial place at a very remote period.—Chicago Herald.

Pickled Cherries: Select large ones that are perfect. Put one quart of vinegar, three pounds of sugar, half an ounce each of ground cloves and cinnamon tied in a bag, into a porcelain kettle and let them come to a boil. To this add five pounds of cherries and boil one minute. Pour into cans and put the covers on.—Good Housekeeping.

A teaspoonful of cream improves the flavor of asparagus, peas, beans, etc. It is also a good addition to chicken gravy, and, used with sugar, makes an excellent dressing for puddings.

DANGER EVERY WHERE.

Eternal Vigilance the Price of Life, Health and Happiness.

Danger is made to surround every thing nowadays. The germ theory has peopled space, air, water and food with micro-organisms that threaten death or disease on every hand. If a person were weighed down with a sense of these dangers, as he might well be if he gave full heed to the warnings of physicians, he might well exclaim, "Oh! me miserable! whither shall I fly?" And he could hardly fly to a place where the microscopic germs of death would not be present with some warning physician.

We go to bed and behold! there is death in the pillow. A medical journal bids us take note of the fact that disease and death lurk in the very pillows and bolsters on which we lay our heads. Whether this is so or not, the moral that is drawn from it is good, and that is, "bedding ought to be opened periodically, so that its contents may be beaten with sticks." In France bed cleansing is followed as a regular trade.

Then again, the hiring of clothes is dangerous. In cities it has become an every-day matter to hire wearing apparel, particularly dress suits, and these suits are worn by men of all sorts, of all associations, and possibly by men who have some infectious disease. If the wearer has not such a disease, the clothing may be worn in a place or among people where disease germs will be taken away in the meshes of the cloth. Costumes for masquerades and theatricals are worse yet, for they are more especially worn by the lowest as well as by the highest, by the vicious and depraved as well as by the decent and respectable; and these costumes are rarely or never washed and are used until they are worn out.

Books, too, are dangerous. Rub the finger over a clean sheet, and a thin streak of dirt, perspiration and skin cells is the result. Once reading a volume through leaves a minute deposit on every page touched, from front title page to finish. Sick people leave germs of their diseases. By degrees the hollows fill up, the oil of the skin tinges the pages and the book becomes dirty. Under the microscope this detritus is nitrogenous, loose, moist and decaying. One germ introduced into it will breed and produce millions of bacteria and these will live for unlimited time in the rich soil that has been gathered from a hundred hands. It is a soil for the germs of scarlet fever, small-pox and various blood diseases. Cleanliness is not only next to Godliness, but it is next to life and health, and though the germ scare may be overdone, yet it will produce good results in the hands of intelligent people.—Good Housekeeping.

QUEER SALUTATIONS.

How People greet Each Other in Various Parts of the Globe.

The Hindoo falls in the dust before his superior.

The Chinaman dismounts when a great man goes by.

It is common in Arabia Petraea to put cheek to cheek.

In Germany brothers kiss each other every time they meet.

Germans consider it an act of politeness to kiss a lady's hand.

A Japanese removes his sandals, crosses his hands, and cries out: "Spare me."

The Burmese pretend to smell of a person's face, pronounce it sweet, and ask for a "smell."

A striking salutation in the South Sea Islands is to fling a jar of water over the head of a friend.

In some of the South Sea Islands natives spit on their hands and then rub the face of the complimented person.

The Australian natives practice the singular custom, when meeting, of sticking out their tongues at each other.

The Arabs hug and kiss each other, making simultaneously a host of inquiries about each other's health and prospects.

The Turk crosses his hands upon his breast and makes a profound obeisance, thus manifesting his regard without coming into personal contact with his object.

A Moorish gentleman rides at his friends at a gallop, shoots his pistol, and fancies that he has done everything in the line of courtesy which can be expected of him.

An Englishman, meeting his brother after twenty years of separation, will say: "How do you do, Jack?" will shake hands, and will be quite contented with an answering "How are you?"

The savages of the Pacific ocean rub each other's noses to show their friendship, varying this peculiar greeting by rubbing their faces against the hands or feet of those for whom they wish to show their respect and affection.

In Siam a man throws himself on the ground and waits to see whether he will be raised up and welcomed or kicked away, the choice of reception being usually made according to the personal cleanliness of the self-abused saluter.

A race known as the Kalmucks resort to a salute very similar to that of the Equimaux. They, too, rub noses, but before they reach the same spot they sink upon their knees and creep together, when the salutation culminates in an energetic contact of the olfactory organs.—London Times.

A Michigan father commanded his grown-up daughter not to go to a picnic, but she decided that she was old enough to be her own boss, and she not only gambled under the greenwood trees, but got married and went to housekeeping before night.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Clover should be cut reasonably early, and especially so if the second crop is to be saved for seed. When the heads begin to turn brown, set the mower to work.

Whenever boughs of trees or vines become troublesome lop them off, no matter what time in the season. Cut smoothly; don't mangle or tear or skin the parts that are left.

A well fed pig is a lazy creature, and is disposed to lie around the building and grounds where fed; but he should not be fed so well as to prevent exercise.—The Swineherd.

The general farmer can scarcely raise small fruits for the market, but he does not do his duty by his own stomach if he does not raise enough for his own use. And the more he uses the better it will be for him.

Apples, pears, quinces, hard peaches and all fruits that need softening, should be cooked in water till tender, or if thrown into boiling syrup it will retain its shape better. Fill the cans brimming full and add hot water if there is not enough syrup.

Corn-Pudding: Grate the corn from a dozen ears; season with salt, pepper and a little sugar, add the yolks of four eggs, two ounces of butter, a quart of new milk. Bake in a slow oven. When done, beat the whites of the eggs, pour over the top and brown.—Woman's Magazine.

Because fruit is plenty and, consequently, cheap, it can hardly be considered advisable to allow any to go to waste. What can not be used to a good advantage should be fed out to good young growing stock, as by this plan a better growth at a lower cost may be secured.—Western Flowman.

To protect sheep from the attack of the gad-fly, which lays its eggs in the sheep's nose, it is recommended to tar the sheep's noses once a week. This is easily done by putting tar on boards in the fields where the sheep run, sprinkling salt over it, and leaving the rest to the sheep.

POULTRY ON FARMS.

If Properly Managed the Birds Can Be Made to Pay the Taxes.

To make poultry pay on the farm some attention must be paid to it. Start with a good breed, give them plenty of food and good warm winter quarters. Leghorns and Light Brahms are good layers and make good market fowls. I think it pays the farmer to keep geese, ducks and turkeys as well as chickens. Provide a winter house for each kind, well ventilated, with glass windows, and so arranged that you can control the temperature within. Thus equipped, there is no difficulty in getting eggs when they are highest in price. Poultry should be fed three times a day, regularly, and supplied with pure, clean water at all times. A spring brook flowing through the yard is the best water arrangement. Give a variety of food. I find that sunflower seed is excellent, once a day. Corn and meat, with lime and ashes, will produce eggs. Supply ashes and dust to wallow in at will. The manure from the yard is valuable and should be carefully saved.

Turkeys are harder to manage than chickens, as they are not so hardy and require more care in feeding and sheltering from rain and cold. Young turkeys should always be shut up till the dew is off, and during inclement weather. After they are three months old they will be out of danger. Ducks and geese are profitable for feathers and as market fowls. Wherever a pond can be fenced in, so as to confine geese and ducks, they should be kept. They bring good prices in market, when fat. They should be kept in a yard, with a pond in it. They thrive better, if yard and pond are not too small than when permitted to roam over the farm.

Every farm can support the various fowls spoken of, without materially increasing the expenses, and, if properly managed, and their products utilized, they will pay the taxes.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

REMEDIES FOR TREES.

Vegetable life is less understood by the public than that of animals and men. It is no wonder, therefore, that quacks abound who prescribe their nostrums as safely as if they really knew something. One of the most common notions of these fellows is to bore holes into the trees, and, after inserting sulphur or some other compound, plug it up, relying on the flowing sap to take it into the circulation. As well upon a man's veins and inject medicines into them. Trees have roots which are their mouths, and any thing that is good for them placed in the soil anywhere near, these roots will find. Repulsive and even dangerous medicines may be forced down the throat of animal or man, but we know no way in which a tree or plant can be forced to take any thing that is not for its good. Its instinct as to that is never at fault.

There can be no doubt that coal ashes spread under fruit trees are often very helpful, and as they show little or no manurial value, there is often difficulty in explaining their good effects. One way they help is to make a mulch. Coal ashes are light, and the fact that they have not much manurial value makes them all the better for keeping down grass, which depletes the soil of the moisture that the trees need. Three or four inches depth of coal ashes spread under trees keep the soil beneath moist and cool. If they are spread on sod they kill the grass, and this with the decaying sod roots make a fine feeding-place for the roots of the trees. It is probable, also, that under this mulch the soil itself undergoes important chemical changes, fixing its manurial elements for absorption by roots.—American Cultivator.