THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE SWEETEST THING IN PRINT.

"The song you quote is fine," said Hobe
To his poet friend Ted Gray,
As 'neath the spreading trees they walked
One rosy summer day.
"But oh! this thort—the sun's last rays
Had just begun to glint—
I saw the very sweetest thing
I ever saw in print."

"Is it in verse or prose?" asked Ted;
"Have you brought it with you?"
"I wish I could have, but that same
I had no right to do.
'Twas poetry so lovely that
'Twould melt a heart of flint."
Hobe sighed: "By far the sweetest thing
I ever saw in print."

"Pray give me some idea of it."
His chum begged. "Well, I'll try:
Its hair was golden, and its eyes
As blue as yonder sky.
It wore a gown of calico
With dots of creamy tint,
And never was a sweeter thing,
I'll wager, seen in print."

—*Harper's Bazar.*

A YOUNG WIDOWER'S STORY.

I lost my wife just about a year ago now, and strange to say, I am not in the least consoled. I am not anxious to attack any body of professional men, but I do think the doctors killed her.

I was ill myself for some time before, and when I met her, poor girl, I had been ill with nervous prostration, malaria and dyspepsia, the doctors said. The heat was intense. Just such a heated term as we have had this summer, and the brokers' office of Ackerly, Mackleberry & Cords was not the coolest or most salubrious environment. I had the ticker in my hand, it had just marked "Wabash Preferred," when I heard the cheery, musical voice of my fellow clerk, Arthur Clark, say: "Hullo—there goes Horatio," and I was dimly conscious that I had tumbled into his long arms, and up against a rather warm waistcoat which covered the best heart in all this wicked world. Arthur had a house in an up-town street, while I only owned a weekly interest in a second-pair-back in a boarding-house; and when I succumbed what did this prince of good fellows do but have me put in an ambulance, and brought to his father's house, where a bed was made up for me in the empty parlors. His voice again was the next thing I heard.

"You see, old fellow," said Arthur, "my mother and sisters are out of town, and only the boys and the governor are at home; so as we didn't want to put the governor out, we concluded to give you the parlors, where he rarely comes in summer. So you are to lie here and get well: fine breeze through when the library door is left open, straw matting (rather the worse for wear), a few old pictures, of suspected authenticity, on the wall, gas fixtures done up in brown paper, mirrors covered with mosquito-net. Horatio Bronson stretched on a hastily-improvised cot, ice on head, taken down pretty bad, doctor recommends quiet. Arthur Clark, Esq., master of the situation. Dost like the picture? Moths, cats and mosquitoes thrown in, hand-organs subsidized; be still and get well. No emotion, if you please—forbidden, my dear boy, by medical advice."

Arthur rattled on and put me gradually into possession of the facts. From his lively investiture of my case, I presently sank off into a fever and lost all sense of time, place and circumstance. A doctor and a woman nurse became a part of my imperfect consciousness, and the large, deserted parlors of a city house, with its numerous pictures, became in a dreamy way the horizon of my confused and distressed vision.

There was a cattle piece in front of me, and a large dark red battle by moonlight in a heavy Venetian frame. There was a view of Venice, and a pretty little copy of Helen Froment, Rubens' wife. There was, of course, a Madonna della Seggiola, and a Cenci. Mr. and Mrs. Clark had been to Europe about twenty years ago, when no respectable American ever dared come home without the two last-named copies.

Over these pictures, and a little group of the Lacoon in the corner, did I dream, and perhaps rave. Arthur, dear old boy, used to come in and see me every evening. His personality stood out distinctly, and he has told me since (bless his heart!) that I always said: "You are doing your work and mine, too, I know you are," and that once or twice I was weak enough to—well—let that pass, we do not love each other any the less.

I got to listening to the sounds at night, and wondering what they meant. A sud, metallic thump on the pavement, as if some one had thrown a crowbar, which occurred about once in five minutes, amazed and puzzled me. Why should any one throw down a crowbar with marked periodicity? There was a little tinkling bell that rang at three o'clock, just after the clock at 29th street had struck, which was singularly puerile and foolish, I thought. Then there were queer people who walked and stopped, and others who walked and didn't stop. Why didn't they all stop, or else walk on? I heard confidences of young lovers, heard a marital reprisal, not meant for my ears, came through the closed blinds. Many a group of young men went by with song and jest, and then came the long weary time from two o'clock to four, with only the episode of the crowbar, and the bell, and the clock, and now and then some other entirely inexplicable sound.

"I think we will leave his blinds open to-night to give him more air," said the familiar voice of my nurse to Arthur, one hot night, as my friend paid me his usual visit.

"Who is she?" I whispered feebly to Arthur. If I had a grain of sense or consecutive thought left, it always came to me when Arthur was in the room.

"One of the trained nurses from Bellevue, old boy. A nice girl. She is bringing you through splendidly. How do you feel to-night?—temperature rather high," and I sank off into sleep or something, with Arthur's cool hand on my brow.

When I awoke the gas was turned up, and my nurse stood over me with a wine-glass full of medicine.

"You must take this," said she, in a mildly authoritative voice.

I looked at her for the first time. She was a neat, elderly person, not at all handsome, but large and very powerful. It seemed to me at that moment as if she were Boadicea, or the Maid of Saragossa, or Miss Jex Blake, or something of that order.

As she poured down the draught I felt my whole internal economy obeying her. I swallowed, gasped, breathed, because she told me to. Then she left me.

The blinds were open, and moonlight streamed into my room. I saw the clouds, and the cats; I saw the passers-by. There was a balcony outside my windows, and several people clambered up on it and looked at me. There was a newsboy whom I had offended, and a member of the Stock Exchange whom I had failed to please. At one time the balcony became unpleasantly crowded, and again it was empty.

The sounds went on, and the crowbar fell with disagreeable persistency. Just then a lady stepped on the balcony and calmly entered my room.

"Could you be kind enough to tell me, sir, [illegible]," I asked, [illegible] giving a little scream. [illegible] calmly. "A man [illegible] what does [illegible]

"Well, why not?" said I, rather offended, and with the egotism of illness.

Some scattering remnant of what once had been my intelligence suggested that this young lady might be second Arthur's sisters, who had come home unexpectedly, and had stepped (forgive the dreams of a sick man) over the balcony into the parlor.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am Helen Froment, the governess, said she; "sent down by Mrs. Clark for some forgotten books. The train ran off the track. I got here just now. I have rung and rung and rung, but as no one let me in, I, seeing the blinds open, naturally clambered over the iron railing, and here I am. Now, who and what are you?"

"I am a sick man, Horatio Bronson, I believe. Arthur brought me here."

"Oh, of course! How absurd? He wrote to his mother all about you. I had forgotten. My nerves have been so shaken by that railroad accident I had forgotten that you were here. I beg a thousand pardons for this intrusion. I will creep up into my room and disturb nobody."

"Stop a minute, my mind is weak. Turn up the gas, please, will you? How do you happen to be called Helen Froment, like the picture on the wall?"

The lady laughed and turned up the gas. "It is a curious coincidence," said she. "The young ladies call me 'the Rubens.' I am simply a German girl, with a common enough German name, Helena Froment, the governess."

I took a good look at her.

She was a quiet girl, in a gray traveling dress, although I thought her smiling German face not unlike that of the picture.

Then the gas went down, and she went off, and the crowbar went on falling every five minutes outside, and the little bell tinkled at three o'clock.

About this time Arthur began to fade away. It seemed to me that I only saw him once after this, and then I said to him: "Nice girl, Helen Froment," in a jocular way.

He laughed and said: "What queer things you do say!"

"I mean the governess, your sister's governess," hoping he would tell me about her.

"Oh! yes; the governess; yes; ha! ha! Helen Froment. Oh! yes. Horatio, old fellow, keep cool; keep quiet. Yes—. She is a nice girl enough," but he laughed and would not explain.

Arthur disappeared about this time. I asked for him, and they said he had gone away. I should have missed him more, but Helen, Helen Froment, became so devoted to me. She did not go back to Mrs. Clark with the books. She staid and nursed me most assiduously. She could draw and paint very well in water colors, and finding that this quiet accomplishment amused without wearying me, she was kind enough to sit by my side and let me watch her. Then she told me quaint stories in a German accent, and read poetry to me, and in a low recitative, or in a sort of chant she gave my weary ears the relief of pretty and plaintive ballads of her own German land, which she sang in a pure, simple ballad voice, the best of all voices.

One hot evening she said to me: "Do you know what night this is? It is the eve of St. John. Midsummer Night, when the spirits of men go forth to meet God in the woods; the angels are all about us."

And she drew with her water colors for me a little picture of a procession of Druids walking in a forest, while through the gothic arches of the trees long lines of white-winged angels came down to meet them. I remember how cleverly she touched in the wings with a gleam of white.

But I was getting too much white about this time, and the strong white drapery and the sad face of the Cenci began to trouble me. I asked Helen to put that picture away, so I could not see it. "That I can not do," said she, "but I can throw my dark shawl over it," and she did.

Helen Froment, meantime Rubens' Helen, continued to smile and be amiable. I asked the other Helen to make me a little copy of that bright face, and to leave it where I could tip it up with my weak hand, and look at it a little nearer. This she did, but when I tried to grasp it, I found out how weak I was. I found that I could not even raise that frail piece of paper.

"You must remember," said Helen, "you are still very ill," and she laid the sketch away in a drawer of my little table.

Then I began to get better, I was strong, convalescent. I returned in thought to the world, and with me into the land of health came the patient girl who had now become my daily companion. She did not take all the care of me. Two men seemed to do that. I could not exactly tell where or when they came in, but just about with the disappearance of Arthur, I should say—that vague, uncertain period, not far from the time when Helen came in. Somehow, I did not care to ask questions. Life was delightful enough, with the music, the painting, the poetry, which this accomplished girl brought into it. The other people made disagreeable noises, and were not altogether agreeable to feeble nerves. My men nurses tramped heavily and jangled glasses, and the doctor was, although the most respectable of his species, what I should call a loud man. Helen made no noise; she was the very essence of stillness, except when she sang or talked, and that was music which is not noise. Discord is what hurts us. Helen was all concord. Noise is discord. It seems to me that this state of things had gone on for weeks, and that I began to know Helen as a man ought to know a woman whom he shall love and marry. I began to watch for fitting opportunity to tell her that I loved her, that she was the being of all others to make me happy. I owed it to Helen to tell her so, and I felt that we must make some excuse to our friends for being so much together, that even the doctor might think it strange, that, perhaps, Arthur—yes—Arthur.—*Where was Arthur?*

But when I was ready to frame these sentences, Helen always evaded me; sometimes a tinkling of that ridiculous bell—and the men nurses came in—sometimes the doctor himself, never Arthur.

The parlor began to look unlike the parlor. The piano was covered over with a white cloth, and bottles stood upon it. Nothing seemed changed on the walls but the cloth which had hidden the Cenci.

That had fallen, and suddenly the figure seemed to bend out of the frame, and to nod to me.

"Helen!" I shrieked—"Helen! Hide the Cenci from me."

Her cool hand was over my eyes in a moment, and the vision passed away.

"Poor, troubled brain," I heard her say, as she rubbed my forehead with her soft hand until I went to sleep.

It would be absurd to try to follow this love affair. Suffice to say we got to understand each other, and Helen promised to marry me. We had of course to wait until I should recover my health, which was as yet uncertain. I could not disguise it to myself that, although I had hours of health, that the bottles, the doctor, the bed, and the two men nurses remained.

Helen always said "patience, dearest, patience! all will be well. I will wait for you. You have a long summer before you, in which you must recover. Meantime let us go on with the reading, the music, the painting." Helen was strong, and consistent, and I obeyed her.

And then we constructed our whole future life. She was to be my companion-help-mate; with her little savings and mine we could afford a modest home.

We would begin plainly and live cheaply. She would still fly her brush and I would dig away down in Wall street, but we should be together. We had, our love as a splendid capital. That was invested for us, and with that we could not be poor.

These were days and nights full of happiness. Helen seemed to need no sleep. She was often by my side at that dread hour of three in the morning, wiping the dews from my brow and helping to account for the strange noises. We came to the conclusion that the periodic dropping of the crowbar was some midnight assassin of sleep repairing the elevated railroad. The little tinkling bell, we thought, might be some cat entangled in a network of resounding metal, the descendant of Ben the Cat, whoever he might be. Helen was the only person who had attended me through my illness, who ever tried to explain, and to help me out of my intellectual mazes. The others ignored them.

It was the power of love, that one blessed inspiration, which never tires, never grows antagonistic, never sneers and never treats as trivial the slightest wish or theory of the beloved object. Helen was always fresh. She seemed to have just stepped from her tiring-women, like Helen of Troy. I never saw in her the disorder of early morning or night; the fatigue and heat of the sick room never reached her. The freshest colors, the freshest flowers, the sweet, careful arrangement of her hair, the perfume of neatness—all this and more—followed my beloved and made her priceless. And then I began to call her my wife. To be sure, it was premature. But she forgave it. Perhaps the sweetest word known to the ear of man or woman carried with it its own apology. She should be my wife!

And preposterous as it was, she forgave me.

She was not by my side when I needed her most, when the two men were rubbing me with salt flannel cloths and the doctor was pouring brandy down my throat. Oh, how I needed her in that painful struggle, when, as they said, "the fever turned." How I needed her in those hours of mortal weakness which succeeded. I could not ask for her. I could not speak. I could only think and pray for her, and look at the door to see if she were coming in. It was the third day, I think, after this that the doctor told me that Arthur had the fever, up-stairs; that I had worn out two trained hospital nurses, and that I had been so delirious as to need the attendance of two men.

"These pictures," said the doctor, smiling, "have come in for a good deal of brain trouble," and he pointed to the Cenci, still covered.

He stepped to the frame and took down the cover. How poor and pale a copy it seemed, how utterly insignificant!

"But," said I, "doctor, all this is very well; but what has become of Helen, my Helen Froment, my wife?"

The doctor laughed.

"My dear boy," said he, "she was only a part of the fever. One of your insane dreams. That excellent Miss Hunt—she is elderly and plain enough for all professional purposes, but she had to ring the bell and summon Simon, you made love to her so fervently. She knew, however, that you were as mad as a hatter, and she will never sue you for breach of promise of marriage. She is down with the fever herself, poor girl."

I would not believe it; I did not believe it, and I don't believe it. I would wait and see Arthur, and ask him if it were not a conspiracy of my enemies. When we two met again we were two ghosts of long standing. The same imperfect plumbing which had made me ill had reached my generous friend, and together we had made night hideous for the respectable mansion in West Blank street.

But Arthur had not lost a wife as I had done, and he got well quicker. I could not help asking him if there was not some foundation for my theory of Helen. Had not somebody entered the house by the balcony that dreamy, starry night?

"Yes," said Arthur, "that was true. My sister's governess did come home late, after a railway detention, and did get in over the balcony, and was scared at finding you in the room. She was off the next morning however, bright and early, and you would not call her 'Helen' if you saw her now, I am sure." I did see her later; and I agreed with Arthur that she was not *my* Helen, at least.

But the memory was too strong to be shaken off. Where had gone that real, that beautiful person who had made me so happy? Where was that rare intelligence, that cool hand, that fresh, vigorous, untiring young girl? If I had created that Eve I was a demi-god. I could not surrender the powerful impression to disbelieve in her. It seemed like an infidelity to a real woman. What if, unknown to all the world, some dear creature, inspired by divinest pity, had deceived the nurses and the doctor, *had* entered and cared for me, *had* loved me and *had* accepted my love in return? I was pledged to this being. She was mine. She should be my wife. I should meet her again. I *shall* meet her again; I am convinced of it.

My doctor sent for Dr. Hammond to come and talk to me about the brain. He told me of one of his patients, who always saw Sir Walter Raleigh if he tied his necktie too tight, and so on.

"Doctor," said I, "will you kindly tie my necktie in such a manner that I can see Helen again."

"Afraid to do it, sir!" said the great brain man. "Helen was born of a severe typhoid delirium, and a picture. Your nurse—the curtain even took her shape. She was the æsthetic untouched side of your brain, the relief from the tortured side; that in you which loved music and painting and poetry, called itself Helen. No! I am afraid you have lost your wife."

"Doctor," said I, "do these spirits or visions paint in water colors?"

And I drew from a little drawer in my table, where I had seen her place it, Helen's copy of the Rubens.

"That's a pretty study," said the doctor, looking up at the original. "Done by one of Arthur's sisters, I dare say. They all have artistic talents, these Clarks."

"Doctor, I saw my wife paint that, and—look in the corner for the initials, if you will."

"Yes; 'H. F.,'" said the doctor; "a curious coincidence; Horace Farley, perhaps, but certainly not Helen Froment—she has been dead two hundred years. You will get over this dream, my dear boy, when you are stronger, and out of this room, and away from that picture, which reached the brain just as it was in an excited state. It will pass."

But it has not gone; and I still have the little water color which has never been explained.—*Boston Traveller.*

—The poor Indian must have fire-water. Skumka, Chief of the Umatilla tribe in Oregon, not feeling well inwardly, and being forbidden by a stern mandate of Uncle Sam to indulge in whisky, flew to Jamaica ginger for relief. He drank twenty-six bottles of the stuff and died in great torment. His sorrowing subjects smothered his favorite race horse in order that it might accompany him to the happy hunting grounds, and for several days past, in their encampment across the river from Umatilla, they have been bewailing the loss of the Chief with howls and lamentations of the most ear-stunning and heart-breaking character.—*Chicago Herald.*

Underdraining—Its Advantages.

To understand how it is beneficial we must consider some of the characteristics of the soil and the requirements of successful plant growth. The late John H. Klippart, an authority on drainage, condensed the advantages of tile drainage under twelve heads: 1. "The drainage removes stagnant water from the surface. No soil can produce useful crops when it is covered or its surface permanently saturated with water. In wet seasons clay lands hold the rainfall in the lowest places, and when it finally evaporates the crop is destroyed and the surface is baked and hard. This evaporation also uses a great amount of heat, which would otherwise warm the soil. We see, therefore, that if the water that falls upon the soil remains until removed by evaporation, all the heat which should be making the soil warm is being wasted in evaporating the water. One experimenter made a number of tests in two adjoining fields, one drained the other undrained. The average temperature of the soil in the field that had been drained was six and one-half degrees higher than in the other. This is another reason why drainage enables the earlier cultivation of a field and lengthens the season; the ground becomes warm so much earlier in the spring and remains warm later in the fall.

2. "It removes surplus water from under the surface."

The best condition of the soil for successful plant growth is found when the particles of the soil are moist, but when there is no standing water among these particles. In wet seasons, if no adequate means are provided for removing the excess of moisture that falls upon the soil, it will be continually saturated, and the crops will be as surely drowned out as though water appeared on the surface. Again, if the soil be full of water that which falls upon it in rain must flow off over the surface, carrying with it much of the best and finest of the soil. Water standing in the soil causes the vegetable matter to undergo acetic fermentation, thus rendering the soil sour and unfit for cultivation. The freezing out of winter grain is oftener than from any other cause produced by the formation of ice in the upper part of the soil, which throws out the plant and leaves it to perish. With good drainage the soil would be dry when it was time for freezing, and what is called "heaving" would not occur. 3. "It lengthens the seasons." Often the yield of a crop depends greatly on the time it can be put in the ground. A few days' difference in sowing may make much in yield. The work can be better and more economically done because there is more time to do it. If land is drained it can be more thoroughly pulverized, and be in better condition for nourishing the growing crops. Air in the soil is necessary as well as moisture, but it can not penetrate the baked surface.

On drained land the plants will send their roots deeper into the soil. When a plant begins to grow in the spring in an undrained soil the roots will not penetrate into the cold lower soil filled with water, but run along through a few inches of the drier surface. When the dry weather comes the sun completely dries this out and the plant, having no other supply, stops growing. On land that has been underdrained in the condition described as most favorable for plant growth, moist but with no standing water between the particles, the plant sends its roots far and deep.

The remainder of Mr. Klippart's points condensed, most of which we have touched upon, are: It deepens the soil. It warms the soil. It equalizes the temperature of the soil during the season of growth. It carries down soluble substances to the roots of plants. It prevents heaving and freezing out. It prevents injury from drought. It improves the quality and and quantity of the crop. It increases the effect of manures. It prevents rust in wheat and rot in potatoes.

One important question with all who have land that needs draining is the cost. Not that it will not pay but that it needs capital to do it. It can and has frequently been demonstrated that drainage pays and pays well. In very wet seasons it frequently happens that the total failure or success of a crop depends entirely on the drainage. Dr. Townsend of Ohio, states on this point: "I one year underdrained a part of a field at a cost of $22.50 per acre, and at harvest it yielded 20 bushels more per acre than the undrained part of the field, and as the crop brought $1.25 per bushel, the extra yield paid all the expenses of draining, and left me a little in pocket." Such instances can be found all over the country. John Johnston, of Geneva, N. Y., underdrained a heavy clay farm that produced a good crop of wheat only in the most favorable seasons, and made it so that he grew for many years an average of 40 bushels per acre.

On many farms the principal expense will be for the tile alone, the work being done by the ordinary help of the farm at times when other work is slack. The plans must be laid at the outset so as to do no superfluous work. When the outlet is fixed and the line established for the main drain, there is the place to begin; and be sure to make this drain large enough so as to answer the purpose during heavy falls of rain when it is most needed.

Many who have put in drains have found during the late wet weather that their mains were not large enough, and had they to do the work over, and with their present experience, would put down tile with nearly double capacity. There is not a great difference in the size of the tile, to make this difference in capacity, since the latter is as the square of the diameter, and therefore a six-inch tile has more than twice the capacity of a four-inch tile, and the work of laying would be but a trifle greater. When the line for the drain is established, a good start can be made in the work with a good team and a skillful plowman. So also can much of the filling be done in the same way. Some directions for digging and laying the tile we defer to another time.—*Detroit Post.*

Wooden Water Pipes.

For conveying short distances (less than fifteen rods), and where the amount desired is greater than can be supplied by a half-inch pipe, wooden tubing will be found cheaper than iron, lead or other metallic pipes. Wooden tubing, of from one and a quarter to two-inch bore, may be obtained of all hardware dealers. In purchasing observe that the ends are iron-bound, to prevent splitting when placed together, and to prevent the tubes bursting when under a heavy head of water. Before the pipe is laid, it is best to give it one or two coats of oil; even crude petroleum will do; this adds greatly to the durability. In pipes through which there is a constant flow of water, there is but little danger of decay; in fact, we have known of old-fashioned pump logs being removed after nearly fifty years of constant use, and found sound upon the inside. Wooden, as well as other pipes for conveying water, should be laid below the frost line. If the water be intended for drinking purposes, place the pipe at least three feet under ground, and if in sandy, porous soils, to a still greater depth. After the pipe is in position, and before the water is admitted, pour hot coal tar over it, especially at each joint, which is readily done by using a watering-pot or an old tea or coffee-pot. Always test wooden and other pipes after they are laid, by admitting water before covering them with soil, in order that a leak, if found, may be easily stopped.—*Scientific American.*

—*Boston Transcript.*

—Fuller, in his *Small Fruit Culturist*, says: "I do not believe that there is one acre of strawberries in a thousand, cultivated in this country, that yields over one-half what it would if the ground was properly prepared before planting."

—If you are afraid your yeast cakes are a little stale, put one of them in a cup of warm water with a good pinch of hops; let this stand for an hour or so before using; it will have an excellent effect on the yeast, and will insure good bread.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—It is said that tomato plants can be raised from slips or cuttings as easily as many of our house plants. If so, the farmer's wife can take a few slips in the fall and furnish the kitchen garden with plants in the spring, even farther advanced than the seedlings grown in hot-beds.

—Lace or muslin drapery for the windows add so much attraction to a room that it pays to have them if one can afford it, and very pretty curtains are now comparatively inexpensive. The scrim with strips of drawn work are very durable, and if trimmed on the edge with suitable lace an excellent effect is produced.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Great care should be taken in seeding with clover to leave no gaps, for they will inevitably be covered with weeds, a worse than useless waste of ground. It is a good plan to lap the seed a trifle, and then sow cross-wise, to make sure that all is evenly distributed. A peck per acre, sown four quarts each way, gives a good stand.—*Toledo Blade.*

—A small economy, but one not to be despised, especially in large families, is to save bits of toilet soap when they begin to waste. When a pint or even half a pint is collected, put in a bowl, add boiling water and stir. Set away, and, as it evaporates add a little boiling water and stir well. Do this every day till all the lumps have disappeared. Then add a few drops of oil of cinnaman or oil of cologne. Wet a deep, narrow pan in cold water, pour in the soap and leave it to mold. After two or three days turn it out and leave to dry. The result will be an acceptable toilet soap.—*Exchange.*

Relation of Food to Animal Development.

The feeding of animals to the best advantage is a very simple matter with those who fully understand the composition of the animal body and the composition of foods. All the failures in feeding are the result of ignorance upon these two things, and no feeder should be content to conduct his business without such knowledge, not even if he has been reasonably successful, for success in the dark may turn to failure at any moment. What are the elements of the animal structure? is the first important question, and what becomes of them is the second? An animal is not like a stone wall which is practically indestructible, and when once built will remain without attention for a life-time. Every part of the body is wearing away every second, and must be supplied with new material or the direction is toward a collapse. The materials of the body are in a continual process of breaking up, first in the cells, and what remains after the demands of the vital phenomena have been complied with, is seized upon by the oxygen which the blood carries to every part, and is burned to supply the necessary heat which is constantly escaping from the body, and what is left after this process is excreted. This steady loss of material must be repaired, and in the case of young animals especially, material must be furnished for new growth. If we feed on corn alone we may starve the animal to death, although it may be so fat that it can not move. The bone and muscle are wholly unsupplied with what they need, and we are producing a condition of absolute disease. To feed just right, therefore, is a very delicate operation, and is in marked contrast to the system, which is entirely too prevalent, of feeding just what comes handiest. Reduced down to a nicety, an evenly balanced food is one that supplies the bones with all they need to keep them in perfect strength and the process of growth; the muscles with all that they may require, and furnish the fat-forming elements in the proportion desired. But while to some extent fat formation may be neglected, the supply of material for sustaining the bony and muscular system should never be, except in the later stages of fattening, when, if there has been due previous attention given to the development of bone and muscle, they will bear neglect for the short time that is desirable for forcing fat development. We repeat what we have sometimes stated before, that the neglect to provide for the development of the entire animal structure has caused great trouble and heavy losses in this country. In some cases these consequences have come from a hit-or-miss system of feeding—from feeding with no other well conceived purpose than to keep the animal alive, while in others they are the fruit of that species of insanity which conceives fat to be the alpha and omega of stock raising. It may be omega, but it is not the alpha by a very long ways, and unless that fact is generally recognized, we shall have more trouble with our stock than we have yet had. When we realize that to make a strong healthy frame is the first thing to accomplish with every one of our domestic animals, we shall have consulted our own interests very materially. Whenever we do not do this—whenever we neglect to supply every part of the system with what it may require, we simply fight the laws of nature, and in a battle of that kind we shall get whipped on every field, in every pig-pen and in every cattle-yard.

Now, in the animal body we find as one of the most important constituents, water. Under most circumstances, it makes more than half the weight of the body, and is as essential to what we call the solid tissues as any of the other elements which make up their composition. This being true, the supply of water in some shape or another is a matter of supreme importance. The animal can only get water through the mouth and stomach, and it must be furnished entirely as such, or partly in connection with foods. The dry substances of the body consist of organic and inorganic matter, the former being divided into nitrogeneous and non-nitrogenous materials. The most important non-nitrogeneous substance is fat, the others being inconsiderable in quantity. The nitrogeneous substances are the albuminoids—albumen and fibrin—gelatinous substances and horny matters, and these contain carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen and sulphur. The inorganic portion, or ash, of the body consists of potash, soda, magnesia, chlorine, carbonic acid and silica. The ash of the bones is at least seven-eights phosphate of lime, the remainder being carbonate of lime, with small quantities of magnesia and soda. Besides phosphoric acid and lime, the most important inorganic constituents of the body are potash, soda and chlorine, the last two making common salt. Now, in feeding these elements are to be supplied.—*Western Rural.*

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