## Farm, Garden and Household.

### Ploughing.

The question of deep versus shallow ploughing is receiving new notice of late, the shallow ploughing theorists—perhaps it should be said also exemplars—seeming to be gaining new accessions. But in all that has been said and written, and in all the practical testimony adduced, we have seen no reason to distrust or abandon what experience has taught us to be the true practice in ploughing, to wit:

1. Deep ploughing is useless on light, porous soils, unless there is a stiffer sub-soil with which the surface soil may be intermixed to produce profitable mechanical effect.

2. Except in the case where it is desirable to mix stiff subsoil with light surface soil, a trench plough should never be used in deep ploughing.

3. It is a positive gain to all stiff, tenacious soils to plough shallow in fall and follow with a subsoil plough, lifting but not inverting the earth as deep as may be; and on land intended for corn or potatoes, where stiff clay soils are cultivated, this subsoiling may be done profitably in spring.

4. We do not recommend deep trench ploughing (that is, inverting the soil) in spring, under any circumstances. If this is done at all, it should always be done in the fall. Nor do we recommend using a plough in preparing the seed bed in spring for grain; as a rule a two-horse steel-tooth cultivator is far better, because it pulverizes and comminutes the earth more throughly.

### Feed from an Acre.

A pair of farm horses will consume in a year 6¼ tons of hay and 270 bushels of oats, their daily ration being 18 pounds of hay and 12 pounds of oats for each. It will take 14 to 16 acres of average land to raise this amount of fodder. A cow will consume 18 pounds of hay and 6 pounds of corn meal daily, equal to 3¼ tons of hay and 40 bushels of corn, allowing for toll for grinding it, per year. This will require about 4 acres of average land. One acre of good corn land will produce enough grain and stalks to keep a cow during a year. This estimate, which is deduced from practice, accords elsewhere, as gathered from statistics, which prove that eight acres of land are needed to support a horse during a year in Belgium and Holland—countries which, as regards the supply of food, are self-sustaining. There would be no practical difference between the crops mentioned and others that might be chosen, for the reason that more prolific crops require a greater amount to be consumed to yield an equal sustenance, with less prolific, but more nutritious crops. The most economical single crop to raise for feeding animals is corn, when the whole stalks are well cured and properly used.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### Fruit in Tin Cans.

The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* says: The impression prevails among those who use freely fruits which are put up in tin cans that they are injured thereby, and this impression is in many cases correct. We have long contended that all preserved fruits and vegetables should be stored in glass, and that no metal of any kind should be brought in contact with them. All fruits contain more or less of vegetable acids, and others that are highly corrosive are often formed by fermentation, and the metallic vessels are considerably acted upon. Tin cans are held together by solder, an alloy into which lead enters largely. This metal is easily corroded by vegetable acids, and poisonous salts are formed. Undoubtedly many persons are greatly injured by eating tomatoes, peaches, &c., which have been placed in tin cans, and we advise all our friends who contemplate putting up fruit the coming summer to use only glass jars for the purpose.

### Salt for Cattle.

One thing cattle need they do not get, is plenty of salt; they ought to have some every day, but I fear many do not get it once a month. Our plan of feeding is to give from four to five quarts of corn meal, or corn and oats ground together (the finer the better), well salted the first thing in the morning; the roots, after which the cattle are turned into the yard, where they have a feed of straw and stalks to work at, and plenty of water to drink. At night, they get what good hay they will eat. They keep in firstrate order on this. Last summer we fed four quarts corn meal right through the summer to our cows, each morning, and they looked well right through the season, but they were none too fat. It is something we never did before, but I think it paid well in the extra quantity, and also in the quality of the butter. Try it one season, and see if it don't pay you. Don't forget the salt.

### Separating Honey from Bee Bread.

A lady correspondent of the California *Agriculturist* gives the following convenient and old-fashioned way of separating honey from bee-bread:

Put such pieces of the comb as have bread in them into round tin butter cans (those a little flaring at the top are best) until nearly full. Then set the wash boiler on the stove with water a few inches deep in it, but not enough to boil up into the cans; then lay a few pebbles or an iron chain evenly on the bottom and set the cans on them, put the cover on the boiler and let the honey steam until the wax is melted, which can be ascertained by a small stick or wire. The honey must be stirred if wished clear. When it is all melted, lift the cans out and set away carefully to cool, and when just about milk warm, with knife and fork, lift the wax and bread off the top, and your honey will be clear and nice in the can.

### Economy of Fuel.

A correspondent in *The British Workman* tells how to build a fire as follows: The person laying a fire should fill the grate up to the top bar with coals, putting large pieces at the bottom and smaller over them, then upon these, paper enough to light the sticks, which should be laid upon and not under, the coal. Cover the sticks with the cinders remaining from the previous day's fire; these will soon become red hot; the coal below will be warmed sufficiently to make it throw off gas; this, passing through the hot cinders, will burn with a bright flame, instead of going up the chimney in smoke, as it does when the coals are laid on top. The fire thus laid will require no poking, and will burn clear and bright from six to eight hours without the necessity for more coals to be thrown on.

### Made it Productive.

A correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* "having nothing to start with," purchased, on easy terms, "one of the poorest farms in the township," and made it productive. His plan is as follows: First, plow deep, then seed with wheat; in the spring sow clover on the field; the summer after I take off the crop, I pasture one season, and the next season I let the clover grow up and come out in bloom, and when the heads begin to turn brown, I take my three-horse plow and break up the land nine inches deep, and then sow in wheat again. The year following, in the spring, turn up for corn to the depth of nine inches as at first.

### Harrowing Wheat in Spring.

If ground for wheat has been properly prepared for seeding in the fall, and the seed has been drilled in, or if it has not been sown too thickly, we can see no advantage to result from harrowing. If it is too thick on the ground and it is desirable to thin it, harrowing may be the mode adopted for so doing, otherwise we see no, and never saw any, gain from harrowing fall wheat in spring. On lands that are likely to heave by frost, we should rather apply a roller than a harrow, anyway; and we certainly should not harrow fields seeded with grass the previous fall.

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Forty years ago a revolutionary soldier deposited $100 pension money in a New Hampshire savings bank, and in each of the two following years added $15 more. Neither principal nor interest has ever been drawn, and the amount now is $1,228,81, with a share in an extra dividend about to be made.

## Warfare in Cuba.

### Even the Wounded Slaughtered in their Tracks.

O'Kelley, the *Herald* correspondent with the Cuban army gives us the following description of a Cuban battle: He says a detachment was sent to kill cattle in a *potrero* or cattle farm close to the town, a service they accomplished without interruption. It was evident from this circumstance that the Spaniards would not come out to attack the position at Canadon, so a force of some three hundred armed men and about one hundred af fifty *convoyeros* and servants were sent to complete the destruction of the cattle farm, with instructions to carry off as many of the cattle as they could catch, and in any case to kill as many as possible of the animals, so as to deprive the town of its chief means of support. These orders were faithfully carried out by Colonel Sanchez and the troops under his command. By half-past eight the *potrero* was in flames for a distance of a league, and the cattle either dead or driven into the woods. The soldiers and the unarmed men were laden with the meat, and orders were given to form a line of march to return to the encampment. At the entrance of the *potrero* the road is slightly depressed, and a wood extending in the direction of the town forms a semicircle commanding completely the outlet from the *potrero*. The Cuban forces had reached this point when their bugles sounded silence.

Scarcely had the sound died away when a volley was delivered from a Spanish ambuscade, distributed in three divisions. By a miracle none was touched, and the Colonel, dismounting, ordered the men to advance. In a moment the sacks of meat fell to the ground, and a rapid and well sustained fire was opened on the Spanish ambuscade. It was their turn now to be surprised; for the Cubans possessed plenty of ammunition, and were confident in their numbers. The Spanish forces did not number over one hundred and fifty, and by a strange freak of fortune their three buglers had been shot, one after another, as soon as they sounded an order. Notwithstanding the disparity of the forces the Spaniards fought with valor and tenacity, as they always fight, but were obliged to give way before superior numbers. A movement of retreat in the face of a Cuban force is disastrous. The moment the soldiers perceived that the Spaniards were retreating they advanced with a rush, and the defeat was turned into a rout. Then the horrors of the situation were developed. The Spanish soldiers, lost in the woods in the darkness, fell an easy prey to their enemies. So dark was the night that it was necessary to inquire whether the person encountered was an enemy or a friend before striking.

This did not last long, for what remained of the Spanish troops were in full flight for the town, which, fortunately for them, was close at hand. The most terrible and inhuman feature of this awful warfare was, fortunately, hidden by the dark cloak of night.

The wounded Spaniards who had fallen had crawled into the woods to save themselves from the vengeance of their foes. Here the Cubans followed them, groping in the dark and listening for the sigh or groan of the wretched men to direct them to where the helpless wounded lay. In most cases the unfortunates were discovered and the deadly machete finished the work of the rifle. "Ave maria, me matar!" exclaimed one poor fellow as the heavy machete cut his cord of life, and the appeals for mercy of the helpless were the more heartrending that they were made to ears that were deaf and to hearts steeled by the bloody memories of four years of war to the death. It was revolting and disgusting. My heart sickens when I think of it, and I am thankful that the sight was spared me. Is liberty worth such atrocity, I thought. It pains me to have to record deeds of such dreadful barbarity, but my mission is to tell the truth, plain and unvarnished.

My instructions are to spare neither Spaniard nor Cuban when condemnation is demanded, as well as to award praise where deserved whether for Spaniard or Cuban. Therefore I must pronounce this butchery of helpless wounded and prisoners what it is—barbarous and inhuman. The material results of the victory consisted in three bugles, seventeen rifles, the boots, clothes and other effects of the slain, and the sentiment that the men who had fallen a few nights before were amply avenged. The loss of the Spaniards in dead was estimated at twenty-five killed on the spot and thirty wounded in the retreat, who had not been discovered in the darkness of the night, or owing to the proximity of the town had escaped. The Cuban loss was one officer killed, two wounded and six soldiers wounded. The morning after this success the Cubans quitted the encampment, according to their custom, so that when the Spanish troops should come to avenge their comrades they would find no one.

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## The Coming Comet.

An astronomical friend well up in stellar matters tells us about the coming comet. It is the old wanderer known as Bena's, which was thought, like Niobe, to have changed into a shower of meteoric stones. Comets do, it appears, reach an earth stage or opaque character, on the principle that a body when frequently electrified becomes magnetic. Our earth was once a comet; but its tail is now exhibited only in earth currents of electricity, which are indicated by the Auroa Borealis and by stoppages of the telegraph. All astronomers and geologists admit that the earth was once on fire, but have not remarked that this means it was then a comet. Our friend informs us that a comet may fall into the sun, as Newton thought, because it is attracted on its side next the sun more than it is repelled on the opposite side, as the electricity escapes from its tail. But as the earth retains and electricity expelled from the sun or moon, she can never fall into the central orb, the two synchronous tides exemplifying the attraction of one side of the earth by the moon, and the repulsion of the other side. The *modus operandi* is the same as occurs when a body is presented to an electrifying machine. It becomes negative, and rushes to the machine to regain its due share of the electric fluid. But the earth, being perfectly insulated, is as much repelled throughout half its extent (as the tides show) as it is attracted through the other half.

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RED TAPE.—In the days of King William the Fourth, of England, when a pane of glass or a cupboard door in the scullery of the palace wanted mending, the chief cook had to draw up and sign the requisition, which was countersigned by the clerk of the kitchen, who took it for further signature to the master of the house, who sent it to the lord chamberlain for his authorization; from whose office it went before the clerk of the works, under the office of Woods and Forests, by which office the broken pane of glass or the cupboard door was mended in the course of time—perhaps!

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SHIPPING.—Things happen strangely. While the Atlantic went down, drowning 700 people, for the want of a proper outfit of coal, Mr. Plimsoll, M. P., was lashing English shipowners into rage by exposing their stinginess and inhumanity. What he says about rotten ships, starved and beaten and ill-paid crews, and vessels sunk or wrecked for want of ordinary care and provision, is enough to make the average ship-owner keel over, if not to throw him on beam's end. Of course he was denounced as a mere sensational exaggerator. It would almost seem that the Atlantic sank to confirm his story, and point the moral of his tale.

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UNITED STATES COINAGE.—The new coinage act which went into effect on the 1st inst., abolishes the silver five-cent and three-cent pieces. They will not be coined hereafter. The act also increases the weight of the silver dollar to 420 grains, and styles it the "trade dollar," to better fit it, with its new weight and devices, for the China and East India trade, for which it is more particularly designed.

## The San Salvador Earthquake.

### Details of the Terrible Affair.

This little republic of San Salvador, writes a correspondent, has several times suffered seriously from earthquake shocks, but the fact had nearly disappeared from the minds of most of the people, when, on the 19th, it was violently moved by three tremendous shocks, at the second of which the whole city was laid in ruins, leaving for its successors to expend their destructive force upon but the quivering earth, already relieved of its superincumbent houses. The shaking commenced about midnight, the inhabitants, as is the custom in these countries, being all asleep at that hour. At the first shock, which was of an oscillatory character and of short duration, everybody was rudely recalled from dreamland, and, snatching such garments as were nearest at hand, fell pell mell into the streets. But here the situation was even worse, for hardly had the terror-stricken crowds got outdoors before the second shock came crackling upon them, accompanied by short, thunder-like discharges, and the city was wrenched and twisted from its foundations, and in a few seconds came crashing to the ground. It seemed as if the shock seized upon one whole side of the city and wrenched it violently around, tearing houses from their foundations and leaving nothing behind but loose bricks and mortar and dense clouds of blinding dust and crumbling abodes. In the streets the danger was of course greatest from falling bricks and stones, but, remarkable though it seems, the loss of life was comparatively insignificant, although at this early report after the earthquake it is totally impossible to determine what the mortality may really be, since there has yet been no time to clear away the debris, under which it is by no means improbable that many a battered and unrecognizable corpse will be found. A grand rush, however, was immediately made to La Libertad, one of the seaports, and so many lives were saved by the rapid escape of their owners. Many persons were more or less injured in their flight out of town, by falling bricks and abodes, but the greatest loss is undoubtedly in the tremendous destruction of property, not a house hardly being left standing except the National Palace, which is constructed entirely of wood.

The brick and adobe edifices fell like card-houses, not even a wall remaining standing in most cases. Most of these houses were built many years ago, and were cumbrous and stout enough in their walls to inspire a feeling of perfect security against almost any onslaught of man or nature. But whosoever trusted to these treacherous walls received a cruel enlightenment upon the impotency of man's most solid contrivances to resist the earthquake. All the sugar estates in the vicinity of this city received serious injuries, and will be prevented from completing their harvests. Most of the foreign residents and merchants escaped with very trifling losses. The total damage to property in the city and environs is calculated at $1,000,000, but it is not so easy to determine yet to what figure the damage to the whole country by interruption of the harvest will ascend.

An address to the Lord Mayor of London has been prepared, and goes forward by the present mail, and I cannot do better than furnish your readers with a copy of it, which I append hereto:

*Sir Sidney Waterloo:*

My Lord: It is with feelings of the deepest sorrow that I undertake the melancholy task of communicating to your Lordship the sad account of a great calamity which has befallen this republic.

On the night of the 19th of the present month, San Salvador, the capital of the republic, was visited by three distinct shocks of earthquake, so intense and destructive that almost before the unconscious inhabitants could fairly awaken to a sense of their imminent peril, many were hurled violently out of their beds, only to be buried in the descending ruins of their homes. At the second shock, the dreadful visitant had left no roof standing, and what an instant before was a brisk and prosperous city of some 30,000 souls, was rendered an immense accumulation of loose bricks and mortar, a scene of desolation and a complete wreck.

I shall not pause, my Lord, to dwell upon the details of this dreadful calamity, nor permit myself to describe to you the wide spread misery which it must entail, and the hundreds of cases of terrible individual suffering which it leaves to mark its destructive course. The pen is no competent exponent of a calamity so great as this, which, indeed, can only be understood in all its dreadful magnitude by each one's taking it home to himself and so approaching nearer to a just realization of the full measure of its appalling import.

Nor is the effect of this calamity confined to the place of its occurrence; its influence is sharply felt throughout the whole republic. The harvest had just begun and by the destruction of this city, which was the central point of ditribution for all of the country, it will be completely thrown back, even where its utter abandonment be not rendered necessary. People who were rich only a few days ago are to-day thrown upon the world houseless, glad to accept any shelter, any help for themselves and their wives and their children. The considerable sums of money that were invested in houses and other perishable property have been wiped out as though they never were, and the resources of the country left so crippled that prompt pecuniary assistance from abroad is rendered indispensible, not so much for the restoration of the ruined city as to keep from despair the thousands of suffering families who are thus suddenly confronted with want in its most pressing shape.

The percentage of mortality, considering the magnitude of the calamity, is very small, a fact in which the survivors clearly recognize the gracious interposition of the Almighty, who has thus mercifully lightened the tremendous burden of grief with which this suffering people is cruelly weighed down.

The purpose of this communication, my Lord, is to appeal through your Lordship to the British public in behalf of the beggared and houseless thousands of men and women whose substance has been suddenly snatched away from them by a great convulsion of nature: in behalf of all classes of the population, for this untoward visitation has cast down all distinctions, and rendered the rich poor, leaving the poor still poorer.

The British public has never been appealed to in vain, has never shut its ears against the cry for charity, and when that cry comes from a whole country, a country whose principal city and centre of wealth and commerce has been laid in the dust, I feel that I do not exaggerate in my conviction that all England, as indeed the whole civilized world, will feel a great throb of sympathetic compassion towards those of their fellow creatures in this distant land who so sharply need their aid. In an emergency like this every mite helps to furnish food and shelter to some poor sufferer, and it is precisely in such periods of woe and want and disaster that the heavenly father's words shine ought brightest: "He who giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord."

In conclusion, my Lord, I offer an apology for this lengthy trespass upon your Lordship's valuable time. I would respectfully suggest that whatever funds may be collected in England in behalf of the victims of this destructive earthquake be forwarded to a committee here, composed of the following native and foreign gentlemen: Santiago Gonzalez, Fabio Castillio, Manuel Figueros, Jose Larreynaza, and Mr. Blair.

Field-Marshal SANTIAGO GONZALEZ,
President of the Republic.
M. J. K.

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A party of New Jersey excursionists visited a colored church in Georgia, and were very much entertained by the services. When the colored preacher saw the interest of his visitors was up to the right pitch, he announced that there was a debt of $700 on his church, and asked them to pay it. They had to do it.

## The Work at Hell Gate.

The operations for the removal of the reef at Hallett's Point, New York harbor, are progressing in a most satisfactory manner. To comprehend the amount of work done, a description of the reef which it is proposed shall be removed is necessary. This reef, measured along its ridge, projects into the channel at Hell Gate, a distance of 300 feet from high-water line, allowing a draught of water over it referred to mean low water, not exceeding 12 feet for a distance of 270 feet from the shore. In order to secure a draught of from 25 to 26 feet at a mean low water, the excavation must embrace an area of 14,036 square yards. The quantity of rock to be removed above a horizontal plane, 26 feet below mean low water, would be 50,584 cubic yards. A coffer dam, placed between high and low water marks, was commenced in July, 1869, and in October of the same year the main shaft was opened. This shaft, pierced through the solid rock, is 150 feet by 70, and 33 feet deep; from this, which may be compared to the handle of a fan, radiates 10 main headings, which are again divided up by eleven more, as necessarily the radil of a circle diverge more and more as they approach the circumference, and because, without these additional headings, the chambers at the furthermost part would be too far apart. These are intersected by the galleries, which describe circles from the centre, which is the main shaft. The entire length of the headings and galleries is now 5,000 feet, by actual measurement; a month ago it was 4,716. It is difficult to state exactly how many additional feet will be driven, but it is possible that it will be 1,600 more feet before all are completed. So far fully 30,000 cubic yards of stone have been removed. When these main galleries and headings are finished, a last gallery will be driven all along the extreme outside, as a final circumference, so that when the explosion takes place the present work will be entirely severed from the main reef. But even when this last gallery is thrown out, the work inside will not be concluded. Then the floors will have to be lowered following the outside slope of the rock, and the more delicate task will have to be accomplished of paring down the supports of the roof, or the piers, so that though strong enough to bear the weight of the ceiling and that of the river, when the explosion takes place they will offer the least resistance, which, compatible with safety, was necessary while the work was going on. Nitro-glycerine will be used, and the piers will be perforated by a system of holes or borings made into them, the explosive fluid being introduced into iron pipes of about two inches in diameter. The quantity of nitro-glycerine for the final explosion has not yet been determined on, as the exact calculations cannot be made until the whole work is finished. To study the exact shape of the rock, no less than 20,000 soundings have been made, and over the whole area of the rock it is safe to say that there is not a single foot of it below water which has not been noted.

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## The Massacre of Surveyors.

The facts of the massacre of a surveying party on the Red Fork by Indians, were brought in by a Mexican employed at the Arapahoe agency, who has been staying at the Cheyenne camp, near Camp Supply. From him we learn that Whirlwind, with about thirty warriors, perceiving a small party of three compass and chain men measuring off township lines on the bank of Red Fork, they crossed the stream to have a parley with them, and the men fleeing at their approach, the Indians shot them with their rifles and buried them in the sand. This same Mexican reports that the Cheyennes "feel bad" at the loss of thirteen of their warriors who were shot early in the winter by a party of Kansas scouts and buffalo-hunters, who buried the slaughtered Indians in the sand. They declare they will kill an equal number of pale-faces and bury them also in the sand. It is a very unusual thing for Indians to bury their murdered victims, but this reprisal for frontier violence accounts for the unwonted proceeding. The names of the murdered men are given as Eddie M. Deming, of Lawrence, Kan.; Daniel Short, also of the same place, and Robert Poole, a young Englishman, who has no friends in America. They and one other had started out in the morning to complete the survey of a township about twelve miles south of the Kansas line, and failing to return at night three of their companions went to search for them the next day. They struck the trail of the missing men about ten miles from camp, and after following it for three miles they came upon the traces left by Whirlwind's party. These they pursued till they reached the town line, where the missing men had finished their work, and adjacent to this they noticed some fresh mounds of sand. A hasty removal of the surface revealed the body of Eddie Deming, the compass-man, thus realizing their worst apprehensions. Being in close proximity to the Cheyenne camp the explorers sought no further, but hastening back to camp they revealed the fate of the missing men to their companions, and the next morning the whole party set out for Arkansas City, distant 150 miles. There being other parties out, an expedition of thirty or more surveyors and citizens was quickly fitted out to apprise the others of their danger and also to bring in the bodies buried in the sand.

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**THE BITER BITTEN.**—A man in the dress of a workman was lately walking in the streets of Berlin with a packet in his hand, sealed and inscribed with an address and a note that it contained 100 thalers in treasury bills. As the bearer appeared to be at a loss, he was accosted by a passenger, who asked him what he was looking for. The simple countryman placed the packet in the inquirer's hands, and requested that he would read the address. The reply was made as with an agreeable surprise: "Why, this letter is for me! I have been expecting it for a long while!" The messenger upon this demanded ten thalers for the carriage of the packet, which was readily paid, with a liberal addition to the porter. The new possessor of the packet hastened to an obscure corner to examine his prize; but, on breaking the seal, found nothing but a few sheets of paper, on which was written "Dona!"

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**AFTER SUNKEN TREASURE.**—It may be remembered that about two years back a company was formed in France to make another attempt to recover the treasure supposed to have been sunk in the Spanish galleons in 1702. The promoters of the enterprise did not conceal the hazardous nature of it; if successful the speculators obtained an immense return for their outlay, but if ended in failure their capital would be completely lost. This latter eventuality has been realized; the expedition has just returned to Havre, and is now landing the materials used, consisting of diving apparatus, cranes, &c., and which form the sole assets of the company.

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**A FABLE.**—One day General Grammar mustered his auxiliary forces, and bade them answer to their names.

"Do?" "Here, sir." "Be?" "Here, sir." "Have?" "Here, sir." "Shall?" "Here, sir." "Will?" "Here, sir." "May?" "Here, sir." "Can?" "Here, sir," answered Will.

"What do you mean, man?" thundered the general. "You have answered to your name already. I called for Can!"

"Beg pardon, your honor, Can is only another name of mine," replied Will, giving the salute.—*Good Things.*

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**TEXAN BEEF.**—Beef is now preserved by a new process in Texas, and taken to England and sold there for ten cents a pound. The meat, cut into joints, undergoes a chemical process, is then packed in casks, which are filled up with the blood, and in that condition is found fresh at the expiration of several months. Recently some of the meat thus prepared was cooked and served up at a dinner in Liverpool; it was pronounced deficient in flavor, but tender and juicy and free from taint.

## Among the Alligators.

### A Noted Hunter Relates his Experience with the Monarch of the Lagoon.

A *Sun* correspondent has been interviewing an old Florida alligator hunter, and from him gained some interesting information relative to the monsters of the lagoon. Formerly the lagoons and lakes, as well as the river itself, above Enterprise, were filled with alligators. They are thicker there now than on any other part of the St. John's. If a passenger on a river boat killed an alligator, Cone, the hunter, marked the spot. Occasionally three or four alligators would be killed inside of three miles. Capt. Cone would then cast off his little boat, retrace his course and skin the animals. He gets seventy-five cents a piece for the hides delivered in Jacksonville. At this time he was filling an order from a London firm, through a Jacksonville merchant, for 3,000 hides. Said Cone—these here skins make three hundred and forty odd 'gators, I reckon, I have bagged. You see huntin' 'gators haint what it used to be. There haint the number o' 'gators in the first place, and the big 'gators is more skeery. I reckon they know more than they knowed oncet. Now, I can remember three or four years ago when 'gator hides was wuth from two to four dollars apiece in Jacksonville. Now they hain't wuth a quarter as much. Correspondent—How large was the biggest 'gator killed by you this season? Capt. Cone—Not over ten feet. The 'gators is little this season, I reckon, or the big uns is too plaguey skeery. But it's all the same on the hides. One hide's wuth as much as t'other. Correspondent—How long does it take you to skin an alligator? Capt. Cone—Well, I done peeled the bark from a 'gator in twelve minits. I'll everedge fifteen minits, I reckon. At this point two passengers saw an alligator on the right of the boat, and opened fire. The old 'gator hunter straightened himself up, grabbed his rifle and rushed on the other side of the pilot house just in time to see the slimy black animal slide into the water. "Now," said Capt. Cone, on his return, "the heap o' lead that is thrown away on 'gators by these here die-hards who come down to Florida every winter, is more than any man 'ud reckon on. Yesterday a die-hard signified to me that he thought he saw a 'gator with his head out of the water, and he went to pitchin' bullets into that here 'gator. He had one of these rifles that shoots eighteen times one after another without stoppin', and I'll be dog-goned ef he didn't put eighteen bullets into the 'gator, and the 'gator stood it. T'want nothing but a sunken log stickin' out of the water after all." The old 'gator hunter said that he had killed a few alligators by moonlight. Occasionally he found them in the night time away from the river, prowling for food in the pine woods. Indeed the pine woods in Sourthern Florida are filled with alligators. I found them thicker there than in any other spot. The woods are frequently cut up into swamps and savannas, and water stands in these places all the year round. The alligator makes large holes in these swamps and savannas. He covers the holes with dried cane, grass, and whatever he can find of a similar nature. This covering is raised like a cone, and is two or three feet in height. There is a hole in one side of the covering, through which the 'gator crawls out and in. In these holes the female alligator raises her family. In Turnbull swamp, near New Smyrna, I saw an alligator hole which seemed to be filled with young ones about eight inches long. I was hunting deer with Mr. A. J. Alexander of Woodburn farm, Kentucky, and Capt. Frank Sams, a prominent Indian river hunter. Sams was about to put his hand in the hole to pick up one of the little 'gators when Mr. Alexander shouted, "Hold on, Sams, there's an old she one in that hole, and she's watching you. I can see her head." Mr. Alexander then drew a bead on the old she one, and fired. There was a thrashing of the water as if a tiger had fallen into a cistern. Mr. Alexander had hit the old 'gator, but had not killed her. In her agony she had thrown one of the little fellows near the mouth of her nest. Sams snatched it up and put it in his pocket. The little fellow was very lively, and his eyes were as bright as diamonds. We took him to Lowd's Hotel at Smyrna and tied him on the mantelpiece. He became quite tame and would amuse himself by catching flies. He was very pugnacious and would croak and snap at little sticks on the slightest provocation. About Smyrna there are thousands of alligators. The people there say it does not pay to kill them for their hides, as Smyrna is too far from a market.

It was sundown when Capt. Cone prepared to leave the boat. He said he knew where there were two 'gators in a marsh near an old Indian mound, and he was going after them. As he entered his boat I asked him what was the length of the largest 'gator he had ever killed. "Fifteen feet and two inches, I reckon," he shouted back. He then hoisted his sail, and we soon lost sight of him in the tall maiden cane.

Crowds of Northern men flock to Enterprise during the winter, and many of them employ their time in hunting alligators. The guests sit upon the verandah of the hotel hour after hour polishing alligator teeth with sandpaper and buckskin. Every day somebody brings in an alligator which has been shot in the vicinity. After killing the alligator, the men hitch him to the stern of their boat with a chain and tow him to the beach in front of the hotel. They then hire a negro to cut off his head and skin him. After the head is cut off it is buried for two weeks. This is necessary to secure the monster's teeth. It is amusing to see eminent bankers, ministers, judges, and others watching a spot in the ground, near the hotel, where they have buried an alligator's head. Occasionally some gentleman gets hold of the wrong head, and then there is a row. Everybody seems crazy on the subject of alligator teeth. They sell from two dollars apiece up to five dollars. I saw one tooth five inches long sold to Capt. Tom Reeves for twenty dollars. Some negroes make a fair living by carving flowers and curious figures on the teeth.

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## City vs. Country Newspapers.

The city weekly newspaper is usually made up from reading matter used and paid for by the daily paper; hence it costs but little; while the country paper, on account of the limited amount of the local advertising patronage, cannot afford a daily, and must make its weekly from matter expressly prepared for its columns.

The city paper is made general in character,—adapted to one part of the country as well as another, and consequently has a wide field for circulation; while the country paper must be made local, and adapted to its particular latitude, hence its circulation is limited to its particular locality. But does the city paper answer the purpose, and satisfy the wants of the country reader? By no means.

The paper published in the city realizes thousands of dollars from its advertising patronage, while the local country paper gets but a meager support from this source. The principal clerk in one of the agricultural newspaper offices in New York informed us that the "advertising patronage of their paper amounted to an annual income of over one hundred thousand dollars."

And yet the people of the country expect the local paper to be furnished at a lower price than the city monopoly. And while he pays cash in advance for his city paper, he puts his home paper off with a promise to pay when he sells his produce after harvest, or when he gets ready, and can best spare the money, at the end of from one to three years.

The tendency of such procedure on the part of some delinquent subscribers, as well as the recent act of Congress, taking away from country publishers and their county subscribers the only boon they ever allowed them to have, will require the utmost economy in the conducting of the country papers.

The best way for subscribers to encourage their papers and keep them up to their present standard, is to be prompt in their payments.—*Exchange.*

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## The Florida Indian Mounds.

The Turtle mound is among the most famous in Florida. A correspondent says of it:

The mound is on the beach side of Mosquito Lagoon, nearly a hundred miles south of St. Augustine. About eighty feet in height, it covers nearly an acre of ground, and can be seen at a great distance looming up on the eastern horizon far above the palmetto scrub fringing the ocean. It is shaped like an immense turtle. This shape gives it its name. It is the highest point of land on the eastern coast of Florida, and stands within three hundred yards of the roaring ocean surf. From the deck of a vessel ten miles at sea it resembles a ruined fortification built upon a hill.

Turtle Mound is a great heap of very large oyster shells covered with from one to two feet of dirt. On the northwest corner the rain has washed away the dirt, leaving a perpendicular bank of shells, eighty feet high. The builders of the work evidently raised it with the greatest care. Every shell was placed in a given position. Where the slide has occurred the oyster shells rest in plumbed layers, with the smooth surface facing the sky. A stone wall could not have been erected with more precision. The mound is alive with tropical shrubbery. Wild orange trees loaded with fruit wave on its summit above an almost impenetrable thicket. A hollow covered with rank vegetation has been scooped out of the top of the hill. It has an easy slope, and is probably twelve feet in depth. It looks as though the bones of some large animal had been dug out of it in ages past. Mosquito Lagoon washes the western base of the mound.

I found a small deer path which led from a little sandspit up the side of the hill. The path, however, was soon lost in the thicket, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I finally succeeded in forcing my way through the thorny undergrowth and sharp-pointed Spanish bayonets to the top of the mound. Even then the shrubbery was higher than my head, and the wild oranges were higher than the shrubbery. I spent half an hour in forcing myself to a point of observation.

No mountains nor hills could be seen from the mound; nothing but one vast flat surface veined with lagoons and rivers and covered with spots of wax-like vegetation.

The builders of Turtle Mound are unknown. They were undoubtedly a race of Indians who were wiped out of existence centuries ago. The Seminoles and other Florida tribes declare that they have no traditions that explain the mystery. They look upon the mound with nearly the same awe as the whites. What is singular with regard to Turtle Mound is the fact that there are no oysters excepting the small coon oyster, within thirty miles. It would be interesting to know why these shells were brought from an oyster region far away and so carefully deposited at this spot. Some think that the mound builders of Florida were contemporary with the mound builders of the West. They believe that the whole State was once under their control, and that thousands of years ago they were accustomed to visit Turtle Mound once a year, fill themselves with fat oysters which might at that time have been found in the vicinity, and pile the shells in layers as they now appear in the mound. This may have been a religious observation with the Indians. But the whole thing is speculation. Nobody knows anything about it, and there is no probability that any one will ever discover the secret.

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## The Formation of Eggs.

I will now state, says Prof. Agassiz, as far as it is known, what an egg is, and how it is formed. As the egg grows steadily until it has completed its transformation, it is difficult to give a description of it which will answer for all these stages, since at every successive stage, while growing, the egg differs from what it was before and from what it is to be. All eggs, however, arise in what are called ovaries. These are clusters of cells, forming bunches of a somewhat glandular character in appearance. Between these cells the eggs are formed and in such a way as at first to be hardly distinguished from the cells themselves. The same is true of sperm cells, which arise in organs of the same character as the ovary, and are formed in a manner perfectly similar to that of the formation of the egg. So we have these two spheres of growth which characterize sex in the animal kingdom, arising in conditions so very similar that the essence of the two is hardly to be determined by observation. It is only by the process of growth, by the influences produced by the one upon the other, and by the consequences of these influences, that we recognize the essential difference which distinguishes them.

In order fully to appreciate what eggs are, we must remember—what has been known for about a half century only—that all organized bodies are composed of little bags which are called cells, and which are formed and multipled in various ways. Most of these cells are so small that they can only be perceived by the aid of high magnifying powers. There are, it is true, a few cell structures large enough to be seen with the naked eye, as for instance the cells of common elder pith, or the coarse cells of the orange. It is one of the great problems of modern research to ascertain how these cells are formed and what is their mode of reproduction. For it does not seem that cells are formed in the same way under all circumstances. Some naturalists assume that in the animal substance secreted by a living body, such as milk which is secreted by the mammary glands or similar substances secreted by other organs, certain particles become centers of action, around which other particles crowd; and when a little connection of this kind, microscopically small, has been formed, an envelope arises around it, and we have the utricle or cell. Others believe that minute, imperceptible particles of animal substance swell and enlarge, and become hollow, so that a little bag is formed, a cell envelope in short, which fills as it enlarges into a fluid substance.

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## A Strange Suicide.

The San Francisco *Call* tells of a case of suicide in that city which is of decided interest, *apropos* of the Goodrich case. The name of the suicide was James P. Wilson. The *post mortem* examination revealed the fact that there was a bullet wound in the upper portion of the head and another in the region of the right eye. The bullet which produced the wound first described entered the forehead and shattered the frontal bone, then glanced along the upper part of the brain, while the other bullet entered the right eye, and after passing through the brain, lodged in the back of the head. This, in connection with the fact that, when found, the deceased held in his right hand a single-barrel breech-loading pistol, led to the belief that he could not have committed suicide. The argument used in favor of that belief was that deceased could not have inflicted two wounds such as described with a single barrel pistol. A further investigation, however, showed that any other theory was untenable. One of the witnesses testified that he saw a man walking along Turk street, and saw the man stop, raise his hand toward his head, and then heard a report of a weapon, and saw smoke. That he supposed at the time that the man was shooting at birds, for after the shot had been fired he saw the man continue along Turk street, and saw him cross a fence. That about half or three-quarters of an hour after that he saw the same man return to the place where the first shot was fired, heard him fire a second shot, and saw him fall. That there was no one in the vicinity at the time. He afterward learned that the man was dead, having shot himself. Ten feet from where the bedy was found a pool of blood was discovered, and near it an empty cartridge shell which exactly fitted the pistol.

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The peace conference at Camp Verde, Arizona, has resulted in the unconditional surrender of two of the worst bands of the Apache Indians.

## Slaughter by Rail.

### The Terrible Accident on the Shore Line Railroad.

The wholesale slaughter at Richmond switch brought sudden bereavement into scores of families and adds another to the sad memories which will rise unbidden in the mind of the traveler as he seats himself in a railway car. Fourteen miles east of Stonington, on the route to Providence, the Shore Line Railroad crosses Pawcatuck river, the boundary between Connecticut and Rhode Island. The bridge was a short one without a draw. It must also have been without a watchman.

At eleven o'clock the previous night a train crossed it coming west. After this time a milldam on the stream above the crossing was swept away by the unusual torrent of the spring freshet. The rush of water escaping from the pond undermined the railway bridge and carried it away, leaving a yawning chasm, soon to be the common grave of an uncounted multitude. At half-past two in the morning the steamboat train left Stonington, taking the passengers from New York by the evening steamer.

One hundred and sixteen persons considered themselves safe in this train rushing towards disaster, death and maiming at the speed of thirty-five miles an hour. Twenty minutes brought them to a halt—many of them to the end of life's journey. Without a word or sign of warning the engine, under full pressure of steam, and with the momentum of the train's weight, jumped clear across the stream, wrecking itself on the eastern bank, while the cars crashed the one into and upon the other, and at once took fire.

Only the smoking car escaped, remaining on the western bank. In the mass of wreck men were drowned, crushed and burned. Mangled and hardly recognizable as human beings, the bodies of the dead were recovered. The injured were forty in number. Only the addition of freezing to the deadly horrors is lacking to complete the parallel with the ghastly scene of two years ago at New Hamburg. In the twinkling of an eye death closed the account of these men, till then full of life, courage and hopeful anticipation.

## Lace Girls of Nottingham.

Every lace machine employing two men requires twenty to thirty women to wind the silk or cotton first, and to dress, finish, clip, and scallop, and card or fold, and pack up the goods at last. The above is a moderate estimate of the proportion of girls over sixteen years old required. "Pattern girls," who make up pattern-books, and post up and prepare, ticket and number, little packets of patterns to go abroad, and who, therefore, must have some education, or at least write fairly, get about £1 a week. From three or four to thirty or forty of these smart girls are employed in each warehouse. They must be dressed well, and sometimes rather smartly, because they are constantly in and out of the sale-rooms, and seen by the buyers. "Jenniers," who wind the lace on the cards, get about £1 a week, and finishers generally 12*s.* to £1 5*s.* These are "warehouse hands," and they consider themselves superior to "factory hands," though they do not, I should think, get on an average higher wages, if so much, for a clever frame clipper or winder in a factory can earn from 18*s.* to 25*s.* a week. "Dressing" is dirty work, done in intensely hot rooms, in enormously large buildings, but the girls' wages are very high. The immense demand for female labor the town, of course, cannot supply. The work is so lucrative, and so light and agreeable, especially the warehouse work, that young girls are attracted from all the towns and villages round, and even from a considerable distance. These girls live, remote from their friends, in lodgings. Sometimes several join and rent a house, and live together.

Women are gradually working into all the school offices throughout the country.

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| Cotton—Middling | .19½ | a .20½ |
| Flour—Extra Western | 6.80 | a 7.15 |
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| Wheat—Red Western | 1.90 | a 1.89 |
| " State | 1.77½ | a 1.77½ |
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| Rye | .89 | a .90 |
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| Petroleum—Crude ......9½a .10 | Refined | 20½ |
| Butter—State | .37 | a .45 |
| Ohio Fancy | .30 | a .32 |
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| Western Ordinary | .20 | a .26 |
| Pennsylvania fine | .30 | a .33 |
| Cheese—State Factory | .15 | a .16 |
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| Eggs—State | .16 | a .17 |
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| Beef Cattle | 5.40 | a 6.25 |
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| Hogs—Live | 5.50 | a 5.90 |
| Flour | 7.50 | a10.25 |
| Wheat—No. 2 Spring | 1.47 | a 1.56 |
| Corn | .42 | a .51 |
| Oats | .40 | a .43 |
| Rye | .95 | a .95 |
| Barley | .80 | a 1.00 |
| Lard | .08½ | a .09 |
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| Flour—Penn. Extra | 7.50 | a 8.15 |
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| Beef Cattle | .06 | a .08 |
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| Cotton—Low Midlings | .18½ | a .18½ |
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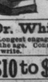

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