Farm, Garden and Household

Irrigating a Meadow.

The plan generally pursued in Pennsylvania, says a farmer, is as follows: The stream is banked smooth and level, and a gate is put at the lowest part of the stream, so that the water may be raised until a thin sheet of water flows over the bank and down the slope. At the point where the flow of water is exhausted and absorbed by the soil, a ditch is made parallel with the stream above. This is made perfectly level and smooth, with smooth banks for the water to flow over. When the upper portion of the meadow has been sufficiently watered, one night's watering being generally sufficient (the water should never be turned on during the day, unless it is cloudy), the water is turned into the second channel, either through an open water-course or underground pipes, at the upper end of the field. The second section is thus watered. The whole field is divided into sections in this manner, until the bottom is reached. At the foot of the field there should be a ditch for drainage purposes, of at least three feet deep, to carry off superabundant water and prevent any stagnant water from accumulating in the soil. This manner of laying out the field, offers no obstacle to a mowing machine. The water-courses are to be made accurately straight and smooth upon the edge, not over eight inches deep, is possible, and 12 to 18 inches wide; they should be sloped evenly, so that the mower, if need be, may be driven across one of them gently without any jar or injury. Stock should never be permitted to go upon the field; even calves or sheep will, by choice, rather walk in the ditches than anywhere else, and they will soon break down the banks and spoil the edges. The above is the perfect plan. There are not many meadows that are as perfectly laid out as they might be, or as is here described, and there are some that have been laid out well and carefully that have been neglected, the ditches have become filled up, and cattle have been pastured upon them, yet they are still watered regularly, but only with partial success. But there are a large number upon which this system has been adopted imperfectly or partially, and some of these cut two or three tons of mixed timothy and red-top hay upon the watered portions year after year, without manure. There are, however, a much larger number of farms still to which this method of irrigation might be applied, if the owners only had energy enough to make the most of the opportunities they possess. The grass usually sown upon these meadows is timothy, and frequently clover is sown with it. When the watering is excessive, or where the meadow is neglected, red-top and some coarse grasses gradually work in; but if properly treated, the timothy preserves its hold upon the land, and lasts indefinitely.

Freezing to Destroy Insects.

We have over and over again stated to our readers that the time and expense often bestowed upon turning up the ground in the fall, in order that the frost may have a chance to penetrate deeper and destroy insects, is money thrown away, as they are so constructed that in the severest weather the frost does not penetrate their cases and freeze their juices, unless in some way their vitality is impaired. There are, however, people in the world who do not believe this, and so give annually time they can badly spare to these futile efforts at insect destruction.

A recent number of the monthly report of the Department of Agriculture tells of some of these faithful people, who will, under no circumstances, give up an old tradition, unless absolutely driven by the most bare-faced facts. These a Missourian provided for them. He lived in a country good for grasshoppers. He got a quantity of earth, had it frozen through and through, and then placed in boxes by the side of a stove. In a few weeks young grasshoppers appeared in abundance.

Still, this fact is no stronger than many we have given; and there will, no doubt, be people who will believe frost will destroy these insects in this way for hundreds of years yet to come. —*Forney's Press.*

Cheese Factory Rules.

Dr. L. L. Wright, of Oneida county, N. Y., sends to the patrons of his factory the following "suggestions for the ensuing year of 1874," which are good for all times and hence are published here and now:

1. Milch cows should have free access at all times to good running water.
2. They should never be heated by being run, stoned or dogged.
3. The utmost cleanliness should be observed in milking, and by no means wet the hands in the milk while milking.
4. No can of milk should stand where it will absorb the barnyard or stable odor, or other scent.
5. The milk should be strained and well aired immediately after having been drawn from the cows.
6. Some arrangement for quickly and effectually cooling it in all times very desirable, and when the milk is kept at home over night, is indispensable.
7. Scalding all vessels used about milk at least once a day with boiling water, and rinsing them with cold water at night, is essential.
8. Keeping the strippings at home is morally and legally as bad as watering.
9. The milk should be sent to the factory as soon after milking as possible.

How to Tell a Goose from a Gander.

In sorting out a flock of geese for home breeding or to make sales, it is often difficult to distinguish the males from the females. An exchange thus delineates the difference:

"The goose has always a feminine appearance and the gander the opposite. Her head is smaller and her beak shorter; knot on forehead smaller and not so pointed; her neck shorter and more delicate; the black streak on back of neck not so high; colored ring around head not so bright; her neck comes out of her body more abruptly (this is occasioned by her having a larger breast than the gander), giving a square appearance to the body. The voice of the gander is keener and louder; coloring around the head more brilliant; eyes keener and always on the lookout. With such marks plain to view, any practical gooseman can readily distinguish one from the other."

An Improvised Hen Coop.

A lady who has a "handy man" in her employ, asked him to make a hen coop for some temporary use. In about five minutes he came round and said he had made one. And so he had. He had taken the hoops all off the end of an empty flour barrel, which had already lost the head from the same end. Then putting the strongest of these hoops inside the staves, and straining them apart, until the ends of the hoop merely lapped a little, he put a tack through the lap and the stave, and with two or three other tacks through the hoop in other places, he had a good, airy coop ready for use.

To Destroy Ants.

There are many ways of destroying ants. The most effective is to find the nest and deluge it with boiling water in the night, when the ants are at home. Other ways are to dip balls made of hay press in sweetened water, and place them around the garden paths or places where they run, and when they have gathered into the balls, to plunge them into hot water, then set the balls again. Ants are fond of sweets, and may be trapped readily in many ways by the use of molasses or sugar.

Grain Weevils.

Barns are not readily freed from weevils on account of the difficulty of reaching all their hiding-places. But granaries are more easily rid of them. The walls and floors should be washed with boiling water or potash lye, and every crack thoroughly explored with a stiff broom dipped in it. The walls should be whitewashed with a thick coat, put on while hot. The windows should be covered with fine wire gauze to keep out all insects.

Grandma.

She is lying fast asleep
In her Sunday cap and gown;
Bells are tolling loud and deep,
In the town.
Sunny field and sunny wood,
Are so quiet and so fair,
That the bells seem almost rude,
Echoing there.

Overhead is naught but blue;
All so still that Jem and I
Wonder if 'tis Sunday, too,
In the sky.
Circled near us, hushed and bowed,
Hearing prayer, the neighbors stand,
Jem and I creep through the crowd,
Hand in hand;

And we hear the pastor say,
With raised eyes and earnest face,
"Death, like sunshine, floods our way
With God's grace."
Grandma does not hear, or stir—
Only lies there with a smile;
Nothing seems to trouble her,
For the while.

Her grey hair is smoothed away
Underneath her cap's starched band,
And she holds a white bouquet
In her hand.
After song and prayer are done,
She is shut from warmth and light,
Carried forth through shade and sun,
Out of sight.

Jem and I would follow her,
But the pastor tenderly
Lifts us, while the bells yet stir,
To his knees;
Comforts us with words of cheer:
"Little ones, you must not cry;
You can go to her from here,
If you try."

And Jem whispers very low,
As the pastor turns away,
"Did he say that we might go
Any day?
Well—you see the road they took—
Heaven is pretty near I know;
Get your hat from off the hook,
And we'll go."

A QUIET HOUSE.

"Dear me!" sighed Mr. Turmoyle, as a burst of shrill, childish laughter sounded from the nursery down the hall-stairs and into the sitting room, where he was making out some accounts. "I wish those children ever would be quiet! Ain't it bed time Tillie?"

"They are probably undressing," Mrs. Turmoyle replied, quietly. "I will go up and see if they are ready for bed."

"Do keep them quiet until they are!"

There was an interval of profound silence, and in about half an hour the mother returned.

"They are all asleep now," she said. "Tom had dressed the kitten in Bessie's doll's clothes."

The accounts finished, Mr. Turmoyle leaned back in his chair.

"I wish you had some management with those children, Tillie," he said. "I went over to Stone's on business last evening, and you would have not known there was a child in the house. And Stone has five, while we have only three."

"Perhaps they were abed."

"They were all in the next room," was the triumphant reply. "Stone is proud of them, and well he may be. There is Willie, just the age of our Tom, studying Latin instead of dressing kittens in doll's clothes. And Amy, who will not be three years old for three months, reads well, and knows the multiplication table through! Look at our young savages!"

"They are getting along well at school, dear. I think Mark is too young yet to study. The others did not go to school till they were five."

"And Tom just manages to write a decent letter at twelve, while Willie is at Latin grammar. And as for manners, why Tom will make more noise alone, than Stone's five, all put together."

"Mrs. Turmoyle, being a woman of sense, did not continue the argument, but mentally resolved to see Mrs. Stone the next day, and talk with her about the wonderful secret of having five children and a quiet house.

"I am sure I can't do it!" the gentle loving mother thought, with a sigh.

Seated the next morning in close conversation, the ladies presented a contrast as marked as the atmosphere of their houses. The tiny blue-eyed little woman, who had no heart to suppress Tom's merry whistle, or Bessie's silvery laugh, had left a home where constant care only secured cleanliness, and where childish disorder was manifest everywhere but in the best parlor. She looked at the tall, dark-haired matron opposite her, noted the exquisite morning dress, faced with light silk, spotless and unrumpled, and thought regretfully of the marks of ten chubby fingers upon her own, printed there when her boy baby, her darling Mark, had just succeeded in forcing a piece of his "sweetest candy" into mamma's mouth. She noted the dainty order of the sitting-room, where every chair stood primly in its appointed place, and not even a thread rested upon the carpet, and remembered Mark's stable made for his 'spress cart and horses under the lounge, and Bessie's "keep-house," the lower shelf of the bookcase. Visions haunted her also of snippings of paper, bits of string, and odds and ends of doll's finery, upon the table.

Drifting from one scrap of matronly talk to another, the ladies came naturally to the care and management of children, and Mrs. Turmoyle complimented her neighbor upon the appearance of her house and the proficiency of the little ones.

"I cannot understand how you accomplish it," she said, frankly.

"By system," was the reply. "The education of my children begins, I may say, in their cradles. As soon as they can walk they have their own proper place in the room, and are trained to perfect silence when older persons are present."

Mrs. Turmoyle thought of the noisy chorus of shouts, the eager recital of the day's pleasures or accidents that greeted papa, aunties or uncles in her own nursery, and wondered if Tom, Bessie and Mark could be trained to sit quict in one place for hours at a time.

"At two years of age I teach my children their letters, and after that they are sent to school. All of them were entered at three years of age at a private school, and at five at a public one. In the intervals of school hours my boys have geographical puzzles, spelling games, and problems, and my girls are taught sewing."

"But when do they play?"

"Their puzzles and games are sufficient amusement for the boys, and I allow the girls to cut and fit clothes for a large wax doll."

"But do they have any hours for running, balls, kites and out-door play?"

"I disapprove entirely of out-door play. It ruins clothing, and makes children rude. They have out-door exercise in a long walk to and from school."

As she spoke the hall-door opened quietly, and a fall of soft footsteps crossed the hall to the dining-room door. Five children, three girls and two boys, came in with languid footsteps, and with pale faces, from which all childishness seemed stricken. Spotlessly clean, with shiny hair and polished boots, they followed in orderly fashion the lead of the eldest, who stood before his mother, waiting for permission to speak.

"Well, my son?" she said, quietly.

"There is no school this afternoon. The senior class is to be examined," he said, wearily.

"No school! Very well, I will set you some sums after dinner, and find you some words to study in the dictionary."

Silently the five sat down until the visitor departed, uncomfortably conscious of ten weary eyes, and five pallid, pinched faces.

Crossing her own doorway, Mrs. Turmoyle was greeted by a merry duet.

"No school! No school!"

Then the tenor solo.

"Won't you make some bobs for my kite, mamma? There's a splendid wind!"

Followed by a sweet soprano.

"And Oh, mamma, you promised the first holiday you would trim my doll's bonnet."

"I' ant a kite, too!" struck in Mark.

"Oh, let me get my breath!" cried the little woman. "Where is your hat, Tom?"

"Oh, I forgot," Tom said, sweeping it off in a profound bow. "Here, take this chair, and let me take your bonnet and sacque up stairs. You are tired. Never mind the bobs, if you are very tired."

"I'll help make them," said Bessie, "And I'll go watch Tom, mamma, if you don't feel like making the bonnet."

"We'll see, after dinner," said Mrs. Turmoyle, looking from one rosy face to the other, marking the sturdy limbs and dancing eyes. To be sure, the hair of all three must be reduced from a state of rebellion before they were presentable at table, and soap and water were pleasant suggestions in the maternal eyes. There was perfect health and happiness, if the voices were shrill and the boots noisy.

"I've been to see Mrs. Stone," she said, when, washed and combed, her children gathered around her to wait for pappa and dinner, "and I wondered if I could make my children as quiet and as orderly as hers are!"

"Willie Stone is a milksop!" said Tom, contemptuously, "always crying because his head aches. He can't play anything, and daren't move for fear of spoiling his clothes! Wouldn't play foot-ball for fear he would get dust on his boots. There's a nice boy for you! He might just as well be a girl at once.

"And, mother, the teacher had to write a note to Mrs. Stone the day John Gray spilled the ink on Maude's apron. She was so afraid to go home, it was awful. She said her mother would whip her, and keep her upon bread and water for a whole day. Mrs. Lee told her to say it was not her fault, but she said her mother would not believe her."

"Dinner! And here comes papa!" cried Tom.

Mr. Turmoyle came in with a very grave face. He made no comment upon the boisterous announcement of the holiday, but stopped to kiss the rosy faces with unwonted tenderness. After dinner he sent the children to the nursery, and said to his wife, who had anxiously watched his clouded face:

"Tillie, I met Dr. Holmes on my way home, and he tells me there have been three cases of scarlet fever from the school. It is raging fearfully, he says."

Mrs. Turmoyle turned very pale.

"In the school!" she murmured.

"Well, among the scholars."

There was little more to say, but the heart of each parent sent up a petition to a kind Heavenly Father to keep the plague from their door.

Yet it came. A week later Mark sickened, and in three days more all three were down. Tenderest nursing, loving care, and an unexpected docility of patients, brought the little Turmoyles safely out upon the road to health again. The most nauseous medicines were swallowed if "mamma" coaxed, and the most stringent rules were observed when papa was discovered to have tears in his eyes at Bessie's crib.

The day the children assembled in the sitting room for the first tea-drinking, was a gala day; but papa was observed to have a sad face.

"While we are thankful, dear children," he said, "for our own blessings, let us not forget to sympathize with the sorrows of others. Willie and Maude Stone were buried to-day, and Amy will be deaf for life. The others are still very ill!"

At bed-time, when the children slept the sound sleep of convalescence, Mr. Turmoyle came to the nursery where his little blue-eyed wife was laying out the morning's clean clothing.

"Tillie," he said, drawing the little woman close in his strong arms, "I had a long talk with Dr. Holmes today, and I cannot rest till I thank you for our unbroken nursery to-night. Next to God you have saved the children."

"I am sure you never spared yourself in nursing," said Mrs. Turmoyle.

"The nursing was the smallest part of it. Dr. Holmes says it was not scarlet fever that killed Stone's children, but their mother's 'system.' The fever found overtaxed brains, bodies weakened by want of exercise, tempers made sullen by a deprivation of all childish pleasure. They were nursed by 'system,' no allowances made for suffering or weakness; and the two that are gone but precede the two now dangerously ill. If they recover from the fever they will never reach maturity unless their mother sees her error. 'You may thank your wife's management for your own children,' the doctor said to me; 'there was something to build on in the sturdy frames of those young savages.'

Mrs. Stone could not see any fault in her system, though little graves attested its weakness. Her children, recovering from the fever, found no relaxation of home rule and listless, pale and dull-eyed, went back to the old routine.

Four years passed away, and Tom left his home for boarding-school, a gentlemanly boy of sixteen well up in his studies, and in perfect health. Driving home from the station, after starting him upon his journey, Mr. and Mrs. Turmoyle passed Mr. Stone's handsome house, prim and spotless, the garden a miracle of order, and no signs of busy little feet on walk or border.

"Poor Stone!" said Mr. Turmoyle, "he frets sadly for Amy."

"It was hard to lose her, the last of five," said Mrs. Turmoyle, "and she such a patient child, after losing her hearing."

"Too patient. There will be no need now of any 'system' in training. Five children, all under the sod: Oh, Tillie! Thank God we have not such a quiet house as the one we have just passed. Thank God for merry voices, clear laughter, noisy feet, and even the crying of our baby May! May he guard and bless our little ones, and give them health, good principles, and happiness, rather than give us the doubtful blessings of a QUIET HOUSE."

Tragedy in Wallachia.

A tragic affair occurred recently at Bucharest, Wallachia, arising out of legal proceedings for recovery of a debt. An old man, a Servian resident, owed a sum of money to a usurer, who, failing to obtain payment of his claim, went to law and obtained a writ against his debtor. When, however, he proceeded to eject the old Servian considerable difficulties "cropped up." The old Servian did not like to be ejected, and endeavored in the first instance to induce his creditor to grant him a respite. His request was ably backed up by his wife and children, but it was made in vain, for the creditor was inexorable. Annoyed at the refusal of his application, the old Servian somewhat hastily plunged a knife into the heart of the usurer, probably intending no harm, but imagining that usurers have no hearts. If the old Servian had simply contented himself with killing the usurer, perhaps little would have been thought of the matter, but unfortunately, on a bystander officially attempting to seize him, the old Servian, still further irritated, gave him also a mortal stab. Here the tragedy would probably have ended, but that the dying bystander, instead of forgiving his assailant in his last moments, was unchristian enough before he died to seize a great log of wood and knock the old Servian's brains out. The bystander then expired, and everybody concerned in the affair being dead, nothing remained to be done but to bury their bodies. The fate of the old Servian has excited general sympathy, and much indignation is expressed at the conduct of the usurer which has led to such deplorable results.

The brewers are substituting picric acid for hops, in their beer, because it is cheaper. It is a poison.

A FOUR-MILE RACE.

It is won by Fellowcraft, Making the Fastest Time ever Recorded in the World.

The present season has developed the fastest time on the race track ever made, and shows that great progress is made in the training of American horses. At the Saratoga course the great four-mile race was won by Fellowcraft, making the fastest time ever made. The race is thus described:

Three horses took part in the race, Wanderer, Fellowcraft, and Katie Pease. At the start Wanderer had a favoring lead, Katie being next to get off, while Fellowcraft seemed to wait to take a long breath. On reaching the first half-mile pole Fellowcraft had passed both his competitors, and was four lengths ahead of Wanderer, who was about the same distance ahead of Katie Pease. As they passed the grand stand at the end of the first mile, Wanderer and Katie were close together, while Fellowcraft was leading them by three lengths. In the second mile there was scarcely a perceptible change of position, and again they dashed past the grand stand in the same order, excepting that Fellowcraft had fallen back a little. Fellowcraft seemed as fresh as at the beginning of the race, and Wanderer showed no signs of fatigue. When about two miles and a quarter had been run, Katie Pease began to show signs of failing strength, and fell to the rear, responding to the efforts of her jockey, by tossing her head and tail impatiently. In the next half-mile Fellowcraft increased his lead to five or six lengths, and Katie Pease was four lengths behind Wanderer; and so the struggle continued, Fellowcraft forcing his pace with giant strides that seemed to defy competition. Turning into the homestretch on the third mile, Wanderer made a gallant effort and lessened the distance between himself and Fellowcraft to three lengths, but it was only a spurt, for in a short time Fellowcraft again increased his lead, and passed the stand after the third mile, four lengths and a half ahead, amid vociferous cheering. Katie Pease was six lengths behind Wanderer.

THE LAST MILE.

The three fleet flyers entered upon the last mile close together, the friends of each being about equally sanguine of success. The contest was watched with intense interest. More than 3,000 persons held French pool tickets, and $100,000 was at stake on the result. Katie Pease gains a little. She is overtaking Wanderer, and such a shout as her backers set up. Now they are running side by side. "Why don't she pass him?" exclaim at least five hundred in hopeful impatience. She gains a little—she is shoving ahead; but she has done her best, and the graceful, spirited, ambitious mare is evidently humbled as Wanderer leaves her to take care of herself. And now the friends of Wanderer, by clapping of hands and other demonstrations, attest the joy of their expectancy. Mean time Fellowcraft is throwing all his energy into his resolve to win the race, and he must do his best, too; for at the quarter-mile before the finish he is only a short length ahead of Wanderer, who is four lengths ahead of Katie Pease.

THE FINISH.

And now they come tearing down the home stretch. Neither of the horses is being urged. The race is too long for that, and yet each one is putting forth his very best efforts. If they were human they could not struggle harder for the victor's crown and reward. With their necks extended to the utmost and tails streaming straight out behind they bounded along the track, their feet seeming scarcely to touch the ground at all, so quick is the spring which sends them like arrows through the air. Katie has fallen at least thirty yards behind, and the struggle is between the two horses. Now Fellowcraft makes a spurt, and a few tremendous strides, just before the finish send him under the wire four lengths ahead of Wanderer, and the winner of the best and quickest four mile race that was ever run in all the world. Time, 7:19¼, beating that of Lexington, Longfellow, Helmbold, and Harry Bassett, and making Mr. W. A. Littell, the owner of the champion, at the close Fellowcraft stopped almost instantly, seemingly thoroughly exhausted. Wanderer was much less knocked up, and Katie Pease was so fresh that she could have beaten both had there been another mile to run. Fellowcraft tickets in the French pools brought $12.50. each.

The Devastation in Action.

The great British ironclad Devastation, recently took part in a mock naval action. A London exchange has the following:

"All the men, from captain to the lowest grade, were under orders to be on board by 9 A. M. At 9:30 the drum beat to quarters, it being understood in the pilot tower, an enemy's ship had been sighted in the distance. The captain took his post within the shell-proof tower, and gave his commands through speaking tubes. The turrets were manned by their full complement of men, 24 to each gun, 11 taking inside and 13 outside position in working each. From the turrets down to the magazines, every trap-hole was manned. On the word being given to 'load guns,' the 700 pound shells were within a minute brought out, hoisted on the pulley carriage, ran down to the gun's mouth, and the gun loaded and run out. The distance from the enemy being given, the gun was raised to the proper level, and discharged within the second minute. The enemy, being supposed to have escaped, bore down on the Devastation, and boats put off to board her. The bugle sounded to arms to repel the boarders, when two-thirds of the men of the crew—comprising 100 men each division—flew to arms, and with swords and guns ran up to the boarding deck, the third division remaining below, to protect the magazines, and as a reserve. The boats being repulsed, it was supposed that the enemy had returned to their guns, and that a shell having burst, had set fire to the Devastation. On this three bells were rung, and the men were ordered to the hose. Four hose were set in operation on the sounding of the bugle, and the forepart of the ship was deluged with water, at the rate of about three tons per minute. The imaginary fire being got under, the bugle sounded to return to posts, the enemy's ship still approaching. The order was next given to 'ram' her. All the men returned to the breastwork deck, and, lying down with their heads forward, prepared for the shock. The imaginary enemy being pierced, the drum again beat to quarters, guns were reloaded, and after backing out from the supposed disabled ship, a broadside of four guns was poured into her. This act was supposed to have destroyed the enemy, and the bugle sounded to secure the guns. On the captain receiving reports that everything was secured, the bugle sounded dismissal."

A Shocking Death.

Later advices relative to the sad death of Mr. James Dickson, of Georgetown, at Fredericksburg, Va., show an instantaneous and horrible death. Mr. Dickson had been for some months visiting a Miss Kate Herkamp, in Fredericksburg, and they were to be married in October next. While returning from a visit with this lady, in a buggy, he handed the reins to her, saying: "Kate, you drive for a while; I feel so sick." She took the reins at once, when he fell forward, his head and the upper portion of his body overlapping the dashboard. The horse, with a loose rein, started off at full speed, kicking high at every jump, each blow taking effect in Dickson's head, the consequence of which was that by the repeated blows his head was made a shapeless mass, and literally scattered in portions along the road for over one hundred yards. Miss Herkamp, in her fright, jumped from the vehicle and was badly injured, and has been in a deranged state of mind ever since.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

The State Prohibition party's convention at Harrisburg, Pa., adopted a radical platform favoring prohibition of the liquor traffic, and nominated a State ticket.....The Independent party of Indiana adopted a platform and nominated a State ticket.....The Judges of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, being equally divided in the case of Mrs. Fanny E. Savage against the Traveler's Insurance Company, the former decision of the Supreme Court awarding $5,000 to the plantiff, stands. This was a case of some importance. The company tried to show that Jesse L. Savage committed suicide in 1870, whereas he was probably murdered. His policy was $5,000, and his widow sued for $6,000.....Three citizens, named Conrad, Hughes, and Shropshire, of Arkansas, lost some horses. A trip to the Texas and Missouri borders developed that Bill Harris, a well-known desperado had stolen the animals. Harris was found secreted in a cornfield, and Randolph Harris, and Robert Skidmore, his accomplices, were also taken. They were escorted to Roseville, Sarber county, and placed in the town prison, guarded by eight men. About midnight the citizens of Roseville were aroused by a terrific volley of pistols and guns, some one hundred and fifty weapons being discharged. Hastening to the prison, it was found to be empty of its inmates, and none of the guards hurt. Mrs. Harris, wife of Bill, who had stayed by her husband during the night, was weeping. Morning dispelled the mystery. To a single limb of a tree, about one mile and a half from Roseville, Bill Harris, Randolph Harris, and Robert Skidmore were found hanging.

The following additional nominations for members of the U. S. Congress have been made: Gen. James A. Garfield has been renominated; G. D. Whitman, by the Anti-Monopoly Convention, Indianola, Iowa; J. H. Pickerell, by the Independent Reform Convention, Toledo, Iowa; A. E. Stevenson, by the Independent Reform Convention, Lincoln, Ill.; W. B. Anderson, by the Ninth Illinois District Independent Convention; Judge New by the Democrats of the Fourth District of Indiana; Philo Clark, by the Democrats of the Second District of Maine; Isaac Clements, by the Republicans of the Eighteenth District of Illinois.....T. J. Casson, by the Republicans of the Ninth District of Indiana; J. D. C. Atkins, by the Democrats of the Eighth District of Tennessee; Jere Haralson, colored, by the Radical Convention in Selma, Ala., on the 259th ballot; John Robinson, of Union county, by the Republicans of the Ninth Ohio District; S. W. Haywood, by the Democrats and Liberals of the Tenth Indiana District. The Hon. E. H. Hoar has declined to be a candidate from the Seventh District of Massachusetts..... The Cheyennes, Kiowas, and Comanches, seeing the preparations for war by the troops, have asked for peace.....Miss Jessie Pierce, Herbert Folts, and George Demond., of East Boston, were drowned at Centre Harbor, N. H., while bathing..... The men who went to Austin, returned, satisfied that the Austin riot was almost as much a fiasco as that at Somerville, and that the reports from there had been much exaggerated. During the entire disturbance only one negro was killed, and no white man even wounded. Only one store was sacked by the negroes during the time they had possession of the place. Seventeen of the leaders, or rather more boisterous ones, were arrested and confined in jail to await trial.....The statement telegraphed to the Chicago *Tribune* about the Pawnees having skinned a man alive near West Point, cannot be traced to any source beyond a country paper published at Fremont. Arrivals from West Point say it is a mere rumor, lacking confirmation.

The New York State Temperance Convention have called a convention of the temperance voters of the State who have not co-operated with a third party movement, to meet at Utica, September 23, at ten o'clock, A. M. It is to be composed of three delegates from each Assembly district.....At Saratoga, Gray Planet, Mr. Belmont's horse, made a mile in 1:46¼, the best time on record for a running horse..... A party of Spanish guerrillas, while reconnoitring in the mountains near Sancti Espiritus, encountered a band of twenty insurgents. A fight ensued, in which four of the insurgents were killed including Lieutenant-Colonel Manuel Sanchez..... A general improvement in the New England corn crop is reported during the last month.....Spain is about to put into execution the decree for the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico..... One hundred Mennonite families from Russia passed through Berlin on their way to the United States..... Marshal Bazaine is going to Brussels to live. France will make no demand for his extradition.....William Price, a mining boss in Gilroy, was sent on a search for Tom Collins. He was told that the noted myth had accused him of robbery, and the joke was so successful that he carried a revolver ready for shooting when he should meet the defamer. The wild goose chase was kept up all day, and at last he was told in a saloon that Collins had just gone into the back yard. At this time he became so excited that he unintentionally pulled the trigger and shot himself fatally..... The Democrats of the Ninth Congressional district of Tennessee have nominated W. H. Caldwell, of Weakley county, for Congress.

A special dispatch from a correspondent at Sioux City confirms the report of the finding of gold at the Black Hills, and says that the miners think the precious metal will be found in large quantities. Spotted Tail thinks the Custer expedition in violation of the Indian treaty, but is not disposed to fight about it. Bishop Hare thinks the Government will have the trouble of buying the lands of the Indians .....*Le Soir* reports that the investigation into the circumstances of Bazaine's escape shows that the director of the prisoner is gravely implicated, while the other officials are exonerated. The Milanese journals say that Bazaine has passed through that city on his way to the Chateau d'Ardemberg, Switzerland, the residence of the Empress Eugenie..... The bathing party who met with such a sad fate at Centre Harbor, N. H., was composed of six persons, three ladies and three gentlemen. Two ladies and one gentleman were saved, viz.: Miss Jessie Coe, Miss Lina Coe, and John Pierce. The others were lost.

A terrible attempt at double murder was made at Guelph, Ontario. A man named Hazel threatened to shoot his daughter, a girl of sixteen, if he found her again in male company. Being informed that she was with a man, he went out and shot the man and girl whom he supposed he was in search of, inflicting probably fatal wounds. On reaching them, however, he discovered to his horror that they were not the guilty pair, but another man named Hurley in company with a girl named Mary Calvin. Hazel then fled, and has not since been captured.....A shocking murder accompanied by torture, was perpetrated in Colfax county, Nebraska. A number of Indians, supposed to be Pawnees, camped near a homesteader's cabin, and two squaws went in search for food. They came to the house when the man was absent and went through it, in spite of the wife's remonstrances. Finally they attempted to take away the family provisions, to which the wife objected. The two squaws beat her over the head. Just then the husband came in, and seeing his wife wounded, took his gun and shot one of the squaws. The other squaw ran to the Indian camp and reported what had been done. Twelve of the Indians then entered the house, captured the homesteader, skinned him, cut his hands off and his heart out. This was done in the presence of his wife.

The Attorney-General of Arkansas has decided that it is the duty of the State Treasurer to recognize the Convention ordinance directing him to pay out of the sinking and school funds the money necessary to run the State Government with.....Ten thousand people are annually punished in England for violating the game laws, and there is a cry for reform .....Balances in the U. S. Treasury: Currency, $15,872,105; special deposits of legal tenders for the redemption of certificates of deposit, $59,970,000; coin, $70,648,700; including $31,894,000 in coin certificates; outstanding legal tenders, $382,000,000.....The Kentucky tobacco crop of 1874 is expected to be only 13 per cent. of the average annual yield.....The number of cases of small-pox in New York last week was twenty-three, against thirty-five for the previous week, a fact which does not by any means indicate that there need be fears of an epidemic.....At a recent election in the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, I. T. Coleman Cole was elected Governor of the Chectaws and Frank Overton Governor of the Chickasaws. This is regarded as a triumph of progressive principles..... The recognition of the Spanish Republic by England, France and Austria is officially promulgated.

The Tennessee Democratic State Convention at Nashville, passed resolutions favoring a revenue tariff and declaring that the credit of the State must be maintained at any cost. Judge Porter was nominated for Governor.... The Democrats of the Twelfth Pennsylvania District have nominated the Hon. Hendrick B. Wright for Congress.....The Democrats of the Fifth District of Vermont nominated Homer W. Heaten, of Montpelier for Congress. .....M. A. Candler, of De Kalb county, Ga., was nominated for Congress on the eighth ballot.....Oliver Curtis, while shooting at a dog near Dr. Berryman's farm at Corona Park, N. J., accidentally shot Laura Hutton, aged 5 years. The wound is fatal.....The son of Giles Roberts, of Ottawa, Ill., was bitten by a mad dog. A mad stone was applied to the bite, adhering closely. It was removed several times and placed in warm water, when a greenish scum would arise, until at last the stone would no longer adhere to the wound, no more scum would arise, and the poison was believed to be all extracted..... Five young men got off the train at Peekskill, N. Y., and hired Mr. Osborne, a boat builder, to take them to the steamer Wyoming. They urged Osborne to row up alongside the barge and put them on board. He did so, and his boat was struck by a fender on the barge and upset, and all were thrown into the water. A lad named James Kade, who was towing behind the Wyoming in a small boat, cut his boat loose and hurried to the rescue. He succeeded in saving Mr. Osborne and one of the young men. He says he saw two of the young men drown, being unable to reach them. The steamer did not stop, but moved on down the river. The excursion steamer was from Yonkers. The boy Kane says the struggles of the young men in the water were terrible to behold.....U. S. Secretary Fish declares that the story of a proposed cession of Porto Rico to Germany is without foundation and that the alleged dispatches are forgeries.

The Texas Legislature has passed an act granting a pension of $150 a year to the survivors of the revolution which separated Texas from Mexico, and $150 to such as are disabled by loss of sight or limb; the pension to be paid only to such as have not sufficient property for their support without the aid of the pension.....John Conway, a licensed vender, with his partner, John De Neyes, peddled peaches in Brooklyn. De Neyes in sport threw a peach at Conway, who was sitting on the wagon. It struck him in the eye, and from the pain and shock Conway lost his balance and fell to the pavement, fracturing his skull. .....A bold attempt was made to rob the National Bank at Ansonia, Conn. Five masked burglars surprised and overpowered John Buckley, the watchman, while he was eating his lunch in the boiler room of a factory adjoining the bank, and after chaining him to a steam-pipe took the keys of the bank from his pocket and entered at a rear door. A small orifice in the stone vault was made by nitro glycerine, but the safe could not be reached, and the burglars left at 4 o'clock on a hand car, going down the Naugatuck road, and afterward took the 5:30 A. M., train to New York. There were only about $8,000 in the safe at the time. A number of jimmies and a bottle of nitro-glycerine were found near the bank. .....Eldridge W. Reed, convicted last term in Bangor, Me., of murder in the second degree, for the killing of John Ray at Medway in 1871, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life.....The reported duel in St. James parish, New Orleans, between Dr. Charles Gray and Deputy Sheriff Richards, is confirmed. They fought with revolvers at a distance of fifteen paces. Both fell at the third fire, and both expired in a few minutes.

Much solicitude is felt for the safety of the Austrian Polar Expedition, which has now been absent two years without having been heard from.... The dependence of France and England on foreign grain is materially lessened.... The managers of the great Chicago Exposition are very much encouraged at the prospects of the approaching exhibition. .....A large number of settlers have been rendered destitute by the recent disastrous storm in the country around Quebec..... The town of Austin, Nev., was badly flooded by a cloud burst. No lives were lost .....A man has been arrested in Roubaix, France, for shocking cruelty. On searching his house the police found his two children, aged nine and five years, chained by their necks to the wall of an inner room. There was a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water near them. They were in a miserable condition, having been thus confined for some time..... The Pennsylvania Republican State Convention adopted resolutions claiming to be in favor of honest government, presented Governor Hartranft as a candidate for the Presidency in 1876, and voted down a resolution indorsing General Grant for a third term..... The Chinese Government has given Japan ninety days to withdraw its troops from the island of Formosa. In the mean time China is making extensive preparations for war with Japan, which, it is generally believed, will ensue.....It is reported that 700 ships, of 1,200 tons each, will be required to carry California's surplus grain crop to Europe.....An Italian, respectably dressed, was found in Bedford avenue, near Hayward street, with his throat cut and his body gashed with hideous stab wounds. He barely lived until he was taken to the Sixth Sub-Precinct Station. On his body being searched, a watch and chain, $25 in money, and three rings were found on his person. It turns out that the man was one of a gang of Italian counterfeiters, and that he was murdered by his comrades, the cause being fear that he would divulge their nefarious work.....John T. Morris, Deputy Sheriff of Collins County, Texas, writes a letter to the *Evening Dispatch*, stating he killed a notorious character named Ames H. Reed, in Lamar County, Texas. Before dying Reed stated he was the leader of the band that committed the Iowa and Gad's Hill, Mo., train robberies, the Ste. Genevieve, Mo., bank robbery, and also asserted he robbed the Hot Springs, Ark., and Austin, Texas, stages, and had committed several similar robberies in Arizona, Nevada, California, and Oregon. He would not give the names of any of his confederates, but declared positively that neither Arthur McCoy, nor the younger of the James brothers had anything to do with these robberies.

Love and Law.

The Montpelier *Argus* gives the following as among the stories related by Judge C. K. Field at the centennial celebration at New Fane, Vt.: "By a strange perversion of legal principles, it was supposed by our ancestors that whoever married a widow who was administratrix upon the estate of her deceased husband, represented insolvent, and should thereby possess himself of any property or thing purchased by the deceased husband, would become an executor *de son tort*, and would thereby make himself liable to answer for the goods of his predecessor. Major Moses Joy became enamored of Mrs. Hannah Ward, widow of William Ward, who died in 1788, leaving an insolvent estate, of which Mrs. Ward was administratrix. To avoid the unpleasant penalties of the law, on the morning of her marriage with Major Joy, Mrs. Ward placed herself in a closet with a tire-woman, who stripped her of all her clothing, and when in a perfectly nude state she thrust her fair, round arm through a diamond hole in the door of the closet, the gallant Major clasped the hand of the buxom widow, and was married in due form by the jolliest parson in Vermont. At the close of the ceremony the tire-woman dressed the bride in a complete wardrobe which the Major had provided and caused to be deposited in the closet at the commencement of the ceremony. She came out elegantly dressed in silk, satin, and lace, and there was kissing all around."

THE CIRCUS.—Says Barnum to the Boston interviewer: "Last year I visited the big towns with the circus. Next year I shall have two sets of tents and fixtures, two sets of men, and travel by railroad. It will cost from $6,000 to $7,000 per day to do so, but it shall be done. While the exhibition is going on in one locality, my men will be engaged in the work of putting up the duplicate tent in another, and it will be only necessary to transport the performers and horses by railroad, leaving behind a force to take down the first tent and carry it further along the route ready to receive the exhibition again."

A diminutive hoodlum was arrested in San Francisco the other day, and on being searched, panned out one large-sized revolver, a box of cartridges, a seven-inch bowie knife, a paper of tobacco and a roll of cigarettes.

California's Biggest Nugget.

How much we owe to California! Her precious metals have enriched th