FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Facts About Potato Beetles.

The potato beetle remains in the ground all winter, emerges from it in the spring in a perfect state, fully grown and ready for procreation. During the day, it remains upon the potato plant and does not fly till night, when it traverses whole fields and whole sections of country, the males in search of the females, and *vice versa*. The beetle does not eat, and so does no immediate harm. The eggs are laid on the under side of the leaves, in patches about an inch square, and are a golden yellow color. In a few days the young soft grubs are hatched, are ravenously hungry, have but slight hold of the foliage, and are easily knocked off. They have but slight ability to travel on the surface of the soil, and never descend to it voluntarily, until they have reached the perfect slug state, when their natural instinct prompts them to seek the earth, into which they burrow, form a cocoon, and in due time emerge full grown beetles, ready to begin a new colony. This series of changes takes place from two to four times in a season, controlled by its length, warmth, etc. In the last change they remain dormant throughout the winter, merely because the temperature is too low to perfect the insects. It is therefore probable that, if they ever reach a tropical climate, their transmigration will be uninterrupted.

Reasoning from these facts, we arrive at the following, which are borne out by actual experience: Any mode of destroying the beetle, practiced by a farmer here and there, is only lost time, as the nightly flight of the sexes in search of each other is sure to supply local fields from the others in the neighborhood, the sense of smell being probably the insect's guide to the nearest plant, and to the general rendezvous. If extirpation of the beetle is determined upon, it must be general and simultaneous. The great difficulty of accomplishing this is insuperable. Therefore let the beetle alone. Beetles, however, produce slugs, and slugs in their turn produce beetles. Slugs do not migrate, are easily dislodged, must eat, and are therefore at our mercy in at least two ways. If they are knocked off the plants in the middle of a dry hot day, and ground into the hot soil (say by a harrow or any similar means), they perish; and if the leaves are rendered, by any external application, unfit for their food, they starve.

An experience of six years has satisfied me that the slug state is the only vulnerable one, and either of the two modes of warfare indicated above is probably successful. They feed indiscriminately on all the *solanaceæ*. They are not poisonous, cannot bite or sting a human being, need not be a terror to any; and to conquer them, it is only necessary to attack them in a calm, cool, intelligent, business like manner.—*S. R. M., in Scientific Farmer.*

Questions and Answers.

Is there any speedy remedy for hop lice?

Sprinkling with ice water, according to one farmer's testimony, will quickly clear a hop vine of this pest. Cold rain always lessens their numbers, though a warm rain will increase them.

Are sunflower seeds ever fed to horses?

Yes, and are healthy feed for them in winter and spring, keeping them spirited and with sleek coats. One-half pint per day is the amount usually given, and it is claimed by some that these seeds prevent heaves and other diseases.

How about red pepper for poulty?

It has often been recommended in the club as beneficial in poultry yards.

What is the usual allowance of grain per head for hens for a year?

The consumption of grain by hens is estimated at from one to two bushels a year per head, according to the range given the fowls; as for instance, hens having through the summer a wide range would require only one bushel, while those confined during the entire year to narrow limits would probably consume two bushels. On a general average one bushel and a half would be a sufficient allowance of corn or mixed grain for one hen. In return for this outlay a good breed of fowl will, if well cared for, produce at least 175 eggs per annum.

How much paris green is required per acre for exterminating the potato bug, and how can it best be applied?

One pound of paris green is enough for six acres of potatoes for one season. One tablespoonful in a bucket of water is about the usual proportion; this sprinkled over the tops of the vines through a common sprinkling pot is the proper way of applying. A small patch can be sprinkled with a little whisk broom. Two or three doses usually do the work. Paris green can also be mixed with flour or plaster, and dusted on the leaves. Chemists have decided that this poison does not affect the tubers. The small quantity advised kills the bugs as readily as if more were to be used. Be sure and get a good quality of paris green.

What can be done to keep roots from rambling?

Lift them while the trees are young, and shorten them if necessary a few times; this will bring them into forming fibery roots near the trunk of the tree.

Farm Notes.

An editor possessed of common modesty and sense, sitting at his table year in and year out, would scarcely undertake to instruct a farmer who is in the fields every day in the details of the business of farming; but in his general reading and study he catches ideas and hints which are often of great value to some of his readers.

If farmers would avoid suddenly cooling the body after great exertion, if they would be careful not to go with wet clothing and wet feet, and if they would not overeat when in an exhausted condition, and bathe daily, using much friction, they would have less rheumatism.

As much as I detest being in debt, says a writer, I would not hesitate to recommend a young man to run in debt moderately for a farm, if he loves the occupation, and who has a wife who does not mind living on a farm; for I think with these requisites, if he be cautious and frugal for a few years, he will be better off and take more comfort on a farm than in a city.

Two acres out of one hundred in wheat in California are put in by drilling, while in Oregon there are ninteen acres, in New York, Indiana and Michigan each fifty, in Ohio sixty, and in Pennsylvania and Illinois each seventy acres. The gain by drilling, as compared with broadcast sowing, is put down for the Eastern States mentioned at from one-tenth to one-fifth.

We have had the chance to test this season the following early peaches, all grown within sixty miles of each other, and for earliness we believe them to stand as follows: Downing; Saunders; Alexander; Musser; Amsden; Beatrice; Wilder; Hale's Early. We believe these will ripen in the order named if growing all near each other. As to quality, we would put first No. 4; then as follows in order, Nos. 3, 2, 1, 6, 7. In size we should put the numbers in the following order: 7, 4, 3, 2, 1, 6.

About Boiling Eggs.

There is an objection to the common way of boiling eggs which people do not understand. It is this: The white under three minutes' rapid cooking becomes tough and indigestible, while the yolk is left out. When properly cooked, eggs are done evenly through like any other food. This result may be obtained by putting the eggs into a dish with a cover, as a tin pail, and then pouring upon them boiling water, two quarts or more to a dozen eggs, and cover and set them away from the stove for fifteen minutes. The heat of the water cooks the eggs slowly and evenly and sufficiently, and to a jelly-like consistency, leaving the center or yolk harder than the white, and the egg tastes as much richer as a fresh egg is nicer than a stale egg, and no person will want to eat them boiled after trying this method once.

Under the Wagon.

"Come, wife," says good old Farmer Gray,
"Put on your things; 'tis market day;
Let's be off to the nearest town—
There and back ere the sun goes down.
Spot! No, we'll leave old Spot behind."
But Spot he barked and Spot he whined,
And soon made up his doggish mind
To steal away under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace,
And joy came into the farmer's face.
"Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come,
But I'm very glad he's left at home.
He'll guard the barn and guard the cot,
And keep the cattle out of the lot."
"I'm not so sure of that," growled Spot,
The little dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold
And got his pay in yellow gold,
Then started home, just after dark—
Home, through the lonely forest. Hark!
A robber springs from behind a tree;
"Your money or else your life!" said he.
The moon was out, yet he didn't see
The little dog under the wagon.

Old Spot he barked, old Spot he whined,
And Spot he grabbed the thief behind
And dragged him down in mud and dirt.
He tore his coat and tore his shirt;
He held him with a whisk and bound,
And he couldn't rise from the miry ground;
While his legs and arms the farmer bound
And tumbled him into the wagon.

Old Spot he saved the farmer's life,
The farmer's money, the farmer's wife;
And now a hero, grand and gay,
A silver collar he wears to-day;
And everywhere his master goes,
Among his friends, among his foes,
He follows upon his horny toes,
The little dog under the wagon!

AFTER MANY DAYS.

An old man lay in the little chamber off the best room of Abram Linmar's unpretentious farmhouse, listening half unconscious to the sound of voices, now in stern demand, again in humble pleading and protestation. His long gray hair and beard swept the snowy linen of the pillows, against which his bronzed, sunken face seemed darker and more hollow; his bony fingers beat the coverlid in anger and sympathy, as his ear followed the words of the speakers, and a glitter sparkled in his eyes, which had, for five weary weeks, been glazed and dulled with fever.

"I wish they'd come in," he muttered to himself; "I want to know all about it; I was asleep at the first and can't guess how it begun, but it is evident the good people of this house are in deep trouble."

He had hardly ceased when the door of the apartment opened and Dame Linmar stepped in with the noiseless foot of the anxious nurse. Seeing that her patient was awake and was looking eagerly and inquiringly at her, she approached the bedside and spoke to him in a voice as sad and mournfulas sorrow can train a woman's tones to be.

"Awake, sir! Has the talking in the other room disturbed you?"

"It has not broken my rest, but what I have heard has disturbed my mind. What is it? I only know that somebody gives you till next Monday morning to leave this comfortable home."

"It is about a mortgage, sir. But here comes my poor, old husband; he will explain it better than I can."

At the word the door opened again and Abram Linmar entered with bowed head and firmly pressed lips.

"He's gone, Janet, and taken the very last grain of hope I nurtured. Not even the memory of the service I rendered him two-and-twenty years ago in saving his life when he was at the mercy of the highwaymen availed anything, and we shall have to leave the roof that has sheltered us so long, doubly dear to me as the work of my own hands and the scene of genial associations."

"Farmer Linmar, excuse the impertinence of my curiosity," said the low voice of the invalid, "I know a little of your trouble. May I ask how all?"

"Alas, sir," replied the hopeless host, "the story is short as our future stay within these walls will be brief. Five years ago my son in New York, being embarrassed, I borrowed from my next neighbor, a very wealthy man, the sum of eight thousand dollars and gave him a mortgage on this—my farm of one hundred acres. Instead of gaining relief, my son became more embarrassed, failed utterly, and, from the grief of his disappointment, died. I have paid two thousand of the principal and now tender a third thousand, and beg that my creditor will not proceed to extremities. But I plead to a stone. He acknowledges that for years he has coveted my land, separating, as it does, two parcels of his own, and, indeed, he has made me many offers for it; now that he has the power to compel a sale, he swears that he will force the matter and outbid any competitor, as he has the means at his command. He says that he offers me in return all the money and interest I have paid to him in consideration of my quietly surrendering possession, and I suppose I must. There's no other way."

"And I have been a charge on you in such dire extremity," said the sick man, feebly; "it would have been better for you to have left me to die by the roadside, broken down and fever parched, where you found me. Many a precious dollar you must have parted with in my long illness for physicians and their nostrums. I am too weak to even thank you properly."

"Say not so. The little you have had in money or attendance will never help to impoverish us. It was bread cast upon the waters and it will return." The good farmer said this almost cheerfully, for he reflected how much better off at worst he and his dame and daughter Marian were, than the homeless, friendless old man who lay in his care.

"After many days; after many days," continued the sick man, finishing the promise. "But I am afraid, farmer, that neither you nor I will live till it comes back."

"Why, don't talk so, sir," broke in Dame Linmar, "it's been a real comfort for us to do the little we could for you. We are only paying a debt we owe. Our boy died away from home among strangers, and they were good and kind to him when things were so bad that he would not let us know, fearing our great distress; the kindness he got from strangers we are glad to pay back in installments."

"Would that I could aid you, as I have read of men apparently poor and helpless doing for those who have succored or shown kindness to them, but my poverty is no disguise. I am poor, indeed; absolutely without a dollar or a friend in the world. Coming this way I was only wandering in search of death to avoid the almshouse, and it grieves me that I should have fallen where I am so heavy and unfortunate a charge."

"Say no more, sir, or you will take from our performance all the merit which attaches to it," said the farmer; "we would be in worse need than you if we would afford so little relief grudgingly or withhold it."

"You speak like one who knows man's constant dependence, even in his highest fortune. But you have not yet told me who is this inexorable creditor. Tell me, that I may correct good report, if such a lie comes to my ears."

"He is rich, respected and of excellent repute. His name is Asahel Pencost."

No stimulant could have so strengthened the weak muscles of the invalid as the simple pronouncing of that name did. He rose to his elbow, his deep set eyes glowing with the fire of excitement.

"Asabel Pencost," he repeated; "do you know where he came from?"

"Yes. He settled in these parts nearly forty years ago, coming from near old Gloucester in Massachusetts, I've heard say, though information on that point is not very definite."

"How old a man is he? Was he married when he came here."

"He is about seventy years of age; he brought a wife and one son with him, but his wife died and he married again." It was the dame, true to her woman's instincts, who was readiest when neighborly news were asked or asking.

"Yes! yes!" eagerly continued the sick man, "and the son—what became of him?"

"He quarreled with his stern father, Asahel Pencost, some say, and went away over twenty years ago, and has not been heard from since;" replied Mrs. Linmar. "He was too gentle and true a lad, though, to have been born of such a father."

"Triumph and defeat in a single breath," murmured the invalid, sinking back.

Presently he revived and said to the farmer, slowly, yet with firm accent:

"You need not concern yourself further. What county is this?"

"Wayne."

"Then you have the ablest man in Wayne county to help you for your debtor. I said just now I was the poorest; I was mistaken. When Asahel Pencost comes on Monday to seize your farm, tell him that Marcus Whitney is your security for further discharge of the mortgage and warn him to accept whatever terms are proposed."

Monday morning came, and with it Asahel Pencost, a deputy sheriff and a serving man. Farmer Linmar and his wife had spent an uneasy interval, notwithstanding the assurance of their involuntary guest; and every attempt they had made in their quiet, unobtrusive way to gain insight into the reason of the stranger's confidence had been met with evasion too patent to be further questioned. The first they knew of the old man's name was when he called himself Whitney; of his career, connection with the rich, arogant neighbor Pencost, or his intentions, they were asprofoundly ignorant as before they took him into their troubled confidence. He had been removed from the bed in the little chamber to the old haircloth sofa, which stood between the two windows that lighted the best room, and sat, propped up with pillows, his eyes closed and head thrown forward, while the preliminary demands were made by the creditor previous to turning the business over to the sheriff's officer.

"You can't pay, and won't accede to my most liberal proposition!" exclaimed the great man, with an unctuous and sonorous voice, "then you'll have to take the consequences." Turning to the officer, and waving his hand in a circle that seemed to sweep already with a creditor's grasp the goods and lands of the unfortunate debtor, he said: "Mr. Bimble, you will please to"—

"Wait a minute," said the invalid, sharply, giving a termination not intended to Pencost's invocation. "Please to wait a little, Mr. Bimble, till there is need of your interference."

"And pray, sir, who are you?" demanded Mr. Pencost.

"Security for these good people's debts, and their protection against the avarice, greed, and persecution of Asahel Pencost Whitney, formerly of Little Salem, Massachusetts, who is"—

"Your only brother," interrupted the pale and terror stricken man; "for Heaven's sake, forbear."

"You didn't lose your memory with your name," sneered the invalid, "though your presence of mind forsakes you. You never expected to see me again!"

"I knew you would come some time, sure as death, but not so very soon."

"Soon! Call you eight-and-thirty years soon? You have enjoyed the fruits of wrong doing, fraud—aye, theft—longer than Heaven permits most men to do. I thought I was under its ban not to rise again, when I sunk faint ing into the ditch a mile or so from here, six weeks ago; but now I see I was simply subject to its wise, just, and fortunate decrees. See! Asahel Whitney—calling yourself Pencost—here is a paper bearing your debt in money to me. You took everything I had in the world, and if I can strip you I'll do it. Here is the amount compounded annually at six per cent.; it amounts to two hundred and eighty-six thousand and forty dollars. Can you pay it?"

"Have you no mercy? Will you not hear me?" begged the now humbled man, in tears. "Farmer Linmar, plead you to him to listen to me; he will grant you so much."

"I'll say this much," returned Mr. Linmar, "he that hath no mercy on his fellows will hardly get it in this direct need."

"You almost steel my purpose, while you do dissuade me," said Marcus Whitney. "I need mercy, and I'll show it, though I'm afraid it is misplaced. Thirty-eight years ago, my brother, standing there, was trustee for my portion of our father's estate. I was married and away at sea, my wife and child in his care, as well as the money that had been left to me. I had been gone for five years, during all of which time my letters to my wife were suppressed, and those to me were falsified. When I came back to Little Salem it was to find my family all gone. My wife had been persuaded of my death and married with my brother, who had sold out and gone no one knew where. From that day to this I have wandered up and down in the land seeking my own, till my footsteps were led hither. Another time will do then, traitor, to talk of money reparation. Tell me, now, where is my son?" This demand was made in so earnest a tone that it told of no compromise; that debt, at least, was to be atoned in full.

"I don't know," replied the shrinking man. He recognized that he might be forgiven many of the paltry dollars claimed, but this claim for flesh and blood would not be forgone a jot nor tittle."

"You are telling me true?"

"It is no time to do otherwise now. When we quarreled I told him he was no son of mine, and he swore he would not bear my name; he left, and left no trace to track him by, though I tried hard at the time. Some ten years ago I heard that he had taken his mother's name and was calling himself Lambert Morrison; whether the information was true or not I cannot say; but, true or false, that is the last I have ever heard."

"Go you out into the world and seek my boy till you find him; seek as I sought you, in poverty, hunger, dirt, sorrow and madness, for weary, weary years. Bring him to me only and I'll forgive you every penny that you wronged me of." The father spoke, and, speaking, told the sole object of his life's secret. Money is nothing to a man going down to the grave, but love and kin all.

"Already the bread has returned," said the farmer, detaining Asabel Pencost, who was turning to leave the house. "Your son," he continued, addressing the invalid on the sofa, "is in New York, if Lambert Morrison and the handsome, bright boy Morris Pencost, I remember, be one and the same. Wife, get those letters. It was he who nursed our boy in his last illness and closed his eyes, I might have known it. They were playfellows, and he would not see his friend suffer uncared for, and he had too sorrowful remembrances to allow him to disclose his identity to us in Wayne."

The farmer was right, and within ten days the missing son was clasped in his father's arms and bore the third name of his life, the right one, at last—Lambert Morrison Whitney.

The fall of the proud squire was generally hailed in Wayne, for he was one of those men whose temperament won few friends, and whose station repelled them. He received at his brother's hands enough to yield him a modest income, and busied himself in the indistinguishable throng of the great city. Marcus Whitney lived on in Wayne, and gladly bestowed his benediction on the marriage of his son and Farmer Linmar's only remaining child Marian; that is, she was "child" to the farmer and dame, though turned of twenty-six—and peace and happiness have crowned the succeeding days of the warm hearted people so strangely thrown together.

Captain Kidd.

The famous pirate, Capt. Kidd, frequented Narragansett in the old days, when distillers, slave traders and pirates were numerous. His landing was at the bar on which the south pier was built. His places of resort are still shown, and numerous holes in the ground, made by credulous seekers after his hidden treasure, can be seen in Peacedale and other places. A few years ago a sword hilt was dug up in a field near the pier, on which was engraved the name of Artemas Gould, who was one of Kidd's lieutenants. Twenty-eight of this crew were hanged on one gallows in Newport.

A DRAGON IN COLORADO.

The Strange Story of a Traveler in the Great American Desert.

A correspondent of the Denver *News* says: I was traveling horseback along a stretch of country which, for a long distance, merits the appellation of the Great American desert. As far as the eye could reach not a living thing or object created by the hand of man could be seen. On every side the horizon only bounded the view, and not even where the sky kissed the plain did aught but the scanty prairie grass, already burned to brown under the rays of the fast summering sun, lift itself, dotted here and there by innumerable cacti, from mother earth. Save the quickly recovering thud of my horse's hoofs as he loped over the prairie, not a sound was to be heard, and the stillness was profound.

But the silence and the solitude were not for long. As I was about to seek a place to build a fire and bivouac for the night, suddenly a long trailing form started from the earth, and a queer rumbling cry was borne to my ears upon the western wind. Hardly had the sound died upon the air when an intense trembling seized my horse, and, with extended nostrils and dilated eye, he begun looking on all sides as if to find a way of escape. And now the same strange cry was repeated, and my terrified sight perceived an enormous reptile, half serpent, half quadruped, that was now running, now creeping along the earth, with incredible rapidity. Although my limbs almost refused to perform their office for terror, I had turned mechanically to leap on my horse, notwithstanding that I knew that the pace at which the monster was coming was far faster than that of a horse at full gallop, but the beast had broken away from where I had tied him, and was quickly devouring the earth with rapid feet. Not, however, away from the coming danger.

Although destruction stared me in the face, I almost lost consciousness of my peril in viewing the strange scene that followed. As soon as the terrible thing perceived that the horse was able to run at a rate that compelled an inconvenient degree of speed to catch up with him, he suddenly stopped in his career, and for a moment remained silent and motionless, and the only sound to be heard was that made by the retreating horse, which was growing fainter and fainter. Immediately, ere it had become quite lost to the ear, the cause of the brute's flight begun to utter a sonorous roaring that one moment sounded like some brutish mother calling her young, and another a weird imitation of the cooing of a dove. Hardly had the sound been uttered, when the horse, which was now almost lost to sight in the rapidly growing darkness, stopped. Presently he turned around and begun with hastening steps to return. The noise still continued, and even to my human hearing seemed to have a pleading, inviting note in it. The Brobdingnagian beast, too, had assumed the shape at once of a cat ready to play with her kittens, and of a serpent when trying to charm its prey into its folds.

And now let me describe the monster. Like other saurians, it had the body of a lizard, uplifted on, as near as I could judge, eight feet, but its propelling power, as already noted, seemed to exist chiefly in its tail, which streamed behind the body at least a hundred feet. The trunk of the monster must have been thirty feet long by about half that figure in width, and at least from eight to ten feet through. The feet seemed little more than paddles with which to push this huge body along, and apparently had little supporting power, for creature's belly touching the ground except when its rapid motion forced it forward in the air. The head was flattened at the top, and covered high up over the body on a neck greater in diameter than a barrel, and fully ten feet in length. The eyes, as large as saucers, were about a yard and a half apart, and gleamed like lanterns on either side of a carriage. Thus far, the mouth was only partly open, to emit the sound above noted, so that in the comparative darkness I could not see it distinctly. The color was a dark purple, such as is sometimes used in churches at Lenten time, mottled with black.

By this time the horse had come within the embrace of the seducer, and the charming all at once ceased. Another movement, and the terrible mouth, which I could now see was as large as a barn door, opened, and a forked tongue darted out and pulled my poor beast within. Then came the sound of the teeth crunching and the breaking of bones, mingled with the stifled death cry of as faithful a brute as ever man bestrode. Then all was still, and the frightful creature lay motionless, as if digesting its meal. Presently it stirred, and, giving myself up for lost, I made up my mind to be its next victim, when, turning, it rapidly rolled away in the direction from which it came, without as much as looking at me. More dead than alive with terror, I made the best of my way to this place.

The Western Husbandmen.

Pity the sorrows of the Western husbandmen, for they are at once numerous, various and unending. Last summer the fair fields of fruitful Kansas were laid waste by the all-devouring grasshopper. Scythes and sickles hung rusting on the fences, barns remained bare and granaries empty. In the days of their desolation the stricken farmers cried aloud for aid, and out of their abundance States not afflicted with ravenous grasshoppers did help them. In the progress of the seasons harvest time has again come in Kansas, and, as in the years that are past, the sons of the soil are soured and scolding. It is not grasshopper ravages this time, nor yet droughts; neither have the rains been over-abundant, nor did chill winter linger too long in the lap of general spring. No, everything went right. Nature was so beneficent that the agriculturists are angry at too good a thing. They grumble that the crops of Kansas are disgustingly enormous. Millions of bushels of wheat must be left ungathered because there are not hands enough to gather it in. As to corn, when it comes to that cereal the disgust of the tillers of the soil of Kansas is changed to anger. They shake their clenched hands at the waving fields, and threaten to use tens of thousands of bushels of the golden ears for fuel next winter. Sad is the soul of the unfortunate farmer when he reflects that all this abundance betokens low prices. Thoughtfully, he takes an extra dose of tobacco, and meditates when in the economy of nature things will get even. His Eastern brethren, regarding with complacence the over-burdened fields, may be excused from wishing for a plague of grasshoppers if in their track is certain to follow such afflictions as are at present bewailed by the Kansas farmers.

Shrinkage.

Jones says hat the white flannel suit he bought a year ago has proved a very economical investment, and has been of much use in his family. Jones weighs 250 pounds, and when he bought it it fitted him remarkably well. After the first washing, his eldest son, who weighs 100 pounds less than Jones, senior, found it an excellent fit. Two washings more made the garment delightful for a youth of nine, and at the end of the season the baby was adorned with the habiliments, which had shrunk just enough to make them fit for a child out of creeping clothes. This year Jones' wife uses them as a dishcloth. Where all that flannel has shrunk to Jones doesn't see, and says he would willingly take his whole family and his mother-in-law to a lecture which would explain it, and pay double price.

Increase of Neuralgia.

Neuralgia in the faces and heads of women is on the increase, as compared with the number of instances of the disease among men; and this is believed to be due to the inferior protection afforded by the mode in which women now cover their heads. It is not only one of the most common of feminine maladies, but one of the most painful and difficult of treatment. It is also a cause of much mental depression, and is regarded by physicians as leading more often to habits of intemperance among women than any other disease.

INDIAN MASSACRES.

The Massacre at Fort Phil Kearney Ten Years Ago.

Old Fort Phil Kearney, in the Platte valley, is invested with a tragic interest that overshadowed everything of late years but Custer's death in the West. It is but ten years since the massacre near this old fort occurred, wherein between eighty and ninety persons, among whom were the gallant Fetterman and Brown and Lieut. Grummond, fell fighting the Sioux. Old Fort Kearney was established a year before the massacre by Col. H. B. Carrington, then in command of one of the old infantry regiments before the army reduction. He started from Leavenworth, and Reno and Kearney were built as defenders of the old Boseman trail. Kearney was located about sixty miles beyond Reno and about ninety miles to the south and east of old Fort C. F. Smith. The Indians that year—1866—were very troublesome. The Sioux, then under the leadership of Red Cloud, who has since become and remained friendly, had repeatedly menaced the post. With all their wiles and strategy the Indians had that season been unable to induce Colonel Carrington to hazard a general engagement. Numerous skirmishes had taken place, the Sioux never appearing in any great numbers. On the day of the massacre they had attacked the wood train. The assailing force was not apparently larger than thirty or forty warriors. These were driven off by the troops, and Captain Fetterman, after routing them, followed the fleeing Sioux over the bluffs and out of sight of the post. This was what the Indians expected and desired. They seemed to retreat before Fetterman, and that officer, suspecting nothing of the trap that had been set for him and his troops, pressed them to a point where the savages could hold him.

Once in the neighborhood of Indian hill they rushed in between him and the fort. He saw the plan for the first time. His men, who numbered nearly ninety then, having been re-enforced by Lieutenant Grummond with twenty-eight cavalrymen, found their chances of escape few. Fetterman tried to force a passage through the Indians, who numbered about 3,000, back over the bluffs and to the post, but found it impossible. The doomed men found their ammunition giving out. All hope was gone. They gathered around their commander and fought to kill, not to survive. The Indians waited until every ounce of lead and powder was expended. Seeing their white foe virtually disarmed, they rushed in and butchered the brave fellows who remained. From the position occupied by the bodies of Fetterman and Brown it was concluded that, seeing hope die and a horrible death by torture awaiting them should they be taken alive, they reserved one bullet each, and had shot one another the moment the Sioux were congratulating themselves on their capture. The bodies were found next day by a strong detachment sent out to reconnoiter, for such was the effect of the slaughter on the garrison that none dared to venture to the field and learn the fate of the gallant Fetterman and his brave band. The Sioux had left the remains on the field after denuding them of their clothing and scalping and mutilating their remains. The dead were conveyed to the fort and buried with military honors in sight of the stockade.

THE TIME OF FAST TROTTERS.

Horses that Have a Record Better than 2:20.

Those marked with an asterisk (*) were of the pacers.			
Goldsmith Maid	2 14¼	Billy Barr	2 18¾
Nancy Hanks	2 16¾	St. James	2 19¾
Lulu	2 16¾	Frank Wood	2 24
Dexter	2 17¼	Maggie Alien	2 24
*American Girl	2 17¼	Lizzie	2 24¼
Rarus	2 17¼	Ethan Allen	2 24¼
*Gloster	2 17¾	Beppo	2 24¼
Red Cloud	2 18	Chicago	2 24¼
Lady Thorn	2 18¼	Princess	2 24¼
Lucy	2 18¼	Lady Blanchard	2 24¾
Judge Fullerton	2 18¼	Nettie	2 24¾
*Flora Temple	2 18¼	Myron Perry	2 24¾
George Palmer	2 18¼	Toronto Chief	2 24¾
Jennie	2 18¼	Kate Hunt, Jr.	2 24¾
Manhattan Girl	2 20	Fred Temple	2 24¾
Jennie	2 20¼	Wabash Chief	2 24¾
Fleety Goldsmith	2 20¼	Clara G.	2 25
Mountain Boy	2 20¼	Nellie	2 25
Gretchen	2 20¾	Harry Vanderbilt	2 25
Gattie Boy	2 21	Joker	2 25
Nettie	2 21	Independence	2 25
Bodine	2 21¼	Nellie Irving	2 25
Jay Gould	2 21¼	Nashville Girl	2 25
Georgie Wilkes	2 22	Dolly	2 25¼
Lady Maud	2 22¼	Crown Prince	2 25¼
Blue Hen	2 22¼	Harry Young	2 25¼
Manhattan Chief	2 22¼	Fannie Allen	2 25¼
Huntress	2 22¼	H. E. Lewis	2 25¼
Jennie	2 22¾	Ethan Allen	2 25¾
Lucille Goldsmith	2 22¾	Nonesuch	2 25¾
Flora Belle	2 22¾	Jim Fisk	2 25¾
*Kilburn Jim	2 23	J. J. Bradley	2 25¾
Hontenac	2 23	Lady Clay, Jr.	2 25¾
Wm. H. Allen	2 23¼	Spotted Colt	2 25¾
Holsinger	2 23¼	Colonel Russel	2 25¾
Thomas Jefferson	2 23¼	Nichols, Jr.	2 25¾
Sensation	2 23¾	Derby	2 25¾
Jim Irving	2 23¾	Harry Harley	2 25¾

Adventure of a Conductor.

Conductor B. is always polite to ladies. All conductors are polite to ladies, particularly so when they are young and handsome. Miss C. was handed on board at the station as carefully as though she was "glass—to be handled with care." An extra seat was turned over on the shady side of the car, and the conductor took a seat by her side to do the agreeable, having met Miss C. on the train before.

Pressnitz, as matters were going along nicely, an old man, in his shirt sleeves, threw himself into the seat in front, which the conductor had unlocked and turned over for the benefit of the parties more immediately concerned. Mr. B. spoke up sharply:

"Go away from here!"

But the man didn't go.

Conductor says, still more sharply:

"Go away, or I'll make you!"

But still no go, while a vacant, provoking smile sat upon the face of the intruder. Whereupon, Conductor B. grasped the old farmer by the nape of the neck. At the same the young lady seized the arm of the conductor, and exclaimed:

"Please don't, Mr. B. This is my father."

Ever since Conductor B. always asks young ladies if they are traveling alone.

The Effect.

As a Detroit saloon keeper stood behind his bar, says "M. Quad," in walked a stranger, who inquired:

"Can you inform me what effect lemonade has upon the mental system?"

"It has a good effect, where you pay for it," was the reply.

"And where you don't?"

"The effect is then transferred from the mental to the physical system, and you go out of here with something kicking you forty times per minute."

"Thanks, sir," bowed the stranger, backing out. "I am not thirsty, and I never did believe in summer drinks."

He went down the street, stole two harvest apples, and found the effect to be just the same as if he had taken lemonade. When the "machine" ceased kicking, the stranger remarked:

"Between being kicked for three cents or for ten cents, it is my duty to be kicked for ten cents, and that shall be my motto hereafter."

The Earth Treatment for Ulcers.

The dry earth treatment for ulcers is found quite successful. Large, sloughy ulcers, after being washed, are covered with a thick layer of earth, over which wet paper is placed as a support, the whole being neatly bandaged. In a few days the ulcers begin to clear, and when the surfaces look healthy and granulating, a dressing made as follows is used: A piece of muslin the size of the ulcer is immersed in carbolic oil, in the proportion of one part acid to ten parts cocoanut oil; with this the sore is covered, and over it dry earth is placed, and then moistened earth and a bandage. In a short time the healing process manifests itself satisfactorily, while all odor is entirely removed.

Wants to Know.

A correspondent writes to ask how he shall cure himself of the practice of tobacco chewing. A man who hasn't nerve enough to break off this disgusting habit by the mere exertion of his own will, might about as well tie an anvil around his neck and throw himself into the nearest river. This is a shorter road to the same end.

A Missouri editor writes to ask whether he should say "editor" or "editress" in speaking of a lady journalist. We hope he will invariably use the former. Editress is an abominable word. There is no more occasion for it than for doctress, compositress or professoress.—*New York Sun.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

The following Congressional nominations are announced: Kentucky, eight district, Milton J. Durham, Dem.; Ohio, six h, ex-Gov. J. D. Cox, Rep.; Vermont, second, D. C. Denniston, Rep.; Ohio, tenth, Charles Foster, Rep.; Indiana, fifth, Mr. Hoges, greenback; Michigan, fifth, Myron Harris, Dem.....The principal business portion of Westport, N. Y., was destroyed by fire..... Some scoundrels removed a rail from the track of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad near Northeast, and the engine, tender, two baggage and four passenger coaches of a midnight train were thrown down an embankment and wrecked. No one was killed outright, miraculously, and but two persons were seriously injured, both of whom subsequently died. The switch near by was also found misplaced. The object of the dastards was undoubtedly the robbery of the express safe, which contained $200,000. It was the second attempt of the kind within two weeks.....The South Carolina Democrats have nominated Gen. Wade Hampton for governor.....Secretary of War Cameron has issued a general order calling attention to the resolution passed by the United States House of Representatives on the tenth of August, in which it is declared that the exercise of the right of suffrage is in some of the States, notwithstanding the efforts of all good citizens to the contrary, resisted and controlled by fraud, intimidation and violence, so that in such cases the object of the amendment to the Constitution known as Article Fifteen is defeated, and adds the following order to General Sherman, commanding the United States army: The President directs that in accordance with the spirit of the above, you are to hold all the available force under your command, not now engaged in subduing the savages on the Western frontier, in readiness to be used upon the call or requisition of the proper legal authorities for protecting all citizens, without distinction of race, color or political opinion, in the exercise of the right to vote as guaranteed by the Fifteenth amendment, and to assist in the enforcement of certain, condign and effectual punishment upon all persons who shall attempt by force, fraud, terror, intimidation or otherwise to prevent the free exercise of the right of suffrage, as provided by the law of the United States, and have such force so distributed and stationed as to be able to render prompt assistance in the enforcement of the law. Such additional orders as may be necessary to carry out the purpose of the instructions will be given to you from time to time, after consultation with the law officers of the government.

Goldsmith Maid won the Utica free-to-all race for $4,000, in 2.18¼, 2.18¼, 2.18¼. Her contestants were Lucille Goldduet, Bodine and Fullerton, who came under the string in the order named.....The entire business portion of the town of Jacob City, Utah, was destroyed by fire.....Thousands are dying of starvation in the northern part of China.....The Mexicans are having trouble with the Indians in Lower California!.....The greenback men of Indiana held a State convention and adopted resolutions demanding the coinage of silver dollars in order that the government may pay its coin obligations in silver; declaring that all values, including government bonds and greenbacks, should be taxed equally.....Nominations for Congress: Illinois, tenth district, S. F. Maren, Rep.; Illinois, Galesburg district, Thomas R. Boyd, Rep.; Tennessee, seventh, W. C. Whitthorne, Dem.; Wisconsin, fourth, Wm. P. Lynde, Dem.....George T. Anthony has been nominated for governor of Kansas by the Republicans.....A railroad train was stopped by a large body of men in Colorado, who took therefrom United States Judge Stone and carried him off in order to prevent him opening court and qualifying a receiver for the Colorado Central railroad. He afterward escaped and fulfilled his duty.

Gen. Terry and Crook have united their commands and are following an Indian trail Crook was on at the time of the juncture. It is reported that Sitting Bull has expressed a determination to go to the agency and sue for clemency. He claims that he did not wish to fight, but the whites forced him to it.....Congressional nominations: Texas, Austin district, D. C. Giddings, Dem.; Missouri, sixth, H. E. Havens, Rep.....A train on the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs road was stopped by a band of robbers who took it for a freight train containing the pay car. When they discovered it to be a passenger train they allowed it to proceed.....Rev. Wm. A. Cornell, of Freedom Plains, N. Y., hanged himself while temporarily insane.....During the last day of the Utica (N. Y.) races, Great Eastern won the 2.26 contest in 2.20¾, 2.22¾, 2.22. Rarus won the 2.20 race in 2.22¾, 2.21¾, 2.23.

Walda Mikael, the insurgent chief of Abyssinia, defeated the regular troops at Zakraza, and subsequently massacred 1,500 women and children.....Sam Candee, a colored man, raped an eight-year-old white girl in Huntington, W. Va., and was arrested therefor and lodged in jail, from which he was taken that night by a masked mob and hanged.....The six Fenians who escaped from the English authorities in Australia by means of the whaler Catalpa, arrived safely in New York, and were enthusiastically received by their countrymen. Their names are: Thomas Darragh, Robert Cranston, Michael Harrington, Martin Hogan, James Wilson and Thomas Hassett.....Frank Prince, of St. Louis, swam ten miles on the Mississippi in one hour and forty-one minutes, beating Tom Sullivan, of England.

Hon. Michael C. Kerr, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, died at Rockbridge, Alum Springs, Va. Mr. Kerr was born near Titusville, Pa., March 15, 1827. In 1852 he settled in New Albany, Ind., in the practice of law. In 1854 he was elected city attorney, and in 1856 to the State legislature. Six years later he was elected reporter to the supreme court of Indiana, and published five volumes of reports. In 1864 he was elected a representative to the Thirty-ninth Congress, and served on the committees on private land claims and accounts. He was re-elected to the Fortieth, Forty-first and