

SHED WITH HIS BOOTS ON.

A FITTING END TO A TURBULENT CAREER.

Not only of the Lives of Ex-Judge Terry and His Notorious Wife—the California Tales Recalled by the Boston Telegram—Is the End Reached or Will There Be More Bloodshed?

The killing of ex-Judge Terry of California by Deputy Marshal Nagle presuming in defense of a justice of the supreme court of the United States has attracted wide attention.

California does not regret Judge Terry's death. Throughout the country the sentiment is strongly in favor of a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

But until Sarah Althea Terry is safe underground, no man may expect at any time to have a curtain run up on some violent scene in which this desperate woman will attempt a bloody revenge.

Imagine a quiet morning in an apparently quiet western town. A train comes lumbering into the depot and two gentlemen alighting from the sleeper enter the dining room of the station to eat their breakfast.

Almost directly after a man and woman enter. The woman, recognizing one of the first mentioned gentlemen, says something to her companion and hurries back to the train. This man then steps one of the gentlemen in the face, whereupon the latter's companion, drawing a revolver, shoots dead the man who has committed the assault.

Immediately ensues a scene of the wildest tumult and confusion and when it is known that ex-Judge Terry, a man whose name is a synonym for blood and violence, has been slain, chief justice of the United States in the face, and been killed for his pains, excitement runs high, but when it is further developed that the woman in the case is Terry's wife, and probably the most notorious creature since Josie Mansfield's time, the telegraph wires are crowded with the details of a tragedy involving one of the old California days, when every man was a law unto himself and carried his vengeance in his pocket.

CAREER OF A VIOLENT MAN.

Remarkable incidents in the life of Judge Terry.

It was during the booming days on the Pacific coast, when all the civilized world was looking or hastening to the golden shores of California, that the name of David S. Terry became almost a household word. It was in the days, too, of the bitter controversy between free-soilers and slave owners, and through that controversy he acquired his notoriety.

When the state of California was organized a desperate and protracted fight took place between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery or free-soil elements in the state to see which should gain control of the organization. Prominent among the leaders of the ultra southern wing were William M. Gwin and David S. Terry, and when the organization was perfected Gwin reached the United States senate and Terry was elevated to a seat on the supreme bench.

So far, however, that is to say up to 1859, Justice Terry had acquired prominence only as an orator and a jurist. In 1859 the famous San Francisco Vigilance committee was organized to free the city of the robbers and assassins who swarmed about the streets.

Neely Johnson at that time was governor of the state, and he sought to counteract the influence of the committee by forwarding arms to San Francisco which were to be placed in the hands of murderers and thieves for the purpose of putting down the committee. Dr. Shirriff, a friend of Terry's, has been instrumental in shipping the arms and the vigilantes determined to arrest him. Terry learning their intention, several San Francisco papers to print articles favorable to Terry. Hopkins did not die and Terry was finally released.

Not long after this at an election into which entered all the bitterness of the anti-slavery excitement, Terry and Broderick were on opposite sides, and Terry, having forgotten Broderick's good offices when he was in imminent peril of his life, insulted Broderick in a political speech.

Broderick retaliated in kind and after the election Terry forced him to fight a duel killing him deliberately after Broderick's weapon had been discharged in the ground.

Broderick had been tricked into taking a pistol with a finer set trigger than Terry's so that it went off before he was ready. Under these circumstances, the shooting was nothing less than deliberate murder.

THE LAND OF SILENCE.

LABRADOR AND ITS MOST WONDERFUL HISTORY.

An Almost Unknown Land Where Sterility and Loneliness Reign Supreme Its Two Divisions—The Story of the Old Iberian Race of Famed Navigators.

Labrador proper, writes Edgar Wakeman in the Chicago "Inter-Ocean," is that almost unknown land of unparalleled sterility and loneliness lying between the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Atlantic ocean and that well lighted inland sea, Hudson's bay. That portion known to men as the part, or the sea-line part, we had set forth to look upon. It properly consists of two grand coastwise divisions. The waters of the first flow from isolated solitudes into the St. Lawrence Gulf, along the coast of the province of Saguenay, in the province of Quebec, while those of the other seek the Atlantic to the north of Belle Isle straits, along the grandest but most forbidding shores of any land, to where Greenland is but a day's journey ahead of favoring gales.

On the one hand, all along this frightful coast, from the lofty rocks of the Saguenay, which stand like eternal sentinels of the St. Lawrence, to the barren peaks beyond the last wretched hut of Hebron, the remotest of the Moravian missions in North America, the entire coast-line is one interminable reach and record of human peril and suffering, of fog, iceberg and tempest, and of wreck and disaster inconceivable.

On the other hand, behind this rugged coast, there is but a waste so barren, so empty in its immeasurable solitude of rock and stream and inland sea, so indescribably "the land given to Cain," as told by Jacques Cartier in 1534, that only the imagination can traverse it to that awful, farthest north, where silence sits crown on the feet of God.

England will this year have at least one representative at the United States championship, for a gentleman high up in the second class has decided to cross the Atlantic and try his strength with the American. Should he be in form he will make a bold bid for victory. The opinion of "Palm" is shared by all players in England, and when Mr. Moore gets his feet on the turf he will show the metal of which he is made in a way which will no doubt be a surprise to many of our players who underrate his playing powers.

In the first games played here, at Narragansett Pier, he did not, indeed, show very fine form but as he entered them more for practice than for the honors he would win, that was to be expected. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph of Mr. Moore taken just before he sailed for England.

In speaking of the work of the Brooklyn club and the condition of his team, President Byrne said: "We have been putting up an even, steady game of ball lately, and it is to that we owe our success. One thing that has helped us a great deal in our bowling up toward the top is the all-around skill of our men. Most teams stand away up in one respect, and away down in another, but our club ranks third in both batting and fielding. Nearly all of our players are among the fifteen Association hitters, and their fielding strength is well distributed. They are also fairly base runners. Some clubs have one or two excellent men and a large number of inferior value. Of our pitchers, Garthurs has been doing the best work. He is often hit hard, but generally manages to win the game on account of good work when it is necessary to exert himself. He is not and never was a strike-out pitcher, like Terry, and seldom wastes his arm upon a weak hitter. He has the good sense to know that there are always eight men playing on the team besides himself.

"Hughes has been doing a little work lately, but we have left Lovett behind in Brooklyn. His constitution is temporarily run down. All three of the pitchers who have made the trip with us are in good shape and confident. In fact, I have no complaint to make about the condition of any of our men. Visner has been behind the bat a good deal of late because he is a sure hitter. Clark has been picking up a good deal, and Bushong is still able to hold his own. All are good men. If we get in a pinch we have Prout to fall back upon as an extra pitcher."

Arle Latham, the Brown's third baseman, who was suspended some time ago for suspicious playing, has been conditionally reinstated. He appealed to Comiskey to remove the stigma which the suspension put on him, and after reading him a severe lecture Comiskey promised to put him back on the condition that he would play all to win, and turn over a new leaf morally.

Entomologists state that there is reasonable hope that a scientific plan will be devised whereby whole tribes of noxious insects may be exterminated by the artificial multiplication of their innoxious enemies.

AMONG THE SPORTS.

"The Marine" Beats Dempsey, Thus Giving Him His First Defeat.

Pugilists have looked forward for a long time to the battle between Jack Dempsey, the undefeated "Nonpareil," and George La Blanche, "the Marine," which was to occur under the auspices of the California Athletic club in San Francisco.

Previous to and during the progress of the fight the betting was in favor of Dempsey, but in the thirty-second round of a hotly contested fight, "the Marine" knocked the "Nonpareil" down by a blow on the head. Dempsey staggered to his knees, but was unable to come to time, and La Blanche was the winner.

It is difficult to give an idea of the intense excitement which followed the knock-out. Men who had witnessed the fight stood in little groups about the arena and in solemn tones talked about it. Hours after it was all over, while eager crowds pressed around them and listened to the many versions of, and reasons for, the great downfall of the no longer Nonpareil. A feeling of deep respect at the result is universal, and so strong as to almost deprive La Blanche of the credit which is due him for steady, plucky fighting, and for overcoming the man who, in spite of his inferior size, has been universally spoken of in this country as second only to Sullivan among the world's great fighters.

Although his friends had backed him heavily, many of them thought that Dempsey's Bonifacio life in New York had sapped his stamina, and the result of the fight would seem to show that their fears were by no means groundless.

George La Blanche is 32 years old. He was born of French parents at South

THE FARMERS' COLUMN.

HINTS ON ECONOMY IN FEEDING HENS.

The refuse from the kitchen and its important bearing on the food question—Pure Breeding and Cross Breeding—Vermine and How to get Rid of Them.

The raising of eggs and chickens has become quite an important part of the farm. Indeed, many residents of suburban cities devote a part of their homestead to the hens, and dabblers in fancy stock often find, greatly to their chagrin, that the cost of feeding them far exceeds the ordinary amount paid out for poultry and eggs for the table; but there is a way to feed so that the eggs and poultry, in which many delight, are a source of revenue rather than an expense.

All the refuse of the kitchen is preserved for them. Potato parings, and their baked skins, all bits of fat, and all kinds of food—even coffee grounds—are poured into a large kettle, which is kept in a convenient place, and every noon-time a goodly dish of soup is prepared for the hens. Boiling water is added, and two quarts of Indian meal are stirred in and boiled for ten minutes. Once a week a heaping tablespoonful of red pepper is added to the six quarts of food. This is a needed stimulant during the months of December, January and February. It keeps the blood warm, and certainly increases the number of eggs. This hot soup is given at 1 o'clock P. M. In the morning they are fed with corn and oats, cracked together at the grist mill, and afterward swelled in water overnight. For twenty hens half a peck is prepared each night, and it furnishes food for one day—morning and evening. Fed in this way, the hens are kept in the best condition, and will commence laying early in November, and supply with all the eggs you can desire for your own table or to sell.

All the bones of meat which are used on the table are carefully saved and "burned" in the kitchen stove until they all crumble easily. Then they are added to the soup just before it is served. Bone meal is an improvement upon them if it can be readily obtained in all localities.

Hens must be provided with food suitable for the shells of the eggs. Old bits of mortar, gravel, etc., should be always at hand, for without such food they will not only withhold all eggs, but will often drop and their feathers will fall out. Pure breed is the fashion with the fancier just now, but it is said, that healthy chickens would be produced by crossing the costly breeds with the barnyard fowl, and that more hardy and better layers would be thus obtained. Gapes, croup and cholera would certainly not be so common as at present.

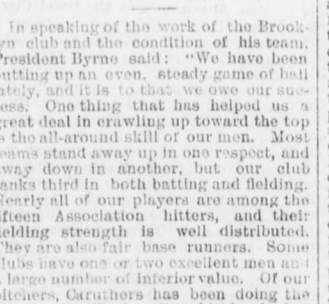
Lice are a general affliction among all breeds of poultry; a little attention will route all their forces. An ointment of lard and sulphur will drive them off, and if the roosts are rubbed over with kerosene, or a solution of carbolic acid, they will often disappear. If the walls of the poultry house are whitewashed with a mixture of lime and carbolic acid, it will aid in their discomfiture. Use the carbolic acid in the proportion of three ounces of acid to ten quarts of whitewash. If it is a cold, no roosters will remain in the chickens or crevices of the house or on the roosts.

Some persons dip the fowls infested with vermin into a weak solution of the acid—say one part of acid to sixty parts of warm water—and hold them in it until the liquid penetrates to the skin. If you get them such a bath on a warm day, the sun will dry quickly their feathers.

A Chute for the Silo.

Professor E. M. Shelton, in Bulletin No. 6, of the Kansas Experiment Station, gives a description of a chute for emptying the silo. We give the picture and with it we quote Professor Shelton's description as follows:

"The operation of feeding from the silo is usually performed from the door, as shown in the cut. In feeding, it is well to remember that if a silage surface is left exposed to the atmosphere



For a number of days, it molds quite rapidly and not unfrequently a considerable loss results. On this account I prefer to feed from the top of the silo, so that more or less of the entire surface can be fed every day. To accomplish this purpose I have planned in the new silo, the chute, shown in the cut, over the door of the silo. This consists simply of a 2x10-inch plank spiked on edge securely to the silo, 21 inches from the corner. Twenty-inch pieces of ship-lap lightly tacked to this projecting plank connect it with the adjacent wall, thus forming a 10x20-inch chute which passes through the inner door of the silo. We expect to shove the silage constantly from the top, emptying the silo through this chute. As the silo empties, the pieces of ship-lap may be removed, thus saving the lifting of silage to the top of the chute.

Hastening Tardy-Bearing Trees.

To discover some means of hastening the fruiting of tardy-bearing trees or those that have grown largely to wood, a row of crab-apple trees was girdled. Three trees were girdled by cutting out a ring of bark one-eighth, one-quarter and one-half inch wide at the ground, July 12th, 21st and 29th.

Three trees were girdled just below the main branches with the three widths of girdles as in the first, July 12th, 21st, 29th.

The same as above was made on one or more main branches with the three widths of girdle, July 12th, 21st and 29th. The results were that all the girdles made near the ground healed over readily and completely. Those on the main trunk healed less completely, but sufficiently to ensure a good growth of the tree and the covering of the injured part in another year. The girdles made in the branches healed less completely than the last, and in two instances the new growth failed to meet and consequently the branches died soon after starting growth in the spring. All showed a marked increase in fruitfulness over those not girdled. Little difference was observed in the effect of the girdling made at different times or in the various widths of the rings of bark taken out.

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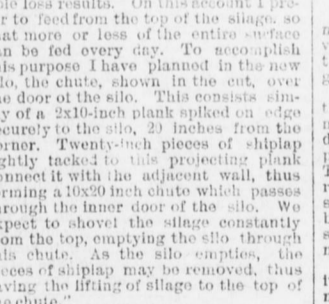
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THE "AUTOCRAT" AT 80.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes Still in Good Health.

Eighty years of time have rested lightly on the head of Boston's "autocrat of the breakfast table," and although he has been flooded with congratulatory messages and loving tokens in recognition of his four-score years, there is nothing in his looks or actions to indicate that he was classed with the aged. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is as sprightly and as buoyant in spirits as he was a generation ago.

This has been a happy anniversary for the poet; surrounded by his friends, and standing amid garlands of roses which loving hands had brought, the genial poet looked as though he had drank of the fountain of youth.

Dr. Holmes has been spending the summer in his lovely seaside home at Beverly Farms and it was in this quiet retreat that he received his friends on his anniversary day. The visitors were ushered into an attractive, home-like sitting-room, tastily, but unostentatiously adorned. The doctor was seated before a comfortable wood fire in the open fireplace, for the weather has been quite cool at night and morning. He rose to receive his guests and gave them a cordial grasp of the hand and hearty greeting. The visitors who had never met Dr. Holmes saw a remarkably well-preserved, erect gentleman, whom, but for his white hair, one would hardly call old; for his manner was as vivacious, his step as elastic and his eye as bright and merry as it has ever been these many years back.

Bearing a very slight difficulty with his hearing, the doctor's powers are not impaired, and he hears perfectly well when one speaks clearly and distinctly. He looks more like a man of 60 than one of 80. He would hardly be recognized by the pictures of him usually taken. He is much stouter than these would indicate, his face being quite round and ruddy. In fact, he looks much like the typical round-faced, jolly physician one meets so often.

The doctor said that he was enjoying excellent health. He takes a regular constitutional walk after breakfast every morning, both summer and winter, requiring attendance only when going to any considerable distance from the house.

Dr. Holmes rose early on the anniversary of his birth, as is his custom, and the visitors began to reach the house, almost before he had finished his breakfast. He was just starting out for his constitutional stroll when his first friends arrived. He joyfully laid aside his hat, however, and became the genial host. He had a pleasant word for all and enjoyed the reception even more than his friends.

The aged poet received many gifts of friendship in remembrance of his birthday, among others a gold-lined loving cup of beautiful design. It was inscribed in Old English letters with the date, "October Wendell Holmes—The Pledge of Friendship."

And then beneath was the couplet from the doctor's poem:

"As the heart's current leads the cup to play,
What ere the fountain whence the draught may flow."

The gift was from personal friends and classmates, and the doctor manifested great pleasure in receiving this souvenir of regard.

Among the first to call on the genial poet to congratulate him on attaining his four-score milestone of life was a band of twenty children of the Beverly school, boys and girls, each with a bunch of flowers. Each child received from the hands of the poet a little box of chocolates, which he passed down to Dr. Holmes upon it. They went away highly pleased.

Disburied all about the poet's residence were baskets of flowers from his friends, and the doctor manifested great joy at receiving the many beautiful tokens.

A Petaloon Wheels.

Perhaps the newest idea of the movement is a driving tool undertaken in a van built expressly for the purpose on the principle of those used by the Russians.

There are two such in England now, the newest is the "Petaloon," which is a novel kind of carriage, built by Lord Courtenay. The exterior is painted dark blue, pick-up with red. There are two box seats, each roomy receptacles. There is a burning heat safe on the outside, and room for rubber beneath; at the back other things can be stowed away, and not an inch of room need be wasted.

The inside is a model of comfort; it is prettily arranged with Japanese fans and photographs, the windows hung with colored muslin, a double bed has a little debt to pay, for during the day it forms a single sofa.

In one corner there is a table built into the wall and on it is a capacious stationery cabinet; below three fair-sized drawers for clothes. In the opposite corner, covered in, are all the washing paraphernalia, in another the "Yankee idea" steam cooker, at which, by means of spirits, a most excellent dinner can be cooked.

In each corner, by the ceiling, are more cupboards, so that, like the snail, the owner carries not only his house but all the requirements of his life with him.

A Gift to France.

Mlle Grandjean has requested the president of the French republic to accept for the nation her collection of the whole of her collection of art, and M. Carnot has accepted them for the Museo de Cluney. This treasure of the examples of the Renaissance—bronzes, sculptures, Limoges enamels, arms, pictures, and porcelain produced during the eighteenth century—include unique instances of the porcelain tondre of Sevres, such as the famous vase of the Rose Pompadour, which is valued at 250,000 francs. The whole collection is said to be worth 4,000,000 francs—Exchange.



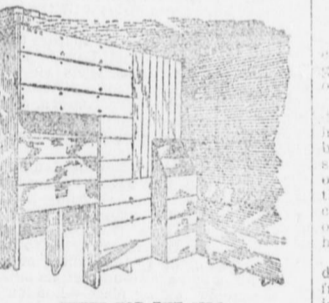
JUDGE TERRY.



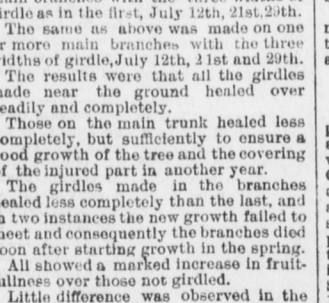
SARAH ALTHEA TERRY.



E. G. MEERS.



CHUTE FOR THE SILO.



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