LED A DOUBLE LIFE.

A CAREER AS STRANGE AS THAT OF JIM THE PENMAN.

William Barrett's Wife Lived In Luxury In the Metropolis While He Robbed People at the Hub—She Thought He Was Honest.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—A romantic sequel to the conviction and sentence to life imprisonment in 1894 of William Barrett for the murder of James Farrar in Weston, Mass., is reported. While Barrett led the life of a criminal in Boston his wife, it is said, was ignorant that he was a burglar, and, supposing him to be engaged in business there, lived in this city, with luxurious surroundings. For nearly three years she lived in the second story of the apartment building at 353 West Fifty-eighth street. It was the most expensively furnished flat in the house and from the man's income upon which Mrs. Barrett lived it was plain that she had no fear of the source of her income failing.

Mrs. Barrett was a fine horsewoman and kept two thoroughbreds for riding purposes at Durland's Riding academy. Each day a groom brought one of them to the house in Fifty-eighth street, and Mrs. Barrett, in perfect fitting riding costume, was accustomed to canter through the park. Like herself, her only son, who lived with her, was always dressed in the height of fashion.

It was rarely that Barrett himself was seen, and in reply to inquiries his wife is reputed to have said that he was in business in Boston. Checks for the rent, signed by the husband, were punctually forwarded to the landlord of the apartment, and consequently not the slightest whisper of doubt as to the integrity of Barrett or his wife was ever heard. It is asserted that Mrs. Barrett had not an inkling of the real facts that her husband was one of the most remarkable burglars at large, and one who had succeeded in hoodwinking the police for upward of 20 years. It was not until after Barrett's arrest for Mr. Farrar's murder that her eyes were opened to the truth. A man named James S. Chaffey, whom Barrett has accused of being an accomplice of his, is the reputed medium through which her dream was shattered.

Chaffey, after an interview with Barrett in Waltham prison, came to New York, saw Mrs. Barrett and exposed her husband's true character. Barrett for nearly 20 years had lived alone in rooms at 22 Eliot street, Boston. During these years, it is alleged, he stole about $500,000 worth of valuables and goods and always managed to conceal the dual nature of his life from his wife's knowledge.

Visits Her Husband In Jail.

Visiting her husband in Waltham jail, Mrs. Barrett heard his confession, and then, womanlike, determined to help him in his plight to the extent of her power. She sold her horses, furniture and jewelry and applied the proceeds to Barrett's defense. Meanwhile she accepted the hospitality of Chaffey's family and lived with them for a time; then, it is asserted, Chaffey availed himself of the opportunity to rob the woman of all she possessed and to appropriate for himself the valuable plunder which her husband had gathered together and stored away. By means of the combination, which he learned from Mrs. Barrett, Chaffey is alleged to have looted the burglar's safe before the police found Barrett's hiding place in Boston, and then, by specious devices, obtained from the woman warehouse receipts for goods stored by her husband in this city. In this way he is reported to have obtained possession of a valuable collection of stolen property stored in the Lincoln safe deposit vaults at 38 East Forty-second street and at O'Reilly's storage warehouse at 123 East Forty-second street.

Mrs. Barrett supposed that all these things had been stored in the regular routine of her husband's business. The receipts were given to her to take care of merely, and she says she was ignorant of the value of the goods. The value of the property Chaffey thus acquired might never have become known but for the reason that while endeavoring to dispose of some rare stamps to Mr. Trifet at 36 Broomfield street, Boston, they were recognized as stolen property, and he was then arrested. Chaffey, in reply to questioning, said they were given to him by Barrett. Afterward trunks were discovered in Chaffey's possession filled with jewelry and other costly things to the value of about $30,000. They were taken to the police station, and in the last few days many prominent residents of Boston have identified some of the articles as having been stolen from their houses.

Chaffey was formally charged on Monday last with burglary and receiving stolen property. Barrett, when seen in prison yesterday by a reporter, accused Chaffey of having stolen most of the things found by the police, but added that Chaffey had also used underhand methods to obtain things which belonged to him (Barrett) without having given a penny to his wife for her support.

Mrs. Barrett is now reported to be in this city, trying to earn her living and taking good care to keep her identity hidden.

Probably Killed His Wife.

CHESTER, Pa., Nov. 14.—The body of Mrs. Edward Boyle was found on the floor of her home, and her husband is locked up awaiting the investigation of the coroner. The position of the body, the bruises upon the breast, side of the face and on the hands bear out the supposition of murder. The dress of the woman was torn and twisted, indicating that there had been a struggle. Later Boyle was found on the street in an intoxicated condition.

Ex-District Attorney Quinby Dead.

BUFFALO, Nov. 18.—George T. Quinby, ex-district attorney, died at the Buffalo State hospital. His death, which was due to complete breakdown, had been expected for some time. Mr. Quinby was in his prime one of the brightest lawyers in the state.

Knitting Mill Burned.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 15.—The Reddish knitting mill at North Broad Albion, Fulton county, has been entirely destroyed by fire, together with the machinery. Loss, $24,000; no insurance. Loss on stock of woolen mittens, $6,000.

Arrested For Embezzlement.

BOISE CITY, Nov. 15.—T. A. Starr, who was register of the United States land office at Hawley under the last administration, has been arrested for embezzlement in that office. He has given bonds.

Better Postal Facilities.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—Additional railway service will be established Dec. 1 between New York and Montreal by way of Albany, Utica and Malone. The service will be daily each way.

Decision Against the Trust.

SYRACUSE, Nov. 19.—In the matter of C. A. Whelan & Co. against the American Tobacco company Attorney General Hancock finds "the application is granted, and an action may be commenced."

Accidentally Shot a Boy.

ASHLAND, Wis., Nov. 16.—Mr. Brayton of the Geneva Optical company, New York, shot and killed a 15-year-old boy today in the woods near Sanborn, Wis., taking him for a deer.

STUDENTS AS BURGLARS.

A Mystery Which Has Baffled Schenectady Police Has Been Solved.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Nov. 20.—The mystery of the burglaries that have been baffling the police for three weeks past has been solved by the arrest of C. G. Humphrey of Unadilla and C. C. Miller of Batavia, two Union college students, the former a sophomore and the latter a freshman.

A wagonload of stolen property was found in the prisoners' room at North College, the articles found connecting them with a score of recent burglaries. The first tangible clew that the police obtained was a soft felt hat, which was found at the rear of a house on Union street after a burglary there some time ago. Tracks were also found in the soft earth into which the shoes of the prisoners fitted exactly.

A student who was robbed a few nights ago called at police headquarters and was given a list of the articles which have been stolen lately, and as Humphrey was already under the suspicion of his fellow students his room was searched. Enough goods were found to convince them that he was the thief, and the college authorities were notified.

Dean Rieren of Union notified the police of these developments, and within half an hour the suspects had been arrested. It is believed by the police that Humphrey and Miller have burglarized over a score of places within the past three weeks. The prisoners would have nothing to say until they had consulted counsel.

BIG FIRE IN LOWELL.

The Parker Block Burned, With a Loss of $350,000.

LOWELL, Mass., Nov. 20.—The large five story brick building on Middle street, known as the Parker block, was almost destroyed by fire this morning. Fire started in the store of J. N. Beavey on the first floor about 1:45.

The flames spread rapidly and were aided by repeated explosions of whisky in barrels in J. M. Beavey's liquor store, which blew out the windows and created havoc with the windows in adjoining buildings.

At 2:15 all the engines in the city were at work, and at that time it looked as if the fire was under control, but suddenly it blazed up furiously and threatened to eat its way through to Merrimack street.

By hard work the flames were confined to the building, and nearby property was only slightly damaged.

The upper floors of the block were used by the Appleton Manufacturing company for the storage of cotton goods, and it is estimated that there were $200,000 worth there when the fire broke out, all of which was destroyed.

At 2:30 the fire was under control. From present estimates the loss will exceed $350,000. The building was owned by Colonel Parker of the governor's staff.

FATAL EXPLOSION.

Two Men Killed In Pratt's Astral Oil Works In Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 19.—An explosion occurred in the pumproom of Pratt's astral oil works at the foot of North Twelfth street, Williamsburg. Two men were killed—Martin Joyce, 50 years old, of Eckford street, a watchman at the works, and Andrew Patterson of 152 Manhattan avenue, a pumphand. Both men were struck with flying iron, Joyce's head being practically blown off.

The explosion resulted in a fire, which spread from the pumproom to the engine house. Three alarms were sent out, and two fireboats were brought into service. The fire was soon got under control, and the damage, it is estimated, will amount to about $15,000. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

Absorbed by the Standard.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 19.—The Standard Oil company has acquired the Mellon Pipe company, a controlling interest in the Crescent Pipe Line company and the Bear creek refinery. The sale was made to the National Transit company. The price paid was about $2,500,000. The Mellon company operates in southwestern Pennsylvania and includes the Sistersville (W. Va.) field. The Crescent Pipe Line company has its western terminus in connection with the Mellon line and its eastern terminus at Marcus Hook, Pa.

Murderer Standish Pardoned.

SARATOGA, Nov. 20.—J. Harvey Standish, who in 1874 murdered George W. See in Wilton, Saratoga county, and who since that time has been incarcerated in Dannemora prison, has been pardoned and has returned to his home. The trial of Standish was a celebrated one, and during his imprisonment three of the counsel—District Attorney I. C. Ormsby of Waterford, Hon. Lyman Tremain and Hon. Henry Smith of Albany—have died.

Shot by a Supposed Insane Man.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Nov. 20.—Henry C. Boyd, a laundryman, shot Charles W. Hawkes, a druggist. The bullet entered the back of the neck on the left side and came out of the right cheek near the mouth. Hawkes' condition is serious, but he will probably survive. Boyd escaped and has not yet been arrested. It is believed he was insane, and that he has committed suicide.

Pierce & Co. Reincorporated.

ALBANY, Nov. 20.—The firm of Hutchinson Pierce & Co. of New York city was reincorporated, with a capital of $600,000, to continue the business of the firm in the manufacture of shirts, collars, cuffs, etc. The directors are A. M. Holdinser of Englewood, N. J.; H. B. Pierce of New York city and Ira Cole of Norwalk, Conn.

Trying to Beat the Herreshoffs.

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 16.—George H. Saunders, the Bristol boat builder, is attempting to build a faster small rater than that constructed by Herreshoff. It will be 25 feet 9 inches over all, 17 feet water line and 2 feet 6 inches draft, with centerboard.

A Pennsylvania Judge Dead.

BELLEFONTE, Pa., Nov. 19.—Benjamin Rich, associate judge of Center county, died at his home in Unionville of stomach trouble after an illness of about six weeks. The Center county bar will attend his funeral in a body.

Sister of General Batcheller Dead.

SARATOGA, Nov. 20.—Mrs. Helen M. Conkling, widow of John P. Conkling, died here. She was the sister of ex-Minister to Portugal George S. Batcheller of Saratoga Springs and Washington.

Wants to Go to the Convention.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 19.—David Martin announced himself as a candidate for delegate to the national Republican convention from the Fifth congressional district.

Forty-eight Lives Reported Lost.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—The admiralty has received information that a steam launch belonging to the British cruiser Edgar was lost near Nagasaki Nov 13. Forty-eight persons in the boat were drowned. The launch was found and taken on board the Edgar.

Bobbin Factory Destroyed.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 19.—Fire has completely destroyed the bobbin factory of John B. Daggers. The loss is $10,000; partially covered by insurance.

HURLED TO DEATH.

NINETEEN PEOPLE KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT IN CLEVELAND.

Frightful Results of a Motorman's Carelessness—An Electric Car Dashes Into an Open Draw, Burying Its Passengers In the River a Hundred Feet Below.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 18.—A heavy electric motor car containing about 20 passengers went through the draw of the Central viaduct at 7:45 o'clock last evening and dropped 101 feet to the river below, carrying its occupants to instant and fearful death. It is a horror, the like of which has never occurred here before.

The Central viaduct is a huge stilt bridge 3,000 feet long and made of iron. It connects the heights and the prosperous residence section on the south side with the business center of the city. Directly over the river is a drawbridge of the pivot swinging pattern, and this is 101 feet above the surface of the water. The South Side Street railway passes over the bridge, and on either side of the draw there is a safety switch, which, unless the conductor alights and holds up a handle, will send a car into the gutter instead of allowing it to go on the draw.

As is the rule, the car stopped, and the conductor went forward to release the switch in case the way was clear.

He must have been blinded by the electric lights, for an eyewitness declares that although the gates were closed and the draw was already in motion the conductor raised the switch handle. The motorman applied the current, and the car shot forward and struck the gates with a crash.

Down the Frightful Abyss.

There was only a moment's pause, and then the heavy car ground its way through the wreckage and plunged over the brink into the black abyss amid the screams and frantic struggles of the passengers, who at the first intimation of danger rushed for the rear door. The car struck the water with a great splash, and then there was silence.

As the car went over the brink of the abyss the motorman jumped from the vestibuled front. He fell upon the abutment of the bridge, his skull being crushed by the fall. All the other occupants of the car, with the exception of the few who had managed to jump as it toppled over, went down to certain death. The car disappeared from sight as soon as it struck the water, and every one of the passengers was drowned.

The scenes about the river while the work of rescue was being prosecuted were pathetic in the extreme. The thousands of people who had assembled waited with bated breath for the discovery of bodies. It was a sad crowd, and out of respect for the unfortunate dead but very little noise was made. Occasionally the wild scream of some frantic woman who believed some one dear to her was among the unfortunate ones would echo over the flats, only to be taken up at a distance by some other woman whose heart was breaking over her loss. It was almost impossible to get to the river. Patrol wagons dashed this way and that, their bells clanging, adding to the din and confusion. Ambulances dashed up to the scene, only to turn and drive away again, carrying the remains of other unfortunates.

It was almost impossible to work with any system. The crowd pushed its way as near the scene as possible, and the efforts of the large force of police to maintain order were almost in vain. It was with great difficulty that a body when recovered was taken to one of the dead wagons.

List of Killed and Missing.

Killed.—James McLaughlin, baseball player, 77 Trowbridge avenue.

Henry W. Mecklenburg, merchant tailor, 58 Mary street.

Edward Hoffman, conductor, 121 East End avenue.

Mrs. John A. Sauernheimer, 76 Professor street.

Miss Bessie Davis, schoolteacher in Sackett school, lived at 107 Noyes street.

Harry W. Foster, clerk for Root & McBride Co., 51 Mentor avenue.

Miss Minnie C. Brown, 10 Thurman street.

Curt Lepehne, 66 Jennings avenue.

Mrs. A. W. Hoffman, 30 years old, 1508 Pearl street.

Harvey Hoffman, 7 years old, 158 Pearl street.

Mrs. Martha Palmer, 155 Kentworth avenue.

Marie Mitchen, 21 years old, domestic, Bell avenue.

Augusta Sarinski, 207 Central avenue.

Gertie Hoffman, 4½ years old, 1508 Pearl street.

Louis F. Hulets, mail carrier, 38 Brevier street.

Missing.—Miss Martha Sauernheimer, 154 Merchants avenue.

—— Looney, 9 years old, 37½ Clifton street.

B. C. Page, residence unknown.

Matthew Callahan, Hamilton street.

The Motorman's Statement.

August Rogers, the motorman, is detained at the Central police station, though he is now held only as a witness before the coroner.

"It was my second trip," he said. "Just after leaving the market house I looked into the car, and from what I can remember there were about 20 or 25 passengers. They were mostly women and children, I think. When my motor reached the switch at the approach of the draw in the viaduct, I shut off my current and applied the brake. The car came to a full stop, and the conductor ran ahead and threw the switch.

"He motioned me ahead with a wave of his arm. I put my lever at the first notch, and as I passed the conductor, who always stands at the switch lever until the car has passed, was running at the rate of possibly four miles an hour. I looked back, as I always do, and saw him get on the rear platform. Looking ahead, I thought I saw the gates at the draw closed over the track, but as my lights were burning and I had current the thought occurred to me that my eyes must have been at fault. I was just in the act of giving, and possibly gave, the lever a slight push forward, when I was startled by the gates just in front of me, and I heard some one yell, 'Jump!' I do not know whether I reversed the current or not, for I realized the danger and jumped from the vestibule.

"As I leaped I thought that I would plunge headlong down and into the river, but as the car struck the gate I fell on it and caught the iron frame and saved myself. The car went down with an awful crash, but I never heard a murmur or anything that resembled a scream."

He was deeply affected during the recital, and broke down completely.

Valuable Horse Burned to Death.

RICHMOND, Ky., Nov. 19.—Foxhound, the $2,000 race gelding owned by Burt Million, and $40,000 worth of tobacco were burned in a fire here.

Headlong Down the Elevator Shaft.

CAMDEN, N. J., Nov. 16.—William Clifton, elevator boy at J. H. Van Seivers & Co.'s furniture manufactory at Delaware avenue and Arch street, fell from the fifth floor through the elevator shaft, and was picked up on the ground floor dead. The elevator was an open one, used in hauling freight. When a few feet above the fifth floor, young Clifton looked up to a fellow workman on the floor above. As he did so he lost his balance and fell backward, taking a headlong plunge down the shaft.

FARM AND FIELD AND GARDEN

DIVERSIFIED FARMING.

Practical Examples of the Advantage of Having Many Things to Sell.

The tendency in farming for a number of years has been toward specialties rather than a diversity of crops of farm products. If the farmer lived in a grain growing section, every effort was made to produce more and more grain. If, on the other hand, dairying was followed, no stone was left unturned to keep more cows. Whatever may have been the wisdom of this policy in the past, it is a question worthy of our careful consideration at present whether or not we should further continue it. With a view to illustrating the advantage of having a little of everything to sell instead of depending solely on one thing a correspondent of Country Gentleman gives a practical example of what he once saw done. He writes:

A farmer of my early acquaintance kept a herd of cows, and as the custom was in those days made most of his butter in the summer, which he held till November and sold for whatever price it brought. During the summer months, whenever he went to town to do any trading, he did not go and run a bill at the stores, to be settled "when the butter was sold," but always took something from the farm. In the spring, during housecleaning time, he would have aboard a number of bundles of straw for filling beds. Selling these for this purpose, his straw brought four or five times as much as it would sell for by the ton. A well cared for flock of poultry furnished eggs in exchange for the family groceries. A few early vegetables or fruits were always selected in their season. A few cords of wood were prepared in winter, neatly piled, and when he was going (never on purpose), he took a load to pay his blacksmith's bill. By this means he had his butter money to depend upon to pay on his debt in the fall.

I was greatly interested in the methods employed by the German families who occupy a great share of the dairy farms in the vicinity of Elgin, Ills. These tenants pay more rent for the bare farm than one will rent for in New York state with a full line of stock and tools. I said to a German farmer whom I met, "You all seem to prosper here; will you inform me how you do it?"

"Well, we milk 40 cows, and there are myself and wife and eight children. The women and children tend the plat of cucumbers and pick them. We men take care of the cows and farm crops. We put in two or three acres of cucumbers, and they are sold at the canning factories, and wife and children get enough from them to pay all our living expenses, so we have all the profits from our milk to pay rent and lay by to buy a farm in a few years."

We cannot raise cucumbers on such an extensive scale, but one who has not tried it will be surprised at the income from 25 hills of cucumbers well cared for and kept closely picked. Ten dollars' worth of cabbage can be grown on a very small space. I have heard a friend tell of his little girls picking and selling over $40 worth of strawberries on a very small space. If I remember correctly, the plat was one rod wide and five rods long. Apples may be fed to cows in the fall with great profit. I consider sweet apples, say of the "pound sweet" variety, nearly as valuable as potatoes for either milk cows or for fattening any kind of stock. I believe if every farmer had enough of this variety of apples to feed his cows a peck apiece every day they would prove more valuable than grain in keeping up the milk flow. Of course apples can be so fed as to become an injury. In connection with dairying the potato crop is one of great importance. There are few years in which at some time between digging and planting time potatoes will not bring 50 cents. At this price they are a paying crop, and are worth this to feed cows in winter. I know this will astonish many, but, as in other things, there is a right way and a wrong way of doing it. Suppose cows are receiving an average of ten pounds of grain a day, if two days each week ten pounds of cut potatoes are substituted for the usual grain feed there will be no decrease in quantity of milk or butter; in fact, cows will keep in better thrift for this semiweekly change of diet.

In choosing what we will sell from the farm thought should be given to the amount of fertility we are removing from the farm. A very small piece of ground will furnish $10 worth of cucumbers, and the fertility removed will be simply nothing compared with that contained in a ton of hay, which will only sell for $10.

Protecting Farm Machinery.

A Vermont farmer tells in The New England Homestead how he protects his farm implements with straw. He says:

I found my hay loader much in the way in the barn, and as I don't like to take machines apart to store them, I took it to the orchard, raised it from the ground, braced it so that none of the parts would be strained, and completely covered it with a pile of straw. This prevented any injury from the weather, and it was a very cheap way of sheltering the loader. It took less time to cover it with a small straw stack than to take it apart. Binders and other implements might be treated in the same way.

An Item In Irrigation.

It is claimed by some that water should not come in direct contact with the base of the tree. E. S. Richman of the Utah station is not certain, however, that water will damage the base of the trees, but direct contact can be avoided by throwing dirt around the bases of the trees. Many orange groves are irrigated in California without any protection for the trees, and there appears to be no injury resulting from the practice.

MANURES AND FERTILIZERS.

Results of Experiments Conducted For Several Years at the New Hampshire Station.

C. H. Whitcher, in a report on manures and artificial fertilizers, gives a summary of results obtained while the New Hampshire station was located at Hanover, with the addition of data secured at Durham. Subjects reported on are spring and fall applications of barnyard manure; how to apply manure; how much manure to use; substitutes for barnyard manure; relative efficiency of chemicals and barnyard manure; comparison of manufacturing fertilizers, chemicals and others and directions for mixing and using fertilizers. From the result of all experiments the following conclusions are drawn:

Manure applied in the fall to the surface, either of plowed or grass land, will, by the action of frost and rain, become so thoroughly pulverized and distributed through the soil that it acts more quickly and is in better condition for plants to assimilate than the same manure would be if applied in the spring. The loss from evaporation and drainage (unless the surface is very steep) will probably be much less than the loss resulting from fermentation if the manure is allowed to accumulate in cellars or the washing if left in open yards.

On most soils and for most crops surface application is better than plowing in, and especially if manure is applied in the fall, but in any case, except for manure that is so coarse that it cannot be mixed with the soil by cultivation, it is a safe rule to keep the manure as near the surface as possible and to have it as thoroughly mixed with the seed bed as can be done. This carries with it the necessity of using only such bedding and absorbents as are of themselves fine or easily pulverized.

For our common field crops—corn, oats, rye, barley, potatoes, etc.—it is not profitable to use more than from 15 to 20 cartloads (5 to 7 cords) of manure per acre.

On an average, on New Hampshire soils and with general crops, $1 invested in the best prepared fertilizers has given an increase of crop valued at $2.34, while $1 invested in the chemicals (dissolved boneblack, muriate of potash, and sulphate of ammonia) has given an increase valued at $3.56, a difference of $1.22 in favor of, and due entirely to, the substitution of chemicals for prepared fertilizers at equal cost. This difference is due chiefly to the wrong proportions of plant food in the prepared fertilizers, and more to the deficiency of potash than any other cause. Prepared fertilizer used gave: Phosphoric acid, 12 per cent; potash, 3 per cent; nitrogen, 3 per cent.

While the chemicals that gave the best results contained: Phosphoric acid, 8.6 per cent; potash, 14.6 per cent; nitrogen, 2.4 per cent.

Chemicals properly mixed and used can and do give as good returns as barnyard manure and oftentimes better, and this in a six years' rotation. Leached ashes gave better results per dollar invested than whole ashes.

Bottling Cider.

Cider may be bottled after the vinous fermentation is ended, but preferably after six or eight weeks' ripening of the liquor. It may be bottled as "still" or "sparkling" cider. In the former case it is "pasteurized." The cider is first filtered through flannel, then bottled and placed in a vessel of water, which is heated to not less than 140 degrees nor more than 160 degrees, kept so about 15 minutes, then allowed gradually to cool and the bottles laid away on their sides. For sparkling cider there is added rock candy or refined sugar—four ounces per gallon—to cider not pasteurized, but sufficiently ripened. After corking and wiring it should be placed in a cellar of cool, even temperature.

Varieties of Celery.

Celery, to be good, has to be perfectly blanched, and the blanching process is accomplished generally by heaping the earth around the stalks. For this reason, according to Meehan's Monthly, the short bunchy varieties of celery are more advantageous than the taller growing kinds, as requiring less labor in earthing up. It is chiefly for this reason that the thick dwarf kinds are in favor with American gardeners, as requiring less labor to produce. Some of these, however, are not nearly as toothsome as the taller varieties, and the efforts of the improver should be toward producing sweet nutty flavored varieties of the dwarfer kinds.

Feeding Sorghum.

No one seems to know what the principle is in green second growth sorghum that in a very few minutes kills cattle eating it. It is for practical purposes sufficient to know that it does kill in many instances, yet in others it has no visibly bad effect. The same applies to green second growth Kaffir corn, which is a nonsaccharine sorghum, but when either is cured there is no more danger in it than in any other fodder or hay. Kaffir corn is a very popular crop for both grain and forage among those who know it best.—Prairie Farmer.

Agricultural News and Notes.

The agricultural experiment stations of the United States employ 557 persons in the work of administration and inquiry.

Attention is called in Meehan's Magazine to a practice of the Swedes of placing turnips in comparatively warm cellars in the fall of the year. These send out sprouts, which, when cooked, are equal to the best asparagus.

A live stock show, under the auspices of the Live Stock Society of America, will be held in New York city Nov. 25-30. James Mortimer, 30 Pine street, New York, is secretary and superintendent.

The belief is fast becoming general that corn harvesting in the near future will be done by machine quite as generally as haying is now done.

Results of Experiments.

In a report of the agriculturist of the Massachusetts hatch station brief reference is made to fertilizer experiments with grass, oats, potatoes and corn, and to hill versus drill culture for corn; to white mustard and crimson clover as catch crops; to Panicum crusgalli and P. miliaceum, and to varieties of soja beans. The appearance of tubercles on the roots of some varieties of soja beans and not on others was noted. Seed of Canada peas was cheaply grown, but the results of an attempt to grow seed of vetches were unsatisfactory. In fertilizer experiments on meadows it was noted that clovers grew well wherever potash was applied. Potash and stable manure applied to corn afforded a larger profit than did stable manure applied alone, but in greater quantity. The yield of potatoes was greater with sulphate of potash than with muriate of potash, and the fertilizers gave better returns when drilled than when applied broadcast.

THE CRUCIAL TEST.

It was an ugly crime of which the prisoner at the bar—he gave his name as Saul Wray—was accused. An unfortunate storeman had been found dead by the roadside, bearing unmistakable marks of rough handling. Saul Wray had been last seen in his company, both men drinking heavily and quarreling at frequent intervals. Late at night the two been companions staggered from the saloon along the road where one of them was found killed the next morning.

The other was afterward discovered sleeping under a haystack, his hands covered with blood, his face cut and bruised, his jacket torn down the front. The jail soon had him within its walls, charged with the committal of the crime, and the good folks of the village were on the tiptoe of excitement until the day of the trial arrived. The murdered man was a stranger, life chances well known in the place and there was but scant sympathy for his untimely end. Wray was a stranger to the place and was apparently a tramp.

In due course the term of court came on and Saul Wray stood arraigned before a jury of his countrymen.

Judge Grayson, who was trying the case, was a well known jurist of considerable eminence, and had a reputation for strict impartiality. The court was crowded when the case began, and many eyes were directed to the prisoner, who, it was noticed by some particularly observant individuals, seemed considerably startled on seeing Judge Grayson take his seat on the bench. A strange gleam came into his eyes, while an uneasy pallor crept over his swarthy countenance.

In a low tone he pleaded "Not guilty."

Of course the evidence was purely circumstantial, but, nevertheless, sufficiently weighty to remove any doubts which might have existed regarding the prisoner's guilt.

There was a solemn hush in the court as the prosecutor rose to his feet and prepared to address the jury.

The prisoner leaned over the railing front of the dock, still with his eyes fixed, not on the speaker, but on the judge, who leaned back in his seat, and with his hands loosely clasped in his lap, his eyes half closed, listened attentively to counsel's speech. Occasionally the court opened and closed his fingers or toyed with his thumbs abstractedly, but the prisoner at the bar did not move a muscle or alter his keen, curious gaze.

He was an uncouth looking individual. Tall and loosely built, there was a certain slouch in his attitude that bespoke the genus "loafer." He had a swarthy, sun burned face, the lower portion of which was entirely concealed by rough tufts of tawny beard and whiskers, shaggy and unkempt. His high, massive forehead was crowned with iron gray hair, which looked as if a comb were almost a stranger to it.

His teeth were firmly clinched; he breathed heavily; his eyes glowed with a weird light as they remained fastened on the face of the judge, who evidently did not notice the fixity of their gaze. One hand of the prisoner was tightly grasping the rail in front of him; the other was thrust into the breast of his coat.

It was easy to foresee the verdict when the prosecutor sat down after speaking for just half an hour. The jury had their minds made up.

When Judge Grayson directed them to retire and consider their verdict, the foreman got up hurriedly and intimated that they had already arrived at a decision.

"We find the prisoner guilty, your honor."

All eyes were now centered on the prisoner, who drew a long breath as the judge turned toward him and in clear tones asked if he desired to say anything before judgment was pronounced.

Saul Wray started, his eyes gleaming with livid intensity; he drew himself up to his full height, crossing his arms on his breast. There was a breathless pause, and then there came but one word from the clinched teeth of the prisoner at the bar:

"Brother!"

Judge Grayson started violently, opening his keen gray eyes full on the speaker, his face paling, his hands tightly clasping the arms of his chair.

"Brother William!"

Judge Grayson half rose to his feet, with an exclamation of mingled horror and surprise, then sank back in his seat, trembling visibly.

In deep tones the prisoner at the bar spoke to him:

"You do not recognize me, Brother William, and I do not wonder, for it would be hard indeed to know me now, so changed am I from that brother who left you years ago to seek his fortune in California. Yes, William Grayson, I am your brother Saul. I went to the bad long ago. I am at the end of my rather now. I do not ask your sympathy. I do not deserve it. Do with me as you will."

There was a low, indefinite murmur in the crowded court as he stopped and bowed his head, as if evoking judgment.

Pitying eyes turned on the judge, who appeared crushed by the shock of the revelation, and the prosecutor started up himself as if about to speak.

Judge Grayson motioned him to desist and rose to his feet, leaning heavily on the table in front of him. His face was white, his features drawn; his lips moved several times before speech came from them.

"Prisoner at the bar"—

He stopped short and drew his hand sharply across his eyes, then went on abruptly:

"You have been tried and found guilty of a most grave crime. The evidence against you has fully convinced me of your guilt. The jury, by their verdict, have indorsed that evidence and strengthened my conviction. I have therefore no course open to me but to sentence you to state's prison for the natural term of your life."

Saul Grayson lifted his head with a look of incredulity.

Judge William Grayson met his questioning glance with a look of intense pain and murmured in an almost inaudible tone:

"Brother, forgive me!"

He drew himself up with an effort and motioned to the sheriff to remove the condemned man.

Just one moment in deep silence in court; then there was a heavy thud on the raised dais and a horrified cry from the breathless crowd as the prisoner was removed from the dock.

Judge Grayson has fallen senseless.—New York Dispatch.

AN APACHE PERIL.

"There are streaks in the Indian nature," said Paymaster General Norton, "not to be understood by the palefaces. In illustration I might tell an adventure which happened to me long ago in Arizona. I recall it as one of the closest shaves of my life. It will serve to exhibit, however, a side to the Indian character not readily to be explained.

"This was in the winter of 1871. I was paymaster for the army in Southern Arizona in fighting the Apaches in the far southwest. One morning I left Fort Apache on a pay trip. My escort was made up of three wagons, an ambulance for myself, with an escort of 20 men.

"There was plenty of snow on the mountains. Still, for all that, the region was thick with hostile Apaches, and no man's life was safe a moment 10 rods from the command. I knew all this, and for that very reason kept my wagons, ambulance and escort well together and did not permit the outfit to string out or break into pieces as we climbed the mountain trail. It was strongly within the range of the probable that we were haunted by Indians, who only awaited some careless separation of our little force or some two or three to lag behind to make a swoop.

"Getting out from Fort Apache we had to cross a range of mountains. It was my purpose to make the summit of the range the first day out. We were making slow work, however, of our push up the mountain. The trail was narrow and bad, after the fashion of mountain trails. Then, again, when we got well along up the ascent, the snows became deeper, fairly up to the wagon beds, in fact. As a result we were making a snail's journey of it.

"I was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and we still had a long, bad pull before us to make the summit. Trouble broke out up at the lead wagon; strained an axle or something. The train came to a halt, and I got out of my ambulance, which was in the rear, and went forward to aid in putting matters to rights. After a bit we again started.

"I walked leisurely back to my ambulance as the three wagons and the escort went on. As I came up I told the driver to hold up his mules while I lighted my pipe. I got my tobacco bag out of my ambulance and filled up, seating myself meanwhile at the foot of a pine tree.

"I took my time about it, and pending the filling and lighting of my pipe, the three wagons and the escort turned a corner of the mountain and were out of sight. My ambulance and I were left alone, although the balance of the outfit wasn't ten minutes ahead.

"It struck me at the time that I might better close up with my people; that there was danger in falling behind even this slight distance.

"I had just started up to get into the ambulance and go forward to overtake the others when a slight noise below us on the trail attracted my attention. I looked back over the road, and there, not 50 yards away, were coming some 12 Apaches.

"They were afoot—for the Apache is not a horseback Indian—and charging for me on the dead run, hostile to the eyes. I could see they meant blood and realized in an instant how thoroughly they had me treed. I was unarmed, for my pistols were in the ambulance, and there I stood, unable to fight a fly, and too far from my escort for them to even be aware of what was going on, let alone return to my aid. There was no way out. I saw that in an instant, and I inwardly said 'Goodby' to my wife and babies 2,000 miles away. I had had many a graze before, but this was the first time I had been really convinced that I had arrived at the end of my trail.

"Unarmed and unable to avert my fate, I made a virtue of what I could not help and stood facing the 12 Apaches as they came running up.

"The leader, seemingly the chief, held a lance—whereof the government had complacently furnished him on some former day the blade—at arm's length above his head ready to hurl it through me. As he charged on full tilt he vibrated it from blade to butt as if storing it with angry energy for its flight. While I stood there watching them come on I could already in anticipation feel the pang of this lance passing through my body.

"My interest centered naturally in the lead Apache with the lance. The others trailing along behind I noticed less. As the leader came within 15 feet of me he halted. The time had come, I thought, when I was to be spitted like a chicken. Still I gazed squarely in his eyes.

"As I looked at him he seemed to hesitate. He was staring as bluntly at me as I at him. As we gazed, little by little I saw the lance blade turn to one side. Suddenly, without a word or sign, whether of war, peace or submission, he reversed his lance and tendered me the butt of the weapon.

"I lost no time in taking it and gave him no chance to change his mind on a matter so important. I took his lance and shouldered it. He came forward with a hearty 'How!' and shook hands. The others followed his amiable suit. There were a dozen 'Hows!' and handshakes. Then, shouldering the lance, I ordered the ambulance—for the driver, like myself, had stood through it all—to drive on. When my ambulance overtook the wagons and the escort 30 minutes later, I was marching at the head of 12 hostiles with the lance at a 'right shoulder.'

"No. There was no farce, no joke about it—these Apaches were on the warpath, hostile as mad dogs, twelve of the most savage brutes in the hills.

"Why didn't they kill me when in their power? From a paleface standpoint it is not to be accounted for. If I had fled, I would have been shot. If I'd had my pistols and resisted, it would have been over with me in an instant. But for me to walk there without a move, whether to run or resist, and all motionless stare fate in the face, appeared to strike their savage appreciation as the very climax of courage, and instead of throwing his lance through me, as was his first full intent, this Apache knight, to display his approval, paused in midpurpose and presented me with his weapon. If it was anything a white man can pin a name to, it was a fashion of sublime savage politeness.

"These 12 Apaches ate with us that evening and slept all about my tent that night. In the morning I fed them again, and then we separated with much of mountain pomp and respect, they going their way, we going ours."—Exchange.

BANNER OF PROTECTION.

Why the Cotton States Should Fling It to the Breeze and Rally Around It.

The Manufacturers' Record, a good southern authority, says that the number of cotton mills projected in the south during the last three months, from June to August, inclusive, exceeds that of any similar period in the history of cotton mill building in that region. There were projected 77 mills, which will have an aggregate of over 300,000 spindles. These, with the new mills projected prior to May 31, will make an addition of 800,000 spindles to be added to the number now in operation in the south. "If these mills," says The Manufacturers' Record, "be all built, as indications promise, the aggregate investment will represent over $15,000,000."

Now, we ask the people in the south, do they suppose that if the duties on cotton goods were swept away, capitalists, large or small, would invest $15,000,000 in new cotton mills? We are sure they would not. Lancashire could undersell them in their own markets and the investment would not pay. In the face of such consideration southern politicians and journals clamor for that free trade policy which, if carried to its logical conclusion, would abolish cotton and woolen duties and raise revenue by imports on sugar, tea, coffee and the like. There should be a great southern uprising for protection.

Now that the south is coming to the front as a great manufacturing region, she should fling to the breeze the banner of protection and rally around it.

For Mayor of Boston.

BOSTON, Nov. 15.—Josiah Quincy was nominated for mayor by acclamation by the 313 delegates who attended the Democratic convention.