

ARE STILL IN DANGER

FLAMES THREATEN MANY TOWNS IN THE NORTH.

Smoke in the Lake Superior Region Shows Fires Unquenched—Losses Aggregate Incalculable Millions—Relief for the Suffering Subscribed Liberally.

Fire Still at Work

Reports from the fire-swept north say that, while the worst is thought to be over, the danger is not at an end. Fire smolders at countless points in Northern Wisconsin and Michigan, and strong winds would fan the sparks into a blaze that would sweep away many towns that have thus far fought successfully against destruction. These smoldering fires were seen on all sides of Washburn and Ashland, and the trainmen report the existence of Ironwood, Hurley, Odanah, Bayfield, Sabin, Marquette, and a dozen other settlements in the region. Incendiaries, it is said, have tried to set fire to Ashland and Washburn. The authorities will not confirm the reports for fear of lynching, but it is known that the jails at both places are well filled with men against whom no charges have been recorded.

Port Wing, forty miles east of Duluth on the south shore of Lake Superior, was totally destroyed Wednesday. The town had 200 inhabitants. The town of Spencer, Wis., had 2000 people. Fires on all sides by growing in the Chipewauk river and covered their heads with wet blankets. After the fire had passed over them they saw an ash-heap where their homes had been. The loss is about \$50,000.

Reports are to the effect that Carlton, Kerrick, and Barnum, Minn., are in danger. The fires now burning in these places, and are raging furiously. So dense is the smoke at Carlton that the operator there said he could not see across the street. It is therefore impossible to know anything from any of these fires except from the spot itself. Seven people were burned to death in the fires at Marquette. The fire in the town of Washburn, Wis., is so dense that it is utterly impossible to distinguish even faint outlines of buildings 100 feet away. Offers of aid to sufferers, both in cash and goods, are coming in from distant States. The temporary relief fund subscribed in Duluth grows and now reaches over \$10,000. There are one thousand destitute refugees from the Hinckley and Sandstone fires now in Duluth. One of the sad features in the suffering on the scene of the catastrophe is the large number of cows, horses, sheep and hogs, as well as fowls that miraculously escaped the fires and are now suffering and slowly dying from hunger. The humane societies will at once take this part of the relief work in charge.

SHOWED THEMSELVES HEROES

Forest Fire Horror Brought Many Brave Men to the Front.

The heroes of the forest fires were many, and their deeds are just coming to light. Most of these men have been too busy to say anything about themselves, and their stories have only come out when some of those they have saved are heard from. The stories of Engineer Root and crew, of the St. Paul and Duluth train, and that of the Eastern Minnesota crew, so nobly headed by Engineer East, have been told, although the full force of their heroic deeds cannot be understood by one who has never seen or realized the terrors of forest fires. Ordinary heroes become helpless under such an ordeal, and only the truest metal can stand the test of such a furnace. Engineer Ed Berry and Conductor Harry Powers, of the Eastern Minnesota freight, came to the front rank among the heroes who have stood the trial by fire. The 4/8 people whom they picked up and carried back to safety in the box cars were rushed through the midst of the furnace over burning ties, in the face of the knowledge that another train in the opposite direction had the right of way, and was liable to be met anywhere in the den of smoke and fierce flame. That was a terrible ride over the 150-foot bridge across the Kettie River, which was blazing and trembling under the wheels, apparently ready to fall. Fifteen minutes after the train passed the ruin of the bridge was a pile of twisted metal and twisted iron. At this time that a crowd of alleged men crowded into the cab and begged Engineer Ferry to use the train and carry them to safety leaving the people in the cars to perish. They were summarily fired. The number of people saved by Gustave Wentz, a cool-headed German transfer, will never be known. He kept his horses on the jump and carried large numbers to places of safety. Several entire families were saved by him.

FIRE LOSSES TAX CREDULITY.

Computed by Tens of Millions—Railroads the Chief Sufferers.

The total loss caused to date by the forest fires in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota has not yet been estimated with much accuracy, but it is known that computable losses amount tax credulity. In four counties in Michigan the loss on standing pine is known to be at least \$1,000,000, and in Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota the loss is even greater. Logs ready for the mill have been burned in so many places that they cannot be estimated. Millions of dollars' worth of saw-mill plants and other millions of the sawed lumber awaiting shipment. Still other millions were lost in the houses and personal effects of the victims. The railroads have suffered in the burning of bridges and damage to tracks, but their chief devastation is in the future. Vast stretches of country denuded of their forests, will have nothing to ship and no inhabitants to

HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

WAITE WINS EASILY.

The Colorado Populist Leader Has Little Opposition.

Gov. Waite won a victory in the Populist State convention at Pueblo, Col., being renominated on the first ballot by a practically unanimous vote. The opposition failed to develop their promised strength. Thomas M. Patterson, leader of the opposition to Waite, appeared on the stage and endeavored to speak. He was allowed but five minutes, he said, would make an impression upon the delegates, and he would therefore simply enter the protest of the minority. Ed Holden, anti-Waite, attempted to speak, but was howled down. Thereupon the Patterson delegation from Denver left the hall, followed by about a dozen other delegates.

Gov. Waite was renominated on the first ballot, receiving all but half a dozen votes, which were given to Congressman Pence. The nomination was later made unanimous. When introduced to the convention he was greeted with tremendous cheers. Gov. Waite, after thanking the convention for the honor bestowed upon him, said: "I do not take this as an endorsement of all my official acts, as I know I have made many grievous mistakes; but I take it as an expression of confidence in me, and that I have acted honestly, if not always wisely."

MINNESOTA DEMOCRATS.

Nominate a Ticket at the State Convention in St. Paul.

The Minnesota Democratic State Convention at St. Paul nominated a ticket almost by acclamation, only one position taking a full ballot. The full ticket chosen is as follows:

- Governor—General G. L. Becker, of St. Paul.
- Assistant Governor—John Ludwig, of Winona.
- Secretary of State—John B. Haines, of Morrison County.
- Auditor—A. Bierman, of Goodhue County.
- Attorney General—Logan Beckwith, of Olmsted County.
- Treasurer—G. L. Lambert, of Cass County.
- Chief Justice—Seagrave Smith, of Minneapolis.
- Clerk Superior Court—Thomas Korts, of Clay County.

The platform reaffirms Democratic principles, denounces the protective tariff; indorses President Cleveland's administration; favors free coinage of silver whenever it can be accomplished consistently with the maintenance of a sound and stable currency; favors the popular election of United States Senators; demands the rigid economy in public affairs; denounces the American Protective Association; commends the Democratic tariff bill; favors taxation of railway lands; and believes in arbitration.

JAPANESE IN A PANIC.

American Consul Surrenders Two Suspected Spies to the Chinese.

Shanghai advices say the surrender to the Chinese of the settlement limits, by the American Consul, of two Japanese who were recently arrested accused of being spies, and who had been under the protection of the United States, has created a panic among the Japanese in this country. The latter believed themselves to be safe under the protection of the United States, and their alarm is increased in view of the report that their two countrymen now in the hands of the Chinese are to be immediately executed. The Chinese authorities, when the prisoners were surrendered, pledged themselves not to torture the captives and to give them a fair trial. All the Japanese in this city, numbering about 100, are making preparations to leave China at the earliest moment possible. The Yokohama Specie bank branch is transferring its business to the Comptoir d'Escompte during the war. The Japanese merchants are selling out their business and preparing to leave the country.

TRIAL OF DEBS BEGUN.

Judge Woods Hears Evidence in Contempt Cases Against A. R. U. Officers.

With the calling of Judge Woods' court in Chicago Wednesday morning the work of rehearing the events of the recent railroad strike and crystallizing them in numerous folios of dry type documents was begun in earnest. The contest, while it lacks the dash and excitement which marked the days and nights when the attempt was made to enforce the Pullman boycott, promises to be a battle royal, between the opposing interests, and the questions to be decided. It is asserted, are hardly of importance that those involved in the strike and boycott. It is generally admitted that the case will be carried to the Supreme Court, no matter in whose favor it is decided. The case is simply a continuance of the proceedings begun in July for contempt of court against Eugene P. Debs, George W. Howard, Sylvester Kellher and L. W. Rogers, officers of the American Railway Union. The defendants are also under indictments for offenses similar to those charged in the informations for contempt, but they have not yet been tried.

Briefs.

HENRY LOESCH shot his wife four times at St. Louis, and then cut his own throat.

SARAH BERNHARDT is expected to make a tour through Scandinavia during October.

In a collision of trolley cars at Darby, Pa., fifteen persons were injured, some of them seriously.

JANE FINDLEY, aged 20, was fatally shot at Germantown, Pa., by Matthew Dunlap, a re-elected lover.

HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Value of Crimson Clover as Pasture and as a Soiling Crop—Three Good Gate Latches—The Use of Fertilizers—To Fatten Hogs.

Crimson Clover.

Crimson or scarlet clover is a comparatively new plant which has been steadily growing in popular favor during the last five years. It is an annual variety of special value as an extra crop, both for feed and for improving the soil. It is not a substitute for red clover. The best results thus far obtained indicate the latter part of the summer as the best time for seed sowing. This will give an early spring crop for pasture, forage or for green manuring. Crimson clover may be sown in orchards, berry patches, with corn, tobacco, tomatoes, etc., and upon raw ground following potatoes, melons or other early harvested crops. It is not adapted for seeding with wheat or rye. Twelve pounds of seed should be allowed to



CRIMSON CLOVER.

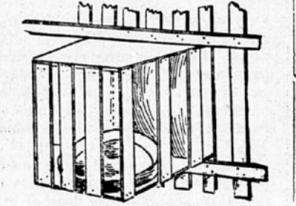
the acre. Experience shows that the seed takes better when lightly covered. Failure to secure a good stand results generally from heavy rains just after seeding or from hot, dry weather after sprouting has commenced. American seed is superior to foreign.

Crimson clover in common with other plants requires good soil for the best development, though it is well adapted for light lands. It will catch readily and grow well where red clover will not thrive and is also more hardy. Crimson clover provides a good pasture before other crops are available. An acre of it when six inches high contains sufficient digestible food to properly nourish twelve cows for one week. The roots are equal to three tons of city manure. As a soiling crop it is excellent both for quantity and quality. There are many farmers who well understand the value of growing a crop to be turned under to enrich the land, but dislike to miss a corn crop for this purpose. It is here that the value of crimson clover comes in. After the corn has been cultivated the last time the seed may be sown through the field, and farmers who have tried it claim that it helps instead of injuring the crop of corn.

A number of Western farmers tried the plan of sowing crimson clover with oats. This clover makes a good growth with the grain and is very valuable to those who want to secure the greatest amount of fodder from an acre with the least labor. The oats could be cut for grain hay; then the clover will make a good crop, and after cutting it the ground may be plowed for rye or wheat.

Clean Water for Poultry.

A very simple arrangement for keeping a dish of clean water near the fowls is illustrated in Farm and Home. For-keeping the water clean it is not necessary that the pan should be set in a frame attached to a fence, but a box with the four sides removed and strips nailed on may be



WATER-PAN FOR POULTRY.

set in any part of the chicken coop, thus providing water that is clean and wholesome. It is convenient, however, to keep the water high enough so that ants and insects may not crawl into it readily. For this purpose a small section in the fence may be removed and the head and bottom of the box nailed to the opening above the ground. Small slats of wood can then be nailed as shown in cut, being set far enough apart so that the poultry can get it easily.

Most Profitable Stock.

Men who are breeding and feeding pigs have the advantage of their fellow farmers who are breeding sheep, cattle, horses or mules. Pigs come in the spring and before the Christmas holidays have eaten themselves fat, weigh two hundred to three hundred pounds, and are sold and out of the way at a better market price than any other live stock. This is the situation in a nutshell. The men who buy and carefully breed and judiciously feed hogs have first-class market all the year round, and the top of the market, so far as prices are concerned. True, it doesn't do to breed any too many in a bunch, and it pays to give

HOME AND THE FARM.

THEM THE BEST OF CARE SO FAR AS FOOD AND OTHER SURROUNDINGS ARE CONCERNED; BUT THESE BEING CARED FOR, THE BUSINESS IS AS SAFE AS BANKING AND AS PROFITABLE.

Using Fertilizers.

Does it pay to use fertilizers? This question is often discussed at the farmers' meeting with a wealth of words, that, after all, prove nothing but the opinions of persons who enter into this discussion. But there are some facts that speak louder than words in this regard that may be mentioned. The farmers of the United States buy and use and pay for not less than 1,500,000 tons of fertilizers every year, and this enormous quantity costs them fully \$50,000,000. To form an idea of the great bulk of this quantity let us say that it will fill 150,000 freight cars which, extended in two vast trains properly coupled together, will occupy an air-line railroad with double tracks from Washington to Chicago. Is it reasonable to think that the farmers would continue to use this quantity of fertilizers and keep on increasing their purchases and consumption steadily every year, if this use of them did not pay?

But, taking the statistics of the crops and the yields of them, we find that they show a large increase during the last few years, and since the use of fertilizers has become so common, and also that the culture of fruits and market crops for which this kind of plant food is mostly used has increased enormously, so that wide districts, where once not an acre of such products was cultivated, are now covered with prosperous gardens and plantations, and are occupied by thrifty, if not wealthy, farmers.

Three Good Gate Fastenings.

The form of the gate latch or fastening is an important part of the structure, and care should be exercised in its construction. The form shown in Fig. 1 is very simple and effective. The latch, A, is of hard wood, eighteen inches in length, three-quarters of an inch thick, and one and a half inches wide. Through the inner end a wooden pin holds it in position. When the gate is closed the outer projecting end rests in a notch cut

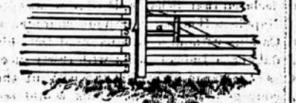


FIG. 1. SIMPLE GATE LATCH.

in the post, as at S. All the plans shown admit of the gate opening either way if desired. In Fig. 2 a swinging latch is used, which should be about the size of that in Fig. 1. It is suspended by a wire at R. Two wooden pins prevent it from being moved too far in either direction. The plan in Fig. 3 is quite similar to the others, and is clearly shown. The latch, E, is shown in an enlarged form. A notch is cut in the lower

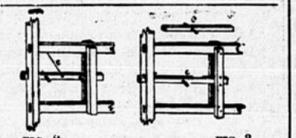


FIG. 2. FIG. 3.

side, which rests on a pin when the gate is closed, the weight of the latch keeping it in position. Next in importance to the hinges of a gate are the fastenings, which should invariably be made of the very best material.

Good Butter.

If you would make good butter, the first point is to make a good keeping butter. This keeping property of butter depends upon not leaving too much curd or water in it. The latter is the chief difficulty. If a large quantity of water is left in the butter, the latter will never keep. The butter grains must be drained so as to get the water out of them as much as possible and the air in between them, so as to sweeten and freshen the grains and promote the growth of the beneficial bacteria which produces good flavor. Afterwards, of course, the air must be pressed out and then excluded. In packing butter use nothing but the best salt, and be sure to soak the tubs before reband, as otherwise the wood will draw the moisture from the butter, to the detriment of the latter. Oak tubs are the most desirable, as that kind of wood has little natural odor for the butter to absorb. If the butter has been carefully made and packed, covered with parchment paper and then with brine, and placed in a cool, dry, odorless place, it should keep well for months.

Farm Notes.

In preparing for an apple orchard select a choice plot, one containing clover sod preferred; turn the sod under and set out the young trees in the spring.

Be slow to cut off large limbs from fruit trees, prune the young sprouts with the thumb. The less severe the pruning to which a tree is subjected the more likely it is to be of long life.

The best pork, as well as the cheapest, says an experienced hog raiser, is that made from hogs that have never been wintered. Quick growth and early maturity are essential in securing the largest profit.

The fall is an excellent time to use lime. Plow the land, run the cultivator over it crosswise, and apply from thirty to fifty bushels of lime per acre. It may be left on the surface, no harrowing being required, as it will be carried down by the rains.

HOME AND THE FARM.

POOR CARLOTTA IS DYING.

The End of Emperor Maximilian's Unhappy Widow Expected in a Short Time.

It was a melancholy day for the members of the royal family of Belgium, on June 7, when they made their annual official pilgrimage to the Chateau de Bouchout, near the village of Meyse, to present their "best wishes" to the unhappy Carlotta, ex-Empress of Mexico, says the New York Tribune. It was the 54th anniversary of her birth. Her condition since that day, too, has continued to grow worse, so that it is believed the Princess is soon to be relieved by death from her sufferings. Until a short time ago she had at least moments when she appeared to be herself and understand in part, at least, what was said to her. These moments came most frequently in the presence of her sister-in-law, the Queen, for whom she always manifested a deep love. Few persons are allowed near her, in fact, as the presence of one whom she does not like or who is unknown to her always makes her tremble and thus increases her suffering, but she had always welcomed the Queen, whose presence had a soothing effect upon her. But when her Majesty approached her on the birthday anniversary mentioned, the ex-Empress looked upon her with stony eyes from which no ray of intelligence flashed. Even the announcement a few days ago that her favorite niece, Princess Josephine, had been married had no effect whatever upon her. She did not realize the meaning of the words spoken. Until recently she played daily on her piano, and her improvisations at times were beautiful—the fancies of a mad brain. But now she has no interest in music. She is growing weaker daily, and the end of her suffering is not thought to be far distant. She cares little for dress now, while for years she was fond of decking herself in brilliant colors and wearing beautiful costumes. Daily, among other things, a new pair of white gloves had to be laid on her dressing-table, but these she never drew over her shapely hands. She has given up her walks and remains in her room day after day, mostly stretched out on her bed, her eyes haggard and her face thin and pale.

The people of Belgium have taken the deepest interest in the welfare of the Princess Charlotte, as they always call her, ignoring the title of Empress, in the twenty-seven years since the loss of her reason. There is a tradition or belief in Belgium that her condition is due to a drink made from a plant in Mexico, administered to her by her enemies in the land over which her husband ruled for so short a time. The plant, it is said, caused the loss of reason and gradual death. But there are other ways of explaining the lamentable affliction of the once ambitious and lovely woman. The exciting incidents through which she passed, the humiliations which she suffered, the violent emotions which she felt, the thought of her husband all tended to shake her reason. It was on her return from St. Cloud, where Napoleon III. had received her, that the first mad symptoms manifested themselves. He then had finally announced that he would do nothing for her and was to recall the French troops from Mexico, advising Maximilian to give up an impossible struggle and return to Europe. She left Napoleon in despair, and, arriving at the Grand Hotel, in Paris, she had an attack of insanity. "Go away, you miserable wretches, go away," she cried to Messrs. Castillo and De Valle, her favorite among her husband's councillors, who had accompanied her on her mission. A little later she made her pilgrimage to Rome to see the Pope and beg his intercession with the Mexican clergy as a last resort. Falling on her knees before his holiness, she cried: "St. Peter, issue a bull, I beg you, to all Christians condemning those who wish to imprison me." The political part which she had wished to play ended in that supplication. She shut herself up soon afterward in Chateau Miramir, and later she was transported to Belgium, where she was confined at first in the castle of Tervuren, and still later in the Chateau de Bouchout, where she is to-day. It is uncertain whether she ever knew the real end of Maximilian. At least, for years she has believed that he still lives as a prisoner in Mexico. Only a few months ago she wrote letters to all the sovereigns of Europe, demanding their aid in his behalf.

A Great Composer's Wit.

When Dr. Green had left with Handel a new anthem for his opinion upon it, he told him that "it wanted air." "Air!" exclaimed its composer. "Yes, air; and so I did hang it out of de window," replied Handel. When the "Messiah" was being performed in Dublin, Dubourg led the band, and one evening had a close to make ad libitum. Following the fashion, the violinist took his cadenza through the most extraneous keys, until Handel began to wonder when he would really come to the shake which was to terminate the long close. Eventually it came, whereupon Handel, to the merriment of the audience, exclaimed loud enough to be heard: "Welcome home, welcome home, Mr. Dubourg!" On one occasion a perturbed singer had some warm words with Handel, and wound up the wrangle by threatening to jump on the harpsichord which he played. "Oh," replied Handel, "let me know you will do dat, and I will advise it, for I am sure dat more people will come to see you jump than to hear you sing."

When He Heard the Serpent for the First Time.

He was very much shocked by the harshness of the sound, and cried out: "Wat de trefel be dat?" That is the newly invented instrument—the serpent—

HOME AND THE FARM.

SOMEBODY SAID, "OH!" HE REPLIED, "DE SERPENT, AY!" BUT DAT HE NOT DE SERPENT DAT SETTUCED EVE!"—BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

He Couldn't Go.

The agent of one of the great Southern railroad lines was sitting in his Boston office, one day in February last, when there entered two middle-aged countrymen. They were in their Sunday clothes, and evidently had come to town for a day's sight-seeing and shopping. There was nothing very eccentric in their dress or manner, except, of course, that they were farmers dressed up and in Boston. As they stepped rather timidly to the counter one of them said to the agent:

"I don't see how I can, leddy."

"The agent was writing a letter, but at this abrupt remark he looked up inquiringly.

"Fact is," continued the stranger, "I don't see how I can get away. Wife aint very smart, and John is goin' to school, and you know the stock has got to be looked after."

The agent by this time was rising from his chair, but he hadn't yet found his tongue.

"I should like to, awfully," the countryman went on. "I always did think I should like to see oranges growin', and alligators lyin' round loose. I've seen some mighty pretty pictures of Florida. Our minister and his wife went down there four winters ago. Mis' Sprague's health aint none too good any time, and when she got the grippe Mr. Sprague said: 'He thought she ought to go South; so we made up a pass and sent 'em off.'"

"What is all this about, anyway?" said the agent, interrupting the farmer's story in the midst.

"Why, don't you see, I'm tellin' you why I can't go. It's too bad. I'm real sorry."

"Can't go where?"

"Where? Why, to Florida, of course. When I'm asked a civil question I always mean to give a civil answer. That's why I come in. I saw your notice outside. Are you going to Florida this winter? and thinks I'll go in and tell him just how the thing is."

A Narrow Escape.

Lieutenant Reeder of the United States Marines stationed at the Oakland mole had a narrow escape the first night the blue-jackets were on sentry duty. Under direction of Lieutenant Stoney the men had been drilled for several days upon the "halt! Advance and give the count-off!" part of their duties, but some of them were thick headed, and were disposed to fire first and ask questions afterward.

When the sentries were posted they were given ball cartridges and instructed to keep a close watch. In order to ascertain if the men understood their duties Lieutenant Reeder was sent out in the middle of the night in a boat with instructions to approach the sentries on the pier and see if they could exemplify the decree work properly.

A marine wharf him stealthily up to the long ward. A sentry was pacing to and fro. He stopped, listened, heard the dipping of the oars, and then yelled:

"Halt!"

The boat stopped. Then he threw his rifle to his shoulder and leveled it on the occupants of the boat.

"It's that thick-headed Dutchman," exclaimed the marine at the oars, as he dropped into the bottom of the boat.

"Hold on there! Don't shoot!" yelled the lieutenant. "I am Lieutenant Reeder."

"Oh, I was yoost about ter shoot. Vy didn't you advance and gif der counterzign?"

"You ordered me to halt, you fool."

"By chimney, I forgot dot."

What He Didn't Know.

One day on a train which leads or follows through "red brush" Kentucky, a native came in at a small station and took the seat in front of me. It was an accommodation train and, therefore, sociable, and the man wasn't long in striking up a conversation. He rattled around a good deal before he struck his gait and at last got on to personalities.

"Air you married?" he asked. I expressed my regret that I was not.

"Don't know nothing about raisin' half a dozen children an' gittin' 'em offen yer hands?"

"No."

"Ner how hard it is to make a livin' fer so many?"

"No."

"Never trotted up an' down half the night with a squallin' baby?" I was glad to say that I had not and he went right on.

"Don't know what it is to have a scoldin' wife?"

"No."

"Ner one that never gives you a minute's peace, unless, and he chuckled over the joke that was coming, "unless it wuz a piece uv her mind?"

"Never."

"An' you never wuz a widower?" and this time the smile he gave me had something pathetic in it.

"Certainly not."

He reached over and laid his hand affectionately on my knee.

"Well, young feller," he said, "you don't know a doggon thing about the delights of matrimony, you don't, an' you have my sympathy."

To-morrow's work is never done.