Historical Society

The Worthington Advance.

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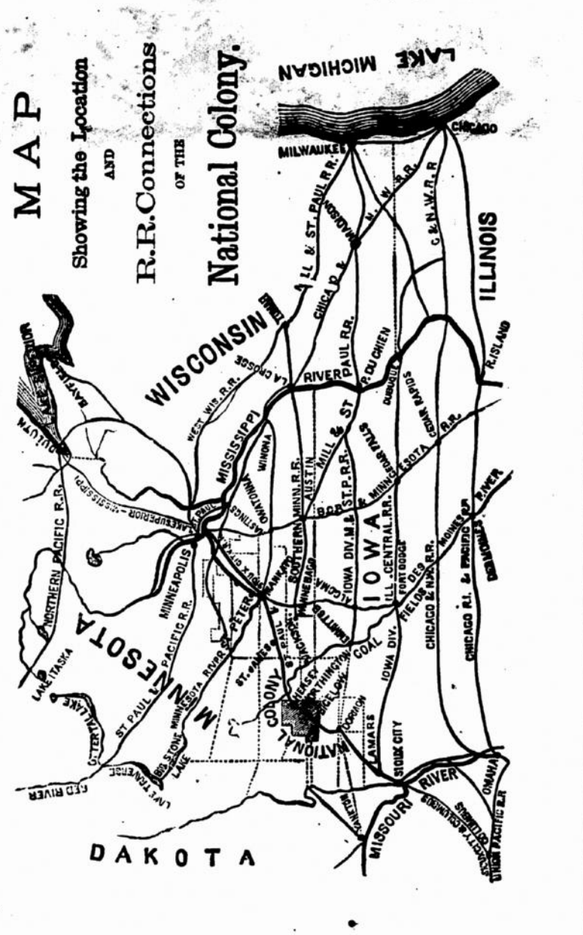
150,000 Acres of Land for Sale on Long Time and Small Payments, by the

NATIONAL COLONY



The National Colony.

The national colony is located in Southwestern Minnesota and Northwestern Iowa. It comprises twelve townships of land in Nobles county, Minnesota, and three and one half townships in Osceola county, Iowa, the land being undulating prairie, watered by streams and lakes, and having a soil of sandy loam from two to four feet in depth. There are twenty townships of land in Nobles county, and it is admitted on all hands that this county lies in the very heart of what is called the "CREAM OF THE PRAIRIES." Southwestern Minnesota, by general consent, long since took the name of the "GARDEN OF THE STATE."

Lakes.

There are some fifty lakes, great and small, in Nobles county. The principal ones are Lakes Okabena, Ocheeda, Indian Lake, and Graham Lakes. Within a radius of eight miles of Worthington there are over twenty-four miles of lake front.

Stock Growing.

The numerous lakes and the luxuriant grasses of this region adapt it to stock-growing in an eminent degree, and a number of settlers are arranging to engage in stock-growing, dairying and cheese-making The dry winters and fine climate are exceedingly favorable to the health of all kinds of stock. Beef cattle grown here can be delivered in Chicago for less money than by stock-growers living within twenty miles of that city. Two cheese factories now in operation in the county.

Railroads.

Two railroads now in operation to Worthington. The Sioux City & St. Paul Railroad runs in a southwesterly direction across Nobles county, keeping the people in daily communication with both St. Paul, distant 177 miles, and Sioux City, distant 92 miles. The Worthington and Sioux Falls Railroad extends westward to Lu Verne and will soon be completed to Sioux Falls. Preparations are now making to extend the Southern Minnesota to Worthington within the next year. Another proposed road is a narrow-gauge coal road to the Iowa coal fields, which will, in due time, no doubt be built. Another road is projected from Sioux City to Worthington by way of the Rock River Valley. The Southern Minnesota Company contemplates building a branch northwest from Worthington to Pipestone county.

Towns and Villages.

There are three villages in the county, all of which are railroad stations, viz: Worthington, Bigelow and Hersey.

Worthington

Is the county seat, and is a thriving town, drawing trade from nine of the surrounding counties. It is situated on West Okabena Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, having a circumference of about six miles, and presenting upon its shores many elevated sites for residences. It furnishes sand, gravel, boulders, ice and water in abundance for the town, to say nothing of boating, fishing, gunning, etc. The business of the town is represented by over twenty stores, five hotels, several lumber yards, fuel yards, meat markets, livery stables, etc., and one large steam flouring mill and two weekly newspapers. The professions are represented by three physicians, two dentists, and four lawyers. There are five church organizations in the place, viz.: Union Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Disciples. The Congregationalists and Presbyterians both have neat church edifices, and the Methodists own the large building known as Methodist Block, containing Miller Hall, in which they hold services. The various societies are represented by a Masonic Lodge, a Good Templar Lodge, and a Post of the Grand Army.

Worthington has a good graded school, with three departments, on the Independent District plan. A fine School Building has been erected.

In culture and character, the people of Worthington are admitted to be far superior to those of frontier towns generally. The temperance feature of the Colony, which excludes the liquor traffic, has attracted the better class and excluded the more vicious class of settlers. We know of no place in the west where an investment in town lots will pay better

BIGELOW is a thriving village located some ten miles south-west of Worthington near the Iowa line. It is a railroad station and contains several stores, shops, warehouses, etc., and a cheese factory in successful operation.

HERSEY is another railroad station and village located about eight miles north-east of Worthington. It contains a postoffice, hardware store, lumber yard, hotel, etc , and is located in a beautiful and fertile region, and has a promising future before it.

Temperance and Education.

The National Colony is founded upon a temperance and educational basis. These features entered into the original plan of Dr. A P. Miller and Professor R. F. Humiston, the founders, and were among the chief inducements which brought to this locality the intelligent class of people, who have located here. No intoxicating beverages are sold in the county. The town charter of Worthington prohibits the liquor traffic. The educational interests of the town and county are in the hands of advanced men, who appreciate the importance of superior educational facilities and who will have them whatever they may cost. A few years hence will witness the establishment of the Worthington Seminary upon a permanent basis. There are now about fifty school districts organized in the county.

Climate.

The climate of Southwestern Minnesota is probably its chief attraction. The atmosphere is dry and is almost a specific for all pulmonary and bronchial affections. Consumption and ague are unknown here, and the exhilerating air gives energy to constitutions which would succumb in a more humid climate. The abounding good health and energy of the people are a source of constant remark and congratulation.

Advantages.

The advantages of this region are briefly summarized as follows: Fertile soil, convenient markets, and healthful climate; superior mail, railroad, school, church and other privileges; and no ague, no consumption, no liquor traffic, no desperadoes, no Indians.

The National Colony is a community founded, like any other community, upon legitimate and recognized business and social principles, without any communism or any peculiar feature other than the exclusion of the liquor traffic.

In addition to the advantages above named, every settler upon these lands has all the benefits arising from the location here of the NATIONAL COLONY and of the constant active and efficient work of that organization, of which Miller, Humiston & Co. are the proprietors and managers.

Settlers upon these lands will be transported from Chicago, and intermediate stations, at greatly reduced rates

Descriptive Pamphlets, containing full information in regard to the Colony lands, will be sent free to any one applying personally or by letter to

MILLER, HUMISTON & CO., Worthington, Minn,

ALLEN GIBSON, National Colony Agent, 106 Fifth Av., Chicago, Ill.

Or F. C. TAYLOR, 184 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

THE SEA.

BY MRS. E. E. BROWN.

Oh! I love the sea—the calm, blue sea—
When it rests 'neath the summer sky;
While the golden stars of evening seem
Far down in the depths to lie.

And when it waves in the sunlight dance,
Like a merry child at play,
I love to sit on the rocky shore
And dream the hours away.

I love the sea—the mighty sea!—
When the storm-king rushes by,
Lashing the soft waves into foam,
And hurling them mountains high.

I gaze on it then with silent awe,
And my heart stands almost still,
As I think of the wondrous power of Him
Who hushed the storm at will.

STORIES OF CHOATE.

Incidents in the Life of the Great Rufus—His Manners in Court.

The Albany Law Journal contains the first half of a critical article on Rufus Choate, from which we take the following extracts:

"The incidents in Choate's life are very few. Born in 1799; entering Dartmouth college in 1815; becoming a tutor there on graduating; entering on the study of his profession at the Cambridge law school, and passing a year in the office of Writ; commencing practice at Danvers in 1824; elected to the Legislature in 1825; to the State Senate in 1827, and to Congress in 1832, removing to Boston in 1834; elected to the United States Senate, on Webster's retirement, in 1841; resigning that position in 1845; practicing at the Boston bar from that time until his death in 1859. This is the barren index to a most fruitful life.

"Choate's first appearance at the bar was the signal for much laughter and ridicule. His advent was regarded by the lawyers and suitors of his day very much as the appearance of Pegasus would be received by the steady-going earth-born equine race, if he should descend and assume the role of a cart-horse. His ways were not their ways. His eccentricities, and his struggles to carry his burden aloft into his native element, excited much merriment. But soon it was found that Pegasus drew his load better than any of them, despite his antics and his curvetings. Men soon came to acknowledge that there was a new and legitimate style of advocate and of advocacy, and though it proved inimitable, yet it soon secured ungrudging admiration, and to the new-comer was accorded the leadership which his unique genius demanded. From them until his death he was as much sovereign in the Boston court-house as Webster was in Faneuil hall.

"It is no wonder that Choate's manner startled the staid New England court-houses from their composure. Nothing like it was ever seen before, has been seen since, or will ever be seen again. In its volubility and vehemence his speech was more like that of an Oriental than that of a 'Boston man.' His voice, which naturally was rich, grand, and melodious, he frequently urged to its highest key; he shrieked; he raved; he tore a passion to tatters; he swung his fists; he ran his trembling fingers through his long curling locks, dripping with perspiration; he shook his head like a lion's mane; he raised his body on his toes and brought his weight down on his heels with a force that shook the court-room; he paused for two or three seconds, threw back his head, swept the jury with a terrific glance, and violently inhaled his breath through his nostrils with a shuffling that was heard all over the court-room; his weird eyes glared like a maniac's; his wrinkled face assumed a hundred unnatural corrugations; in short, his speech tore his frame, and his body was convulsed like that of the Delphic priestess in his moments of inspiration.

All this seems very ridiculous in the description. It is not singular that it sometimes excited derision. But derision was short-lived. All this time his thoughts were poured forth with an unvarying and incredible velocity; an orderly and coherent array of felicitous and choice expressions, which none but the orator could have selected and combined; startling and beautiful images; soaring fancies; glittering wit; soul-searching analysis; classical allusions—even Latin quotations; ingenious illustrations; denounciation rarely employed, but blasting where it struck, simple and unadorned pathos; deep and subtle sympathy with nature and with humanity; breaking down the barriers of prejudice, raising and enlarging the souls of his auditors, illuminating their understandings, and investing them for the hour with a portion of the orator's own greatness. It was the very abandonment and ecstasy of eloquence, the true-inspired frenzy, which, at long intervals, has descended from heaven and given to the world a demosthenes or a Cicero, a Chatam or an Erskine, a Webster or a Choate.

"Choate's personal appearance was as remarkable as his oratory. About six feet in height, with a powerful chest and shoulders, a gaunt frame, huge hands and feet; a rolling, lumbering sort of gait; a billious, coffee-colored complexion; his face deeply corrugated with profound wrinkles and hollows, and seamed with powerful lines; his head deep rather than wide and completely covered with luxuriant black curly hair, scarcely tinged with gray at the day of his death; mouth large and lips thin and tremulous; his eyes large, deep-set, and black, with a weird, far-away expression in quiet, but a terrible burning intensity in excitement; a face noticeable in a throng of a thousand, with intellect looking out at every point; a most haggard, woe-begone, fortune-telling countenance; his person arrayed in slouchy ill-fitting garments, including always several coats of various and indescribable hues, which he doffed or donned in the progress of a cause according to the amount of perspiration which he was secreting, and a cravat which has been said 'to meet in the indescribable tie, which seems like a fortuitous concurrence of original atoms.' He possessed a wonderful capacity for labor and study, bnt was a martyr to sick-headache all his life.

Primitive Warfare.

From the London Daily News.

The Montenegrin method of making war is very primitive. A Russian officer, who visited their country, and studied it, tells us that a Montenegrin never sues for mercy; and whenever one of them is severely wounded, and it is impossible to save him from the enemy, his own comrades cut off his head. When at the attack of Clobuck, a small detachment of Russian troops were obliged to retreat, an officer of stout make, and no longer young, fell on the ground from exhaustion. A Montenegrin, preceiving it, ran immediately to him, and, having drawn his yatagan, said, "You are very brave, and must wish that I should cut off your head. Say a prayer, and make a sign of the Cross." The officer, horrified at the proposition, made an effort to rise, and rejoined his comrades with the assistance of the friendly Montengrin. They consider all those who have been taken by the enemy as killed. They carry out of the battle their wounded comrades on their shoulders. Arms, a small loaf of bread, a cheese, some garlic, a little brandy, an old garment, and two pair of sandals made of raw-hide, form all the equipage of the Montenegrins. On their march they do not seek any shelter from rain or cold. In rainy weather the Montengrin wraps around his head the stroeka (a shawl of course cloth), lies down on the ground and, putting his rifle under him, sleeps very comfortably. Three or four hours of repose are quite sufficient for his rest, and the remainder of his time is occupied in constant exertion. It is impossible to retain in the reserve, and it seems that they cannot calmly bear the view of the enemy. The tactics of the Montenegrins are confined to being skillful marksmen. A stone, a hole, a tree offer them a cover from the enemy. Firing usually in a prostrate position on the ground, they are not easily hit, while their rapid and sure shots carry destruction into the closed ranks of a regular army. They have besides a well-practiced eye for judging of distance, and thoroughly understand how to take advantage of the ground. Of coarse it will always be difficult to employ such warriors against regular troops.

A Mean Device.

There was a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good-hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical about some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and Mrs. Graham added:

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a $10 bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blacked the cook-stove, and made the beds, I'll donate this $10."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this 'X' goes to the society!" said Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pair of stockings in this room that don't need darning, I'll hand over the money!" he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members; and, as you are not a member, I beg that you will witl draw and let us proceed with the routine business."

Prof. Blackie in a recent lecture said: "A woman is naturally as different from a man as a flower from a tree. She will be fitted for the rough and thorny walk of the masculine professions when she has got a rough beard,, a brazen front, and hard skin, but no sooner." How many a bearded, brazen-fronted man is fitted for measuring tape behind a dry-goods counter, thus to rob woman of legitimate employment!

They had a good deal of trouble with the Aztec woman attached to Barnum's circus in Providence. It seems she wanted her salary raised to $7 a week, but they told her if she did she would also be obliged to appear as the Siberian male actor, and she said she would go back to Limerick first, and take in washing at two shillings a day, and they were obliged to compromise by bringing her out as the fascinating Odalisque of the Orient.

How Tom Sawyer Got His Fence Whitewashed.

From Mark Twain's "Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

Tom Sawyer, having offended his sole guardian, Aunt Polly, is by that sterniy-affectionate dame punished by being set to whitewash the fence in front of the garden. The world seemed a hollow mockery to Tom, who had planned fun for that day, and who knew that he would be the laughing stock of all the boys as they came past and saw him at work like a "nigger." But a great inspiration burst upon him and he went tranquilly to work. What that inspiration was will appear from what follows. One of the boys, Ben. Rodgers, comes by and pauses, eating a particularly fine apple. Tom does not see him. Ben stared a moment, and then said:

"Hi-oi! Yo're up a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

"Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey!"

"Why, it's you, Ben; I wasn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But, of course, you'd druther work, wouldn't you? Course you would."

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered; was about to consent; but he altered his mind. "No, no; I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, may be two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done.

"No—is that so? Oh come now; lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't you see how I am fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it"——

"Oh, shucks; I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben; now don't; I'm afeard"——

"I'll give you all of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangling his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but stayed to whitewash.

By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought it for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, beside the things I have mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jewsharp, a piece of blue bottle glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass doorknob, a dog collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange peel and a dilapidated old window sash. He had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it. If he hadn't run out of whitewash he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world after all. He had discovered a great law of human action without knowing it, namely, that, in order to make a man or boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this book, he would now have comprehended that work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do. And this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers, or performing on a tread-mill, is work, whilst rolling nine-pins or climbing Mount Blanc is only amusement. There are wealthy gentlemen in England who drive four-horse passenger-coaches twenty or thirty miles on a daily line, in the summer, because the privilege cost them considerable money; but if they were offered wages for the service, that would turn it into work, and then they would resign.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Conducted by a veteran Northwestern Agriculturist.

When to Sell Wheat.

We have been a resident of Minnesota, ever since, and before it had a territorial organization, and have noticed that wheat brings a larger price just after harvest than at any subsequent period of the year. It appears to be a kind of a law of nature that this should be so. The whys, and wherefores we have nothing to say about; only it is so. Whether this year can be counted in the catagory remains to be seen.

How Long Can Land be Plowed?

At one time it was conceded that the fall plowing should all be finished up in this State, by the first of November. Now as a general rule the land can be plowed as late as the 20th of that month, but it is best to get all the land plowed possibly before the heavy frosts will prevent the foul seed in the land from sprouting. That all land intended for wheat, oats, potatoes, and in fact anything except corn, should be plowed in the fall of the year, no one will dispute. The farmers of this State, have pretty near three months in the fall of the year to plow, after their wheat and oat crops are removed.

Action and Re-action in Farming.

Never keep animals on short allowance, if you starve them, they will surely starve you.

Always give the soil the first meal. If this is well fed with manure it will feed all else; plants, animals, and man.

If you wish to give an energetic movement to all your farm machinery, and keep its hundred wheels in rotation, be sure not to be without a good rotation of crops.

If you allow your animals to shiver, your fortune will be shivered in consequence; that is, the farmer who leaves his cattle to the winds, will find his profits also given to the winds.

Heavy carrot crops for cattle will soon return carats of gold.

Fences operate in two ways—if good they are a defence, if poor an offense.

Farm-Yard Manure.

The farmers of Carver county are mostly Germans. That county, on an average, produces more wheat and other grain to the acre than any other county in the State. The reader may ask why is this the case? The answer is simple. It is because the farmers of that county get out their manure, and consequently keep up their land in a high state of cultivation. Constant use of the land impoverishes the soil. When year after year huge crops are produced our soil must necessarily wear out unless fertilizers are used, and of all other kinds there is none equal to the barn-yard manure. It contains. says Professor Stuart, of Glasgow, all the elements crops require, and returns to the soil the substances which previous crops have taken from it. How necessary then that the farmers of the State observe this rule. We do trust and hope that the present generation will not bestow to those who are to follow us, old worn out farms when there is such a remedy in every barn-yard in the State.

Breeding Sows.

We do not know that Minnesota will ever compete with a more southerly latitude in the raising of pork, but we believe that it pays, and that the day is not far distant when more attention will be bestowed to it than there is now. In the selection of breeding sows, it is necessary that one rule should be observed, and that is age. A writer truthfully says:

Experienced growers of swine have demonstrated by careful trial and years of observation that breeding by young sows—that is, those not yet matured in their own growth—should be utterly discouraged. No sow should be permitted the care and nourishing little pigs until her own body has attained its full proportions. Nature is the same in its economy, whether manifested towards the animate or inanimate. The tree or vine should not be permitted to bear much if any fruit until it has reached a condition that all its energies are not required to grow branches and top. A young mother, if still under her natural development, will withhold from her litter much that she might do for them did she not consume by her own needs and physical demands a percentage that should go to them. The tendency and result of permitting this is a dwarfing of the breed. If continued in the same family for a few generations, they will fall off from fifty to one hundred pounds per head.

An increased age of a sow is no objection. Better keep her until she is even three or four years old before breeding be permitted; and having first secured the stock or kind you desire to grow, keep her as a breeder until she is a dozen or fifteen years old, as pigs, from old sows will average much heavier than those from young ones.

Threshing Wheat.

This is in the very mecca of the threshing season in the Northwest, so we make no apology for copying the following well timed remarks from a Western Journal.

Good clean wheat without cracked or cut kernels in it will always sell more readily and at a better price than wheat foul with weeds, seeds, and chaff, and full of cut or bruised grain.

Threshers are apt to manage in a way to secure their own interest rather than that of the owner of the grain, by rushing the work so as to put through a large amount of grain and increase the average profits for their labor. The farmer who has raised a good crop of plump wheat has only himself to blame if he allows the threshing machine to do the work in an unworkmanlike manner. The most of the threshing is done by men who own the machines and go about from farm to farm threshing by the bushel, so that the more grain that is put through the machine in a day the greater will be the profits, and are apt to act on this principle by crowding their machines to their greatest capacity.

With careful management on the part of of the machine men, a great saving may be made to the farmer, and satisfactory results to themselves; for with the improved machinery, which has been brought almost to perfection during the last few years, the work may be done well and rapidly enough to satisfy the ambition of the thresher, or the economizing spirit of the farmer. As the machine brings with it a large gang of men and horses to pay and feed, the farmer naturally feels some as the owner of the machine does, that he would like to get through with the job as soon as possible. So while the hurry may be on both sides, the loss from the slighted work all comes off of the farmer. Grain may be and often is wasted in the cutting and handling, but the greater waste is in the single operation of threshing, often without anybody's knowing it or stopping to think about it. Insist on saving all the grain possible, and have the work well done. Barring the danger of fire, steam is the most economical power for thresing purposes, giving a more steady speed to the machine, so if the grain is fed through at an even rate, there is no danger of the grain being blown through with the chaff, at the moments of high speed.

Besides, it is decided cruelty to animals to press horses into a succession of full days work running the threshing machine during mid-summer, while the days are long, the heat oppressive, and the flies inflict their severest punishment. Give the horses all the protection they can have from the flies, and the machinery will be less liable to be broken and the grain waisted by an irregular motion.

As the straw has now become a matter of great importance, it should be put upon the stack over a carrier. In this way the chaff and whatever grain which would be otherwise wasted, by being left scattered upon the ground on account of its fineness, and the pitchers not being able to put it upon the stack by the use of a fork, would be saved.

Ordinarily we think it economy to put grain in the stack during a sufficient time for it to go through a sweat before threshing, for no doubt it improves the condition and quality of the grain to some extent, will require less help on threshing days, and the delay would be in favor of the straw while it is not exposed to the summer rains. Of course when the farmer is compelled to sell soon after harvest, he had better thresh out of the shock, and for no other good reason would we advise threshing grain before or during "dog days."

Antiquity of the Tomato.

Science Gossip, an English Journal, in the relation to the time which has elapsed since the tomato was cultivated in gardens, states that Galen, who lived in the second century, uses the name Lycopersicum, now applied to the tomato, but it is not known to what plant he alludes. But an Italian writer, in 1561, thinks Galen meant the tomato. Dodoens, a Dutch botanist, describes it as grown in his time (in 1583,) as an eaten dressed with pepper, vinegar and oil. Gesard mentions it in his "Herbal" in 1597, and calls it Pomum Amoris, and describes red and yellow fruited sorts. Parkinson, in 1656, says it is cultivated only for curiosity, and "for the amorous aspect or beauty of the fruit." A century afterwards Miller states it was used in soups. Coming down later, we remember its extensive use on the table, cooked and uncooked, about the year 1825. To this we may add that only since the last thirty years has the tomato been well known for its edible qualities in the United States, and only since twenty years has this valuable esculent come into general use, and been appreciated as it deserves.

A Soldier of Fortune.

A Scotch soldier of fortune, Henry Islop McIver, a native of Edinburgh, is serving with the Servians. He has fought in four continents in twenty years, almost always on the side of the smallest numbers. He volunteered during the Indian mutiny and gained a medal; fought under Garibaldi in 1859, under Lee in 1861, for the Mexicans at the close of the civil war, with a little Indian skirmishing in Texas; served in the Argentine republic, where he became a colonel; was in the Cretan rebellion; served in Greece against the brigands; got captured while fillibustering in Cuba, but escaped; went to Egypt, where he had a cavalry command; came back to fight under Faidherbe against the Germans, and next turned up in Paris as a communard; last of all, went to Herzagovania as correspondent of The Hour, and volunteered as a leader of Servian regulars.