Historical Society

The Worthington Advance.

FREE THOUGHT, FREE SPEECH AND A FREE PRESS.

VOLUME VIII. WORTHINGTON, NOBLES COUNTY, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1879. NUMBER 16.

Worthington Advance.

PUBLISHED THURSDAYS,
—at—
Worthington, Nobles Co., Minn.

Terms:—Two dollars a year, in advance; One dollar for six months; Fifty cents for three months.

The Old Established Paper. Official paper of the County.

A. P. Miller,
Editor and Proprietor.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THERE are about 2,000,000 gypsies in Europe. Of these Scotland has about 100,000, England 90,000 and Ireland perhaps half the latter number.

FOUL air may be expelled from a well by heating a large, thick bar of iron—section of railroad bar, for instance—red hot, and suddenly lowering it into the water, just so it is submerged. The sudden escape of steam forces the foul gas upward. When a fire will burn in a well, the air is pure.

THE luckless Sultan of Turkey has been subjected to an indignity that is usually restricted to less resplendent mortals. His butcher, and baker, and wine-merchant and laundryman have stopped sending supplies to the palace on the ridiculous plea that their bills are unpaid. Think of a Sultan without a boiled shirt!

THOSE who admire the "noble red man," and are forever harping on the injustice done them, will please remember that when they see a chance, they will ruthlessly slay their best friends. Such was Mr. Meeker, and not only that, but he was a friend to humanity. Nevertheless, in the Ute outbreak, he was the first man to be killed.

BUTTERFLIES are covered with feathers; hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like those of a fish. A single grain of sand would cover a hundred of those scales, yet a scale covers hundreds of pores. Through these narrow openings perspiration forces itself out, like water through a sieve.

THE Melbourne correspondent of the London *Times* declares that the system of paying members of Parliment has proved a failure. It was contended formerly that country districts might contain many capable men, whose services were lost through poverty; but none of these geniuses have yet appeared, while there has been a liberal supply of those "who, unsuccessful in other pursuits, ultimately turn their attention to politics."

IT is calculated by a Swiss hotelkeeper that in the season which has just terminated 900,000 foreigners have travelled in Switzerland, each visitor staying on an average between three and four days in the country. The average daily expenditure of each amounted, it is further calculated, to $5, including of course, railway fares, payment for horses, mules, guides, porters, etc., so that altogether some $12,000,000 must have been spent.

ATHEN'S journals publish the returns of the last census made in Greece. The population of the Kingdom, which in 1870 was 1,509,450, had increased in 1879 to 1,701,793. In 1838 when the first census was taken the number of inhabitants was 849,505. In 1860 Athens had a population of 50,000 inhabitants, in 1879 it has increased to 76,000. About half a century ago Athens was only a village, now it is the finest city in the East.

A THIEVES' supper is one of the novelties of London. In a mission hall near Drury Lane the habitual criminal has found friends, who, on his discharge, invite him to a festival. This is the principal, and last year 537 thus had a welcoming hand held out to them on emerging from prison. Money has been given to some. All were entertained and lectured on the principle of honesty is the best policy.

MRS. GLADSTONE, the ex-premier's wife, is one of the most charitable women in Europe, and is personally known to nearly all the poor in London. Her kind and serene countenance charms at once. She inspires respect in all, and more than once her deserving charity after the war made Frenchmen forget that her husband's policy was not very favorable to them. She was, in consequence, very well received everywhere in Paris on her late visit.

FIVE of New York's millionares, estimated to have been worth $308,000,000, dropped off close together. "Seymour," writing for the Hartford *Times*, says: John Jacob Astor went first, and then in quick succession Commodore Vanderbilt, A. T. Stewart, and William C. Rhinelander, and now the money-worshipper, Goelet. Astor's wealth was estimated at $50,000,000. Vanderbilt's at $100,000,000, and Stewart's about the same. Rhinelander's property represented, it is supposed, $10,000,000, and Goelet's is estimated at 20,000,000.

THE appearance of the remarkable red spot on the planet Jupiter has excited much interest and discussion. It had been seen, under somewhat different conditions, in previous years, and Dr. Tempel, the director of the Royal Observatory of Arcetri, near Florence, has several drawings made by him last year. This year, he says the spot, "is more contracted and of a redder hue, but then the northern equatorial streak is also redder than it was last year. Striking is the contrast of color between this floating cloud and the small grey streak upon which it would appear to be moving.

IN Australia experiments for preserving meat by the injection of brine into the blood-vessels of the carcass, thus preserving them whole, is said to be successful, and a whole bullock is to be sent to the Sydney exhibition. The process is reported to be as follows: Immediately after the animal is killed the breast is laid bare, and a pipe inserted into the left ventricle, through which a weak brine is forced through an elevated tank. The brine flows along all the vessels, and drives out the blood through the right ventricle, when a stronger brine is forced in, until all the vessels are full. It is stated that the distribution of the salt is thorough, and the meat is perfectly preserved by the process.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS

Rev. W. H. Pledge a Methodist minister at Atlanta, Ga. committed suicide on the night of Dec. 13, by cuting his throat.

James Norvall was arrested in Milwaukee, Dec. 12, for the murder of Mrs. Vickers of Brunston, Cooper county, Missouri, from which place he had fled.

Charles W. Merritt, late lieutenant of of the tenth U. S. cavelry, a near relative of Gen. Merritt, committed suicide, at Santa Fe Dec. 12, by shooting himself.

A colored expressman in Chicago, hearing a noise in his barn about midnight, Dec. 9, went out to investigate, when two shots were fired at him, causing instant death. The murderer escaped.

In the case of Rev. Hayden, on trial at New Haven, Conn., for the murder of a young woman, the jury, Dec. 11, returned a verdict of not guilty. The verdict was received with loud cheers.

At Oxford, Mich., Dec. 12, two grave robbers were arrested and three dead bodies found in their possession, of well known former residents of the town. There was quite an excitement.

At London, Ontario, on Sunday morning Dec. 7, the farm house of William and Richard Needham was entered by masked burglars, and robbed of $500, and probably, fatally clubbed the Needhams.

Charles Brockman of Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 13, shot and fatally wounded William Burk. The latter and several of his friends had fallen upon the former and beaten him severely. Brockman gave himself up.

On Saturday, Dec. 13, in the porch of the Limerick county club house, Ireland, an evicted tenant with a cudgel felled to the floor Lord Fermay, who resides in county Limerick. Lord Fermay remained senseless for a time. The assailant was immediately taken to prison.

Advices from Boston, Mass., of Dec. 9, assert that a second death has occurred on the voyage of the ship Cashmere, the officers of which have been arrested. It is that of John Jefferson, 45 years of age, who when he shipped, was in the best of health, but who the sailors allege, was so badly treated by the mate Vanklick, by ill usage soon after the ship left New York, that he died three months after. The crew made astounding reports of the cruelty practised on the ship. They say Vanklick had frequently threatened Jefferson's life.

Senator Schurz sent the following telegram, Dec. 9, to Gen. Hatch, Ute commissioner at the Los Pinos agency: Receive the surrender of the Indians designated by your commission with the understanding that they will be guaranteed a fair trial by a military commission out side of Colorado and New Mexico. Inform Ouray that he will be received here with four or five Uncompagna and three Southern Utes and three White River Utes. Take care that good and influential men be selected, especially from the White River Utes. It will probably be desirable to have Jack here. Take possession of the prisoners with a military guard, and convey them in the first place to Fort Leavenworth.

CASUALTIES.

Five Chinamen were burned to death at Lonelock, Nevada, Dec 11. They were drunk with opium smoking.

At Penitanguishine, Ontario, Dec. 15, a young man and young lady skating, fell into a hole in the ice and were drowned.

Mrs. Gault and two children were drowned Dec. 12, while attempting to cross the ice on North Nation river, near Green Lake Canada.

Father Doyle, Catholic priest, and Morris Mangnha, clerk in a store at Athens, Ga., were drowned on the night of Dec. 15th, while crossing the river ten miles from that place. They had been paying a sick call.

A carefully prepared report from Gloucester Mass., gives a fearful record of men lost in fisheries from that port, and of vessels wrecked the past year. The statement so far as loss of life is concerned is entirely unprecedented in the history of the business. Scarcely a week during the year, but has witnessed some destruction. Thirteen vessels went down 143 men were drowned, 56 women widowed, and 150 children were made fatherless by a single February gale So overwhelming a calamity could not fail to awaken generous sympaty, and $28,216 was contributed in food, clothing and shelter to the survivors of the the lost mariners. The February gale, however, furnishes but a part of the direful history of the Gloucester fisheries of 1879. In all thirty vessels aggregating 980 tons, comprising over one-tenth part of the fishing tonnage of the port valued at $118,780, sailed to return no more, and 243 lives were lost, leaving 88 widows and 219 fatherless children. There are also two vessels absent for which grave fears are entertained for their safety, the Andrew Leighton and Harry C. Mackey. If these do not soon return it will add twenty-two more to the number, swelling the fearful aggregate to 264 lives. Since 1830, when the Georges fishery first commenced there has been lost from this port 248 men and 405 vessels, valued at $1,696,399.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

Colcroft, for 46 years hangman in England is dead.

Archbishop Henni is lying dangerously ill at Milwaukee.

Gen. Grant had an enthusiastic reception at Columbus, O. Dec. 12

Commodore Chester Harfield of the U. S. navy, died at Vallejo, Cal., Dec. 15.

Amos Tuck, ex-member of congress, died Dec. 10, at Exeter, N. H. of appoplexy.

August Thiele, editor of a German paper in Cleveland, O., died of paralysis Dec. 15.

The President has nominated James B. Senor of Virginia for chief justice of Wyoming Territory.

The steamship Moravia sailed from New York, Dec. 15, with 75 colored immigrants for Liberia.

Maj. Rosecranz, 16th U. S. infantry, died at Fort Riley, Mo., Dec. 7, and was buried with military honors.

Dr. Enoch Cable Wines, a noted prison reformer, died at Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 10. He was 73 years of age.

At the reception given to Gen. Grant, at Logansport, Ind., Dec. 9, many thousands of people greeted him.

Among the numerous postmasters confirmed by the senate, Dec. 9, was Dr. David Day, of St. Paul, for his second term.

All the members of the Cabinet were present Dec. 12, including the newly installed secretary of war, Hon Alexander Ramsey.

The United States Senate, Dec. 11, confirmed the following Minnesota postmasters: Virgil W. Hall, Glencoe; C. S. Crandall, Owatonna.

Hon. James M. Edwards. Washington city Postmaster, died Sunday afternoon, Dec. 14. There are already a half score or more of applicants for his place.

Judge McCrary, Dec. 11, took leave of the members of the cabinet at a dinner party given by the President and Mrs. Hayes, and left next day for St. Louis.

John Hory, of Ohio, has been confirmed by the senate, assistant secretary of State, and Henry Harmon, of New Hampshire, Deputy second auditor of the treasury.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 9, the thermometer in Paris stood at five degrees above zero, and in some of the suburbs six degrees below. The river Seine was frozen over.

It is reported at St. Louis that the United States circuit court at Topeka, Kansas have set aside the sale of Kansas Pacific railway to Jay Gould, and refused to order another sale.

On the afternoon of Dec. 9, the United States senate confirmed the nomination of secretary of war. McCrary to be United States circuit judge, of the eight judicial circuit without debate or division.

Gen. Grant reached Cincinnati, O., Dec. 11, and was received with the customary large and hearty demonstration. There were addresses of welcome, responses &c., decorations, banquets and receptions.

The president sent into the Senate Dec. 10th, the name of Alexander Ramsey, of St. Paul, Minnesota, for Secretary of War in place of McCreary, appointed judge. The Senate, without refering the nomination to a committee, promptly and unanimously confirmed the appointment.

On the afternoon of Dec. 10, Gen. Grant arrived in Louisville, Ky., and was received with every demonstration of respect, decorations, flags, mottoes and arches adorned the line of march of the procession. Mayor Baxter welcomed him in a cordial and complimentry speech. He said: We are pleased and gratified to welcome today one of the most distinguished men of our age. After filling the highest civil and military offices known to our laws, with honor and fidelity to himself and country, retiring from office and becoming a private citizen, he has made the tour of foreign lands, where he was received by crowned heads and by the people as no American had ever been before. This was because he was an American citizen and had held with credit to himself and the country the highest office in our land. On his return to the United States and since he first put foot on the Pacific shore, there has been one grand ovation given him by every city, town and hamlet he has visited up to the present time; yea, has received a genuine heartfelt welcome from all people, without regard to party or past course. Now Gen. Grant, at the very gateway of the South in the metropolis of Kentucky, we welcome you not only as Kentuckians, but as American citizens, loving our country, its constitution and laws. Fellow citizens I have the pleasure of introducing to you or honor ed guest Gen. Grant. Loud cheers followed. Governor Blackburn welcomed him in behalf of the State of Kentucky, concluding his welcoming address in the following words: We make no pretense, General, to vie with the imposing and gorgeous receptions which greeted you in almost every nation and clime on your brilliant tour around the world. We have been gratified to recognize the honor paid you as a soldier, and one who has already filled full a page in your country's history, and to know that you have achieved these results while nurtured under the dome of the temple of liberty, constructed by and anointed with the blood of our revolutionary sires. In a republic like ours, it is but natural that the entire population should share in the success and triumphs of any one of her citizens. And now, General, in conclusion, allow me as the chief executive of this State to extend to you a hearty welcome to the soil of Kentucky. Gen. Grant responded briefly and in substance as on former similar occasions. In the evening there was illuminations and brilliant receptions. At 5 o'clock Gen. Grant dined at Hon. Henry Watterson's, the editor of the Louisville Courier Journal, and an ex-congressman. A private reception was given Mrs. Grant in the evening at Mrs. D P. Fauld's and Mrs. Shreve's, and at a later hour Gen. and Mrs. Grant held a public reception in the parlors of the Galt House.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Severe weather continues in Great Britain and on the continent.

A dispatch from Los Pinos says it is now understood that the Ute murderers will be surrendered.

There was a dramatic scene in the Hayden murder trial at New Haven, Conn., Dec. 10, during the cross-examination of Mrs. Hayden, when Mr. Waller asked the following question: "Now, madame, you needn't answer this question until you are told to by the court. Mr. Hayden, you say, is your husband, the father of your three children, and he has been a devoted husband to a loving wife for between eight and nine years. You have constantly maintained pleasant relations, and there has been and is now the utmost confidence existing between you. You are convinced of his innocence, and know that if he is found guilty he must suffer ignominious punishment. Under these circumstances would you not, under oath, as you are, make a misstatement in order to save him from punishment." There was no answer. The witness burst into tears, as did nearly every woman in the court, and tears glistened in the eyes of members of the sterner sex. A silence as of death pervaded the room, and the counsel in the defense hissed out: "It is an insult to the witness." Waller defended his action, but the court ruled the question an improper one.

Late advices from Pennsylvania indicate that the leading companies, led by the Reading, are trying to put coal up much faster than the demand or condition of the market will warrant. It is true that the price has not reached the figures of last year, but two months ago stove coal was selling at $2.50 a ton, free on board at Port Richmond, for shipment, and yesterday the price was $3.75, an advance of 50 per cent., with a threat that it will go still higher. The stock of coal on hand is unquestionably very light just now, but nothing is doing at the advance. All selling agents report a decided falling off in orders.

The Mark Lane *Express* of Dec. 9. says as a rule farmers' interests in England have suffered by the delay in their operations caused by frost, but in Scotland plowing is much in arrear. Deliveries of home grown wheat were slighty less than the previous week, but in consequence of there being no material improvement in quality, business was very slow both in London and at country markets, with little or no change in prices. Imports of foreign wheat have again been large, amounting to 83,524 quarters, received at London during the week, and 210,000 quarters at Liverpool during the past fortnight. These supplies, though doubtless in excess of present requirements, have exercised very little depressing effect on trade, which possesses many qualities of inherent strength, the principal of which are the rise in American markets, and the anticipated decrease in the American supply. It appears likely that increased activity, perhaps even excitement, may be felt before the close of the year, as further St. Petersburg shipments are impossible, and Southern Russian ports will also soon be closed altogether. The trade is healthy, if it is for the moment lethargic. As America holds the key to position, the first impulse towards a renewal of activity must come from her. Maize advanced six pence per quarter in consequence of the scarcity. Owing to excessive arrivals the sales of oats were difficult even at a reduction of from three to six pence per quarter. Sales of English wheat last week 38,438 quarters at 46s 7d per quarter, against 57,886 quarters at 50s 11d corresponding week last year. Imports into the United Kingdom for the week ending November 29th, were 1,610,495 hundred weight wheat and 260,120 hundred weight flour.

XXXVI CONGRESS.

SENATE, Dec. 9.—Senator Bayard asked the indefinite postponement of the bill for the interchange of subsidiary silver coins. So ordered. Also the indefinite postponement of the bill to authorize the secretary of the treasury to issue $100,000,000 in four per cent bonds for payment of arrears of pensions. So ordered. Senator Davis's resolution calling on the secretary of the treasury, for a statement by States of the amount paid out since 1866 on claims growing out of the war, was discussed. The morning hour having expired the senate then went into executive session.

HOUSE, Dec. 9.—Mr. Pound submitted constitutional amendment, making after 1885 the Presidential term 6 years, and the incumbent ineligible for more than one term consecutively, and making the term of Representations 3 years. Referred. The speaker then called the States for bills, and a large number were introduced and referred. A joint resolution for a Chrisimas recess was introduced. Resolutions of sympathy in behalf of Ireland were introduced.

SENATE, Dec. 10.—The resolution of Senator Davis, of W. Va., calling on the Secretary of the treasury for a statement of the private claims growing out of the late war paid since March 1st, 1861, was adopted. The House concurrent resolution to adjourn for the holidays from Dec. 19, to Jan. 5 was adopted. Yeas 36, nays 21. Senator Davis of Illinois introduced a bill providing for erecting a statue to Chief Justice Marshall. A communication from the secretary of War was laid before the senate recommending a special appropriation of $340,000 to enable work on the War, State and Navy departments buildings to go on continuously. Several new bills were introduced, and after a brief executive session, the senate adjourned.

HOUSE, Dec. 10.—An amendment to the constitution was introduced into the House, declaring that polygamy shall not exist within the limits of the United States. The Senate resolution was adopted calling on the secretary of the treasury for information as to the effect upon revenues and upon consumers of the repeal of the duty on tea and coffee in 1872. Consideration of the "political assessments" bill was postponed to Jan. 7. The House went into committee of the whole on the bill in relation to the publication of supreme court reports. After consideration and amendments the committee rose, reported the bill to the House, and it passed. Adjourned

SENATE, Dec. 11.—Senator Allison introduced a joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to negotiate with the Ute Indians for their removal from Colorado. Senator Cockrell objected to its present consideration. Subsequently he withdrew his objection and the resolution was adopted. Three additional messengers were authorized to be appointed by the sergeant-at-arms. Senator Plumb introduced a bill, relating to taxes on banks and bankers. The bill was taken up making an appropriation of $200,000 for the erection of military ports on or near the Rio Grande frontier. After some explanation the bill passed. Some other matters received attention, and the senate after a short executive session adjourned.

HOUSE, Dec. 11.—Mr. Baker reported the fortification bill appropriating $375,000. Recommitted. Mr. McCord reported back a joint resolution proposing an ammendment to the constitution relative to trade marks Recommitted. Mr. Manning offered a resolution in reference to fraudulent claims upon the treasury. Referred. A bill amending the act to grant additional rights to homestead settlers on public lands, within railroad limits, passed. A resolution in reference to the negro exodus, was introduced. Referred. The invalid pension appropriation bill was reported. Ordered printed and recommitted. It appropriates $32,400,000, about $3,000,000 more than last year. Adjourned.

HOUSE, Dec. 12.—The fortification bill was taken up and the house went into committee of the whole. The speaker explained the provisions of the bill. With one single exception, the bill was the same that had been reported for the last two years. The item for the armament of coast fortifications, including heavy guns and howitzers, powder, etc., had been increased by the sum of $100,000, so that item of the present bill amounted to $225,000, in place of $125,000 last year. The estimate of the chief of ordinance for that service had been $1,067,000. The secretary of war had reduced that estimate to $500,000, and the committee had reduced it to $225,000. The increase in the appropriation was for the purpose of converting smoothbore cannon into rifled guns. If Congress continued to appropriate $225,000 a year for that purpose, it would be twenty years before enough would be converted to arm the forts in the harbor of New York. Mr Reagan moved to amend by making an appropriation of $50,000 for batteries for protection and the defense of Galveston harbor. Adopted. The committee rose, reported the bill to the House and it passed. The House then went into committee of the whole on the pension appropriation bill. It appropriates $35,424,000 as against $29,266,000 last year, that the increase had been necessitated by the large increase in the number of pensioners during the past year. The bill was agreed to in committee without amendment, and on being reported to the House was passed. Mr. Gillette introduced a bill in opposition to the retirement of Greenbacks. After some other business the House adjourned.

THE DEADLY BULLET.

A Convict in the Minnesota State Prison Shot Dead by the Deputy Warden.

Stillwater was startled on the evening of the 11th inst., by the report that a convict had been shot dead in his tracks for insubordination. On receipt of said information an interview was sought with the deputy warden, Abe Hall, in order to get the facts in the case. Mr. Hall was found in the warden's office, and willingly informed us of the cause of the act and the facts incidental to the shooting.

THE NAME OF THE DEAD CONVICT.

was John Clark, sentenced from Hennepin county May, 1876, for two years and five months for larceny. Since his incarceration he has shown an unruly disposition, which manifested itself last Friday in his attack on Ramsden with a putty knife. He and two others had a conspiracy to get along with doing as little work as possible without incurring punishment. After cutting Ramsden he was

PLACED IN A DARK CELL.

and remained there until Sunday when he was taken out. On releasing him from the dark cell, the deputy Warden told him that his evil temper, unless he mended his ways would yet get him to attack some one who would not let him off as easily as Ramsden did. Monday morning he was sent back to the paint shop to work and no trouble was experienced with him until fifteen minutes past 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when the guard, Ben Cayon, ordered him and another convict to their cells. It was then within a few minutes of quitting time. Clark refused and

ARMED WITH THE SAME PUTTY KNIFE

with which he had cut Ramsden, he assumed a menacing attitude. The guard then sent for Deputy Warden Hall. On arriving he took in the situation at a glance, and taking out his watch told Clark that he would give him three minutes to put down the knife and obey orders. Clark remained immovable, and at the expiration of five minutes Hall put up his watch saying: "Clark, I ask you once more to put down that knife, put on your coat and go to your cell room. You are only

TAKING YOUR LIFE IN YOUR OWN HANDS.

Clark replied that he would not put down the knife and put on his coat for any person living. Mr. Hall then shifted his position so as not to endanger other lives, cocked his revolver, a Smith & Wesson, size 36, and pointing it at Clark, repeated his request, and he again said no. It was the last time he ever spoke, for the next moment a

BULLET WENT CRASHING THROUGH HIS HEART.

After being struck by the bullet he ran toward the stripers, then turned towards Hall and fell on his face dead.

Mr. Hall ordered the body taken to the cell room and sent for Coroner Pratt. During the whole affair not a convict left his place.

The above is the story as supplied by the prison authorities.

HOUSE AND FARM.

The Value of Water For Cows.

Cows should have access to water at all times, especially cows that give milk. They want to drink often and return to their feed. The best stable and one in which stock do the best is one where water is always running in troughs before the cattle. Thus managed cows may be kept up to a full flow of milk either in winter or summer, and for this reason, if the pasture fails from drought it may be supplanted with other feed, but a failure in water cannot be remedied. So in winter cows that are watered only once a day as many do who consider themselves good farmers, the cows shrink in their milk and it can never be regained. The same rule will hold good in the stable; abundant feed may be supplied, if the water supply fails, the profit will be null.

The necessity of plenty of pure water for stock is one of the first importance to breeders and feeders. It must not only be in abundance; but it should be in such supply that stock may either take it at will, or if supplied at stated times, it should be offered at least twice a day and three times will be better. No animal can thrive properly that has access to water but once a day. Every good feeder knows this and hence in large feeding establishments, the greatest care is taken to keep the supply ample and constant. Many farmers neglect this, and always to their cost. If water cannot be had near in any other way, wells should be dug, and the water raised by wind or other power as the case may be. Having plenty of water, see that stock get it as regularly as they feed. It will pay.

Wearing Out Soil.

We have a good deal said constantly about soil deterioration, and their ultimately wearing out. In all old settled countries where a slack system of farming is carried on, the soil soon loses its fertility, and resort must be had to heavy manuring, or such a system of fallow renovation, that while the soil may have rest in the direction in which it has been depleted, some crop may be raised to shade the ground, and eventually may be turned under to furnish food for succeeding crops. It is quite true that we may not draw on any soil year after year it the production of special crops, without unfitting it for fair production. We may easily unfit some soils mechanically so that their productive qualities may be locked up, yet this being done under inefficient cultivation, a practical man will take the farm, and in a few years bring it again up to a fair standard of fertility. It is a fixed law that whatever elements of fertility are carried away from a soil must again be in some replaced. Hence the well-known value of manures, of clover, and the grasses, and of various plants that may be plowed under to again render the soil fertile. Hence again in all well-conducted farming the necessity of a well-digested rotation of crops, adapted to the special soils worked. All farms are not adapted to wheat, or to corn, to stock grazing, or dairying. Hence every farmer grows such crops as his judgment dictates as best apapted to the nature of his land, and the more intelligent ones seek by diversified crops not only to keep the fertility intact, but to improve it.

In the West the soil is rich and fertile over vast areas of country. There are plenty of instances where farms have been cultivated for over forty years to corn as the principal crop without especial diminution of fertility. While so growing corn, stock has been made a specialty. This necessitates plenty of grass, and grass in the rotation is one of the best possible means of fertilization. In other words nothing has been carried off from the farm but the meat product made. In this way, the soil of ordinary fertility may be kept intact indefinitely, if the mechanical texture of the soil be kept intact. This is done by careful plowing, never when the soil will not cleave, in a friable state from the plowshare, and by good and clean cultivation. Another man has a farm well adapted to wheat. Does he make this the sole crop? By no means. It may be the crop from which he gets his money profit, but clover is the strong integer in the system of renovation, and thus again stock must be used. The good farmer cultivates not only such crops as are best adapted to his home market, and by the exercise of good business sagacity keeps his soil not only intact, but often increases his yield materially. There is, indeed, much sense, as well as nonsense, mixed up with this question of soils running down. It is, however, the non-reading and generally slack farmer who lets his soil run down, while the business farmer is not only careful to keep his farm fully up to its natural fertility, but seeks by every means in his power to make it more and more productive year by year until at last he is gratified with knowing that he has reached the point of maximum fertility.

Cultivate Orchards.

In the cultivation of fruit trees in the West, it is often observed that trees continue to grow year after year, but do not bear. Thus apple orchards will become often fifteen years old before bearing, and in fact, many of them never bear good crops. Just how to obviate this difficulty is a problem that has exercised the ingenuity of our best cultivators all over the west, and the reason why no conclusions have been arrived at by our best pomologists, and that will be generally applicable, is that as a rule, the conditions necessary to success are as varying as the localities, soils and other minor intergers surrounding each orchard planted.

Shall we then neglect to plant orchards? By no means. But say many, there is no money in fruit. The markets are glutted except at certain seasons. True enough, yet this should not prevent any farmer from planting an orchard on the best site near his house possible, or if the situation is not adopted to fruit, make it so, as far as circumstances will allow. It is true, it is better that the soil be dry to a good depth. It is true that orchard trees of no kind will do well on a soil in which the water stands near the surface of the ground. It is as true, however, that there are few farm houses in the West, where by proper means, the drainage may not be accomplished to the depth of at least four feet from the surface. This will do well for all fruits except the pear, and the cultivation of this fruit in the West is not successful except in confined and widely separated localities. The same may be said of sweet cherries. Plums are difficult of cultivation, principally from the attacks of curculio. The Northwest is not, of course, adapted to peaches; aside from these, however, every farmer should have other fruits in abundance, and to spare in good seasons, and if carefully attended to, there will be hardly a year without a fair supply of fruit.

There is one thing that too many farmers forget in this connection. That is, all the fruit gathered for family use is worth just the price asked for it by the village grocer. It is true that many farmers who will not attend to their orchard and vineyard do not have fruit, and will not buy enough for a fair supply. The objection made is that it costs too much. They have set out trees, expecting them to take care of themselves and bear annual crops. This trees will not do for the best promologists. Why should they do it for the farmer? Others complain that it takes too much time to care for them. The same complaint is made of the vegetable garden. Precisely the same course of reasoning might apply to every crop on the farm. No crop takes care of itself and pays. Farmers in the West have become so used to suppose that they must run over large areas to get money out of crops that many cannot understand how the cultivation of a single acre in fruit and vegetables may produce half the support of a family so far as the table is concerned. Yet such is the fact, and the sooner it is better known how to accomplish this, the better it will be not only for the head of the household, but for the rising generation.

Visit to a Pin Factory.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* thus describes the mysteries of pin-making:

"The pin machine is one of the closest approaches that mechanics have made to the dexetrity of the human hand. A small machine, about the height and size of a lady's sewing-machine, only stronger, stands before you. On the back side a light belt descends from the long shaft at the ceiling, that drives all the machines, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of our machine hangs on a peg a small reel of wire that has been straightened by running through a compound system of small rollers.

"This wire descends, and the end of it enters the machine. It pulls it in and bites it off by inches, incessantly, 140 bites to a minute. Just as it seizes each bite, a little hammer, with a concave face, hits the end of the wire three taps, and 'upsets' it to a head, while it grips it in a countersunk hole between its teeth. With an outward thrust of its tongue, it then lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves just under its nose. By the external pressure of a stationary hoop, these pins roll in their places, as they are carried under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow finer toward the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the points of the pins, and by a series of cams, levers and springs are made to play 'like lightning.' Thus the pins are pointed and dropped in a little shower into a box.

"Twenty-eight pounds of pins is a day's work for one of these jerking little automatons. Forty machines on this floor make 560 pounds of pins daily. These are then polished. Two very intelligent machines reject every crooked pin, even the slightest irregularity of form being detected.

"Another automaton assorts half a dozen lengths in as many different boxes, all at once and unerringly, when a careless operator has mixed the contents of the boxes from various machines. Lastly, a perfect genius of a machine hangs the pin by the head, in an inclined platform, through as many 'slots' as there are pins in a row on the papers. These slots converge into the exact space spanning the length of a row. Under them runs the strip of pin paper. A hand-like part of the machine catches one pin from each of the slots as it falls, and by one movement sticks them all through two corrugated ridges in the paper, from which they are to be picked by taper fingers in boudoirs, and all sorts of human fingers in all sorts of human circumstances. Thus you have its genesis:

"Tall and slender, straight and thin,
Pretty, little, useful pin."

"Advertised."

Putting her head into the postoffice window, she shouted at the astonished custodian of the mails, "Advertised!" "Marm," said he, after partially recovering his self-possession, "what did you wish?" "Advertised!" she repeated, louder than before. By force of custom he managed to ask: "What name, marm?" Again came that same reply, "Advertised!" but this time supplemented with the demand, "An' how long wid yez kape a body shtanding here while yez be a garruping loike a moon calf in a shtable? Wud yez iver give me me letther, I soy?" "But what is your name, my dear woman?" "Och, don't yez 'dear woman' me, yez ould sinner! Don't yez mane to aboide by yez own directions entoirely, yez ould bald-headed devil? Didn't yez put intil the papers 'Persons calling for letthers will plaze say "Advertised?"' And haven't Oi made mesilf hoarse wid saying 'advertised! advertised! advertised!' Give me me letther, Oi soy! That iver Bridget McShaugnessy should ha' been trifled wid by the loikes of yez!" The letter was forthcoming ere she had done, and the Postmaster sank back into the chair with a sigh of relief, while Bridget left the office with a very red face and a perfect cataract of r's escaping from her mouth.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Cave That Tells a Tragic Story.

The wonderful cave which is to be seen near Burnet is certainly one of the greatest curiosities of the age. While passing through this cave a gentleman discovered a small aperture about six inches in width. Having a pick he broke into this opening, and to his astonishment he soon discovered a large and airy apartment. Entering this, he found what appeared to be a stone table beautifully carved. Several stone chairs stood in one corner of the room. He continued his search, and at last in a dark corner he found the skeleton of a man. He attempted to raise it from the floor, but though he exerted his utmost strength he could not move it. He says that it appeared to be solid stone. It is impossible to conjecture who was the hermit or how long the skeleton has remained hidden away in that silent cave.—*Burnet (Texas) Bulletin.*

OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

A Boy's Remonstrance.

I am feeling very badly; everything is going to smash;
All the things I have believed in are going with a crash!
The folks are growing learned, and all their wretched lore is
Used to shake a fellow's faith in his best-loved stories.
The fairies have been scattered, and the genii they have gone;
There are so enchanted castles, they have vanished, every one;
Aladdin never lived, and the dear Scheherazade,
Though very entertaining, was a much-mistaken lady.
Of course I see through Santa Claus, I had to, long ago;
And Christmas will be going, the next thing that I know,
For I heard, I wasn't listening—I heard the parson say,
He had really—yes, had really—grave doubts about the day.
And as for Master Washington, they say the goose should catch it;
Who believed a single minute in that story of the hatchet.
They've given a rap at Crusoe, and dear old Friday. Why!
We'll all believe in Friday, we boys will, till we die!
They may say it's not "authentic," and such like if they dare!
When they strike a blow at Friday they hit us boys. So there!
And I've been reading in a book, writ by some college swell,
That there never was a genuine, a *real live* William Tell!
That he was just a myth, or what we boys would call a sell;
That he didn't shoot the apple, nor Gesler, not a bit—
That all the other nations have a legend just like it.
I think it's little business for a college man to fight
Against these dear old stories, and send them out of sight.
And all the boys are just as mad! and so the girls are, too;
And so we called a meeting to decide what we should do.
And we passed some resolutions, because that is the one
And only way for meetings, when it's all that can be done.
I send you here a list: Resolved, that there was a William Tell;
That, by his bow and arrow, the tyrant Gesler fell.
Resolved, that he was *not* a myth—whatever that may be—
But that he shot the apple, and Switzerland was free.
Resolved, that Crusoe lived, and Friday, and the goat.
Resolved, that little Georgy his father's fruit-tree smote,
And owned up like a hero. Resolved, that all the science
Of all the learned professors shall not shake our firm reliance
In the parties we have mentioned; and we do hereby make known
The fact that we boys feel that we have some rights of our own—
And request that in the future these rights be let alone.

A Yellow-Fever Incident.

One day, when the fever was at its height in New Orleans, a nicely-dressed, interesting-looking little fellow about 8 years old stepped into the office of the *Picayune* with a little slip of paper which he handed to one of the editors. Opening it, the editor read a notice of the death of Mrs. Allen and infant He looked inquiringly at the child, who was striving to choke his sobs.

"It's my dear mother and my darling little sister," he said. "Oh, I can't believe they've gone! And now Margaret's got it."

"Who is Margaret?" was asked.

"She's my grown-up sister; she's 17, and the prettiest and best girl in the world. It's awful to see her throwing her arms about, and her cheeks are so red, and her eyes shine like stars. She don't know any of us, not even papa, and she keeps calling out, 'Mamma, mamma, why don't you come to me?' Oh, I'm so scared about her!"

He turned without another word and hurried down stairs.

The next morning, flushed, excited, panting for breath, the little fellow sprung up the steps and burst into the office with another slip of paper in his extended hand.

"It's Margaret now," he faltered. His little frail form was convulsed with anguish, but with wonderful self-restraint he neither wept nor sobbed. But the agony, the despair in the soft brown eyes was ten times more pathetic than a more noisy grief.

"Only 17," commented the editor, musingly, as he read the death-notice

"Oh, she was so good, so kind!" the child cried; "she never said a cross word to me. Oh Margaret, Margaret, what am I going to do without my own liest sister?" He covered his poor little face with his hands and sat there, his breath coming quickly, and in convulsive gasps.

Several of the employes of the paper were in the room, and though, as a rule, printers do not usually find it in their line of business to comfort the afflicted, yet these men did what they could by petting the little fellow, and bidding him be a man.

Such a little man as he was already, with such power of self-repression! It was unnatural, and one would have preferred seeing tears, or any expression of childish grief.

At last in silence he rose, and walked slowly and heavily down the steps.

Two days elapsed, but on the third, the well-known little step was heard on the stairs, and, paler and frailer than before, the child appeared, holding the fatal slip in his hand.

"It's brothers Edward and James, now," he said, in a dreary, monotonous tone. You saw he was utterly stunned by the repeated blows.

"They both died last night, and Edward was glad to die, for he said he saw mamma and Margaret waiting for him; but James, he screamed out and was in pain. Do people go straight to heaven when they die?" turning his grave, brown eyes to the kind faces around him. "I wonder what takes 'em there, when they're so weak they can't raise their heads. They ain't strong enough to fly theirselves, is they?"

The people in the office looked at each other rather sheepishly. They were not exactly prepared to discuss questions from a religious standpoint, but there were those sad, imploring eyes fixed upon them. One of the printers, a burly, good-natured-looking man, had stepped in for some directions. He answered the question:

"I've heard preachers say, my little chap, that the Savior and the angels are always at the death-beds of good people, and take their souls to heaven."

"Yes, I've heard my mamma say that," he answered, gravely, "and I s'pose that's the way she was carried up. But I wish they hadn't brought the huss for 'em."

"The huss?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"Yes, the black carriage with silver things on it that takes away the dead. It seems always a-travelin', travelin' before me, and I see it even when I wake up in the night. It's an awful thing, ain't it?"

Two days after, he was back again, and a shudder ran through the group in the office when the terrible slip was handed in.

"It's Uncle James this time," he said, in strange, low tones, "and my papa went to bed to-day. That makes six dead. I wonder who'll be the next." His solemn eyes, sunk deep in his pale, pinched little face, seemed to be asking why he should suffer thus, and what was to be the end of it all.

"Why, this is Col. Allen's son," said a gentleman who entered the office. "I heard that nearly all the family have died with the fever, and the Colonel himself is very low with it."

"Yes, there's only him and me left, and he'll die, too. But, oh, sir," clasping his little hands imploringly, "can't you stop 'em bringin' that awful black huss forever to our door? It's always there."

"What does he mean?" asked the gentleman.

"It's the hearse," was the answer. "It seems to have made a terrible impression on him. Pity so young a child (why, he's almost a baby) should be exposed to such terrors. A wee chap, isn't he, to be a bird of ill-omen? Yet he has brought us six death-notices within a week. I declare, I shudder when I see his poor little pale face in the door!"

It was three days before the child returned, and then he stole in so slowly and so feebly that no one heard his step on the stairs, nor saw him until he stood in the room. He was like a ghost, a shadow, so weak and attenuated he looked as he sank on the nearest seat.

"It's Aunt Mary," he said, "but I dropped the paper." He held up his trembling hands, and it was easy to see they could not hold a feather. "That makes eight. I wonder who'll be next."

"No, you are mistaken. It's only seven."

"Did you count papa? He's dead, you know. No, I didn't bring the notice, for I was sick myself." He spoke in a monotonous, tired voice, and his pretty brown eyes were bloodshot and heavy.

The child slowly and painfully descended the steps, but in a few minutes he was heard toiling up again.

"Oh, dear, I can't get past that man with a huss," he said, with a quick catch in his breath, and his eyes wild with terror. "He's pulled up right against the doorway, and he keeps looking at me, and sayin', 'Who next?'"

There was a universal chorus of indignant exclamations. "Wretch! monster!" "Give me that horse-whip," said one of the men, "and I'll teach him to scare children."

He descended the steps three at a time, and ran to the door. No one was there. "He's gone now, my boy," he said soothingly to the child, who was feebly descending the steps.

One quick look, and the child covered his face with his hands, and sank to the ground. "Don't you see him?" he shrieked. "There, right across the steps. He's coming up now. Oh, save me. Don't let him take me." And then his voice sank into moans.

The people raised him from the floor, and as soon as they touched his parched hands it was discovered that he was in a raging fever. There was no one at home to attend to him, so he was carried to a fever hospital. How long he had had the disease it was impossible to say, for all were dead who knew anything about it or him.

It was merely conjectured that the fever came upon him when his aunt, the last member of the household, was on her death-bed, and in his delirium he had wandered to the familiar office. He died that night. A very few minutes before his death he fell into a light doze, and lay so still and calm that the nurse began to think the uncertain disease had taken a favorable turn. The blue lines about his baby mouth disappeared, and when he suddenly opened his eyes the nurse almost started at the radiance which seemed literally to stream from their brown depths.

"Mamma, mamma," he cried in strong, joyful tones, "so you've come for me at last, you, and Margaret, and all of 'em. Lift me up, mamma, so the huss man can't catch me! Lift me up higher, higher," and with a laugh of triumph the child was lifted up above time, and pain, and all mortal ills.

I do not think any one knew the little fellow's Christian name, so the notice of his death was only the tale of his sufferings. M. B. WILLIAMS.

HOMES IN THE WEST.

Persons looking westward for homes can procure full information concerning the GARDEN SPOT of Iowa and Minnesota, by subscribing for the WORTHINGTON ADVANCE, published at Worthington Minnesota. Send $2 for one year; $1 for six months, and 50 cents for three months, to "ADVANCE, Worthington Nobles county, Minnesota."

Palace of the King of Rome.

Soon after the birth of the King of Rome, Napoleon contemplated erecting a palace for him upon the banks of the Seine, nearly opposite the bridge of Jena. The government accordingly attempted to purchase the houses situated upon the ground. They had obtained all except the dilapidated hut of a cooper, that was estimated to be worth $250. The owner, a mulish man, finding the possession of his hut quite essential to the plan, demanded $2,000. The exorbitant demand was reported to the Emperor. He replied: "It is exorbitant, but the poor man will be turned out of his home; pay it to him." The man, finding his demands so promptly acceded to, immediately declared that, upon further reflection, he could not afford to sell it for less than $6,000. All expostulations were in vain. The architect again appealed to the Emperor. "This fellow," said Napoleon, "trifles with us. But there is no help for it. We must pay the money." The cooper now increased his price to $10,000. The Emperor, when informed of it, said indignantly: "The man is a wretch. I will not purchase his house. It shall remain where it is, a monument of my respect of the law." The plans of the architect were changed. The works were in progress at the time of Napoleon's overthrow. The poor cooper, finding himself in the midst of rubbish and building material, bitterly lamented his folly. The Bourbons, on their return to Paris, threw down the rising walls of the palace, and destroyed their foundations.

A Wonderful Dog.

Some months ago Charles Norman moved his family from the town of Flowery Branch to Elberton, more than 100 miles distant. But in the hurry of moving Mr. Norman forgot to let his dog, Watch, out of the kennel or dog house, and did not think of it until he and all the family were in the cars bound for Elberton. Little Willie Norman was very sorry, for he and Watch were particular friends, and, though the *Gazette* doesn't say so, it is likely that Willie cried over leaving Watch. One week went by, and the Normans had nearly forgotten Watch, when the dog suddenly appeared while the family were at dinner at Elberton. Watch entered the room with an air of injured innocence and was soon welcomed by all hands. The strange thing about it is how in the world Watch could have found the family. He probably followed the trail to the depot and into the same car, and then rode in the car under the same seats that had been occupied by the family, until the train stopped at Elberton.—*Elberton (Ga.) Gazette.*

IMPERFECT PAGE