### THE HAPPY HOME.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

I bent my ear to listen
To a sweet canary's song,
Hanging in a cottage window
As I chanced to pass along,
And I thought this burst of gladness
As it rises and then falls,
Is the happy lingering echo
Of the joy within the walls.

This dwelling of my neighbor,
With his true and gentle wife;
And his merry little children,
Is a scene with beauty rife;
And that blest and happy father
Sees no picture half so fair,
As the cot among the roses,
When his darlings all are there.

In the cosiets, warmest corner,
Sits the old folks full of cheer;
For they hold the place of honor
In the home to them so dear;
And the guest who sits among them
Feels the all pervading peace
Of the days that flow serenely
With their rare and sweet increase.

I passed the cottage window
With a blessing on the pair,
Who had set this bright example
To the neighbors everywhere;
And I kissed the rosy children
As they clustered at the door,
Praying that their joy and gladness
Might be shadowed nevermore!

### A CALENDAR OF ANNIVERSARIES.

NOVEMBER.

"No sun, no moon,
No morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of d
No sky, no earthly view,
No distant looking blue,
No road, no street, no 't'other side the way."
* * * *
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member;
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds—
November!"

This shivering season was called simply the *Ninth* in the old Roman calendar, no potentate having thought it worth his while, apparently, to confer the honor and dignity of adoption on so ill-conditioned a weight. The Saxons called it *wind-monat*, the wind-month, when their fierce Scandinavian ancestors drew up their keels upon the shore, there to lie idle through the wild winter weather. To the French republicans it was known as *Brumaire*, the fog-month. On the 22nd of the month the sun enters the sign of Sagittarius, the Archer, said to typify the deadly power of the increasing cold which now shoots into the earth.

The first of November is a festival of Allsaints, which takes its origin from the conversion, in the seventh century, of the Pantheon at Rome into a Christian place of worship, and its dedication to the Virgin and all the martyrs.—On November 1, 1500, was born that erratic Florentine genius Benvenito Cellini, whose airy fancies wrought themselves into poems of gold and silver, of bronze and brass and whose frank autobiography is a vivid picture of his splendid and turbulant age.—In the year 1290 the same day achieved a bad eminence as the date of expulsion of the Jews from England. The pious Edward I., lying upon a sick-bed, made a vow that if the Almighty should restore him, he would undertake another Crusade. Having recovered, however, and finding Palestine a long way off, and England vastly more comfortable, he concluded to serve Heaven by driving the Jews out of his French province of Guienne, and seizing their wealth and possessions. Returning, he was welcomed by his English subjects with such rapturous congratulations for this chivalrous and Christian deed that he decided to banish the English Israelites as well. This course commended itself with peculiar force to the nation, inasmuch as king and bishops, gentry and commoners, were deep in debt to the obnexious sojourners, whose exile would relieve them of their obligations. And as the Jews were generously allowed to take money enough to pay their way to the nearest seaport, and allowed a safe conduct at a ruinous price (which would have insured them a comfortable departure if the many-headed mob had not everywhere disregarded it), these unbelievers, of course, had nothing to complain of. But English commerce and English learning sustained a severe loss by the exile of the patient, plodding, thrifty Israelites. Nor was it until the wise party of Cromwell invited them once more to England, more than three centuries and a half later, that this valuable element of the body-politic was restored to it.

The 2d of November is All-souls Day, when the prayers of the faithful are still offered for the souls of the departed. On the Continent the graves are visited and adorned with fresh flowers, but in England the custom survives only in Monmouthshire and Wales.

With the 3d of Novemger is inwoven the memory of that delicate-winged Ariel, the beloved Mendelssohn.

November 4th is the day of the holy St. Emeric, the pious son of the pious King Stephen of Hungary. His sanctity caused his name to be bestowed upon an Italian surnamed Vespucci, who did the age a service in extending a knowledge of the new world which columbus had discovered. So by an odd chain of circumstances the half-civilized Hungarian chieftian of the eleventh century in choosing a name for his son and heir really stood sponsor for a vast and then undremed-of-continent. On this day, in 1677, was born William of Orange, that cold, grave, repellent man, whose frame was shaken with disease, whose face was pallid and shrunken with pain, who was unlettered, and even rude in address, yet whose indomitable spirit and political genius made him King of England in fact as well as in name, and kept her in the foremost line of progress.

November 5, 1605, was the famous day of the Gunpowder Plot, when a small knot of departed men, resolved to destroy at a blow both King and Parliament, placed barrels of powder in a cellar beneath Parliament House, to be fired on the assembling of the two branches. One Guido Fawkes, a soldies of fortune, was the custodian of the place, and only an accident arrested the scheme at the last moment. Till lately a special service for the 5th of November was found in the English Book of Common Prayers; now, however, with that for the martyrdom of Charles I. and the restoration of Charles II., discontinued. But it is still a general holiday, and bears a large significance as the day when William III. began the Revolution of 1688 by landing at Torbay—a movement whose results were perhaps the most critical in English history.

November 6, 331, was born at Constantinople the Emperor Julian, surnamed the Apostate.

On November 7, 1783, took place the last execution on "Tyburn's triple tree"—a gallows cheerfully arranged with elevated platforms about it, where the world could sit at ease and enjoy the pleasing and instructive spectacle of the strangling of a fellow-creature. Tyburn, hitherto a forlorn and disreputable quarter, with the new times put on new manners, and now one sees, as Thackeray said, on the spot where criminals made their exit from this wicked world a splendid marble arch, a vast and modern city, clean, airy, painted drap, populous with nursery-maids and children, the abodes of wealth and comfort—the elegant, the prosperous, the polite Tyburnia, the most respectable district in the habitable globe.

On the 8th of November, 1793, died, by the public executioner, Manon Roland, the most remarkable woman of the French Revolution. Beautiful, stately, pure, brilliant, self-sacrificing, patriotic to her heart's core, brave as any Spartan mother, tender as brave, she shines first in council, first in humanity, first in sublimity of endurance, the vindication and the prophecy of a completed womanhood.

November 9 bears the names of Akenside, of the learned Camden, of Archbishop Sheldon, and of Paul Sandby, founder of the English school of water-color painting, which is less than a century old.

November 10 is memorable of the birthday of Mohammed, greatest of hereisarchs; of Martin Luther, valiant dogmatist and Protestant, of whom Goethe said that he threw back the intellectual progress of mankind for centuries by calling in the passions of the multitude to decide those questions which only the trained intellect of the few could comprehend; of Oliver Goldsmith, that vivid and versatile genius, that tender and merciful spirit whose books were the delight of the best society, and whose staircase at his death was crowded with the homeless outcasts of the town weeping for their one friend; of Granville Sharp, fine scholar and philanthropist, to whom was due the decision of the King's Bench in 1772 that a slave could not breathe upon the soil of England; and of Frederich Schiller, a poet to whom poetry was religion, and whose life was as lofty as his song.

The 11th of November is Martinmas, the day of St. Martin, the soldier-saint and apostle of the Gauls, to whom we owe at least two serviceable words, if no other obligation. As the world well knows, St. Martin, while yet a soldier, was on a bitterly cold night, parted his insufficient cloak to succor a freezing beggar. This garment, being miraculously preserved, was long one of the holiest relics of France. In war it was borne, banner-wise, before the king, and always assured victory. In peace the oratory which sheltered this cape, or *chappe*, was thence called the *chapelle*, and its custodian the *chapelain*, whence we derive our English chapel and chaplain.

November 12, 1615, was born Richard Baxter, author of "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," and of "A Call to the Uncovered"—works whose names are hardly remembered now, but on whose strong meat the piety of the last age was nourished. Liberal and tolerant beyond the conscience of his time, Churchman and Puritan alike misdoubted him, and at seventy the infamous Jeffreys would have had whipped at the cart's tail the man whom Doddridge called the English Demosthenes, and whos life Coleridge said one could afford not to have read. A curious police regulation bearing date November 12, 1609, orders the theaters to open their doors at one o'clock, P. M., and at two o'clock precisely to begin the performance, wether the spectators be there or not, that the play may be over by half past four. Fifty years later the London play-house opened by authority at three o'clock. Such a custom forcibly suggested the extreme discomfort of the time when the roads, unlighted and unpaved, prowling foot-pads, midnight brawlers, and stealthy assassins made it unsafe for pleasure-seekers to be out after dark.

November, 13, 354, was born St. Augustine, "greatest of the fathers," to whom Catholics and Protestants alike resort for sympathy and authority. This Numidian saint was the author of 232 books on theological subjects, besides a complete exposition of the Psalter and the Gospel, and numberless epistles and homilies. He is said, moreover, to have spent seventeen years in the composition of his most elaborate work, "De Civitate Dei." But his real monument is built in his tender and sorrowful confessions, which have been the comfort and stay of fourteen centuries of Christian believers. Oddly enough, the ablest and boldest of the opponents of St. Augustine, the famous Pelagius, was born on the same day with himself.

November 14 is another scholar's day, bearing, among others, the names of Bishop Hoadley, of the Danish Ochlenschlager, of Sir Charles Lyell, almost the first of the philosophic geologists, of the many-sided Leibnitz—

"A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome"—

of Hegel, and of Abercrombie.

The honor roll of the 15th is still longer. "Honest Andrew Marvell," of the stirring Roundhead times, who refused a thousand pounds for his vote, and borrowed a guinea of a friend for his next day's dinner, who sang the prettiest little songs to Joanna and Lucasta, and wrote scurrilous satires by the ream, but was always the stanchest patriot and truest-hearted gentleman; William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, "the great commoner," idol of the people, most brilliant orator and most successful statesman of England's long catalogue; the poet Cowper; the astronomer Herschel; the clergyman and physiognomist Lavater, whom Goethe pronounced one of the very noblest of men; Albertus Magnus, the famous schoolman of the thirteenth century; John Kepler, the great astronomer, who inferred the revolution of the earth before Galileo proved it; Cromwell's Ireton; and that dramatic composer Gluck.

November 16th commemorates the death of one of those sweet saints the stories of whose lives are among the most potent influences of the Roman Catholic Church. Queen Margaret of Scotland, niece of King Edward the confessor, the wife of King Malcolm, mother of that Maud who married Henry I, of England, and brought peace to the two war-torn nations, was one of those rare women of large influence, of high aspirations, of blameless life, of boundless sympathy, of active benevolence and wise forethought, whose luminous presence dispels the darkness of the wild times in which they lived.

On the 17th of November, 1372, died Sir John de Mandeville, father of English travelers, who, if he did not find the length of Prester John's foot, and pluck him a hair of the great Cham's beard, did other feats quite as wonderful in his journey of thirty-four years' length. His courage and faith were alike notable, and there is no more entertaining romance in the language than the account of his adventures by the worthy knight in whose steps that other daring traveler, Sindbad the Sailor, seems closely to have followed.

On the 18th of November, in 1558, the memorable year and month, and almost the day, of the accession of the Protestant Elizabeth, the Catholic Cardinal Pole—one of the most remarkable men of his time—laid down his weary life. Those deep religious convictions which would have led him to sacrifice even his country to his Church made him unpopular with his countrymen. But the nobility of his birth was matched by his nobility of mind, his learning, his purity, his piety, and his sweetness of nature. For what seemed to him the true faith he paid the price of the favor of his kinsman and friend the king, the hope of preferment or even of existence at home, and the life of his aged mother and his two brothers. Luther the Protestant and Pole the Romanist, who abhored each other, yet uttered the same belief: "Here stand I. I can do no otherwise, for it is not safe for a man to go against his conscience."

November 20, 1497, was a red-letter day in the world's history. Then did the adventurous Vasco da Gama, with his little fleet of three vessels, double the Cape of Good Hope, prove the possibility of reaching India by sea, and cross the ocean from Melinda to Calcutta in twenty-three days.

On November 21, 1291 died Eleanor of Castile, beloved wife of the valiant Edward I., whom he buried with all possible pomp at Westminster Abbey. In every town where her body rested on its last sorrowful journey the king caused a cross of "cunning workmanship" to be erected in memory of her, there having been probably thirteen in all. Chraing Cross, in the heart of London (*chere reine*, dear queen), stood until the Long Parliament voted it down in 1657. "I loved her tenderly in her life-time," wrote the stricken king to her friend the Abbot of Clugny; "I do not cease to love her now that she is dead." Pleasant glimpse of domestic peace in the turbulant life of that vehement warrior.

This 22d is St. Cecilia's Day, martyr and patroness of music. It belongs also to another equally shadowy but delightful person, that intimate friend of youth, Robin Hood.

The 25th is dedicated to the famous St. Catharine, who, as is well known, confuted all pagan reasoning with such convincing eloquence that the only argument left to the Emperor Maximus was put forth by him in the form of four wheels lashed together and armed by sharp spikes, which were to make a swift ending of heresies and heretics; when, lo! a miracle. Fire from heaven severed the cords, released the prisoner, shattered the engine, and killed the executioner and many pagan by-standers. This event is commemorated in the well-known circular window of churches, and in the Catharine-wheel of fireworks.

To the 28th belong the names of Cousin, Washington Irving, and Bensen, who need no biography.

On the 29th, in the year 1780, departed that stanch spirit, daughter, sister, and mother of monarchs, whom her subjects delighted to call "our king, Maria Theresa."

The 30th is a day rich in associations with high names, of whom that of "the learned Selden" recalls Clarendon's delicate picture of him, which might fitly be labelled, "Portrait of a Gentleman." "Mr. Selden was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his virtue. He was of so stupendous learning in all kinds and in all languages that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant among books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, courtesy, and affability were such that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good nature, charity, and delight in doing good and in communicating all he knew exceeded that breeding."

### Crop Reports.

At Sharon, Tennessee, wheat sowing is limitd by scarcity of seed; crops are short, but less so than was expected.

Little Rock *Gazette:* "Hon. John G. Fletcher predicts that the cotton crop will turn out better than anticipated. His prediction, thus far, holds good."

In the country about Columbia, Tennessee, the corn was good on the lowlands, on the uplands corn and cotton were failures; cotton is half a crop.

Dresden, Tennessee, *Democrat:* "We hear a great deal about cotton worms eating up the wheat. Elmore Bragg had eighteen acres eaten up by them."

Campbell's Station, Tennessee: The later rains have brought plenty of grass; corn turns out poorly; early sowed wheat is eaten up by grasshoppers or army worm.

Midway, Tennessee, has a good crop of grass since the last rain there; the corn crop turned out poorly; cotton was making a better yield than had been looked for.

At Smyrna, Tennessee, there is a wonderful double crop of fox-tail and club-grass, which will, if housed before seriously damaged by frost, act as a substitute for corn and fodder.

From Robertson and Sumner counties, Tennessee, come accounts of the largest tobacco crop seen for some years; early corn was a partial success but the late crop is more promising.

In Lewis county, Tennessee, the farmers are putting in twice as much small grain as last year; the late rains gave life to vegitation; double the usual amount of fodder and millet has been harvested.

Little Rock *Republican:* "The statement that the cotton crop is nearly all picked is untrue, so far as South Arkansas is concerned. A large portion of it still remains in fields in that section, and the pickers have not been idle, either. The fact is, the crop will be much larger than estimated."

A Huntington (Tenn.) correspondent of the Nashville *Banner* writes that farmers report less than half a crop of cotton, but in some portions of the country the corn is very fine. Quite a large acreage of wheat has been sown, though not so large as would have been had good seed not been so very high.

The Columbia, Tennessee, correspondent of the Nashville *Banner* writes: "Apple trees are in full bloom, and some have on them young apples, being the second crop. The worm has done great damage to cotton in this county, and is now in many places destroying the wheat, barley and rye."

Dyersburg *Gazette:* The apple trees in many portions of this county are full of blooms. This fall is fine for grass. The fields are full of the finest pastures ever known in this country. Mr. Will Hudson has a piece of land from which he has this year cut three crops of hay, each crop averaging two tons to the acre."

### New Value in the Cotton Plant.

The value of the cotton plant (gossypium berbaceum) has been increased by the discovery that the bark of the roots yields a promising dyestuff. Mr. W. C. Staehl reports that when the bark of cotton roots is exhausted by alcohol of the specific gravity of 0.84, a dark reddish brown liquor is obtained, which, when distilled to recover the spirit, leaves a resinous matter, which amounts to eight per cent. of the original weight of the bark. The new product appears black and shining, but when pulverized, takes the color of cochineal. It dissolves in fourteen parts of alcohol, fifteen parts of chloroform and one-hundred and twenty-two parts of benzol. It dissolves also in caustic alkalies, and is precipitated from these solutions by acids. Hydrate of potash colors it green. Sulphuric acid dissolves it with a red brrwn color.

### TORTURED AND ROBBED.

FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE OF THE FAMILY OF AN ILLINOIS FARMER AT THE HANDS OF ROBBERS.

The Chicago *Times* of the 15th has the annexed dispatch from Turner Junction, Illinois:

The house of Allen Fairbanks, a farmer living four miles north of this place, was entered by burglars last night, who succeeded in getting $600 in cash and $10,000 in Government bonds. There is something more than ordinarily sensational in the raid on the premises, in that it was deliberately and carefully planned, and the victims were subjected to torture in the endeavor to wring confessions from them. About 12:30 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks were simultaneously awakened by a shuffling sound in their bedroom. Their eyes opened on three men standing near the foot of their bed, two of whom were pointing cocked revolvers at their heads, while the third carried a dark lantern. With the burglar's characteristic oath, they bade the farmer and his wife to neither move nor speak, at the risk of their lives. The two revolvers were then placed in the hands of one man, while another proceeded to ransack the room. Finding nothing he seemed to want, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks were compelled to get out of bed and disclose the hiding-place of their money, which was concealed in the bed-clothing. Mr. Fairbanks was led to another room, and an effort made to compel him to turn over money by

HOLDING A LAMP TO HIS BARE FEET.

The torture availing them nothing, they led their victim back to the bedroom, and in his presence kicked and otherwise maltreated his wife. Her nightclothes were torn from her body, and she was compelled to lie on the floor, while the brutes rolled her over and over with their heavy and mud-covered boots. She acknowledged that there was a coffee-can in the pantry filled with silver. This was immediately taken possession of. Then a schedule of the silver in the house was made out, but the ruffians said they wanted none of this. Finally, the confession came that there were Government bonds up-stairs. One of the men said they had them already, but he indignantly threw the paper on the floor, with the remark that they were not dealing in that class of goods. One of his companions suggested that he was a fool, and himself pocketed the bonds. More money was demanded, and Fairbanks and his wife were marched about the house singly, with cocked revolvers held between their eyes, and horrible oaths ringing in their ears as awful vengeance was pronounced if they held back any information. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks have no children, but two domestics are employed in the house. They were sleeping in the same room with the farmer and his wife last night.

WHEN THE DEVILISH INGENUITY

Of the thieves had been exhausted in dealing with the latter, they turned upon the girls, and subjected them to infamous treatment. The younger was taken into a closet, and with the door shut the two brutes, pressing the cold muzzles of revolvers upon her cheek and forehead, endeavored to extort from her the further facts. Gaining nothing, they dragged her back to the bedroom almost dead with fright, and then declared that they were about to gibbet the whole family. As it seemed that the threats might be carried into execution, the farmer, his wife and the girls got down on their knees and begged for mercy. Convinced at length that nothing was concealed from them, the thieves proceeded to tie gags in the mouths of their victims, and to pinion their arms and hands. Further torture in the tightening of cords, and removing and replacing the gags, was resorted to, to learn, if possible, something about the money savings of neighbors. The teeth were knocked out of Mr. Fairbanks' mouth, and one of the girls has the

CORNERS OF HER MOUTH TORN BACK

into her cheek. Fairbanks was pushed over upon his bed, and left upon his back, while the women were made to lie upon the floor. The doors were fastened as the gang withdrew at length, taking the plunder already enumerated with them. The house had been well ransacked before the family were awakened. Two of the men who committed the burglary called at the house on Monday, representing themselves as horse-buyers. They asked for and received dinner, and made themselves so agreeable that during the two hours of their stay they managed to get into all the rooms on the first floor without exciting suspicion. Mrs. Fairbanks recognized them on their return last night. She describes one of them as tall, with a black mustache and black hair, prominent Roman nose, and wearing good clothes, low shoes and red stockings. Both had black slouch hats. A boy, who passed the house between 12 and 1 o'clock last night, saw a double carriage standing in the road near by, and a man walking back and fourth, apparently on guard, as subsequent developments indicate. After the burglars had left the house, Mr. Fairbanks succeeded in releasing himself, and at once proceeded to the house of a neighbor, twenty rods away, where there had been a wedding. The guests had not yet dispersed. They flocked at once to the scene of the exciting adventures, and men accompanied Mr. Fairbanks in immediate pursuit of the gang.

### Governor McEnery.

New Orleans *Democrat:* Samuel D. McEnery, the new Governor of Louisiana, was born at Monroe, this State, on the 28th day of May, 1837. His father, O. McEnery, located in that town in 1836. After passing through a preparatory course of education, he entered Spring Hill College, where he remained one year. In May, 1852, he became a cadet in the United States Naval Academy. He resigned from that institution July 25, 1855, and went to the University of Virginia. He was there until 1857. He studied law at the law school in Poughkeepsie, New York, from which institution he graduated in 1859. He began the practice of his profession in Mayville, Missouri. He soon had a fair business, and after a year's residence there, poor health compelled him to return to Louisiana. In May, 1861, he entered the Confederate army as Lieutenant of the Pelican Grays, a company raised in Ouachita parish. This company formed a part of the regiment commanded by Colonel William Levy, who is now one of the associate justices of the Supreme court of this State. This regiment was reorganized in 1862, and Mr. McEnery was made a lieutenant in the regular Confederate service and was assigned to duty near Trenton, Louisana. In 1867 he was admitted to the bar of this State, and formed a partnership with his brother for the practice of his profession. On the dissolution of this partership he became associated with Colonel Richardson of Monroe, and they became known as one of the most reliable law firms in North Louisiana. Governor McEnery never held a political office until he was elected Lieutenant Governor. He had often been solicited by his party to become a candidate for the Legislature, and was urged to accept the nomination for Judge of the Fourteenth Judicial District. On each occasion, however, he refused, preferring to devote himself to his profession.

### An Alleged Alabama Murderer.

Pine Bluff (Ark.) *Press*, 15th: Yesterday's *Press* contained a short report of the killing of one Burrell Poole, in Lincoln county. From Deputy-Sheriff Victor Waldstein, who has been actively engaged for some months in working up this case, we learn the following additional particulars: In 1870, in Pickens county, Alabama, Burrell Poole waylaid and killed the Tax-Collector of that county, whose name was Mustin, while the latter was riding in a buggy attending to his official duties, and, it is believed, robbed the dead body of $3000 in money. It is known that Poole could have had no other incentive for the crime than that of robbery. W. S Mustin, a son of the murdered man, who now resides at Columbus, Mississippi, traced the murderer of his father to Louisiana, and from there into southeast Arkansas. Poole, in the meantime, had located in Lincoln county, and from some cause took sudden alarm and fled, leaving his wife and children, and his whereabouts until recently was unknown. Upon losing all trace of Poole, the son of the murdered man turned the matter over to Mr. Victor Waldstein, furnishing him with a description of Poole and a requisition from the Governor of Alabama for the arrest of the murderer. For several months, after patiently watching the house where Poole's family lived, Mr. Cunningham, who was authorized by Deputy-Sheriff Waldstein to watch Poole, came to town and reported that Poole was loitering about in the neighborhood of Palmyra. Waldstein gave Cunningham orders to watch and spot Poole until he could get there. By some means Cunnigham found out that Poole was fixing to leave the vicinity, and he deputized a man named Felley, who was intimate with and enjoyed the full confidence of Poole. Last Thursday morning Felley approached Poole in the corn crib, while Cunningham secreted himself near by, and Poole being some distance from his shotgun and pistol, which he always carried, Felley went up very close and spoke in a friendly tone. Seeing that Poole was off his guard and unarmed, Felley pointed his shotgun at Poole and said: "Mr. Poole, you are my prisoner; I arrest you for murder committed in Alabama." Whereupon Poole instantly sprang at Felley and attempted to wrench the gun from his grasp, saying: "I'll be d—d if I surrender. I'll die before I'll go back to Alabama." Felley, realizing that his own life was in danger, fired one barrel of his gun, putting a charge of nine buckshot in Poole's left breast, killing him instantly. Poole confessed to several parties in Lincoln county that he murdered Mustin, but had naught against him.

### Governor Wiltz Dead.

Memphis *Appeal*: The long-expected, but none the less sad event—the death of Governor Wiltz, of Louisiana—is announced by telegraph. He expired at his residence in New Orleans on Sunday at half-after noon. He was conscious to the last, and continued to take an interest in the affairs of the State and of his friends until he died. Louisiana never had a more faithful officer or better citizen. Gov. Wiltz, as we learn from the New Orleans *Democrat*, belonged to one of the most ancient and honored families of Louisiana, being of German Spanish descent. Their paternal ancestors were among the first German settlers in that State, and Thomas Barraso Villanueva, the maternal grandfather of the Governor, came to Louisiana with the Spanish army. Governor Wiltz was educated in the public schools of New Orleans, and at the early age of sixteen entered a commercial house with the view of earning his own living and of becoming a merchant. The house failing shortly after, he was engaged by his uncle, Clerk of the Second District Court, to assist him. When the war broke out and excitement swept through the land like a tornado he enlisted at once, though but eighteen years of age, as private in a company of the Orleans Artillery, in which he served for some time, when he was elected captain of Company E, Chalmette Regiment, which was stationed at Fort Jackson. The whole regiment was shortly after captured while on picket duty. After his exchange, which soon occurred, Captain Wiltz served on detached duty in the Mississippi Department, and was subsequently transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department, where he served in the cavalry and afterward as Provost-Marshal and "commander of the post" of Franklin, Louisiana, until the close of the war. His comrades in the army bear testimony to his unflinching courage and deuotion to duty, and we cannot resist the conviction that upon a broader theater of action he would, notwithstanding his extreme youth, have won deserved distinction as a leader of men on those grand and historic battlefields where the armies of the North and South met in deadly fray. Governor Wiltz was married on October 15, 1862, before he had attained his twentieth year, to Miss M. Bienvenu, daughter of Guerinire Bienvenu, a planter of St. Martinsville, on the Teche. His widow and five children, four girls and a boy, survive him, the eldest girl being fourteen years of age and the son eleven.

### Immigration Meetings.

Maj. W. J. Sykes, of Columbia, Tenn., addressed an immigration meeting at Tullahoma recently. He began by referring to the census reports to show the difference in the financial condition of the several States, and proceeded to explain the causes. His statistics were startling in demonstrating the magnificent place taken by Tennessee in the manufacturing and commercial world as compared to other States not nearly so blessed in natural resources. He pointed out the small area of improved lands, the ratio being as one to three, while in Ohio and Illinois, both newer States, the proportion was reversed, as three to one, there being thrice the amount of improved over unimproved lands. In Ohio farm values were over $46,000,000, and the value of farm products over eight millions, while in Tennessee the value of farms was only a little over twenty-nine millions and that of farm products was over nine millions; yet the State of Ohio is one of the most prosperous in the Union, and the reason is because of the enormous manufacturing interests of that State—the manufacturing products of Ohio counties being over nine millions, whilst in Tennessee counties only a little over two millions.

### COTTON-PICKING MACHINES

ON EXHIBITION AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION—THEIR RELATIVE MERITS.

New York *Times:* As of a special interest in connection with the Atlanta exhibition, the *Scientific American* has illustrated a group of ten machines invented for cotton-picking. The first is not a picker, but a device for assisting the hand-picker by partly supporting the weight of his body when he stoops; it consists of two poles, one on each side, to which is attached a broad belt encircling the body, as a bag also hanging from the belt. No. 2 is a light wagon, provided with transverse slats of wire across the top. One man cuts the plant as if it were grain; the other takes it up in the hand and detaches the cotton by striking the plant on these wires, the wagon being driven slowly along. However efficacious this mode of detaching the lint, its success is obviously destroyed by the fact that the leaves, stems, pods, and all which goes by the name of "trash," must jar off and fall in with the lint. No. 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 are worked by gearing operated by the wheels of the vehicle, somewhat as a reaper is. In one a cylinder studded with bristles like a carpet-sweeper, scratches the lint from the bolls, which are bent down toward it by a reel running, and detaches it by contact with a toothed cylinder behind. This machine was patented in Ohio in 1871, and another one, patented in Louisiana last year, works similarly, having on either side of the row of plants, two pairs of vertical revolving brushes. Another, patented in North Carolina in 1877, has a number of barbed flexible rods which are alternately pushed up and down; they detach the lint from one another by their motion, and it is taken up by revolving hands. A New Jersey machine, patented in 1877, creates a vacuum by a fan, and attempts to draw thus the lint into a wire-gauze chamber, after having loosened it from the bolls. A machine, patented in Brooklyn in 1870 has two broad endless rubber belts traveling vertically, which are excited electrically by friction, and thus attract and carry the lint, loosened by a reel. A hand-picker patented in Massachusetts in 1867, worked by turning a crank, has a prickly reciprocating tongue, which picks out the lint and delivers it into a sack carried by the operator. A very simple tool, patented in Louisiana in 1876, consists of a long glove armed with iron hooks pointing toward the wrist, the user freeing it from the cotton by drawing his hand across a brush which is fastened to his waist just above the mouth of his sack. A Texas device, patented in 1879, thrusts into the cotton continuously moistened spindles, which are rotated, and thus catch the lint and wind it on themselves like a cocoon of silk. A complicated-looking contrivance, patented in Kentucky in 1876, places cups over each boll and attempts to suck the cotton into them and connecting tubes by an air-exhaust. These devices have all failed, and some of them have nearly or quite run out the term of their patent. They work, undoubtedly, in a theoretical way, but not practically. The conditions of the problem are severe. The plant grows from two to four feet high, and resembles a miniature apple-tree in the distribution of its fruit. The hight and spacing of the plants vary; the bolls mature irregularly; the plant must not be injured in the early picking, and "trash must not be got into the fiber. The irregularity of the work is the trouble, the picking requiring a special discrimination and selection (or an equivalent to this) for every boll. If apples grew on a low tree, ripening irregularly, and must be picked without taking anything but the fruit, the problem of mechanical picking would resemble that of picking cotton mechanically. Moreover, as the labor to be superseded is very cheap labor, simplicity and cheapness are essential conditions to be realized. The difficulty of the problem seems hardly less than the reward awaiting its practical solution.

### Repression of Criminals.

*Memphis Appeal*: The Nashville *American* expresses the opinion that criminals are more than formerly under the ban of the national sense of justice and abhorrence of crime, and that this feeling is becoming more obvious in the Southwest than at any other time; highwaymen and "regulators" are industriously sought out and broken up. "The violators of revenue laws," says the *American*, "the counterfeiter and all that class of criminals can no longer find an asylum in Tennessee." Railways are breaking up hidden coverts, and mountain recesses, so that "moonshiners" and their sympathizers find it less easy to carry on their nefarious transactions. The officers of the law obtain more ready assistance from residents in such out-of-the-way places, for the industrious, the thrifty and the well-disposed find that such neighbors are hindrances to their prosperity, and retard the settlement and advancement of the country around them. These views are wholesome and correct, especially with respect to immigration. Who can expect men to bring their wives and children into neighborhoods where criminals abound, and where lawless men murder their victims—habitually carrying deadly weapons about them for the purpose—and hordes of scoundrels order from the spot any person who has given them offense? The advance of our sister State of Arkansas, which has been so marked of late, is interfered with in particular spots by this kind of criminals, but public opinion in the State strongly condemns all such proceedings, and the State Government is showing an activity that will be productive of the best effects. The criminal class of the Southwest are marked out for extinction, and with their disappearance will be done away one of the difficulties which that portion of the Union has had to contend.

### The Public Schools of the South.

Virginia has now 4864 public schools, and has gained 15,000 in attendance since last year. She has a school population of 314,827 white, and 240,980 colored, and the value of her school property is $1,177,544 86. Her receipts from school taxes this year were $596,515 95. The North Carolina schools cost $352,882 65 last year, and instructed 136,481 white pupils, and 89,125 colored ones. Georgia, with a school population of 433,444, expended $471,039 46. Alabama spent $367,093 59, and instructed 107,483 white, and 72,007 colored children. Mississippi paid $576,5 3 61 for the instruction of her 112,894 white and 123,710 colored pupils. Louisiana spent $235,000 upon her school population — one-third colored — 226,709. West Vigilia has a school revenue of $620,126 46, and a school attendance of 142,850, out of a school population of 213,441.

A Boston firm has made $4,000 out of the sale of Garfields pictures.

### FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Vegetables that are rank can be made much milder in flavor by tying a bit of bread in a clean rag and boiling it with him.

Sapolio is made of potash; it contains also pumice stone, which makes it more powerful than common soap. When used, the potash in the Sapolio unites with the fatty substance which it touches, producing a lather; the pumice stone scours, thus cleaning off dirt and brightening metal articles. Sapolia is used for cleansing paint, china and hard walls; also for polishing metals.

Peach Dumplings.—Take a large freestone peach: pare and cover them with a paste made with half a pound of butter and one pound of flour. Tie each one in a cloth, but not too tight. Three quarters of an hour will boil them. They may be eaten with sugar and butter, or sugar and cream.

Cracks in stoves may be mended as follows: Mix equal parts of wood ashes and salt into a paste with water and fill the cracks; it will soon get hard and close the crack with what is know as a rust joint. For cast-iron that is not heated, a cement is made of a fine filting of cast-iron wetted with a solution of salt ammonia and made into a paste with flour and sulphur.—*Western Rural.*

FEED THE FRUIT TREES.

Much injury has been done to fruit culture by the expressed dread some cultivators have of "too rank growth," and a consequent advice not to manure. A fruit tree never suffers from too much manure if the roots are healthy. If a tree seems to suffer after a heavy manuring it is only that it was in a bad way before this. Of course if one were to empty a cesspool, a cart-load of fresh lime, or some other inordinate mass of food under a tree it would suffer; but our meaning is that no amount of manure that would be found of benefit to any regular garden will be otherwise than beneficial to a fruit tree if the roots be healthy.

SMALLER FARMS IN THE SOUTH.

The process of subdividing the large plantations into smaller farms is going on steadily in the South—even in the States where the old system had taken the deepest hold. The hard-working farmer, who follows the plow himself, is gradually crowding out the luxurious planter—who, in the ante-bellum days, scarcely took the trouble to direct the operation of his laborers. In Mississippi, for instance, there were 42,840 plantations in 1860, and the average number of acres to each was 370. Ten years later there were 68,023 farms, the average area of each being 193 acres. In 1880 the number of farms was 75,205, averaging 185 acres each. While the area of cultivated land is less than it was in 1860, yet the production of cotton is nearly twice as great. The census of 1890 will doubtless show a still greater change in the domestic economy of the south, as indicated by a large number of land-owners and a vast increase in agricultural products.—*Baltimore Sun.*

"DOCTORING" FARM ANIMALS

It is a poor practice to be continually dosing animals. When we see a farmer frequently visiting a drug-store, the impression is, that there is something radically wrong in his management. He is the "sick one," and needs the aid of a good physician—some one to show him that sickness rarely happens on a well ordered farm; that clean, warm stables, and plenty of good feed, pure water in abundance, etc., are far better than their opposites, with all the physic that the largest drug-store can supply. Nothing is more clearly proved than the importance of care and keeping of the right sort for the health of farm animals and their profitable growth and increase. Sickness will sometimes come with the very best of management, and when it does, it is better to employ skilled hands to cure, then to "doctor" and "physic," and perhaps kill the valuable animal yourself, that under proper treatment might have been saved at a trifling expense.—*Agriculturalist.*

A FRENCH HAIR MARKET.

A Paris letter says: A hair market was held a few days since in Bellenares, Allier county. It was attended by a great many women from sweet sixteen to venerable sixty. There were four hair buyers. Each had his booth, whose front was filled with cheap, gaudy, calico cloths, worth at the very outside twenty cents a yard. In the booth were two men, both armed, one with a pair of scissors, the other with a yard stick. The former would, ask in an arrogant way, as if he did not want hair and was doing a very great favor if he condescended to touch peasants' hair: "What do you want in exchange for that?" "Fifteen yards." "Fifteen? If I give you four, six, eight, thirteen, (this figure was rarely exceeded), you may think yourself very lucky!" The offer accepted, he cuts the hair, and the other man measures the agreed number of yards. Sometimes the "merchandise" is refused as being worthless, the head is too old. It takes about five years for a decent fleece of hair to grow.

CORN FODDER.

A farmer writes: "Corn fodder, as all farmers know, is not only an important crop, but it is one of the cheapest of food for stock. Everybody knows how to grow it, and as to the harveeting, that also is a simple matter. But everybody don't know how to save their fodder when once it is grown and cut. I saw the following plan for shocking corn fodder in an agricultural journal last year. It seemed reasonable, and I tried it last fall with so much success that I now write it out for others who may not know about it: Make a shocking jack of a pole sixteen feet long with two legs at one end, the other end resting on the ground. Bore a hole big enough to insert a pole four or five feet long, (a broom handle will do), about four feet from the upper end. Set this jack where you want your shock to be, putting your fodder in the four corners made by the small pole or broomstick. When the shock is made pull out your broomstick and go ahead with the jack. In this way your shucks can be easily pitched into the wagon without breaking the shock."

SCABBY LEGS IN POULTRY.

The unsightly disease which affects the legs of fowls, causing them to swell and to become distorted, is due to a mite, a small insect which is similar in appearance to that which causes scabs in sheep. It is roundish oval and semi-transparent, about one-eight hundred of an inch in length, appearing, when magnified 400 diameters, about half an inch long. If the scales from the legs of a diseased fowl are beneath the microscope a number of these mites may be found between them. Beneath the scales there are a spongy, scabby growth, in which the eggs and pupæ of the mites are to be seen in great numbers The pupæ are very similar in shape to the mature mites, but are very much smaller, appearing when viewed with the above mentioned power, about one-tenth of an inch in length. The disease being of a similar character to the sc