

**HOUSEHOLD AND FARM.**

**Mr. James Vick, the Rochester nurseryman, is quoted as saying that the "White Worm,"** or any other worm, in pots, may be destroyed by sticking three or four common matches down into the soil, also one or two up into the drain opening. The phosphorus on the match is certain death to animal life, and a powerful fertilizer for plants.

No Chinese farmer ever sows a seed of grain before it has been soaked in liquid manure diluted with water and has begun to germinate; and experience has taught him that this operation not only tends to promote the growth and development of the plant but also to protect the seed from the insects hidden in the ground.

The watermelon, once dreaded as an agent of cholera and its contingent ills, is now an article of diet welcome in every household. The watermelon is now said to be a cure for summer complaint. Even when it becomes chronic, watermelon taken two or three times a day has been found to cure after all the usual remedies have failed. At the close of Dr. Tanner's first first meal was of watermelon. This item is a little late in the season, but we publish it in time for you to paste it in your summer hat, before laying it aside.

A writer in the *Plover* journal advises every farmer and farmer's boy to plant black walnuts on the farm. This is the month in which to plant them—plant them with the shuck on, just as they fall from the trees, putting them in the ground six to ten inches. Black walnut is becoming rare and desirable wood. Time was when it was wasted wantonly by being pounded into fence rails by profligate farmers. But now every log is hunted up eagerly by the cabinet makers. Walnut trees grow rapidly, are never infested with insects, and are very hardy. They should never be transplanted. Plant them in the first place where you want them to remain. There is some out of the way corner of the farm that can be utilized by the growth of black walnut timber. Plant your walnuts now, and in a few years you will have a walnut grove that you will be proud of.—*Dixon San.*

A sheep raiser of Dayton, Wis., carried a gun in driving his sheep home, as wolves were known to be prowling about. He soon saw two old wolves and five three-quarter grown whelps wrangling over a dead sheep. He fired into them with a charge of No. 4 shot, when war began. Immediately the whole seven came bounding toward him, and before he had time to climb a tree they were full upon him. He reversed the gun and used it for a club. The fight lasted an hour, and so savage and ferocious were the wolves that, as one after another received a death-stroke from the old man's bullets, they pounced upon their fallen comrade and proceeded to devour him. At this juncture the farmer would rush in with his gun and kill another, hauling one or both of the dead bodies back to the tree where the fight took place. He did this, he afterward said, to save their carcasses, as there is a bounty of \$11 on each wolf killed in Waupaca county. After the hour's skirmish the seven wolves lay dead at the farmer's feet.

The South Elgin Sorghum Sugar Company has proved a failure, and Gen. Malcolm McDole, of Chicago, the chief officer, has made an assignment to Mr. Frank Sheppard, of South Elgin. The Elgin News says: "The mills were built and fitted up a little over a year ago. Everything was on a large scale, and the best of machinery was put in. Practical sugar makers were hired; farmers were induced to plant early amber and other cane, and it was given out that a practical test would be made of the possibilities of sorghum sugar making. Last year the experiment was a failure. The cane did not ripen as it should, and frost came too soon. Only a poor article of syrup was made. This year there was no attempt to manufacture sugar. An excellent article of syrup, however, was turned out, some being now on sale in groceries. The farmers who have received no cash for this year's crop, have succeeded in getting some of this syrup, which are multitudes of other creditors who will have hard work to get this much satisfaction."—*Aurora Beacon.*

**Some Experiments with Wheat.** In the fall of 1878 I put in two acres of wheat and sowed one bushel of seed on one acre and one-half bushel on the other. It was sown September 8, and when it first came up there was a marked difference between the two strips. But the fall was favorable for growth, and before winter it was difficult to tell which was the thinseeded part. A neighbor cut it for me, and I told him that one side was sowed with half a bushel and the other with a full bushel, and asked him to pay particular attention to and seed the two plots. He could tell which was the heavier, but he could not tell the difference. We had 103 shocks, fifty-one on one acre and fifty-two on the other, and the yield was thirty-five bushels per acre. The next year I added four acres to the piece and seeded it with three pecks of seed to the acre. The yield was 180 bushels, or thirty bushels per acre. I have grown on picked acres over forty bushels of wheat from three pecks of seed.

In the fall of 1878 I manured a strip of thin land with bone meal at the rate of about 300 pounds per acre, and left a space one rod wide through the center to test the difference. As soon as the wheat started to grow in the spring that on which the bone was used was better than the other, so that it could be seen from a distance in passing the field, and at harvest the manured strip was not worth cutting, while the part "boned" made fifteen bushels of excellent wheat to the acre.

In the fall of 1879 I sowed four acres of wheat on corn land. It was a cold clay, and I had rarely grown a paying crop on it, the corn that year did not make twenty bushels to the acre. I divided it into four equal strips and manured the first with one barrel of sifted hen manure; the second with twelve loads of stable manure; the third with 200 pounds of ground bone and the fourth with 200 pounds of superphosphate. I left strips ten feet wide without any manure between the different plots. From a comparison of the manured strips I estimated that I doubled the crop by the fertilizers. The four acres yielded 120 bushels, and although I did not thrash the strips separately, I found that the barrel of hen manure made as heavy a crop as the twelve loads of stable manure. Possibly it supplied just what was needed in the soil or gave the wheat just the quick start needed to enable it to find material already there. If a barrel of hen manure, as the experiment indicates, will add ten or fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre, it is time farmers were finding it out.

I am much in favor of top-dressing wheat land, and from experiments extending over several years I find one load of manure made fine and spread on the surface is worth to the wheat crop two plowed under. If used in this way every half cord of manure will make an extra bushel of wheat—and under favorable circumstances it will often double this. I believe that manure from a shed where it has been allowed to accumulate and retain all the liquid, is worth two or three times as much for wheat as that from the barn-yard, and I am so situated this year that I can test the matter, as I have several loads of manure in a stable where I have kept a mare and colt all summer.—*Waldo F. Brown, in Rural New Yorker.*

A "stringy," "rattling" voice and a constant disposition to expectorate indicate important though trouble of dangerous tendency. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in good time and be saved much trouble and annoyance. For sale by all druggists.

**CRIMINAL VARIETIES.**

**Called Here and There from the Columns of the Daily Press.**

**Murder and Salsico.**  
A dispatch from Plain City, Ohio, to the Cincinnati Enquirer, contains the following horrible relation:

The tragedy occurred about 3 miles north-east of Plain City, on the 13th, being no less than the murder, by a man named Bill Wilcox, of his wife, and the subsequent hanging of himself. When found the woman was still living, but had been cut, head, body and arms, almost beyond recognition. The weapon used was a corn-knife, which did fatal work in a deep cut through the back skull. Both arms lay uncovered, with the flesh literally hewn away from the bones, while numerous cuts on the body gave further evidence of the terrible assault. Soon after finding the woman in this condition, the body of Wilcox was found hanging by the neck, suspended from the limb of a hickory tree. The tree stood near a rail fence, and the limb from which the body was suspended was broken so as to lower the suicide till he rested on his knees. The black, swollen, protruding tongue, contorted face, and rigid muscular condition of the body gave disgusting evidence that the man had hanged himself soon after the tragedy at the house.

Mrs. Wilcox died at 8 o'clock next morning, but before death made an attested statement of the affair. Wilcox had repeatedly threatened her life, and wanted the custody of their girl, whom he claimed the mother was allowing to go astray. On coming home about 11 o'clock, somewhat in liquor, he attacked her while she was in bed. The boy, who was sleeping up stairs, heard the noise, and, coming down to his mother's assistance, picked up a corn-knife and dealt his father a blow that cut through the skull back of the ear. Father and son clinched and fell to the floor in a struggle for the possession of the knife. Wilcox finally got under it in his grasp. He then followed Mrs. Wilcox from the house, and, chasing her about a hundred yards, overtook her in the road, and, heedless of her cries for mercy, attacked and cut her down. The dead body presented a horrible picture. One ear is severed, and two cuts from the keen-edged knife, beginning near each temple, penetrated to the brain, and met near the crown of the head. A portion of one hand is severed. The bones of one arm are cleaned off in two places, the member hanging together only by shreds of flesh. The other arm is nearly stripped of flesh, and the neck, chest, and one hip bear terrible marks of the murderous knife. The neighborhood is widely excited by the cruel deed, and there are many expressions of regret that the murder was not speedily justice from avenging hands by immediate suicide.

**Negro Ravisher Lynched.**  
CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 15.—Jack Williams, a negro, convicted at Orangeburg, S. C., on Saturday, for an outrage upon a white girl, aged 11 years, was taken from jail about 2 o'clock this morning and hanged. The jury, through a misunderstanding, rendered a verdict with a recommendation to mercy. Under the statute, such recommendation reduces the punishment from death to life imprisonment, and the prisoner was sentenced on Wednesday accordingly. The public, incensed against the jury, determined that the prisoner should never reach the penitentiary. The crime was a revolting one, and the prisoner confessed his guilt. The following was found fastened across the breast of the body of Williams, printed in large letters on a piece of white home-spun: "Our wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters shall be protected, the decision of the Orangeburg jury to the contrary notwithstanding."

**Ruin's Victim.**  
The Sunday Times contains the following special:

CARLISLE, Ill., Oct. 15.—This city was the scene of another terrible murder this afternoon. John Nantz, jr., being shot and instantly killed by Lewis Biggs. The evidence before the coroner's jury was in substance that Biggs and Nantz went into the saloon of John Stoddler and there quarreled over who should treat. Biggs applied a coarse epithet to Nantz, who knocked him down, when Stoddler, the bartender, interfered and separated them. The next morning Biggs drew his pistol and killed Nantz. Biggs at once gave himself up, and is now confined in jail to await trial. Great excitement prevails over the tragedy. Biggs is a married man, and his father was with him at the time of the shooting and will be a witness against him.

**Detroit, Mich., Oct. 15.**—A family quarrel had a fatal ending tonight. James Valier was shot by his stepson, Marquis Lafayette Defoe, in a quarrel. Valier came home drunk, and began abusing his family, and threatened the life of his wife and Defoe. His words ensued, and Defoe was caught by the throat by Valier. The former drew a revolver and shot Valier in the bowels, from the effects of which he died at 11 o'clock. Defoe is under arrest, and claims he did not do it in self-defense. Valier was 45 years of age. Some revolver accidentally shot Mrs. Valier's husband some years since.

**Paw Paw, Mich., Oct. 16.**—Yesterday afternoon, Charles Howland, a farmer who resides about five miles west of here, came home intoxicated, and, after abusing and pounding his wife, attacked his son, Henry Howland, with a knife, cutting him in several places, when the son drew his pistol and shot. The ball entered the body a little above the heart and the man soon died. The son, after all was over, came to town and gave himself up to the authorities. The neighbors say he has often been compelled to defend his mother from a vicious husband's abuse, and that Henry has heretofore sustained a good character.

**The Earle Execution.**  
One of the most notable executions of the year was that of Edward Earle, on Friday last week at Sageville, Hamilton county, N. Y. His crime was the murder of his wife on the 17th of March last. He was 41 years of age, a man of superior education, had passed under various aliases, and had traveled apparently all over the world. No one ever knew anything about his family, or whether he was American or Spaniard. He was in the Union army several years during the rebellion and had been taken prisoner. On his release he settled down in the Adirondack region in New York, where he married Anna Burgess in 1865, and pursued the calling of a blacksmith. His wife a few years afterwards became criminally intimate with a man named George Brown, and a quarrel with her was the basis of a charge of assault with intent to kill, and on the trial, at which Earle maintained that she perjured herself to convert him so that she could live with Brown, he was convicted and sent to prison for three years.

After his release from prison he went to his home, arriving there cold, wet and hungry, and concealed himself in the barn. The scene at the place of concealment on the fatal day was very graphic. When the wife discovered him and her eyes met, she fell on the floor and begged piteously for her life. "For God's sake, for the sake of your little dead children, have mercy on me," she pleaded. He said: "(in his confession afterwards), 'I could not think, I could not reason; I was bereft of every sense except pain. All my miseries were

before me; the disgrace, the dishonor, the long, lonesome days, months, years in a prison cell, the desolate home, the terrible oath, were there, and there knelt

**THE WOMAN** who had caused all. I threw the knife on the floor at her feet and went to the door; stood beside her, undecided, stupid. Where could I go? I had no object in life. The hope of vengeance that had kept me alive for years had been wrested from me by the earnest pleadings of the woman. She had promised that I should not mention my being in the barn, but I knew she would. I knew that as sure as I stood beside that door she would send me to prison again. But she had disarmed me. I could not hurt her. She thought I had gone. She got up and rushed for the small door, calling, 'George, George!' That was the name that was connected with all my sufferings. George was the one who had planned the thing she had executed. It was George who was the partner in all her guilt. It was George who had induced her to deal me blow after blow, until reason staggered and life had become unbearable. It was this same George she was now calling to repeat the dose. She called in vain. George could not save her. The good God himself could not save her then. All she could do was to hang there, and attend self before my eyes with the vividness of a picture. Her present treachery maddened me beyond all control. I was no longer human.

**I WAS A DEMON,** knowing nothing, fearing nothing, wild. I rushed through the barn; she slipped in the door and fell. I snatched the knife from her hand, and did I strike? No! It was years of suffering, woe, shame, dishonor, the desolate home, justice, and the hated name of George that held the knife and impelled the blow, as she shrieked 'murder!' Murder is a terrible word. I could never hear the word spoken without associating it with something awful. There is something horrible about the shape of the word, as we see it in print, but in writing, it utters itself wildly by one who you had once loved, by my victim, knowing it was the last word she ever would utter, oh God! It was horrible, indeed. I stared in horror for a moment, then like a wild beast fell across the field, the fearful cry of 'murder!' ringing in my ears; the slow-timed step, the pleading, pitiful look pursuing and keeping pace with me. I fled without a purpose, save to get rid of the horrible cry of murder. It was repeated with a fearful distinctness from every direction. I raised my hands to my ears to shut out the awful sounds, and became conscious that my hands grasped something. 'Horror on horror!' it was a

**KNIFE COVERED WITH BLOOD.** I hurried it from me, and as it fell it shrieked 'murder.' My limbs were palsied. I could not see the knife, but I saw once or twice a white snow looked red. All things seemed changed; nothing seemed real except the cry, the look, the step. As I turned the corner at Bass' and fled along the road past the graveyard, two little voices that had been hushed in death for years cried 'murder, murder!' I looked back and the slow, timid step, the pleading, pitiful look met mine, and I sank in the snow."

He gave himself up soon after the crime and was duly indicted and arraigned for trial. His attorney undertook to defend him on the plea of insanity, but he arose in court and denounced his counsel for insulting him by offering such a plea. On his conviction he thanked the jury and said their verdict was just, and when sentenced to death he thanked the Court, saying death to him meant release from further trouble. He was exceedingly cheerful afterwards to the day of his execution, writing several facetious letters inviting his friends to his "necktie party."

At the execution at 11 o'clock A. M. Earle said he was ready. The death warrant was read to him, and he responded with a smile: "That's all right and just." He went to the gallows with free arms and legs and spoke pleasantly to the officers and jurors in the yard. He said that the presence of his friends cheered him and he was supported by an unseen power. He did not want to be understood as dying game or making false professions, but he hoped he was prepared to die the death assigned him by a just sentence and a fair court. After a brief prayer he said: "There is one thing more I have to say: 'If any of you boys ever meet my little girl, June, please give her a kind word. It won't cost you anything. Now, sheriff, good by; I am ready.'" His neck was broken by the fall and he died in a few minutes without a struggle.

**Trichina in Man.**  
It has been previously stated that for some thirty years subsequent to the first description of the capsule by Hilton, and some twenty-five years after the identification of the parasite itself in man, the same were looked upon as mere harmless curiosities, and that, although Ledy discovered the parasite in the flesh of the swine in 1847, still it was not until 1890 that the connection was established between them, appearing, as they had, in two totally different species (man and swine). The honor of this important discovery belongs to Dr. Zenker, of Dresden, Germany. The disease was discovered in a servant girl admitted as a typhus patient to the City Hospital in Dresden. She died and her flesh was found to be completely infested with trichinae. Leuckart's and other experiments have shown that a remarkable transformation of Ehrenberg is necessary to render trichinae inert. Direct heat applied to the shreds holding specimens of trichinae pork, by means of the Schultz heating table, has demonstrated under the microscope that a temperature of 90 degrees centigrade (122 degrees Fahrenheit) is necessary to the certain death of the trichinae. Leuckart's experiments with trichinae pork, made up into sausage meat and cooked twenty minutes, gave positive results when fed to one rabbit and negative by another. He sums up his experiment as follows:

1. Trichinae are killed by long-continued boiling of infected meat, and also by subjecting the same for twenty-four hours to the action of smoke in a heated chamber.  
2. They are not killed by means of cold smoking for a period of three days, and it also appears that twenty minutes' cooking freshly prepared sausage meat is sufficient to kill them in all cases.

The various kinds of cooking, however, are quite different in their effects on trichinae pork. Frying and broiling are most efficient, roasting coming next. Boiling coagulates the albumen on the outer surface and allows the heat to penetrate less readily; it should be kept up, therefore, for at least two hours for large pieces of meat. Whether boiled, broiled or fried, pork should always be thoroughly cooked. Practically speaking, the cooking, salting and hot-smoking which pork in its various forms receives in the United States must be, in the vast majority of cases, sufficient to kill the trichinae and prevent infection of the person consuming the meat. Everything like those reported in Germany are unknown here, and trichinosis in a fatal form is undoubtedly a rare disease. In the vicinity of the great pork-packing establishments near Boston, the "spare-ribs," containing the intercostal muscles are very largely bought and eaten by the people near by, and trichinosis among them has not in a single case been reported, so far as I have been able to learn. The cuts being thin and well cooked, any trichinae in them are quite certain to be killed. Even when trichinae are introduced into the intestinal canal, too, they are sometimes expelled by diarrhea, and the invasion of the system by a small number does no harm.—*American Microscopical Journal.*

**A Story of Daniel Webster.**  
There are several interesting anecdotes related of Daniel Webster, who was the foremost lawyer, statesman, diplomatist, and orator in

America. In the early years of his professional life, a blacksmith called upon him for advice concerning the title to a small estate bequeathed to him, as the terms of the will were peculiar, and the kind of estate transmitted doubtful, an attempt had been made to annul the will. After Mr. Webster had examined the case he was unable to give a definite opinion on it for want of legal authorities. He therefore, at considerable expense, purchased a number of extra law books from Boston, and spent his leisure hours of several weeks in referring to them. He successfully argued the case on his trial, when it was decided in his favor. On account of the poverty of the blacksmith, Mr. Webster only charged him \$15, intending not only to suffer the loss of money paid out, but the time occupied in securing the verdict. After a long period had elapsed the case was forgotten; but not the knowledge by which it was won. On one of his journeys to Washington, Mr. Webster spent a few days in New York city, when the celebrated Aaron Burr sought his advice on a very important case then pending in the state court. Having heard the facts on which it was founded, Mr. Webster received at once that it concerned a matter with the blacksmith's will case. On being asked if he could mention the law applicable to such he immediately replied that he could, and then began to quote decisions bearing upon the case from the time of Charles II. As he went on citing his array of principles and authorities with great precision, Mr. Burr rose in astonishment, and asked with some warmth, "Mr. Webster, have you been consulted before in this case?" "Most certainly not," he replied. "I never heard of your case until this evening." "Very well," said Mr. Burr, "proceed." Mr. Webster concluded the quotation of his authorities, and received from Mr. Burr the highest praise for his profound legal knowledge, and a fee sufficiently large to remunerate him for all the time and trouble he devoted and the expense incurred in the blacksmith's will case.

The following resolutions were passed at a meeting of the Utica Land League held at their hall on the 9th inst., 1881:  
WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty in His inscrutable wisdom to take from our midst our beloved and honored brother member, Francis A. Leahy, one of the organizers and a guiding light of this branch of the Land League, an honest, whole-souled and liberty-loving Irish-American,  
Therefore Be It Resolved, That by the decision of Francis A. Leahy we have lost a worthy, intelligent, active and faithful advocate of our cause, and the cause of Ireland has lost one of its most self-sacrificing and devoted champions.  
Resolved, That while we sadly deplore his loss and sympathize heartily with his afflicted mother and bereaved relative, we feel that his loved liberty and hated oppression; that his upright and manly conduct as a Christian, a citizen and a son have merited for him the reward of eternal happiness.  
Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this League and a copy be sent to the mother of deceased; also to the Ottawa newspapers, the *Irish World* and *Utica Gazette.*  
JOHN CLEAR, Sec'y.

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Is under construction from Meese, on the Gunnison Division, to Benetton City, via Pointo Pass, and stage connections will be made at its terminus for Saguache, Gunnison, Del Norte, and all points in the San Juan Valley.

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