THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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Editors and Proprietors.

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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GENERAL NEWS.

McLean's paper mill at Factoryville, N. Y. was burned on the 12th of May. Loss $75,000.

A fire at Watertown, N. Y., on the 30th April, destroyed property to the amount of $50,000.

Thomas M. Edwards, first President of the Cheshire Railroad, and a member of Congress four years, died at Keene, N. H., May 3d.

The earnings of the Union Pacific Railroad for April were $1,062,952 against $742,846 last year, an increase of $320,105.

A fire in St. Paul on the 2d of May, broke out in a lumber yard, destroying a large amount of lumber and shingles. Loss $27,000.

On the 4th of May Wesley Vanduser, a wealthy and eccentric farmer near Hudson, N. Y., shot his mother and then killed himself.

James Batton of Princess Ann county, West Virginia, was murdered on the 1st of May by two negroes, while driving home with his son.

A confectioner, who twelve months ago taught his parrot to say "Pretty creature" to every lady who entered his shop, is now a millionaire.

Hon. D. D. Pratt, ex-United States Senator, has accepted the position of Commissioner of Internal Revenue, tendered him by President Grant.

The grand jury at New Orleans reported true bills against five persons charged with bribing members of the legislature with intent to influence their votes.

M. Kedy at St. Paul has been convicted of murder in the first degree for the killing of Bernard Lamb, last fall. His punishment will be in prisonment for life.

Dispatches from various points say the recent cold weather has destroyed the young grasshoppers, and the general belief is expressed that there will be no future trouble from this pest.

The public debt statement of May 1st shows a reduction during April of $2,325,346. The treasury department has just made a call for five millions of '62 bonds, interest to cease August 1st.

The Democrats carried the municipal election in Montgomery, Alabama, by 440 majority, electing the Mayor and 12 aldermen. This is the first time they have carried the city since reconstruction.

Miss Ida Greeley, elder daughter of the late Horace Greeley, was married in New York on the first of May, to Col. Nicholas Smith, of Covington, Kentucky. The bridal party embarked on the steamer, Abyssinia, for Europe.

J. Reed (colored) was hung by a mob at Nashville, April 30th, for killing a police officer named Frazier. The jailor and his assistants, and a police force were overpowered, after doing all they could to protect the prisoner.

The schooner, Consuello, loaded with building stone from Vermillion for Chicago, was lost in a gale off Marblehead on the evening of May 1st. Capt. Wm. Law and three other persons were washed overboard and drowned.

Gen. Samuel Mackenzie Elliot M. D., died at his residence on Staten Island, April 30th, aged 64 years. Dr. Elliot was born in Scotland and came to this country in 1833, when he went to Cincinnati and became a student of the celbrated Alban Goldsmith.

The steamer St. Luke from Leavenworth, Kansas, to St. Louis, on the 3d of May struck a pier of a bridge 25 miles from St. Louis, and sunk in fifteen feet water. Ten or more persons were supposed to be lost. Boat valued at $30,000; insurance, $17,000.

Edward Connolly and son at Buffalo, N. Y., on the night of May 2d were suffocated with gas while in bed, and next day while the coroner was looking for the place of leakage, an explosion took place, tearing up floors and demolishing the windows and doors.

The wife of Albert Long, near Louisville, Ky., a few days ago went to a neighbor's to borrow some article for breakfast. While she was gone the house took fire and burned to the ground, consuming two little boys, one five and the other three years old.

Thomas Watson & Co's extensive tannery and saw mill at Port Layden, Lewis county, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on the morning of April 30th. Loss, $200,000. By the destruction of the above works over 200 men are thrown out of employment.

The Democratic candidate for Mayor in Shelbyville, Indiana, was elected on the 4th of May. The entire Democratic ticket was elected in Jeffersonville, by majorities ranging from one hundred to three hundred. In Logansport the straight Democratic ticket was defeated by the Citizens' ticket, by a majority of 810. In Indianapolis, John Cravan, Republican, was elected Mayor by 400 majority. The Republicans elected the entire city ticket by majorities ranging from 400 to 1,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

French and English gunboats have been ordered to the banks of New Foundland to prevent the threatened trouble between the fishermen of each nation this summer.

Forty-one bodies were taken from the mine at North Staffordshire, England, on the 1st of May, being victims of the explosion the day before. Most of them have left large families.

The schooner Jefferson Borden, from New Orleans for London, arrived off Port Levin. The captain reports that the crew murdered the first and second mates. Two sailors were wounded and put in irons, and one wounded sailor was chained to the pumps, and another was dying. The vessel was worked by three hands.

Dr. Falk, Minister of Public Instruction at Berlin, has introduced a bill in the lower House of Delegates, providing for the suppression of religious orders in Prussia. The existing establishments are forbidden to receive new members, and their present organization must be dissolved within six months after the passage of this bill. A partial exception is made in favor of religious bodies engaged in the work of education which may prolong their existence for years. Those whose object is the care of the sick may continue their organization, but are liable to dissolution at any moment. Associations thus continuing are to be subject to the supervision of the Government officials. The property of convents is not to be confiscated, but will be temporarily administered by the State.

HUMOROUS.

A Milwaukee chap kissed his girl about forty times right straight along, and when he stopped the tears came into her eyes, and she said in a sad tone of voice: "Ah! John, I fear you have ceased to love me." "No, I haven't," replied John, "but I must breathe."

"Why, Ichabod, I thought you got married more'n a year ago!" "Well, Aunt Jerush, it was talked of, but I found that the girl and all her folks were opposed to it, and so I just gave them all the mitten and let the thing drop."

A tall stranger entered a saloon, and, pulling off his coat, inquired: "Is there anybody here who wants to lick me?" "Yes! yes!" exclaimed half a dozen loafers in chorus, as they rose up. "I thought there was!" coolly replied the stranger, as he opened the door and walked out.

If the spelling mania isn't cured soon our whole social fabric will tumble. "He's a nice sort of a boy," said a young lady, yesterday, as she rolled up his photograph and engagement ring for returning them, "but no well brought up girl can be expected to cling to a man who spells confectionery with an a."

Maud (with much sympathy in her voice.) "Only fancy, Mamma. Uncle Jack took us to a picture gallery in Bond street, and there we saw a picture of a lot of early Christians, poor dears, who'd been thrown to a lot of lions and tigers, and were devouring them!"

Ethel (with still more sympathy). "Yes, and Mamma dear, there was *one* poor tiger that *hadn't got* a Christian!"

A Boston man who is described as possessing "uncommon intellectual ability," has become disgusted with the "blue-stockings" of that city, and declares that his future wife must be perfectly ignorant, and a bigot; she must know nothing and believe everything. "I should wish to have her call to me from the adjoining room—'My dear, what do two and two make?'"

Western Inventions.

(Reported from the Iowa Patent Office, Des Moines, by Thomas G. Orwig, Solicitor of Patents.)

ISSUED APRIL 6, 1875.

Burial Vaults.—L. K. Dutton, Oskaloosa, Iowa. Formed of lap jointed portable sections.

Steam Brakes.—T. F. Fouts and Elijah Planck, Burlington, Iowa. A rack on the piston rod, which moves transversely to the engine rotates a shaft that runs the length of the train. The shaft is coupled between the cars by two cups, which are held together by springs and in which the square ends of the shafts slide.

Refrigerating Tables.—Pauline Libert, Leavenworth, Kansas. A table has a packed and drained cooling tank directly beneath its top, a part of which constitutes the hinged cover of the tank.

Rein Holders.—Chas. Autchings, Kansas City, Mo.

Churns.—Thos. B. Jewett, Lawrence, Kansas. The dasher has a reciprocating rotary motion and, in connection with the operating mechanism, is adjustable to be accomodated to vessels of varying size. The dasher and mechanism are both detachably connected with the vessel.

Spark Arresters.—Matthew B. Mason, Kansas City, Mo., assignor to himself and Robt. H. Hunt, same place. The deflector is provided with downward turned nozzles which concentrate the volume of sparks, and force them in jets into conducting tubes leading to the fire box of the locomotive.

Press for cotton bales.—E. L. Morse St. Louis, Mo., assignor of one-half his right to J. W. Branch, same place.

Farm Gates.—L. V. W. Noyes, Springville, Iowa.

Stone Dressing Machines.—J. J. Squire, St. Louis, Mo., assignor of one-half his right to Joseph W. Branch, same place.

Another Anneke Jans Movement.

The Heirs of the Waldron Property, in New York, Sue for the Recovery of an Estate Worth Sixty Millions.

The celebrated suit commenced a few years ago by the heirs of Anneke Jans for the recovery of the property of Trinity church, bids fair to be outdone by a movement now being pushed forward with vigor by the heirs of what is known as the Waldron estate. It appears that in the year 1646 Baron Resolvent Waldron came to this country from Holland with Gov. Stuyvesant. In 1654 Gov. Stuyvesant made a grant of all that portion of Manhattan island lying between Eighty-second and One Hundred and Ninth streets, and extending from North to the East river, to Baron Waldron and two others. In consideration of this grant twenty five families were to be located on the estate, and a ferry established with the main land within three years. These conditions were complied with, but on the Dutch being driven from possession the settlers were dispersed. In 1665, however, when the Dutch had regained possession, the grant was renewed to the same parties. Little seems to have been done in relation to the estate until 1684, when Gov. Dongan confirmed the grant of Gov. Stuyvesant, adding eighteen persons, making in all twenty-one participants. These settlers located their farms and dwellings on the high ground, and those of these who disposed of their property sold only to high water mark. The title to the flats and other land along the river front over which the water flowed they did not dispose of, leaving it for the benefit of their heirs.

Twenty years since the meadow lands of Harlem were not considered worth paying taxes for, and the land was looked upon as comparatively worthless. The Tweed ring, however, recognizing the value of the large tract of property lying under water in that neighborhood, undertook the work of filling it in at the expense of the city. Something like 1,350 acres of valuable land were made in this way, the title to which, it is claimed, belonged of right to the heirs of the Waldron estate. In 1870 the Tammany ring had a bill passed by the legislature bringing this land under taxation, and it was subsequently sold in default of the payment of taxes, the greater portion of it, as might be supposed, being purchased by the members of the ring or their agents. The land so made and sold without title, is now claimed to be worth $60,000,000, and for its recovery the heirs of Baron Waldron are now taking the requisite steps.

Considerable difficulty, of course, was experienced in discovering the descendants of the original grantees; but by the exertions of a few of those most actively interested in the movement the signatures of some 200 of the heirs, scattered all over the country, have been obtained. The majority of them have signed the necessary papers and contributed the expenses incurred in the movement. While some of the heirs look upon the recovery of this valuable property as exceedingly doubtful, others express entire confidence in the strength of their claim, and are eager that the matter should be speedily tested.

By tracing the history of the Waldron family, it has been ascertained that Baron Waldron, to whom the estate was originally granted, had five sons. One of them, Samuel, had a son, William, whose third wife was Annetje Meyer, a granddaughter of Adolph Meyer, one of the original grantees. One of the children of this marriage was a daughter of Margaret, who married Abraham Lent. Abraham had seven children, viz.: John Abraham, David Barkness, Peter Waldron, Elizabeth Brinkerhoff, Cornelia, Ann, and Maria. Peter Waldron was the father of ex-Senator Lent, of this city. David Barkness settled in Poughkeepsie; Elizabeth married a gentleman named Ackerman, of Dutchess county; Cornelia married Abraham Shear. Ann was the grandmother of Judge Tappan, and Maria married Cornelius Earle, the mother of Deputy Comptroller Earle. It will thus be seen that Abraham Lent, grandfather of ex-Senator Lent, was the great grandson of Anna Katrina, daughter of Adolph Meyer, and Margaret Waldron, his wife, was the great-granddaughter of Baron Waldron, as well as of Adolph Meyer.

Ex-Senator Lent, who with the Earle family and that of Judge Tappan are directly interested in the recovery of the Waldron estate, has gone to California to procure the signatures of the members of the family residing in that State to the necessary documents. It is stated that as soon as the consent of those of the heirs who are willing to assist in attempting the recovery of the estate has been obtained, steps will immediately be taken to test the right of the present possessor of the property, a sum of $25,000 having already been appropriated for that purpose.—*N. Y. Times, Apr. 26.*

About thirty stores and dwellings in Montpelier, Vermont, were destroyed by fire on the night of April 30th. Loss $150,000.

Camphor.

The camphor of commerce is chiefly derived from the *Camphora officinarum*, a tree of the Laurel family (*Lauraceæ*) that grows in China, Japan, Formosa, and Cochinchina. It is obtained from the wood by distillation. The British Vice Consul at Tamsuy and Kelung, in a late report, describes the process of distillation in that region as a hazardous trade on account of the hostility of the aborigines, who resent the continual encroachments upon their territory for the purpose of cutting down the trees to extract the camphor. No young trees are planted to replace those destroyed, and at the present rate of diminution the supply of camphor will ere long be entirely exhausted. The stills used by the operatives in this region are of very simple pattern, and are built up in such a manner as to be easily removed as the Chinese advance into the interior. A long wooden trough, coated with clay and half filled with water, is placed over eight or ten furnaces; on the trough boards pierced with holes are fitted, and on these boards are placed jars containing the camphor wood chips, the whole being surmounted by inverted earthenware pots, and the joints made air tight by filling them up with hemp. When the furnaces are lit the steam passes through the pierced boards, and, saturating the chips, causes the sublimated camphor to settle in crystals on the inside of the pots, from which it is scraped and afterwards refined. In summer the camphor often loses as much as 20 per cent. on its way from the producing districts to the port of shipment.

Emerson at Concord.

Unveiling the Minute-man's Statue at Concord gave Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great American philosopher and poet an opportunity to make a speech which dates an altogether new departure in American speech-making. Nothing could be further removed from the pyrotechnics of Fourth of July oratory than the pure white light in which it distinctly revealed—a picture for all time—the facts of the "proud and tender story" commemorated by the statue. Expressions like these: "The sculptor has built no dome over his work, believing that blue sky makes the best background;" "It appears that the patriotism of the people was so hot that it melted the snow, and the rye waved on the 19th of April;" "He who will carry out the rule of right must often take his life in his hand;" and "The thunderbolt falls on an inch of ground, but the light of it fills the horizon," are such as none but a poet of Emerson's calibre would have used to relieve his terse and compact historical narrative. Original and novel as they are, they will henceforth be commonplaces of literature wherever the English language is spoken and read. Moreover, the keynote of the sentiment towards our ancestors' British foes that ought to predominate in all future speeches to be delivered during the centennial jubilee upon which we have now entered was given by Emerson's laying the burden of responsibility for the war against the British colonies on "an insane King of England"—poor old George the Third. As events proved, even His Crazy Majesty was, under Divine Providence, our benefactor. Above all, the memorable speech of Ralph Waldo Emerson at Concord was distinguished by that brevity which is the soul of wit.—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

Whittier on War and the Church.

The Boston *Globe* publishes the following letter of Mr. John G. Whittier, written to his friend Rev. J. B. Miles, D.D., General Secretary of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations:

AMESBURY, 14, 4th Month, 1875.

To James B. Miles, Secretary, etc.:

MY DEAR FRIEND: It is eminently fitting to connect the centennial anniversary of the opening battles of the Revolution with the growing sentiment of civilization that there is "a more excellent way" of settling the disputes of nations than the ordeal of war. It is cheering to note the very general favor with which the plan of arbitration has been received by statesmen and civilians in this country and in Europe; but there are other signs of the times well calculated to occasion solicitude on the part of every lover of peace. The menace of danger now seems to come from the Church of Christ. At this moment the peace of all Europe is threatened by the secret plots and monstrous public pretensions of ecclesiasticism. If war comes in consequence, if the fairest harvest-field of the world are made an arena of battle, men who claim to be especially the priests and representatives of the Gospel of peace will be held responsible. Woe to that Church which, for the sake of power and dogma, breaks the truce of God among nations, makes its missionaries assassins, and mingles blood with its wine of sacrament. It is high time for the Christian Church to awaken to a full sense of its awful responsibility. If, after the dreadful experience of 1,800 years, it fails to perceive the necessity of shaking itself clear of the barbarism of war, it has small claim upon the world's respect and confidence. Its leaves are not for the healing of the nations.

I am, very truly, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Beautiful Grandmamma.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

Grandmamma sits in her quaint arm-chair;
Never was lady more sweet and fair;
Her gray to ks ripple like silver shells,
And her brow its own calm story tells
Of a gentle life and a peaceful even,
A trust in God and a hope in heaven.

Little girl Mary sits rocking away
In her low seat, like some winsome fay;
Two doll babies her kisses share,
And another one lies by the side of her chair;
May is fair as the morning dew,
Cheeks of roses and ribbons of blue.

"Say, grandmamma," says the pretty elf,
"Tell me a story about yourself.
When you were little, what did you play?
Was you good or naughty, the whole long day?
Was it hundreds and hundreds of years ago?
And what makes your soft hair as white as snow?

"Did you have a mamma to hug and kiss?
And a dolly like this, and this, and this?
Did you have a pussy like my little Kate?
Did you go to bed when the clock struck eight?
Did you have long curls and beads like mine,
And a new silk apron with ribbon fine?

Grandmamma smiled at the little maid,
And laying aside her knitting, she said,
"Go to my desk, and a red box you'll see;
Carefully lift it, and bring it to me."
So May put her dollies away and ran,
Saying, "I'll be careful as ever I can."

Then grandmamma opened the box, and lo!
A beautiful child, with throat like snow,
Lips just tinted like pink shells rare,
Eyes of hazel, and golden hair,
Hands all dimpled, and teeth like pearls,
Fairest and sweetest of little girls.

"Oh, who is it?" cried winsome May,
"How I wish she was here to-day!
Wouldn't I love her like everything?
Say, dear grandmamma, who can she be?"
"Darling," said grandma, "that child was me."

May looked long at the dimpled grace,
And then at the saint-like, fair old face;
"How funny," she cried, with a smile and a kiss,
"To have such a dear little grandma as this!
Still," she added, with a smiling zest,
"I think, dear grandma, I like you best."

So May climbed on the silken knee,
And grandma told her history;
What plays she played, what toys she had,
How at times she was naughty, or good, or sad.
"But the best thing you did," said May, "don't you see?
Was to grow a beautiful grandma for me."

Deadly Insects.

The buffalo-gnat is credited with occasioning a wide spread mortality among the horses and mules of West Tennessee. Many farmers have lost all their working stock at a season of the year when they can least afford to do without them. The bite of this insect seems as that of the African tsetse, the pest of all travelers in South Africa. Man and wild animals appear to be invulnerable to the tsetse, but camels, dogs, oxen and horses cannot long survive its attacks. In one expedition Dr. Livingstone lost forty-three oxen from this cause. He was inclined to believe that the ass was bite-proof, but the experience of his last journey convinced him that he was in error. The donkey though not so susceptible as some of the other animals above mentioned, still succumbs before the little brown fly with yellow stripes. Its proboscis pierces the skin of its victims, and draws thence a plentiful supply of blood. No special harm at first seems to have been done, but in a few days the eyes and nose of a bitten animal begin to run; a swelling makes its appearance under the jaw; the muscles grow weak and finally the digestive organs are disordered and death soon follows. When dissected, the cellular tissue under the skin is found to be injected with air as if soap bubbles were scattered over it. We have not yet received full details of the operations of the Tennessee insect, but whatever it is, its ravages are quite like those of the tsetse.

An Incident in Charlotte Cushman's Early Life.

More than fifty years ago, a boy, some 16 or 17 years of age, was at work one afternoon on the old "Hingham Station Packet," which will be remembered by some of our citizens as for years occupying a berth at the head of the dock where State Street Block now stands. It was an afternoon when there was no school, and a girl, somewhat younger than the boy alluded to, was passing the half-holiday in play near the store of her father. Venturing too near the edge of the dock, she missed her footing and fell overboard. It being high water at the time, she disappeared. No one saw her fall, but, by accident, the lad noticed some bubble in the water, and having just before seen the little miss on the wharf, instantly took in the situation. Springing into the water, he succeeded in bringing her to the surface, and calling for aid, she was taken on shore and restored to her parent. This act of heroism saved the life of one who has become the most distinguished American actress of the age,—a lady as highly respected for her moral worth and irreproachable private character as she is renowned all over the world for her eminent histrionic achievements. Her rescuer is to-day one of our most estimable citizens, and less than a year ago acquainted the lady with the circumstances of her deliverance from a watery grave through his instrumentality—a fact she well remembered, although till then ignorant of the name of her preserver, Cornelius Lovell had saved the life of Charlotte Cushman.—*East Boston Advocate.*

An Irishman tells us of a fight in which there was only one whole nose left in the crowd, "and that belonged to the tea kettle."

FARM, ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

A Butter-Maker's Experience.

J. P. Ellsworth, of Barre, Massachusetts, who knows good butter and makes it, writes to a brother butter-maker: "I have tried scalding milk at different temperatures for butter, and have settled on 180° as the best mercurial point. Less than 180° will not destroy the germs of the putrefaction. Have been told that 150° makes the cream, milk and butter taste scalded. I scald as soon as the milk is drawn. After scalding, the milk is allowed to stand in large pans without cooling only as the temperature of the room, which should be about 60°, acts upon it. Deodorizing the milk promptly assists in keeping it. Heating milk by pouring in hot water, and cooling it with cold, is objectionable, the former tending to soften the butter globules, and the other to harden them."

Forty Bushels of Wheat Per Acre.

For the past five years I have averaged forty bushels of wheat per acre of the finest quality, always being overweight. I think I am still gaining every year, and attribute this to the system pursued, and especially to keeping sheep. My rotation is corn, barley, with clover—third year, clover; and fourth year, plowed down for wheat. I have never missed a crop of clover by seeding it with barley. It gives the grass seeds a chance which oats do not. I raise full crops of barley, which do not interfere with the grass, but I think barley rather helps by the slight shading. After the barley is cut, the clover makes astonishing growth, giving me superior late pasture. Owing to danger from mice, I pasture it down pretty close. My soil is clay loam. I plow down the rank clover about nine inches, give it one harrowing, then haul out my manure and spread. This I plow down shallow, as I consider it important to have the fertilizer near the surface for the roots of the wheat plant. I use the drill, putting in one bushel and one peck to the acre. Never had wheat hurt by freezing.—*Practical Farmer.*

Grade Up.

Farmers, grade up your stock; if you do not feel able to buy and breed thoroughbred stock, breed your common stock this spring to none but thoroughbred males. Secure the services of some of the thoroughbreds of your neighbors, or procure one of your own from some reliable breeder, and when once you have a lot of grade stock—either cattle, horses hogs or sheep—you will never raise scrubs again, for farmers raise stock for the purpose of making the most money out of their farms, by feeding their crops rather than selling the grain and hay to dealers; then the kind of stock that will mature the quickest and grow the largest is the most profitable for meat; and it is now no longer a question, but a fact, that the grades of our common stock crossed with thoroughbreds are more profitable to Western farmers than raising scrubs, while the first cost of grading up is small, compared to the actual profits in dollars and cents. Too many farmers just here are penny wise and pound foolish; because they cannot get fine thoroughbred males cheap as common stock they don't like to make a start—to make the first outlay; but the world moves, and our stock must improve with everything else.—*Western Agriculturist.*

Flowers for Exhibition.

Many of our autumn shows are held too late for a fine exhibition of flowers. A friend at Bethlehem, New York, has felt this inconvenience, and wishes to retard the growth of some leading varieties, so as to have them in flower late in the season. Our plan is to sow annuals we wish for fall exhibitions in a cold frame as late as the middle of April. As a general rule, they will be ready to transplant when the weather is dry and hot, and resort must be had to shade and water. A cool soil and plenty of water will make a large, vigorous plant, and retard the time of flowering, no matter how early the young plant is set out.

An aster plant, for instance, transplanted from the cold frame or hot bed the fifth of June, into a light, poor soil, will flower earlier than one set in a rich, cool soil a month previous. And if, in addition to the rich soil, water is supplied freely during the whole season, the earliest set plant will flower until frost.

A plant that has been allowed to stand in the hot bed or cold frame, crowded with other plants, and not, perhaps, half watered, matures early, and will flower a month before a strong, succulent plant that has had plenty of room and generous treatment in its infancy, and made a robust, succulent growth. Neither plant nor flowers, however, will be as large or fine. By keeping these facts in remembrance, we can, in a great measure, control the time of flowering. Gladiolus for exhibition we do not usually plant until after the first of June.—*Vick's Floral Guide.*

Culture of Potatoes.

Having raised this vegetable on both prairie and timber soil, my experience proves that new timber soil is much the best adapted to growing potatoes. Forest leaves and leaf mold are the very best fertilizers for potatoes. Farmers residing near the timber can easily gather forest leaves and make a compost which would be very valuable. The manure of stock yards should be scraped up with a scraper into long or round heaps, mixing in at the same time a few tons of leaves and leaf mold, leaving a depression on the top of the pile, into which may be emptied all the wash water and slops of the house; also occasionally adding wood ashes, lime and salt. Gentle rains, sufficient to dissolve the compound, would be of service to assist fermentation, and prepare the vegetable matter to absorb the ammonia. Do not allow it to get too wet, so as to suffer loss by leaching. As a substitute for forest leaves, our prairie farmers can use straw and refuse hay, of which they have an abundance. Running it through a hay cutter would better prepare it for the compost. It is an excellent plan, when early crops are grown, to harvest them as soon as possible for the early market, and sow the ground immediately (without plowing) to buckwheat, millet or oats, and plow it under just before freezing. This will leave the soil light and porous; and if good productive varieties are planted and cared for, large crops may be expected. The ground being in good condition, mark check rows for hills 3x3 or 3x2 feet. If for drills, mark 3 feet, and plant one eye 10 to 20 inches apart, according to variety. Those of dwarf top will do quite as well to be nearer together. Select tubers, large to medium size, cut one eye in a piece, commencing at the butt, and turn the tuber, as you would in shaprening a pencil, leaving the center portion for the top eyes. I prefer planting in checks as above described. If the seed is a new variety, and you wish to make the most of it, then plant one eye in checks 3x3 feet If you wish to make the most of your ground, plant two or three eyes in the wide checks for large spreading tops like the Compton Surprise, while those of a medium or dwarf tops should be planted in 3x3 foot checks. The ground being prepared, plant as described, and cover about four inches deep with a ridging plow, leaving the soil as light as possible. Just as the plants are coming up, pass a seeding bush crosswise of the ridges. This will sweep off the small weeds and lumps; by the next morning you will see splendid rows of potatoes, clean and nice. If you are in a buggy country, prepare for them by using Paris green and plaster. The benefit the plaster will be to the crop will pay for putting it on. Buy the *pure* Paris green and it will require but little, well mixed with plaster, to "fix 'em." Plow first time crosswise of the ridges, after which cultivate the other way just as soon as they are high enough to receive sufficient dirt to cover the weeds. About twice going through with the hilling plow will be sufficient. The last time, plowing should be just before the potatoes set. Should weeds appear in the hill, pull them out. In this way I raise large crops without hoeing. Keep the bugs off, and you are all right.—*George White, Durand, Ill.*

Independence Bell.

Speaking of the old bell of Independence Hall, the Philadelphia *Record* says: "Since the bell was cracked it has several times been tinkered at, in the effort to make it sonorous once more. At one time the seam was filled, we think, with silver, or an amalgam of silver; but the sound would not come back. They then undertook to ream out the crack, causing it to present a less 'sharp and ragged edge,' on the singular theory, perhaps, that it could be made to ring like the little globular sleigh bells that tingle, though they have an opening to let the sound out. But the result was, very naturally, by no means successful, it being clear enough beforehand, one would say, that the vibrations in the metal, when struck, would conflict at the crack and spoil the hoped for arrangement. The findings of metal that were bored out in this process were made over into little bells, as revolutionary relics, Henry Clay, we believe, receiving the first of these mementoes. Some people have also been guilty, as the bell shows, of clipping and splintering fragments from the rim as relics. We have not much faith that the bell will be restored to its old resonance, but we should be very glad to hear that there was a prospect of doing so by new processes."

The Carlist Committee in London has received telegrams reporting great victories by the forces of Don Carlos, under command of Sabals, at Breda, Lorida and Santa Colomo. The king announces that the forces numbered 4,000 men. They lost five chief officers at Breda, and three hundred and fifty men at Santa Colomo. Another victory for the Carlists under Castello is reported at Aragon. The government troops are said to have lost all their artillery and many prisoners. The Alfonsist General Delatre was killed.

Why is a man climbing up Vesuvius like an Irishman [illegible] to kiss his sweetheart? [illegible] wants to get at the [illegible] far."