THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD. - - NEBRASKA

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Driven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POST.

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CHAPTER XXVII.—CONCLUDED.

The people at the Slough were now greatly discouraged, but still not without hope. The resolution plainly provided that the rights of actual settlers should be respected, and they could not see how any one could dispute the fact of their being such. Indeed it was only by asserting that their rights were secured by that clause of the resolution that enough members of the House and Senate who were not absolute tools or partners of the conspirators were induced to vote for the resolution to secure its passage.

Besides this, the railroad company, when its officers first decided to make an effort to seize upon the land in the vicinity of the Slough, had issued circulars urging people to come and take up land there, promising them that as soon as the company received patents for the land from the Government it would deed to the settlers, upon payment of the price of wild land: or at two and a half dollars per acre for barren plains, such as most of the land at the Slough was; and that in no case would a price exceeding ten dollars per acre be charged, even for timbered land.

A large portion of the settlers now at the Slough had come in compliance with this invitation and agreement on the part of the railroad company, and they still relied upon the promise of the company, or thought the courts would compel it to comply with the promise set forth in its circulars—a promise which became a binding contract when the settlers, acting upon it, came upon the land and began to improve it.

The officers of the company had, however, no intention of complying with the promise, and their success in bribing Congress led them to feel that there was nothing to be feared from the courts. They demanded the full value of all lands, including improvements, and claimed that the words "actual settlers" in the resolution of Congress referred to such as Government had granted patents to before the passage of the act making the grant of lands to the company; which was before the first settler came to the Slough, and was of lands along the line proposed in their charter, distant one hundred and fifty miles and on the other side of a range of mountains.

During all this time the settlers had held frequent meetings and endeavored in every legal manner known to them to defend their rights. Erastus Hemmingway was always in attendance upon these meetings, and although he said but little, what he did say was always to the point, clear and forcible, and he came to be regarded by all as one whose judgment was of value, and who was ever prompt with his portion of the money found necessary to be raised from time to time in defense of their homes.

At last, and after repeated meetings and much discussion, it was decided to make an offer to compromise with the company as the cheapest way out of the difficulty, and a letter was addressed to its chief officer, stating that while they did not recognize either the legal or equitable claim of the company to their lands, yet for the sake of being at peace they would all pay the prices which those who came by invitation of the company had been promised the land at; or the price which a disinterested committee would say the lands without the improvements were now worth; or the price at which the company was now offering to sell raw land of similar quality. This would compel those who took homestead and preemption claims before the company made any pretense of being entitled to the land—while it still professed to be intending to build its road and take the lands upon the line laid down in its charter—to pay from two and a half to ten dollars per acre for what they should have had for nothing as homesteaders, or on payment of one dollar and a quarter per acre to the Government in case they claimed as preemptors. But all were weary of the long contest and preferred peace at any price short of bankruptcy, rather than a continuation of their troubles.

In reply to this offer of the settlers the President of the company responded, saying that they were willing to do what should appear right, and requesting the settlers to select a committee from among themselves to come to San Francisco to confer with the representatives of the company. This letter was read at a regular meeting of the Settlers' League, and a committee immediately selected and authorized to act for the whole. Among those chosen for this duty were Erastus Hemingway and his neighbor Mr. Johnson. The committee proceeded to San Francisco, put up at a hotel and notified the railroad officials of their presence and readiness to confer. Instead of proceeding to the conference, however, one of the officials went before the authorities, swore out warrants and had them all arrested and conveyed to jail, where they were locked up and forced to remain until morning, and the business men of the city were notified that it was the will of the railroad company that no one should go bail for the arrested men, and that the company would ruin the business of any one who dared to do so.

After lying in jail all night they were taken before the court and dismissed without a hearing, and in spite of their protest and demands to be given an opportunity to explain to the court the circumstances of their arrest, and so were forced to return to their homes and their waiting neighbors and report that no mercy was to be expected from those who had conspired to reduce them to serfdom upon their own lands.

Still these men retained possession of their homes, and though they had ceased making improvements, were able to obtain subsistence therefrom.

Time passed, and the railroad company obtained from the Government patents for the amount of land specified in the original grant. The road was not completed as the law making the grant required that it should be before the patents should issue, one hundred and ten miles of it being then, as now (1884), untouched, and no portion of it being upon the line specified in their charter, which was the only line upon which they had the right to build a road, much less to claim a grant of land for building, even under the resolution of Congress, it being plainly absurd to say that one hundred and fifty miles was as near to their original line as it was possible to build.

The settlers were now powerless in the hands of the corporation, which played with them much as a cat does with a mouse before crunching its bones for the final act of swallowing. Their first act after having completed the road through the Slough and formed connection with a road leading to San Francisco was to place the price of freight so high as to consume the entire profit of all labor upon the irrigated lands, thus seeking to prevent the settlers from obtaining further means with which to continue the contest and transform them into the serfs of the company.

The outside world during all this time remained in almost absolute ignorance of the desperate attempt being made upon the rights of a portion of our citizens. The greater part of the press of the Pacific coast wore the muzzle of the corporations, and only the most meager reports of these matters were sent out through the Associated Press, and such as were sent were tinged with the coloring furnished by the conspirators.

The first year after the completion of the main irrigating ditch the settlers had set apart the eleventh day of May as a day of general rejoicing and thanksgiving for the harvest which followed the coming of the waters, and through all their troubles they had regularly observed it, their festivities usually taking the form of a picnic, which was attended by everybody, regardless of age or sex, and it was this eleventh day of May, 1880, that the corporate conspirators fixed upon for the consummation of their scheme for possessing themselves of the homes of these people.

In order to secure fit tools for this purpose, the company had made pretended sales of the homes of a portion of the settlers to men of known desperate character, among others to a noted desperado and crack-shot; and it was these men whom the United States Marshal was ordered to take upon his raid of eviction. The Marshal left San Francisco before day and arrived at Hanford, the station nearest the Slough lands, at seven o'clock in the morning. Here he was met by the gang of desperadoes armed to the teeth, and all started together in wagons.

The leader of the gang carried two bull-dog revolvers and a knife in his belt, and had a repeating rifle and a double-barreled fowling piece in the wagon in which he rode, and all bristled with deadly weapons, principally revolvers and knives.

As was anticipated by the Marshal, they arrived at the first house in the Slough settlement after its occupants had left for the picnic. Without ceremony the door of this peaceful dwelling was broken down and everything in it pitched into the highway. This done, they placed three No. 10 cartridges upon the doorstep as an indication of the fate which awaited the honest settler and his family if they dared replace their household goods and resumed the occupancy of their home. They then started in the direction of the next settler's claim, intending to proceed in the same manner with each of the twenty-five houses against whose owners the Marshal had writs of ejectment. But they were not destined to proceed so far. Unknown to them the gang had been seen to leave Hanford by one who, surmising the nature of their errand, hastened to notify the settlers of what was about to be attempted. Mounting a horse he rode with all speed, and, approaching the picnic grounds, came first upon several parties who had driven a little way back from the immediate scene of festivities in order to find a suitable place for leaving their teams and wagons.

Among them were Erastus Hemmingway and his neighbor, Mr. Johnson. To these men he communicated what he had observed, and his belief regarding the intention of the Marshal and his gang of desperate characters. All listened eagerly to the information brought by their friend, and then held a hurried consultation among themselves.

Erastus, Johnson and one of the others were armed with a single revolver of small caliber each. The rest were without weapons of any kind. They did not like to return to the picnic grounds and frighten the women and children with an announcement of what they believed was taking place; neither did they propose that their homes should be ravished and they make no effort to defend them.

It was finally agreed that Hemmingway, Johnson and those who were with them should hurry across country to a point in the road about a mile away, over which the Marshal and his crowd must pass, while the friend who had brought the information should quietly notify others and leave them to follow or wait for a report from those who were in advance, as they thought best. Hurrying across the fields, this little body of men came out into the road by which the gang were proceeding, just in advance of the Marshal and his party, as they approached the cottage of the second victim marked upon their list for eviction.

Seeing them, the Marshal halted and got down from the wagon in which he was riding. The others did the same. Approaching to within a few feet of the Marshal, Erastus demanded to know if it were true that they had come to evict the settlers, and was told that they had.

"You will not be allowed to do so," replied Hemmingway; "We redeemed these lands from the desert and gave them all the value they possess. They belong to us and we intend to hold them."

The Marshal replied that "he was doing only what the law and the court required of him, but that rather than use force he would abandon the attempt."

But the gang thirsted for blood, and had been ordered to prevent any abandonment of the object for which they were sent. Scarcely had the words of the Marshal issued from his mouth when the leader of the desperadoes drew his revolver and fired at Erastus, thus giving the signal to the others of the gang, who at once followed his example and emptied their revolvers into the bodies of the innocent and almost defenseless men in front of them.

The first shot was aimed at Hemmingway's heart and missed it by but a few inches. The bullet entered his left breast and passed entirely through his body, but though mortally wounded he succeeded in drawing his own revolver, and, firing, killed one of the desperadoes on the spot.

One other of the gang was wounded by a shot fired by Johnson, who was himself instantly killed by the second volley of the desperadoes. Two others of the settlers were killed outright and three wounded; the latter by shots from the fowling piece of the leader of the gang, who fired at them as they fled, and but for the fact that the horses attached to the wagon, in which lay the villain's revolving rifle, took fright and ran away, not one of them would have escaped death.

Erastus Hemmingway and the other murdered and dying victims of the conspiracy were tenderly lifted from the ground and carried to their homes.

Lucy, with her mother and two children—a second child, a girl, having been born to them—reached home in advance of those who brought her wounded husband. They had heard the most terrible rumors, and were tortured by the most horrible fears, but were in ignorance of what had actually occurred until men came bearing the bleeding body with its unconscious face and laid it at their feet. To those who can not image the agony of these loving hearts no description which the writer could give would convey any meaning whatever. Erastus lived until morning. He was unconscious during the whole time, and died without a word or look of recognition of those about him, while wife and mother and children poured forth their anguish in tears and sobs as they watched the pulsing of the heart grow fainter and fainter and felt the hands which they clasped become colder and colder, as the death-damp gathered upon the brow of him they loved.

When he was buried these two lone and widowed women, the one in the prime of life, the other bowed and broken and gray with years and sorrow, but more with sorrow than with years, returned to their desolate home to clasp two fatherless children to their breasts, and weep and moan, living in daily fear of other attempts at eviction and other tragedies until such time as death shall come to them, or until the whole people shall waken from their slumbers, throw off the fatal spell which binds them, and demand that justice be done, and reparation made so far as may be.

Walking down one of the principal streets of Chicago one day recently I met Ensign, the husband of Jennie Parsons. He was not as well dressed as when I last saw him, and his greeting had less of self confidence and manly independence than formerly. In truth, I think he intended to pass without speaking, but I stopped him and held my hand.

"How do you do," I said; "and how is Jennie and the babies?"

"They are well, or as well as could be expected under the circumstances," was the reply.

I feared that all was not exactly right with them, but could not well appear to be inquisitive. I have a high respect for Ensign and his wife, and had no intention of permitting them to drop from my list of friends, and I said:

"I am coming out to spend an evening with you before long if you will allow me. I suppose you are still living in the same cottage on C—— street?"

"No," he replied, "they foreclosed and took that from us more than a year ago; after we had more than half paid for it, too. You see, I was thrown out of my place by the failure of the company I was at work for, and could not keep up the payments on the house and lot, and so lost all we had saved since coming here, together with what little we had when we came."

"And where are you living now?" I asked.

He hesitated a little and then said:

"After we lost our place I got another job at one of the mills, but was sick with the fever for a time, and when I got up again I could get no steady employment, and we were forced to rent some rather poor rooms on —— street, fronting on the railroad track. Well, the railroad company claimed the ground that this building and others stood on and wanted possession, so they ordered us put out without ceremony. I came home from a long tramp after work one day and found Jennie and the children on the sidewalk with what few household goods we had left, crying their eyes out with fear and anxiety."

"And then what?" I asked, seeing that he hesitated again.

"Well, I was out of money, and rent had to be paid in advance, and as we had nothing to pay with, and could not borrow, we moved into an old building with another family down by the river, until I can find work and rent a better place. We don't call it living; it isn't living; its only just a camping; but what can a fellow do? I assure you there are hundreds of other families in the city who are equally bad off."

The story "Driven from Sea to Sea" is finished—not finished. John Parsons and Erastus Hemmingway are dead. One sleeps with his crippled child upon the mountain side; one lies buried in the valley, side by side with his neighbors, who fell like him, the victims of the rapacious greed of corporate conspirators on that fatal morning of May, 1880; but Martha Parsons and Lucy Hemingway still live, and living, will contend with a corporation for the shelter above their heads and the heads of orphaned children. With them battle others whose homes and farms are in jeopardy from the same source.

Occasionally some settler, driven from his home, made desperate by long-continued suffering, by wrongs oft repeated, takes vengeance upon the immediate author of his woes; and some man, some tool of the corporation sent to hold possession of the land from which the settler has been evicted, is found dead upon the spot where the wrong was done. Even as you read these lines and wonder if such things are possible, honest settlers, not alone in California, but in any of a dozen different States, it may be, are being driven from their homes, their altars overthrown, their household gods destroyed, their lives sacrificed, their wives widowed and their children made orphans.

No, the story is not yet finished; but so far as told it is a true story. All of the main incidents have taken place substantially as related. They are part of the history of our country; have occurred to our own citizens, beneath the shadow of our own flag.

Had it been other than a true story it might have ended with a brighter picture, with the brightest and best of all pictures—the picture of a loving and honored old couple enjoying the last years of their well-spent lives amidst scenes of plenty and beauty, the work of nature and their own hands; with loving children and laughing babies, the children of their children about them.

As it is a true story it could not be told otherwise than as it has been, and if the pictures presented have been sorrowful instead of pleasant ones, and if the reader has been forced to weep, when, like the writer, he would prefer laughter to tears, it is not the writer's fault.

If sometime the people shall make it possible to write a story in which, without being untrue to life as the great mass of the people live it, the pleasant pictures shall crowd out and force us and them to forget the sorrowful ones, then will the writer of this be only too glad to write the sequel of "Driven from Sea to Sea: or, Just a Campin'."

[THE END.]

SENATOR HOAR'S REMARKS.

An Excellent Expression of Opinion on Live Political Issues.

Senator G. F. Hoar, on taking the Chair of the recent Massachusetts State Convention spoke at some length on current political questions. He denied that the Republican party continues or is disposed to continue to "wave the bloody shirt" of the late war; but, as regards the South, he said the Republican party of the Nation, while in favor of restoring the spirit of peace and harmony between the two sections, also insists upon the right of all legal citizens to free discussion, unobstructed suffrage, and an honest counting of their votes. He said:

We claim in the South the interest of American citizenship, knowing no State lines. We claim the right, keeping carefully within constitutional limits, to do for her just what we do for other parts of the country, knowing no distinction. We believe that what has brought prosperity to one part of the country will bring prosperity to every other. If education, manufactures, good wages, variety of industries, honest voting, have been good for us, they will be good for the South. We would encourage those sheets which have borne such fruit for us, that the vigorous Southern stock, and we look there for a fruitage which shall surpass all the past has shown. It is a noble stock. Like every great race, it has had its fruits and its errors. But what great qualities it has shown! What courage in war; what attachment to its own State; what capacity of great affection and generous emotion; what aptness for command; above all, that constancy—that virtue above all virtues—without which no people can long be either great or free. After all, the fruit of this wild vine has a flavor which is seldom found in the gardens. In the great and magnificent future to which we look for our country, the men of the South are to contribute a large share, both of strength and ornament. We propose to live with them as brethren and as countrymen; not by flattering their vices or submitting to their usurpations, but by adherence to the principles in which they and we shall find happiness, prosperity and glory. We stand upon four propositions—two of fact and two of principle. We challenge our opponents to encounter either of them otherwise than by sneering, by shouting "bloody shirt," or by saying: "We have heard all that before; tell us something new."

1. In many States of the South—enough in number to change the result in the election of the President, and to change the majority in the House of Representatives—the Republican party has been deprived by the Democratic minority of its right to vote and its right to free discussion. This has been accomplished in the States where the Republican majorities were largest by violence and crime, until the minority got control of the officers and machinery of election, and thereafter by the method of fraud in counting and returns. This violence has not been repeated in every State, in every particular year. But it has been repeated whenever an attempt has been made by the majority to reassert its rights, and everywhere often enough to show that it would be repeated whenever necessary, as in the case of Copiah and Danville.

2. These facts are fully and incontestably proven by a great mass of public testimony taken by order of Congress, by abundant admissions of the Southern Democracy in speech and private acknowledgments of Southern Democrats, as well as by the uniform testimony of Republicans in the States concerned.

3. This condition of things constitutes a great evil and a still greater danger, an evil and danger more important than any other matter now demanding public attention.

4. The true remedy for this evil is the Republican remedy, viz:

Take away the great motives to it by preventing the election of any candidate for the Presidency willing to accept office gained by these means; have a House of Representatives who will allow no man illegally chosen to retain his seat; refuse political affiliation with men who do these things; treat a man who would accept an office so gained as unfit to be voted for, as you would treat a man at the North who accepted an office gained by corruption; have a Congress who will pass effective laws for the restraint of these things, and who will make appropriations for the enforcement of such laws; have an Executive who will do his best to enforce such laws—who will not reward criminals against the purity of elections with public office, and who will not interpose to prevent such criminals, when convicted, from receiving their lawful punishment; promote by every public and private instrumentality education all over the country; keep around us and alive public sentiment, stronger than laws or than armies—that public sentiment with which Daniel Webster threatened to shake the Czar of Russia from his throne, if he dared to meddle with Kossuth. Appeal earnestly and kindly to the men of the South themselves to desist from doing these things, and from training their young men in these processes—an appeal never yet heard from Democratic lips. Satisfy the white men of the South that we are their truest friends by exalting their own leaders in heartiest support of every interest of theirs, material or moral. Above all, remember that the remedy for this evil must be very largely with the negro race itself. I verily believe that, in spite of all discouragements, or rather because of all discouragements, there is an opportunity for the colored man in this country at this hour greater than was ever offered to human beings in the world before. Let him cease to be a ward and take his place among the guardians. Let him exhibit, by individual example, the qualities of honesty, of industry, of chaste family life; let him educate his children and cultivate his land, and the race which produced Toussaint and Christophe and Douglass will yet produce its own leader—its Lincoln or Washington—who will assert for it its true place on the lofty plane of American citizenship. To a race exhibiting such qualities the generosity of American manhood will not long refuse justice.

MR. BAYARD.

How He Snubbed and Insulted a Friend of President Cleveland.

I heard yesterday the story of a mortifying snub given by Mr. Bayard to one of the best-known men in New York, who came to him with the personal indorsement of the President. After the President had gone into the White House last spring, one of his oldest friends in New York came down and asked the privilege of naming a candidate for appointment to one of the central European missions. This man was one of the most prominent men in New York, a man of great wealth and high standing. He contributed very materially to the election of Mr. Cleveland, and therefore had a perfect right to ask the favor just mentioned. The President recognized the right and granted it as a matter of course. This friend of his then suggested a gentleman almost equally well known. The President was very much pleased with the suggestion and said that the request should be complied with. His definite promise for the place was regarded as the commission. The candidate for a foreign mission was notified by his friend of his successful interview with the President. He was told to come to Washington and first confer with the President before going to the State Department. The candidate called at the White House. There he found the President eager and anxious to be civil to him. The President confirmed the news and said that he should have any one of the second European missions. This gentleman was so prominent that the President did not think it worth while to give him a note of introduction to Mr. Bayard. He said to the candidate: "Will you please call on Mr. Bayard and tell him my wishes in this matter, so that he may send me the commission at once for the signature?" The candidate walked out of the White House as certain of his place as if he were already in. He met Mr. Bayard at the door just as he was going out. As Mr. Bayard did not recognize him, he introduced himself, saying briefly what was his business. "I have a very important matter on hand and this is no place to talk upon a subject of this kind. If you will go over to the State Department and await me there I will see you after I have had a talk with the President." The candidate walked over to the State Department and waited. When Mr. Bayard finally came in he gave no sign of having previously met his visitor. Seeing this the visitor said: "I am Mr. X." Without waiting for one word more Mr. Bayard said very rudely: "And pray, who is Mr. X?" The visitor was so overwhelmed by this reception that for a few moments he could say nothing. Then he rallied and told what the President had directed him to say to the Secretary. Mr. Bayard received this message with anger. He said: "I don't know about any private understanding you may have with the President. This is the first I have heard of it. If you go back to him and get that message in writing I will of course make out your commission, but I don't propose to act upon any alleged private understanding that you say you have with the President without some very direct proof of it."

At this insulting speech the visitor got up and left the room. He was so indignant that he went over to the White House and left a "P. P. C." card for the President, and without another word of explanation he went back to New York. He has since said that Mr. Bayard's manner cured him of all ambition of desiring a place in the diplomatic service under such a man, and that was the reason why he did not go back to the President. The story of his treatment was afterwards related to his friend who secured him the promise of the place. Neither of them have been seen in Washington since.—*Washington Cor. Chicago Sun.*

CLEVELAND'S PLEDGES.

The Present Administration Going Beyond Any of Its Predecessors in Official Removals.

Has President Cleveland fulfilled his pledges of Civil-Service reform? Has his practice conformed to his professions? Has he really inaugurated any new policy or lifted the public service above the partisan plane?

The President's pledges and declarations on this subject were heartily welcomed by the country. Among the mass of intelligent and fair-minded citizens there was an earnest desire that he should actually accomplish what he ostentatiously promised. If hide-bound partisans objected, the great body of the people looked on with encouragement and approval. This spirit was not bounded by any party lines. Rational Republicans were no less desirous than the best of their opponents that the President should succeed in this policy, for they knew that if he did it would become permanently established, and would be obligatory upon his successors. And there was a disposition to give him a fair trial and not to pronounce any hasty judgment. The difficulties which would surround any President in resisting excessive partisan demands and in breaking away from old practices are fully appreciated. Mr. Cleveland has been treated with generous consideration and with an honest purpose to accord him whatever credit he may justly deserve.

There was one clear course before him. He might at the outset have made some such an announcement as this: "A portion of the public officers hold their places under regular commissions for fixed terms. No such officers shall be removed during their terms except for public cause. When their terms expire the President will feel at liberty to reappoint them or to appoint members of his own party on grounds of merit as he may deem best. The great majority of the officers hold without fixed commissions. The President does not feel that it would be fair that the non-partisan principle should be applied until these places are more nearly equalized between the two parties. While, therefore, he will remove no officer with a fixed commission except for sufficient public cause, he will see that the places which are open under the law shall be justly distributed."

Had President Cleveland made and followed such an announcement as this the country would have said that it was fair and honorable. It would have given more stability to the public service. It would have invested a fixed commission with security for the term, as the law intended. It would have established this principle so firmly that no successor would have ventured to depart from it. At the same time it would have left the President sufficient liberty to equalize the offices through new appointments on expired terms and in the range of offices not bounded by commissions. Even the President's opponents would have been compelled to admit that while seeking to lift the service to a higher plane he was only insisting that it should not be politically all one-sided, and the general sense of fair play would have sustained him.

But, instead of doing this, the President has followed no rule and no principle. He recognized that a fixed commission should be respected by declaring that incumbents thus protected should not be removed except for offensive partisanship; but he has disregarded his own limitations, and his Cabinet Ministers, by their elastic and ludicrous interpretation, have simply covered the term with ridicule. In a few isolated cases the President has stood up for the principle of the Civil-Service law, but in most cases the old policy of the spoils is going forward as openly as under any Administration. Congressmen are parcelling out the offices; the department mills are grinding out large batches of new appointments every day; and Mr. Cleveland is going beyond any predecessor in his removals.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Florida Way.

"Well, Sam, I understand you voted the Democratic ticket. Is that so?"

"Yes, sah, dat am true."

"Why, I thought you were a Republican."

"So I is, sah, so I is."

"How did it come, then? Did they bulldoze you?"

"No, sah, they didn't do nuffin. I was just 'scorted to de bally box by two gemlen. One ot dem was pickin' his teeth wid his bowe-knife and tellin me what a fine party de Democrits was, and de oder one was shootin' at de birds on de trees wid a pistol an' sayin' dey was Republicuns. Wen I got to de bally-box de man what suff de votes in de hole giv me a ticket on de point ob his knife and asked to 'scuse his fingers. I 'cluded I would jest ex soon be a Democrat as nuffin, an' I handed him back de ticket wid my 'dorsement an' asked to be 'scused."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—There is now living in Washington a colored man named Shadrock Nugent, who is probably the oldest person in the United States. Ten years ago General E. W. Whittaker made a careful investigation into the age of Nugent and found then that his claim to be one hundred and fifteen years old was correct. He is now, therefore, one hundred and twenty-five years of age. He is seldom sick. His eyesight is as good as ever, and for ten years he has not carried a cane until recently, since he has been suffering with the rheumatism.—*Washington Post.*

—The electric current on a telegraph wire would traverse the length of the earth's equator in two seconds.—*Detroit Post.*

RINGBONE.

Its Nature, Exciting Causes and Proper Treatment.

Ringbone is a bony tumor—exostosis—situated on or in the vicinity of the pastern bone, frequently ending in anchylosis of the pastern joint. There are three causes—hereditary, structural and incidental. The ringbone is usually occasioned by a strain taken in curveting, bounding turns and violent galloping or racing. Form, as well as breed, is concerned in the production of ringbone. A coarse or half bred, fleshy or bony-legged horse, with short and upright pasterns, is the ordinary subject of the disease, and there exist satisfactory reasons why one should expect him to be so. The pastern and coffin bones constitute the nethermost parts—the pedestals—of the columns of bones composing the limbs, and, being so, they receive the entire weight and force transmitted from above. The pastern when long and oblique in position receives the superincumbent weight in such an indirect line that, bending toward the ground with the fetlock, nothing like jar or concussion follows. The very reverse of this, however, happens every time the foot of a limb having a short and upright pastern, comes to the ground. In it, instead of the weight descending obliquely upon the sesamoids and the fetlock bedding therewith, it descends direct, or nearly so, upon the pastern, making this bone entirely dependent upon the bone beneath it—the coffin—for counteracting spring, and should anything occur to destroy or diminish this spring, or to throw more weight, or sudden weight, upon the coffin bone than it can counteract, jar of the apparatus ensues, and an effort of nature to strengthen the parts by investing them with callus and ossification is likely to be the ultimate result.

The exciting causes of ringbone may be said to consist in any acts or efforts of speed or strength productive of concussion to the bones of the pastern. Some have ascribed the presence of ringbone to blows. Undoubtedly, a blow upon a bone would be very likely to produce exostosis; but the pastern—the hind pastern in particular—is rather an unlikely part to be struck. After inflammation from any cause, even after that produced by a common blister often, an enlargement of the pastern will be left, and, though this is not called ringbone, it may be regarded as something very analogous to it.

Ringbone is but a species of exostosis—a bony tumor—which in one situation constitutes ringbone, in another splint, in another spavin; yet the three differ as well in their origin as in their effects. Ringbone has an external origin; and though it may, from spreading, interfere with the motion of a joint, still it does not produce any affection of the synovial membrane, spavin, on the contrary, seldom confines itself to the external or ligamentary tissues, but affects the synovial membrane as well, and splent originates in the very joint—the fibro-cartilaginous—which it afterward blocks up and grows from. Ringbone is either a ligamentary or a periosteal affection, or both.

The old method of treating exostosis by fire and blister is fast giving way to more rational procedure. It has been discovered that there is not really any cure for this malady more than there is for spavin. If we can relieve the horse from lameness, that is all that can be expected; but even then the disease is not cured—an exostosis still remains, and perhaps a stiff joint. Treat the disease, when first discovered, just as you would a recent splent or spavin, by cooling, evaporating, cold water bandages, etc.; rest, too, so much disregarded by physicians, and not mentioned by some veterinary authors, is of some importance. Human practitioners realize how much is gained by their patients, when laboring under diseases of the joints, by strict attention to rest, for by that means inflammatory action is kept within bounds. To control inflammatory action, and by that means lessen pain and irritation within or around a joint, should be the first business; from this great benefit will be derived. Our business as physicians is to follow in the footsteps of Nature and observe by what means she repairs injuries and performs her cures. We shall find that her cure of spavin and splent consists of anchylosis, usually all that she requires for it is rest. The parts are hot and inflamed; cooling applications are needed; now they are cold and inactive, moisture and perhaps stimulants are indicated, and so on to the end. In the case of hip disease occurring in children—the natural cure of which is anchylosis—physicians enjoin rest, which favors union of the diseased bones. If such means favor anchylosis in the human subject, one can not dispense with them when treating the horse. In all cases, then, of early disease of this character, whether it be periosteal, bony, cartilaginous, fibrous or muscular, cooling lotions, fomentations, light diet and rest are the means most calculated to do good, whether the intentions of Nature are anchylosis or not. In chronic cases use acetate of cantharides, applied daily, until the parts appear hot and tender; we then substitute cold water bandages, and repeat the process if necessary.—*Western Sportsman.*

Points for Ladies.

Emerald flower pins are fashionable.

Woolen lace is seen in all colors and widths.

Jackets of varied shapes and styles are fashionable.

Braid and fancy galloons are in high favor for dress trimmings.

The newly imported French artificial flowers are exceedingly beautiful.

Autumn wedding calls show no material change in fashion, shape or style.

Fancy work baskets on which much embroidery appears are being largely patronized.

The old English hollow-ware, in form of coils and knots, has been revived in gold jewelry.

The fashion of tea drinking at five o'clock has created a demand for showy tea aprons of sheer white muslins beautifully embroidered.

The moonstone is just now popular in jewelry. It most often appears in form of a face or head, set round with small pearls or diamonds.

Scotch pebble jewelry is again in fashion; this time the stones are set in sections flush with the surface, giving a finish of varicolored marquetry.

Decorative buckles and clasps are by no means confined to ladies' belts, but find places on wraps, dress bodices and draperies in large sizes, while smaller ones are popular on neck ribbons and garters.

Silver sugar dishes are sometimes in boat shape with a handle on either side; again they simulate wicker baskets, and yet again they are tiny round bowls without covers and showing a heavily chased finish.—*N. Y. World.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—An egg should never be shaken to test its soundness.

—To remove mildew, soak in buttermilk and spread on the grass in the sun.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Toothache. Pulverize about equal parts of common salt and alum. Get as much cotton as will fill the tooth, damp it, put in the mixture and place it in the tooth. This is also a good mixture for cleansing the teeth.—*Boston Post.*

—In selecting strawberry plants for making new beds we should be careful in getting young plants which have healthy, green foliage and are not covered by brown fungus spots. Fungus may or may not be a cause of disease. One thing is certain, however, when fungus grows on the plant its vital power is soon exhausted.—*Albany Journal.*

—Potatoes, which are dug in clear weather and thoroughly dried in the sun, will keep in much better condition in the cellar than those put into bins without being sun dried. Some recommend spreading upon a barn floor after drying them in the sun. This may improve their keeping qualities, and they may be just as good for seed, but are not generally considered equal for table purposes to those put into the cellar when taken from the field.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Currant Cake. One cupful butter, one cupful sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful baking powder, one pint flour, one and a half cupfuls currants, washed and picked, two teaspoonfuls extract of cinnamon and one teaspoonful extract of lemon. Rub the butter and sugar to a white, light cream, add the eggs one at a time, beating a few minutes between each, add the flour sifted with the powder, the currants and the extracts. Mix into a medium batter, bake in paper lined cake tins fifty minutes in a moderate oven.—*Boston Budget.*

—Grape Butter. Stew the grapes and squeeze out each pulp from the skin, removing the seeds; keep the skins in a small thin bag; to each pound of pulp allow one pound of sugar, half pint of cider vinegar, teaspoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon and one of nutmeg; boil this very slowly, putting in the bag of skins tied securely, when it jellies by dropping in cold water, it is done. Put away in jars for an ornamental dish it can be heated over and put into molds to jelly.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Too many farmers get less good than they might from their pear orchards, because they allow the fruit to ripen on the trees as they would apples. Few pears will be at their best if treated thus. Picked when fully grown, and kept in a warm or cool room as their ripening is desired to be hastened or retarded, the color and flavor of the fruit will be much better than it would be if allowed to remain on the tree. Some of the best sorts rot at the core if left on the tree until the fruit begins to turn.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PIG-LOOKING.

A Habit That Should Not Be Neglected Under Any Circumstances.

A man who succeeds with pigs must look them over frequently. They are so much like the human family that they are liable to all sorts of ailments. I say "liable," but, like the human species, with ordinary care and a lack of abuse, they will live out their allotted time. I like to look at my pigs. I enjoy seeing them fill their little stomachs at Nature's fountains, and then stack themselves in a pile, regardless of form, and take a refreshing snooze. I have almost envied them their solid comfort. To make the picture perfect, it must be noticed that they have a clean bed and a clean pen. Looking the pigs over often pays. It is always easier to cure any trouble when it first starts, and looking at them frequently is the way to detect anything wrong.

Thumps may usually be arrested when the first symptoms are apparent by compelling the pig to take a great deal of exercise. Piles, a common disorder with pigs, can be stopped on the first signs of protrusion, by giving more laxative food, or, if the food has been too sour, so as to produce irritation and inflammation, it should be changed. After the protrusion has lasted several days the parts will have to slough off before there will be a cure. The food must also be changed.

A poor appetite, common among hogs, is caused by overloading the stomach, and cold or unsuitable food. Less food, different food, or warm food, for a mess or two, may prove a remedy, or it may be well to intermit a mess or two. Observation will tell all about it. Neglect will let them suffer and die.

A disordered stomach is quite common among pigs; sometimes vomiting follows. Charcoal will help to regulate the stomach. A little salt will aid, and so will sulphur. These are simple remedies, which will correct the digestion, or, rather, set it at work in a natural way, but if the trouble is neglected, and the causes of it continue (as will be likely without observation), fever and inflammation will follow.

Stiffness, either from too long confinement or from too much solid and heating food, especially corn, may be overcome by a change of condition and food, when the first symptoms are noticed. The stiffness is one of the things the hog breeder must always be looking for, and avoid if possible. It will run his profits down at a rapid rate. Looking for causes and effects is the pig man's safety, and in the looking he may also find food for study and even pleasure.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Making Trees Bear Every Year.

In many parts of the country apple trees yield a crop of fruit only every alternate year, the year represented by an odd number being barren, while that represented by an even number will be fruitful. In other places orchards bear every year. Some trees will yield fruit only every other year, while others near them on every side will produce a bountiful crop. Two seasons are required to produce a crop of apples; that is during one season the fruit buds are developed, and during the next the fruit. All the vital energies of some trees are employed during one season to develop the fruit buds; then the year following their entire vitality seems to be spent in developing the fruit without sufficient force being left to form fruit buds for the crop of the next season. Now, in order to induce an apple tree to bear every season, climb into the top, or go up ladders, just as one does when plucking the ripe fruit, and with a pair of sharp shears clip off all the young fruit from about half the tree. Then fruit buds will form on that side of the tree from which the young apples were cut off. One-half the top then will bear fruit one year, while the other half will yield fruit the next season.—*Farmers' Magazine and Rural Guide.*