An Indian's Execution.

A Boise City (Id.) telegram says that Tambiago, the Bannock Indian who murdered Alexander Roden at Fort Hall, was hanged in the yard of the Penitentiary, near that city. He begged for a respite for another day, saying he would willingly die if he could have one more sleep. On the scaffold he bore himself like the stoical savage that he was and seemed only to regret that he was compelled to go alone and without seeing any of his people. His brother, who is in the Penitentiary for shooting three teamsters near Fort Hall last summer, attempted to commit suicide, but was discovered and the attempt failed. He and Tambiago had asked as a special favor that if one must die the other be permitted to die with him. This request was of course refused, hence the attempt at self-destruction. Some apprehension was felt that there might be an attempt made by some prowling band of Indians to rescue Tambiago, but there was no evidence of the presence of Indians in the vicinity.

Capital Punishment Among Sparrows.

In the cornice over the Utica Court House is a very large colony of sparrows. Last week one of the number committed some offense and was brought up before one of the older birds and a large jury. The offender must have been guilty beyond doubt, as the trial was a brief one. Within an hour the wicked bird was seized by four others, and in spite of his struggles a cord attached to a bracket was twisted around its neck; when all was secure the bird was dropped and it quickly strangled. The victim's body still hangs from one of the pillars of the temple of justice, a warning to all other offenders against the laws of the sparrows.

Emaciation a Remediable Defect.

Leanness not only detracts from personal comliness, but is an index that the blood is deficient in nutritive properties. To remedy emaciation, enrich and purify the blood, which will then develop healthy flesh. This object is most readily attained through the agency of the great blood fertilizer and depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which enables the stomach to extract from the food taken into it ample nourishment for the system, removes all obstacles to complete digestion and assimilation, and by stimulating the organs to vigorous action, incites those organs to strain from the vital fluid in its passage through them impurities which otherwise impair its flesh-creating qualities. Not only do the Bitters promote the development of solid fibre, but they also increase muscular power and elasticity, overcome nervousness, banish mental depression, and protect the system against disease.

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MARKET NOTES.

NEW YORK MARKET.

The wholesale New York market quotations now:

Beans.—Prime, $1.60@1.62½; fair to good 1.40@1.50 per bushel.

Butter.—N. Y. sold at 18c. for choice in tails, and 16@18c. common to good. Western old at 19c. and the common Western at 10c.

Cheese.—Factory fancy, 8½c. do. fair 8c., farm dairy, prime 10@11½c., and do fair 9@10c.

Eggs.—Quotations ranged from 14c. for ordinary to 16c. for New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Flour.—Superfine New York and Western, $3.50@3.90; extra New York $4.30@4.95.

Hay.—Shipping 45@50c.; clover 20@25c.; salt 40@40c.; straw 40@50c.

Hops.—New York 7@17.; Eastern 7@10c.

Lard.—Refined 11½c. for tierces, 12c. for darlings 3@3c., c 11@12c.

Petroleum.—Refined 11½c. crude 7c. in bulk; in barrels 9@9½c. Naptha 6@6½c. in shipping order, and 15@16c. in cases, and 12@13c. in barrels.

Pork.—New mess $11@11.50 Family mess $13, extra prime $8.75, dressed hogs 5½@6½c.

Wheat.—Spring No. 2 $1.03. Milwaukee No. 2, $1.12½. Amber $7.13. White $1.22.

Rye.—State 64@66c.

Wool.—Ohio Pennsylvania and Virginia xx 42@45c., xx 37@40c., x 37@40c. No. 1, 35@38c. No. 2, 35@40c., common, 30@32c. New York and Western xx 35@38c., x and No. 1, 33@32@35c.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Flour.—State family $5.50; rye flour $2.75. Wheat, State $1.15. Amber $1.20. Corn Yellow 57c.; mixed State 49c.

Petroleum.—Refined 11½c. crude 7c.

Wool.—State and Western xx 34@35c., x 34@36c., medium 36@37c., coarse 33@34c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

BUFFALO.—Cattle good quality, $4.90 cows fair to good $3.60@3.70 best $4.00.

EAST LIBERTY, PENN.—Best cattle $4.75, medium to good $3.25@4.50; common to fair $3.50. Hogs, Yorkers, $3.60@3.70; Philadelphias, $3.80@3.85. Sheep, $3.50@5.40.

WEST MAYERTOWN, MASS.—Cattle, choice, $7.75@7.00@7.50, first quality, $6.12½@6.62½, second qual. $5.12½@5.62½, third quality 4.25@5. Sheep and lambs—wool sheep, $3.45@3.60, extra $4.50@5.50, sheared 3½@3¾c. Spring lambs 4@5¾c., veal calves 4½@5½c.

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TO MY CHILD IN HEAVEN.

And hast thou been one month in Heaven, my child,
And am I then, mother to one of those
Who walk upon the throne of God: methinks
If I could pierce, only one little space of time,
Through the thick veil that hides thee from my sight,
And see thee there, all glorious as thou art;
If I could catch even the faintest strain
Of that celestial song to which thine ear
Is now attuned,—I would submit: nay, more,
I'd thank thee, Father, even through blinding tears,
And from a bleeding heart, that thou did'st deem
Me worthy of such honor. But, ah, me!
The flesh is weak. And I did love thee so,
My child! And I did take such great delight
In all those ways which only mothers know.

And I did pride me so on thine unfolding
Promise, and did build such hopes, high hopes,
Of what we'd be, each to the other, as
The growing years rolled on! But one short, dreadful
Day, and thou wer't dust before mine eyes, and now
My arms are empty, and my heart cries out
Continually in agony of pain.
For when I call thy name, through endless space
There comes no answering sound; and, when I lift
My arms imploring, they clasp empty air;
And when I raise mine eyes, the midnight stars
Flash back their cold, eternal brightness,
As the noonday sun mocks at my grief.

Is it so, then? Is this great tragedy
Of life and death but mockery? and does
Nature laugh through all her secret places,
And toss in pastime, souls, mere playthings of her will?

Long ages back, one sore distressed, and burdened
With sorrow's weight, left upon record, this
Question, pregnant for all the coming years:
"If a man die, oh! shall he live again?"
And while I pray, "Unfold to me this mystery,
O Father, Lord of heaven and earth:"
A vision rises on my sight,—a crown
Of thorns, a pierced side, a cross uplifted,
And, in the midst, one like the Son of Man.
While down through year on year, and age on age,
Rings clear and strong a voice triumphant,—
"I am he that overcometh! I have
Met and conquered Death."
O Death, thou mighty one! thou strong and terrible!
'Twas not to thee alone that we resigned
The little one when the dark waters bore
Her from our sight. One mightier than thou
Rode on the surging billow, and to our
Aching hearts the promise came, "In me she
Shall have life." O blessed life! O glorious hope!
Our darling lives, in Heaven.

— A MOTHER.

METHUEN, MASS.

Two Words.

BY RENA ROSE.

"Verily the life of a maiden is a hard one," said Ida Darrell,—a blue-eyed, golden-haired, winsome lady of twenty-three summers—with a half smile.

"How so?" quoth her cousin and companion, Hattie Brown. "It seems to me you possess a liberal share of the world's best gifts. Loving parents, a happy home and beaux, *ab libitum*, are yours."

"I think I have a realizing sense of the many blessings that are mine, and fully appreciate my parents and my home; but it is the beaux that give me such uneasiness."

"Ah, ha! I fear your uneasiness would increase in the exact ratio with which they decreased," laughed saucy Hattie.

"Possibly. They are, for the greater part, like Bayard Taylor's mules, very convenient nuisances. Doubtless these gentlemen who chatter so glibly, and give utterance to pretty little inanities fill an important sphere in the world; so do parrots, and I am goose enough to listen attentively to their nonsense, but I shudder at the thought of taking one of them for a life companion."

"Well, my dear, I fancy your parents have not grown weary of your presence in the family circle, and that you will not be under the necessity of entering the state matrimonial against your wishes."

"I am not so positive in regard to that. Within a week I have received three proposals for my heart and hand."

"Is that so?" asked the fun-loving Hattie, putting her little finger on her mouth and closing one eye. "Who are the darlings?"

"First, Hugh Wallace."

"The precise young man who is so given to theatrical attitudes, and seems ready to weep on the slightest provocation. His father is a wealthy broker, and with him you would be assured an 'establishment.' Go on."

"Next was Henry Allen."

"Who is noted for his witty sayings, borrowed from papers, magazines and—almanacs, without giving them the proper credit. He dances the German finely and sings sweetly. He is reported wealthy."

"Last, Edward Pearsons."

"What has he to recommend him? He certainly is not nonsensical, nor does he quote poetry, dance or sing. He is an industrious, intelligent teacher, and he writes brilliant articles for first-class periodicals. But he is poor, and with him it would be

'Love in a cottage with water and a crust;'

so, of course, you rejected him at once."

"How rapidly you arrive at your conclusions. I did tell Hugh I had no love for him, and, for a moment, he was the picture of despair. I think there was an inclination to that lachrymose state you have mentioned, but, owing to a natural weakness of his eyes, I am not quite certain whether or nor they filled with tears. In a brief time his spirits arose from their depressed condition, and when he went from my side it was with a smile upon his lips. The others I asked to await my decision, 'it was so sudden,' 'so unexpected,' such an honor,' etc., the stereotyped expressions in similar cases. It is really a difficult matter to decide between them; for, honestly, I am very fond of both—more fond of them than of any other gentlemen whom I know—and both are noble, manly fellows, so far as I can judge. Edward is the more profound, and Harry appears to the better advantage in society."

"One can hardly tell how Mr. Pearsons would appear in his own grade of society, as fashionable life is evidently not exactly to his taste. And how do you know it is not the 'filthy lucre' your paternal is supposed to possess which stimulates him in the quest for your hand? in order, it may be, to enable him to found a boarding school for the education of young ladies—Edward Pearsons, A. M., Principal; Mrs. Ida Pearsons, Principaless. No! it is *Preceptress* for the lady, is it not? How nice that would be!"

"You will be the death of me yet; you make fun of everything. He is an excellent young man."

"Yes. Why don't you accept him?"

"Then what will become of Henry?"

"And if you marry Henry what can console poor Edward?"

"Ah! there's the rub."

"How happy would you be with either, were t'other dear charmer away!"

"But he won't go away."

"No, and talking about the matter will not help it in any way. It is late," looking at her watch, "past twelve o'clock, and my advice is, 'to bed, to bed,' and let this matter rest for the present. I, too, have had an offer, but just now am too decidedly a 'sleepy-head' to attempt a description thereof."

"All right. I accept your advice, and patiently bide the time when you shall see fit to account the incidents connected with your Knight's election of his 'queen of love and beauty.'"

The above conversation was carried on in a room of the "West End," Long Branch; the colloquists were of Philadelphia's *elite* and *belles* wherever they chanced to be. Miss Darrell, a blonde, twenty-three years of age, as aforesaid; Miss Brown, a sparkling, vivacious semi-brunette, three years her cousin's junior.

SCENE II.

(An elegantly furnished apartment in the same hotel, occupied by two gentlemen, one of whom, attired in a blue yacht suit, is standing before a mirror putting the finishing touches to his toilet; the other, a tall, fine-looking, curly-headed young fellow, is reclining on a sofa. Time, morning.)

1st Gent. (*loquitur.*) "Confound the luck."

2d Gent. (*repondrant.*) "What's the matter now?"

"Matter enough, I should say," said the first; and taking a letter from his pocket, he tossed it to his outstretched companion with, "read that."

"It seems you have lost some property," nonchalantly remarked gentleman No. 2, after reading his friend's letter.

"Yes, nearly all I possessed. The investment appeared an excellent one; it turned out worthless!"

"You still have sufficient upon which to live comfortably?" half interrogatively.

"I suppose so, but I do not fancy being pinched in any degree. Poverty is no disgrace, but very inconvenient."

"In such a place as this there is always one chance to retrieve a lost fortune; the marrying a wealthy lady."

"I fear it will remain to me a *chance;* for I imagine there is little hope of success in that direction now."

"Explain," in a tone of command, from the sofa.

"Nearly a month since I proposed to Miss Darrell, and have received no answer from her."

"Ha! ha! then you and Wallace were rivals."

"What, that soft-headed Hugh, do you mean?"

"'Pon my word I do."

"Did *he* propose to Miss Darrell?"

"Yes, and was rejected *instanter.* He was terribly 'cut up' for a day or two, but came out O. K. The trouble did not reach any vital part."

"I noticed he was a little blue for awhile, but never knew the cause before. He was a *fool* to think such a noble woman would accept *him.* He has nothing but money and good humor to recommend him, of *brains* he is mostly devoid," somewhat spitefully.

"Pears to me you might be more generous towards him, inasmuch as he has now no power to injure you in your suit. Besides, I am impressed with the belief that the courtly Henry Allen would willingly exchange a *modicum* of his superfluous brains for a portion of Hugh's money."

"Don't be too hard on me, Dick. If only I succeed with the beautiful Ida, halcyon days will yet be mine."

"I am sure I wish you success, provided you really have an affection for the lady. If all you wish is an opportunity to better your condition pecuniarily, you ought to fail."

"I admire her, and love will come in due season. Hot love is soon cold, and marriages based on a respectful, kindly regard are as like to be fortuitous, as those instigated by an excessive, idolatrous passion. The fact that she has a 'well-lined purse' does not, of course, render her the less desirable as a wife."

"You would accept the money, for the sake of the wife. It is refreshing to hear so much truth in these days when deception in high places prevails. ''Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true,' but a Fortunatus purse *is* essential to your happiness; as, owing to the manner in which you were brought up, you know nothing about earning a living. You have a good education, but it is like the talent which brought its possessor no benefit," with a smile.

"Thanks for your flattering opinion of my ability. Considering the laborious life that is yours, you are, assuredly, a competent judge of my fitness for toil," sarcastically.

"I am glad you have a realizing sense of my onerous duties as member of the legal firm, 'Boyant & Kimball.'"

"Whenever I have dropped into your rooms in Barristers' Hall, you have been in your feet on the table, your meerschaum in your mouth, reading the papers or 'dreaming the happy hours away;' hence I infer your office business is far more extensive than your practice in the courts."

"Correct. But, to change the subject, have you read that article in the *Tribune* on 'Long Branch and the Visitors?'"

"I have not; have heard it spoken of very highly."

"The author is that modest appearing young fellow, Pearsons, who comes here occasionally for a day or two at a time."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. I have understood that he is or was a suitor for Miss Darrell's hand. If it is a fact he is a foeman worthy of your steel."

"Well, there is some honor in a victory gained over such a man as he; and if one were worsted in the contest, it would be a satisfactory thought that few could cope successfully with so redoubtable an antagonist. But the idea of a tilt with Wallace! Pah!"

At this point their conversation was broken in upon by the entrance of a mutual friend, Tom Wilkins, whose easy, dashing way made him a general favorite with every one who knew him.

"Boys, have you heard the news?" he asked.

"No. What is it?" asked Kimball.

"The lovely Miss Darrell's father has become sadly embarrassed and is threatened with financial ruin. She received a telegram to that effect last evening, so her cousin, Miss Brown, told me confidentially, and I tell you as much in confidence, aware that both of you know how to preserve a golden silence."

"Zounds! is it possible?" asked Allen, tremulously.

"What's the *it* with you, old fellow?"

"I will answer for him," said Kimball. "He is an aspirant for Miss Darrell's hand, and, of course, he regrets her ill-fortune."

"She has not accepted you?" queried Wilkins.

"She neither accepted nor rejected me: simply asked for time to consider the matter."

"How long is it ago that you essayed the *coup de maitre?*"

"Almost four weeks."

"The destiny of nations has been changed in much less time than that. Don't give her another day; not an hour, if you can avoid it. I presume she will readily accept you and the home you can give her. She and her cousin are going from this House to-morrow—whither I know not."

"I have, by a luckless investment, just lost the bulk of my property, and my income will not, for the future, exceed four thousand dollars per annum."

"A mere pittance, surely," responded Wilkins, "but sufficient on which to go to housekeeping very respectably."

"In my present circumstances I cannot marry a poor woman."

"Love laughs at poverty."

"Love is well enough," returned Allen; "other things are as necessary in life."

"You do not intend giving the lady the 'cold shoulder,' simply because of her father's misfortune?" asked Kimball.

"I shall inform her exactly how I am situated, and that I consider it my duty to renounce all hopes of winning her hand, though I shall never cease to be her friend."

"Of course she cannot fail to believe your professions of 'kindly regard.' Doubtless the old Latin proverb, *vera amicitia sempiterna est*, which was formerly to be seen in all albums, will at once recur to her mind," said Tom, scornfully.

"You may sneer as much as you please," replied Allen. "If in my place, you would appreciate my feelings."

"A truism:—as Miss Darrell will your devotion. But come, Dick, let us go out for a stroll on the beach, and leave Henry to study up some way in which to extricate himself from this grievous dilemma."

"Very good," said Kimball, rising from the sofa with a yawn, at the same time giving himself a tremendous shake, which, as he weighed some two hundred pounds, avoirdupois, resembled a young earthquake, and then with his friend passed from the room, leaving Allen to "chew the bitter cud of disappointment" in solitude.

FINALE.

"This is falling from glory, is it not?" asked Ida of her cousin, glancing around a small plainly appointed room in the less pretentious, less fashionable, and hence less expensive hotel to which,—in preference to departing from Long Branch,—they had removed from the "West End."

"Somewhat," returned Hattie. "But 'what can't be cured must be endured.'" And she hummed the *Brindisi* from Lucrezia Borgia, "It is better to laugh than be sighing."

We will briefly state here what ought to have been stated before; that Hattie Brown was an orphan, the only child of Mr. Darrell's sister,—deceased several years prior to the commencement of our story,—who had lived in his family and been dependent upon his kindness for support ever since her orphanage.

"Our gentlemen friends are more readily enumerated now than they were ten days since," said Ida. "There are, however, a few faithful ones remaining."

"And we will give their fidelity due credit," replied Hattie. "So far as the *beaux*,—the would-be-more-than friends,—are concerned, their ranks have grown thin indeed—'When poverty comes in at the door, love goes out at the window.' I am glad they 'favor us with their absence,' as Mrs. Malaprop would say, for I do not fancy the gentlemen very much."

"You mean very *many;* you will surely make exception in favor of *one* gentleman?" said Ida.

"Decidedly," returned Hattie, "Tom Wilkins is one of a thousand. Notwithstanding the broad humor which seems to be his distinguishing characteristic, he is possessed of a deal of sound sense, and he is not at all self-conceited, as are the majority of his sex. There is nothing, save positively evil propensities, which I cannot endure with more patience than masculine vanity. How do you come on with your two suitors?"

"I have not heard from Mr. Pearsons since we changed our quarters."

"No chance now to obtain the funds necessary to establish a Boarding School, you know. And Mr. Allen?"

"I received this note from him a couple of evenings ago," replied Ida. "You can read it, if you wish," passing a perfumed billet to her cousin, who, opening it, read as follows:

MISS DARRELL:

As you have probably learned ere this,—ill news travels rapidly—owing to unfortunate speculations I have become a comparatively poor man. Therefore, knowing I cannot provide you a home suited to your station, I renounce the wish which so long time I had cherished of making you my wife some day. Trusting we may remain friends, I am,

Very sincerely and respectfully,
HENRY ALLEN.

"He tries to appear magnanimous, but it is a miserable failure, for there is no heart in what he has written," said Hattie, after perusing the note. "He knows your position in society will not hereafter be what it was, and 'a home suited to your station' would be pure irony, were he capable of comprehending rhetorical figures. He never *loved* you, else he would not so willingly give you up."

A tap at the door, and a letter was handed Ida by a servant. Breaking the seal, she found it was from Edward Pearson, and contained these words:

New York, Sept. 15th, 18—.

DEAR MISS DARRELL:

In a communication just received from a friend at Long Branch, I am informed of your reverse of fortune. While, on your individual account, I am sincerely sorry therefor, on my own I feel a degree of pleasure. Why? Social superiority is largely—I do not think it ought to be—based on the amount of money one possesses above another. As you and I,—rather, I should say, our circumstances,—are more nearly on a level than formerly, my hopes are increased that I may be permitted to urge my suit with you more vigorously than I dared to do when there was such a wide 'social gulf' separating us. I love you no more fondly than I have loved you a long time; *with all my heart.* I cannot offer you an 'establishment' such as you are fitted to grace; but I receive a good salary as a teacher and my pen yields me a small income. Perhaps you would not be unhappy in an humble home, if to be loved earnestly, devotedly, is all that you require. My love is all I can give you. I shall await a line from you very anxiously. Were it possible, I would go to Long Branch instead of sending this letter, which seems so chilly, contrasted with my ardent feelings. Till I hear from you, I remain,

Yours hopefully,
EDWARD PEARSONS.

Having read the missive she did *not* hand it to her cousin.

The next mail from Long Branch to New York carried Mr. Pearsons a reply to his letter. It was very brief; merely:

Yours only,
IDA DARRELL.

Need we say these two WORDS were all sufficient? that the happiest result imaginable ensued?—*Hillsboro', N. H., Messenger.*

—"I arose at six o'clock this morning, and see what I found in taking a walk on the highway," said the fond father, displaying a silver dollar; "is that not a proof of the advisability of early rising?" "No," replied the son. "And why not?" asked the father, just as people always do in fables and Sunday-school stories. "Because the fellow who lost it," boldly replied the son, "got up too early for his own good."

—A laborer named Mistlebrook, a member of the sect called Peculiar People, who do not believe in medicines, was tried in London for killing his infant son, who died from whooping cough. The prisoner had neglected to call in medical aid, and had he done so the child's life might have been saved. The evidence was not sufficient to sustain the charge.

FARM AND GARDEN.

BEST TIME FOR CUTTING WHEAT.

The evidence given in favor of the theory that the gluten grains in wheat are formed and deposited during the last stages of growth, and not with the starch as the kernel formed, by the professors and students of the Ohio State University, who are engaged in investigating the matter, starts the question, "if the gluten is formed during the last stages of growth, is not the supply lessened, or at least injured, by cutting the wheat just as the kernel has passed out of the milky stage and has begun to harden." In other words, will it not be better in the future to "cut dead" ripe wheat.

Gluten, as all know, is not only the nutritive part of wheat flour, but it is the substance which gives adhesiveness to dough and enables it to hold the carbonic-acid produced in yeast fermentation, thereby insuring to the housewife the "raising of a setting of sponge." It is not a new idea that the flour from ripe wheat is liable to make the best raised bread, but while there may be this one advantage in dead ripe wheat, farmers have always considered that it has been greatly overbalanced by disadvantages. When wheat stands on the haulm until dead ripe it is thought to produce less flour, and flour of a darker shade, because the bran is thicker and harder, and cuts up in grinding. More nutritious straw is gained by cutting wheat earlier, and the saving of the grain is also secured.

With the advantages enumerated on the side of cutting wheat while the kernel is yet soft farmers will doubtless continue to observe the habit of years in securing this ceacal, and will reconcile themselves to any small loss of nutriment for the sake of whiter flour and more of it; nutritious straw and the better chance of saving all the grain.

COW-MILKERS.

At a recent meeting of the Elmira Farmers' Club, New York, the regular business began with the report of a patent cow-milker, which had been left for trial with the President of the society with a view to its introduction among dairymen if it should prove a serviceable aid. Several members of the club tested the utility of the invention, and, according to the *Husbandman*, reported without exception unfavorably to the machine. One member had used the milker on eight cows for two days and the shrinkage in the yield was twenty-five quarts. He thought that bad enough, but, to make matters worse, four of the cows, although milking in good order before the trial, at the end of the two days gave lumpy milk, and two others that which was bloody, while the remaining two showed a large shrinkage in yield. Another member experimented on six cows with the milker, using it for three consecutive milkings, when, discovering that two cows were giving lumpy milk and that all had decreased in yield, he suspended operations and went back to the old-time method. President Hoffman tried the patent but once only and gained five quarts of milk when he had been in the habit of obtaining eight. The conclusion arrived at by this body of farmers after hearing these and other similar reports was that, while the machine will accomplish the work for which it was designed, its use is attended with serious results, notably lumpy and bloody milk, and a very perceptible shrinkage in yield.

CORN FOR FODDER.

Corn for fodder surpasses all other grains or grasses for luxuriant growth on shallow soil in the amount and value per acre and for expense of cultivation. It should be cut in the early blossom of the tassel, and cured carefully and housed in a well-ventilated barn. In the green state from 60 to 70 pounds per cow a day is the quantity required. Thus fed it produces more milk than grass. It should be cut as early as flowering begins, when it is most digestible and nutritious. It should be cured and housed as soon as dry. Hay when thus made possesses of digestible matter 51 per cent.; hay when too ripe but 40 per cent.; red clover in early blossom, 46 per cent.; red clover when too ripe, 31 per cent.; hay, timothy, when too ripe, less than 40 per cent.; cornstalks cut in early tassel, 60 per cent.; corn-stalks cured the usual way, 40 per cent.

The Indian Field.

A despatch from John Day valley, speaking of the recent operations there by the Indians, says that the area of territory now invested by them, embraces some four thousand square miles, combining all natural facilities for a prolonged war. There are hardly eight hundred people in Canyon City, and less than one hundred of the male adult population are armed. The main street of the town is within easy rifle range of surrounding eminences, which afford numerous points of vantage for an attacking party, and the whole village is at the mercy of an inconsiderable number of savages were they disposed to sack it. The terror-stricken inhabitants have taken refuge for several days in a huge tunnel built for mining purposes, which affords the only safe retreat in the place. John Day valley, in the immediate vicinity, is about sixty-five miles long, and the greater portion of it has been completely devastated by the Indians. In all the engagements that have occurred the savages outnumbered the volunteers four to one.

GENERAL ITEMS.

—Ontario produced 44,000,000 pounds of cheese and 13,745,000 pounds of butter last year.

—The gross earnings of the railroads of the United States during the past year were $472,909,272.

—The divorce lawyers cannot complain of the hard times, however it may be with their clients.

—About 360,000 acres of heavily timbered Virginia land was recently sold by auction for an average of one cent an acre.

—Tamaufco, the capital of Chinese Formosa, was devastated by a tornado in May. There was great destruction of property, and several lives were lost.

—A miner fell into a Nevada shaft and would have gone down 400 feet had he not, in the darkness, chanced to grab a chain after falling a few yards.

—Washington Territory is represented by her newspapers as anxious to become a State, but her population still falls short of 124,000, the number on which representation in Congress is based.

—The Cassells, the English publishers, have set apart for the year 1878 $3,000 out of their profits, and propose to do the same every year, for a fund for workmen who remain long in their service.

—A California law forbids the purchase of bricks made by Chinamen for public buildings, although they are much cheaper than others; but the contractors get all the benefit intended for white laborers, for they slyly buy the Chinamen's bricks.

—Hattie Mosler, an orphan, thirteen years of age, being accused of stealing thirty cents, committed suicide by drowning in the Oswego and Syracuse canal. Part of the money has since been found on the floor of the store kept by the man who made the accusation, and the real thief has confessed.

—In the house of a Devonshire laborer there were lying in an ordinary sized bed two mothers, two sons, one daughter, one grandmother, one grandson, brother and sister, uncle and nephew, all of whom (eleven) were comprehended in four persons, viz.: A mother and her daughter, each with an infant son.

—A risky experiment was tried in a Paris theatre. In the ballet the leading danseuse came forward waving an olive branch. Then all the flags of the world were waved by the corps, except that of Germany. Then the premiere danseuse displayed the German flag. The reception given it by the spectators was very cordial.

—A Belooche Sepoy, in Hyderabad, Sc