

From Mohawk Valley.

ISABEL, LANE CO., March 12, 1877. ED. FARMER: The weather has been very wet during the past week, and still raining. The water is very high, making it difficult for one with a wagon to reach our county seat, Eugene City. Farming is held by for the present, but will be resumed again when the weather will permit, which will be seeding principally as the farmers here are all about done plowing. There will be a demand here for surplus hands when farming is again fairly begun, as there will be a larger acreage sown to wheat and oats in Mohawk Valley this spring than ever before. The farmers expect a fair price for wheat the coming fall, which encourages them to use some extra exertion to put in every acre possible.

Mr. H. Parsons has a store at his residence for the accommodation of the neighbors, which is no small item for Mohawk. A petition is being circulated here to prevent hounds from running deer, meeting with fair success. I have been expecting to see in the FARMER some way to clear off underbrush without work, and failed. I will add using a capstan, which runs by horse-power. I have used the block and tackle to some extent, and think it the most speedy where properly used, of all other ways.

C. D. H.

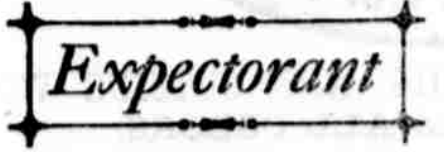
A dispatch from Chico, California, dated March 15th gives the details of a sickening outrage upon some Chinamen who were employed to do some grubbing for a ranch near that place. Six of them were stopping in a cabin, where they were attacked in the night, five of them shot down killed outright, and the sixth one left for dead. The cabin was then saturated with coal oil and set fire to, but after the murderers left the one who had only been wounded put out the fire, went into Chico and notified the authorities of the murder. He stated that the perpetrators were five white men and a boy. Frequent outrages upon Chinamen are reported to have occurred in the same locality recently, and steps are being taken to discover the perpetrators.

FINE POULTRY.—Mr. Luther Myers last week forwarded through Wells, Fargo & Co's Express a pair of his "Silver Spangled" chickens, advertised in the FARMER, to Mr. Jos. Rickard, near Seattle, W. T. Mr. Myers informs us that orders for his poultry are coming in so fast that his stock is nearly exhausted. He has some of the finest looking poultry we have ever seen for a long while. His Poland Game Hens and Blue Wyandotte poultry should avail themselves of the opportunity to procure them and thus improve the breed of their barn yard fowls.

CALIFORNIA.—Mr. Phillip Riz has just returned from California, and gives some very interesting items to the Oregonians. A portion of the Sacramento valley has suffered severely from drouth, and not one good crop of what was seen in the San Joaquin valley along the line of road for a distance of 350 miles. Between Los Angeles and San Francisco, 470 miles, whole bands of sheep were literally starving to death, and flocks could be bought for 25 cents per head. Everything was exceedingly depressed in that whole valley.

RAILROAD CHANGES.—Postoffice changes on the Pacific coast. Offices established—Thurston, Lane county, Oregon. Those discontinued—Thurston, Clatsop county, Oregon. Those discontinued—Thurston, Clatsop county, Oregon. Those discontinued—Thurston, Clatsop county, Oregon.

A letter from Howell Prairie gives the following items: Wheat—Greenwood has 150 acres of fall-sown wheat—100 acres on grub land. The grub land is the best looking I ever saw. There is more fall-sown wheat in Howell Prairie than any former year. Squire McCorkle and A. B. Simmons have 200 acres each; Wright Foshy and Webster Smith have about 100 acres each, all looking well.



Expectorant Stubborn Coughs and Colds yield promptly to the healing and curative properties of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. It loosens and promotes the expectoration of irritating matter, mitigates much pain and distress, and checks inflammation.

Asthma, Bronchitis, and Throat Troubles are at once relieved by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. It removes constriction of the Bronchial tubes, loosens phlegm, soothes and heals the mucous membrane, arrests any feverish tendency, and helps to forward a gradual cure.

Consumption, Pleurisy, and Lung Affections are generally controlled and ameliorated by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. It saves the lungs from much irritation and distress, by relieving them of the irritating matters by which they are clogged, it also suppresses inflammation and gives the affected parts a chance to heal.

Whooping Cough, Croup and Hoarseness are efficaciously treated by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. It removes difficulty of breathing and oppression in the throat or lungs, promotes the ejection of mucus and subdues the violence of these complaints at the outset. It is a Safe Family Curative, of long-established reputation, and where promptly administered, has enabled many to escape serious Lung Affections.

T. A. DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Agents, Portland, Ore. DR. J. C. BRADY, BREVET L. Col., late Surgeon U.S. Volunteers, Office, Durbin's block, at stairs.

From the Sheffield (England) Independent, Jan. 13. THE AMERICAN FRESH MEAT IN SHEFFIELD.

EXTRAORDINARY SALES YESTERDAY. Such a scene as the shops of the Sheffield butchers presented yesterday morning has, perhaps, been witnessed in the town before. The fresh meat from America had arrived, had been distributed amongst the butchers, and to say that it was running a neck-and-neck race for popular favor with English meat would be scarcely correct, for it appeared to have completely overwhelmed it, and to be having everything its own way.

A person has not to be very far advanced in life to remember when prime joints of English beef could be purchased at 8s. per lb., but at that time our herds of cattle had not been decimated by rinderpest and foot-and-mouth disease. With successive outbreaks of those terrible scourges came the most stringent regulations both as to the management of cattle at home and the importation of them from abroad. With our own herds greatly reduced, and with fewer cattle coming from other countries, the prices of fresh meat went up so high as practically to place it beyond the reach of vast numbers of the population. It was almost tantamounting to hear of the vast herds of cattle and sheep that were to be seen on the plains of Australia, New Zealand, and America, and to know that they were being killed for the sake of their tallow and hides and wool. Enterprise and ingenuity were stimulated to deal with the question, and as the result the meat was cooked and brought over in hermetically sealed cans. It was a poor substitute for English beef and mutton, but notwithstanding it met with a large sale, and a very considerable trade in even now being done in it. In addition to the cooked beef and mutton there is now offered for sale "American pressed beef," "American corned beef," and "American meat preserved in other fashions. In none of these ways, however, had the popular taste been hit. It was all vainly well to resort to such means at times but an Englishman prefers to see a joint of meat on his table, and a joint of meat he will have if he can obtain it. This fact was fully appreciated by a Glasgow firm, who more than three years ago made the experiment of bringing live cattle across the Atlantic. They met with a ready sale, and week by week the numbers sent over increased. Then came rough and stormy weather, and with it losses, and the shipments were discontinued until last summer, when they were resumed, and from 150 to 200 head of cattle reached the Clyde weekly. There were great difficulties attending the bringing over of live cattle, and experiments were made with a view of ascertaining whether it was not possible to import the meat in quarters. At first the meat was frozen, and it kept well so long as it remained frozen, but when it was thawed it required to be immediately cooked, and its flavor and was liable to become tainted. Joints of meat were steeped in chemicals, and in this way, and otherwise attempted to be preserved, but none of these plans were attended with any marked success.

The system under which the meat appears in Sheffield and other large towns in the country to-day is the simplest of all systems, and has every promise of proving a permanent success. It is well-known that householders who have a "good" fire, and are hanging their meat several days before they cook it, so thereby it is very much improved; that our own butchers will frequently keep a quarter or two in their shop for a week or ten days, and then recommend it to their best customers as prime tender meat. The whole secret of the present system lies in that fact, and all that has been done has been to carry out that secret on a large scale. It is to the credit of the Glasgow firm, who are now on the Great Pacific Railroad in America have been drawn upon. That railway either runs through or is adjacent to New York, Jersey, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and other States. The cattle, which are not worn-out dairy cows, but full-grown young oxen, are brought to the city of New York, where, close to the berths of the Atlantic steamer, are specially constructed slaughter-houses. In these the beasts are slaughtered, the meat is cooled by an artificial current of air, then cut up in quarters, and the quarters are stitched in canvas cloths. In the Inman, National, White Star, and Anchor line of mail steamers, chambers have been specially fitted out, each of which is capable of holding from 2500 to 3000 quarters of beef. The difficulty has been to keep the temperature of these chambers at such a degree as is best adapted for preserving the meat; and it has not been without much careful observation and some failures that the success which at present attends the movement has been attained. In connection with the "larder" is fitted up a steam fan, which drives the air from the meat into a chamber filled with ice, from which it is returned into the larder in a cool state. By this means the atmosphere is kept circulating, and a temperature of 38 degrees is preserved. The meat, when dressed and clothed, is carried on board the steamer, and hung in the chambers, and the arrangements in them are such that, even on a rough voyage the meat cannot be bruised. The first consignment of fresh meat arrived in Glasgow in June last, and it consisted of four hundred quarters of beef and seventy-two sheep, and it was bought up most readily. The estimation in which the inhabitants of Glasgow held the meat will be apparent, when it is stated that in a little over two months a million and a half of quarters of it were sold. In a short time steamers arriving at Liverpool brought the meat and it was sent on to the London market, and a little later it was consigned to Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, and other towns. Indeed, wherever it has been offered it has commanded a ready sale, and, however strong has been the opposition of the trade to it, it has had to give way before the force of public opinion.

Having regard to the size of Sheffield and to the enormous quantities of fresh meat that are consumed in it every week, the marvel is that the new commodity has not been amongst us before now. The butchers in the town disclaim—some of them in very vigorous terms—any hostility to the American meat, and say they were quite prepared to have offered it months ago if they had thought the Sheffield public would have cared for it. It occurred to Messrs. Sharman Brothers that it would be well to give the people an opportunity of inspecting the meat, and of saying whether they would purchase it or not. They accordingly made arrangements with Mr. J. B. Dimeck, importer, to receive consignments of the meat from Liverpool; and they took one of the large shops just erected in front of the Ecclesall Club, on Sheffield Moor, for its sale. They announced that the shop would be opened yesterday morning, and that the prices for the meat would range from 5d. to 10d. per pound. There can be no doubt that the announcement caused very great satisfaction in the town; for not only had the fame of the American meat reached here, but joints of it had been brought from other towns, and but one opinion had prevailed with regard to it. The Sheffield butchers were quite equal to the occasion. On Wednesday, Mr. Henry Hiles was at Liverpool, and when one of the mail steamers came in with her cargo of meat, he went on board and purchased 100 quarters. It was forthwith sent on to Sheffield, and on Thursday morning, when the retail butchers went

to conduct their usual purchases, they were able to make their choice between the English and the American meat. Nearly the whole of the consignment was disposed of amongst some twenty-six butchers in the town, and it was also purchased to go to Rotherham, Chesterfield, Wadstey, and elsewhere. The first purchase made by Messrs. Sharman was received on Thursday evening, and consisted of four tons of beef, four hundredweight of mutton and 2½ hundredweight of pork. The meat was hung round the shop, and it made a splendid show. There is no need to say that the shops attracted more notice yesterday than on the occasion of the Christmas display. In most cases there was on view on one side of the shop the American meat, and on the other side English beef; and the fact that the imported meat was on sale there was announced by large placards. It is certainly not too much to state that Messrs. Sharman's shop was the centre of attraction. They had announced that the meat would be on view from five until eight in the morning, and they specially invited butchers to call and inspect it. At eight o'clock, when the shop was open for business, there was a large crowd waiting to be served, and with scarcely any variation the shop was crammed throughout the day. So great was the throng at times that the people not only blocked the footpath, but reached far into the road. Quarter after quarter of beef, and carcass after carcass of mutton, disappeared—the whole of it retail—and by evening an almost entire clearance had been effected. Messrs. Sharman expected that their enterprise would be liberally acknowledged by the public, but for the sake of things that prevailed throughout the day they were altogether unprepared, and were as much astonished as any one else could be who saw it. A great many people went to inspect the meat and to purchase it, if satisfied with what they saw. See the meat they could, and the great majority of them would very gladly have made a purchase, but to undergo the crushing and the waiting that attended inevitable if they could have done so, they were not prepared, and they turned away a good deal disappointed. Some who got into the shop, were glad to escape without having been waited upon. Bad Messrs. Sharman been giving the meat away the crush could scarcely have been greater. The opinion was expressed that had they had four times the quantity of meat, and ample means for disposing of it, a complete clearance would have been effected.

During the morning at the butcher's shop next door, four quarters of prime English beef were brought and hung up in front of the window; and between those connected with the shop and a portion of the crowd there was some very smart good-humored chaff. "Here's your prime English beef!" shouted the owner; "None of your inferior beef!" Two or three working men who were near the shop, asked him if the American beef was superior to any he had got in his shop. He discreetly abstained from answering them, but shouted, "Any cut you like from sixpence to eightpence per pound!" "Why didn't you sell it at that price last week?" asked the bystanders. He took no notice, but went on with his chaff—"We've got a little bank, and can afford to do it now!" He then popped into his shop, and at eight o'clock the four quarters of beef, their reduced price not having secured their sale. That the people were determined yesterday to have the American meat was further proved by what took place at some of the other shops on the Moor. At them were hung English meat on other as well, but the demand in almost all cases was for the foreign meat. The shop that was opened yesterday on Edgely street, when about forty gentlemen sat down to a prime joint. After thoroughly enjoying themselves, "Success to the new enterprise" was heartily drunk.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that although thousands of tons of this meat have arrived at Liverpool it was not until Thursday that it was offered for sale there. On that day a place was opened, and the prices ranged from 2½d. to 5½d. per lb. Nearly all the Atlantic steamers are being fitted up with "meat chambers," and in one day this week three steamers arrived at Liverpool carrying between them 700 tons of meat, or about 12,000 quarters. The greater portion of it was sent on to the London market. The trade in sheep is not expected to be large there, and will consequently be confined to produce. The supplies of beef are represented as almost inexhaustible; but the enormous demand that is setting in for it must, it would seem, tell upon them in time. Possibly, when that day does arrive, human skill and ingenuity will have carried the present or some other system of transport to such a point as to enable them to send the four quarters of beef to Australia, the Brazil, or some other distant port. Texas beef could now be brought to Liverpool and sold at 2½d. per pound, but it is not equal in quality to the American meat, and therefore it is not likely at present to meet with much favour.

The Allen Potato-Digger.

HUBBARD, March 13, 1877.

ED. FARMER: I received quite a number of enquiries in regard to the Allen Potato-Digger, which I bought and used last fall, and I feel like saying to all whom it may concern, that I think it a success. My fields last fall were mostly wet for it to do good work, but where the land was dry, one pair of steady horses and two men could throw out 100 bushels per hour. To say that a potato-digger can be made to dig all kinds of potatoes clean, is absurd, but this machine will dig a row 150 yards long so clean that with a little care on the part of the hands picking them up, a peck need not be left uncovered. It weighs 100 lbs., is strongly constructed, and with proper care would last a lifetime. It cost \$25.00 put down at Hubbard. (Mine is of steel; so iron one would cost \$10 less.) Knapp, Burdell & Co. sent to New York for it, expressly for me. With one of these diggers in the hand of a farmer, potato-digging would lose half its dread. J. B. DIMICK.

LEWISBERRY, York Co., Pa., March 2, 77.

ED. WILLAMETTE FARMER: Can you give me any information as to the whereabouts of Mr. E. W. Hammond, who some years back was a correspondent of your paper from Roseburg, Ore., I think. If you could insert inquiry in your paper I would be much obliged, as we want him to come home. Mother is not well, and may not live a month. Respectfully, W. S. HAMMOND.

[Written for the Statesman.] BATTLE OF THE ABUQUA.

EDITOR STATESMAN: I see by an article in the Oregonian of March 2d, written by Gov. Geo. L. Curry, that the "Battle of the Abiqua" is a "romance of history." Well, it was rather a romantic fight, in a romantic place, and brought on in a romantic manner; but it is true history. Gov. Geo. L. Curry to the contrary, notwithstanding. If the Governor is as badly mistaken in the article of "Miltum in Parvo" as he is about the "Battle of the Abiqua," he must have been in one of those Rip Van Winkle sleeps that old Rip had, in the Cascade Mountains about that time, and has just come on the stage again, and is inquiring for "Mine dog Schneider." Why, sir, the "Battle of the Abiqua" is as familiar in this county as any household word, and has been for the last 20 years, as it was fought 20 years ago the first of this month.

I have been asked to write that "history," and wrote it some years ago for a man that is now writing the early history of this country. In writing the history of this short but decisive campaign, I feel a diffidence, as I have to write from memory; but will be as correct and just as possible. I say just, for I cannot now recollect all the brave boys that participated in that to most of us, our first battle. All old Oregonians know that in the winter of 1847-8 a great many men were called East of the Mountains to punish the Cayuses for the murder of Dr. Whitman and family, and it becoming apparent to the settlers, as well as Gov. Abernethy, that there was danger of an Indian outbreak, the settlers formed or organized a company of what we called home guards, to be in readiness at a moment's warning to defend our wives and children and each other at all hazards. In this neighborhood I was chosen captain of as brave a company of men as ever mustered, and we met every Saturday at Esp. Dunbar's, for drill. Other neighborhoods had their companies. Capt. Allen Davy had a company of cavalry on the Santiam; Capt. Dick Miller had a company between the Abiqua and Butte creek, and if I remember right, Uncle Sam Parker had a company near Salem. In Feb., 1848, we held ourselves ready at a moment's warning, for the signs were ominous. Crooked Finger, a desperate Molalla Indian, said to be a chief; at all events he controlled the Molallas; and a band of Klamaths that had been infesting this part of the valley for several years) was continually traveling from the Molalla to the Santiam on the Klamath trail, and bullying the settlers by ordering the women in the absence of the men to cook him a meal of vittals at any time of the day; and as all the settlers on that trail were new-comers, he sometimes succeeded in scaring them into obeying him by his gestures and threats. He said all the brave men had gone to fight the Cayuses, and he could do just as he pleased. He and his band of Klamaths drove one man from the claim that Leonard Schindler now owns, by their insolence.

All the settlers believed that an Indian massacre was brewing, and when the Klamath Indians, armed and painted for war, surrounded Davy Miller's house, and made insolent and insulting demands and gave the war-whoop, a sound that once heard is never forgotten, and like the scream of the panther, or the whizz of the rattle-snake, is never mistaken for any other sound; they knew it was time to act and they did act and at once. Stanly Umphlet saw and heard the Indians and he put whip to his horse and rode through Howell Prairie, Salem Prairie and on to the Santiam, giving the alarm as he went; and the news spread like wildfire over hill and dale. T. B. Allen saw the Indians and straddled a horse without saddle or bridle, and ran him to Mr. Ellis's, as there had been a raising there that day and the boy thought, and naturally too, that was why he could do the most good. The consequence of all this was, by daylight, the next morning, men began to gather at Uncle Jack Warnock, and by 10 or 11 o'clock, about 150 men were there ready for anything that would put a quietus on Indian depredations; that had threatened to cut the throats of Miller's, Warnock's and Patterson's families. We first elected Uncle Dan Waddo, Col., who took the horses, consisting of Capt. Allen Davy's company and 50 or 60 others that had come from all parts of the county, and some from Clackamas county and crossed the Abiqua, at the ford, and went up on the north side of said stream, and I took charge of the infantry, consisting of First Lieut. Wm. Parker, Second Lieut. James Harpole, Orderly Sergeant Wilburn King, James Brown, S. D. Moxen, L. A. Bird, Israel Shaw, Robt. Shaw, King Hebbard, Wm. Bristow, Winchester, Port Gilliam, Wm. Towall, Thos. Howell, George Howell, Wm. Hendrix, Leander Davis, Lem. Eoff, G. W. Hunt, James Williams, of my own company, and J. W. Shrum, Thos. Shrum, Henry Shrum, Elias Cox, Cyrus Smith, T. B. Allen, Jacob Caplinger, and several others that I can not now name, with Uncle Jack Warnock for guide, and started up the south side.

The intention was for both divisions to arrive at Coosa's camp, the camp of the Klamath chief at the same time; but we were too quick for the horsemen, and when we arrived opposite the camp, the Indians had learned we were coming and were crossing on a foot log. One Indian raised his gun, but James Brown was too quick for him, and Lieut. Harpole's unerring rifle told the tale for another. Firing then commenced in earnest, which sent the Indians the other way. We did not know exactly where the camp was, and had left men, three in a place, for several hundred yards, so that but few of us got opposite the camp when the action commenced, but enough got there to send the Klamaths on double quick at thirty-two men took a shot at the young chief, called Red Blanket, but he got away

(that day) excepting the old chief, and I ordered the men to cease firing and the order was obeyed instantly; and the old chief walked off about 40 or 50 yards and then turned round and walked back to within 50 or 70 yards of us and commenced sending arrows at us so fast that there appeared to be two or three on the way all the time for a very short time though, for 20 muzzling rifles were aimed at him and he fell pierced by as many balls.

About that time the horsemen came up, but the red skins had escaped for that time. Three Indians had gone to their happy hunting grounds, and the rest had run away to fight another day.

After we all got together we held a council of war and concluded to try them again the next day.

A great many of us had left our families on or near the Indian trail, and had to go home that evening to look after them. I lived about 12 mls. from there by the nearest possible route, right on the trail, or within 150 yards of it; and when I got home I found that Crooked Finger had been there that day, but fortunately for my wife and children, Uncle David Colver and Theophilus Powell had just got there a few minutes before the sound of the guns. He appeared very sulky and insolent, but did not stay long, and as we did not know when he might come back, we deemed it best to go to the nearest neighbors, John S. Hunt, about three miles distant, the next morning, which consumed so much time that I with a great many others were not in the second day's fight; but Lieut. Parker and Sergeant King were, and from them I learned the particulars, which were about as follows: The men met at Coosa's camp, and all they could learn from him was that the Klamaths had gone—which we all knew, for we saw the bucks go the day before, in something of a hurry. But the boys concluded to do the way we had done the day before—go up the creek, the horsemen on the north side, as it was open prairie, and the others take it on foot, through the timber, on the south side. As there was no sign for a considerable distance, a great many turned back. Some 15 or 20 of the leaders discovered signs, and shortly after were greeted with the war-whoop from a canon filled with the people and other brush. The Indians had chosen a strong position, and as they had been told that Boston men would not fight in the brush, they thought themselves secure. But our brave boys charged them on the double quick, and so rapid was their charge that the Indians did not stand one minute. Nine Indians were killed in less than five minutes, and the squaws taken prisoners. Only one white man was wounded, James Stanly caught an arrow in his breast and held it until he had killed the Indian, and then very deliberately extracted the weapon, "for fear it might be poisoned," he said. Like the day before, the cavalry could not help, but the brave boys needed no help. After the battle they returned to Coosa's camp, and gave that chief his orders, which were obeyed. One error was that Crooked Finger was never to enter the house of a white man or woman unless there was a white man in the house, if he did he was to be shot on sight. Red Blanket's wife, asked Jacob Caplinger, why the whites were so hard on the Klamaths, when the Molallas were just as insulting and mean as they were, and the whites did not kill them. Caplinger told her that the Molallas owned this like, or pretended too, but the Klamaths did not belong in this valley, and we could not take so much of their abuse and threats. She said that was "lose wawa," and that she "semtuxed" what he meant, and would go home and never come back. They then told her they could have twenty-four hours to bury the dead, and leave for home, the Klamath country, but I think their conducter, the Molallas, attended to the dead, for the whole band of Klamaths passed my house that same night, on their way to Mr. Jefferson pass, and the next day about a dozen of us followed the trail to the house of John Moreley where we staid all night, and the next day followed the trail to the crossing of the Santiam river, and saw by the tracks in the snow and mud that the Indians had all crossed the river, so we returned to our homes. Allen Davy's company of cavalry watched the trail the afternoon of the day after the battle, but the Indians had passed before they got there.

This ended one of the shortest and most effective campaigns that we have any knowledge of in this country. It completely cowled Crooked Finger in this part of the county and I trust McCornick finally killed him in Clackamas county. The Klamaths never came back and the Molallas behaved themselves over afterwards.

R. C. GIBBS.

FRUIT FARM, March 17, 1877.

FOUR CHILDREN AT A BIRTH. Monday of last week, at Monterey, the wife of Thos. W. Ingram died. She was taken sick on Monday morning and remained so for eight hours. She then gave birth to a fine, healthy daughter, which was followed a second, still born; then the third, a daughter, was successfully launched on life's journey, but the fourth child resulted in the death of the mother. Ingram has now the twin daughters, besides twelve other children, to care for. The mother was about the house on Sunday pursuing her usual domestic occupations, and her sudden demise has cast a gloom over a large circle of friends, among whom she was greatly beloved.—Sacramento Union.

Gen. O. O. Howard, commanding Department of the Columbia, returned last Saturday evening from his trip to Walla Walla. Preparations have been made for the spring campaign, consisting in part of the establishment of a temporary camp, of three companies of cavalry, near Walla Walla. In some quarters the Indians are restless. It is reported that Joseph has consented to accept the terms of the Government, but his brother still holds out. Gen. Howard thinks there is no probability of further hostilities, if any, they will be of short duration.—Advocate.

Horace Greeley used to tell this story: He once sent a claim for collection to a Western lawyer, and regarding it as rather a desperate claim, told the attorney if he collected it he might reserve half the amount for a fee. In due time Mr. Greeley received the following laconic epistle: "Dear Sir—I have succeeded in collecting my half of that claim. The balance is hopeless."