

The Lady from the Sea

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

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CHAPTER II.

Mr. Smith's reveries were interrupted, as the reveries of heroes upon ships are always interrupted, by the cry of—"Salvo!"

The keenest eyes on the frigate were kept constantly on the royal yards on the lookout. If the St. Lawrence did not catch anything, it would not be the fault of her captain. So soon, therefore, as the approaching sail had been sighted, she was recognized as a small top-sail schooner, just the size and description of the Petrel.

Inasmuch as it was highly improbable that any vessel of that size, save such an armed vessel, would be in those waters in war time, especially one heading towards the open sea, it was more than likely that the sail sighted was the Petrel. Originally the Petrel had been the revenue cutter "Aiken," a very swift gun—so swift that, although she was not a steamer, the Confederates had determined to risk her on a cruise. That the St. Lawrence, a heavy old fifty-gun frigate, could overhaul the light, dancing schooner was an impossibility.

Commodore Paulding, a resourceful old seaman, had been considering the matter since he had received the flag officer's notice, and he had determined to effect by stratagem what he could not hope to accomplish by any other means. Happening to be on deck when the sail was reported, he soon saw, through the officers whom he had sent aloft for the purpose, he had verified the report that indicated that she was the Petrel he resolved to run away!

Feeling sure that his great ship must have been observed from the small schooner, Commodore Paulding brought his frigate to the wind on the port tack and struck off at a broad angle from his former course directly away from the schooner, to the great astonishment of officers and crew. The evolution was observed from the schooner, which immediately changed her course so as to keep directly in the wake of the frigate.

"What's the old man up to?" growled old Bob Gantlin, chief boatswain's mate. "Here we air, arise two months out, an' not a shot o' prize money in our locker! An' the fust time we raises a sailin' vessel an' gits a chance, we ups with our starn an' runs away from her!"

The commodore's mysterious move was presently elucidated, for the men were sent to quarters, the guns were run in, loaded, and secured inboard, the port shutters were dropped, the openings for the gun muzzles tightly closed; the men, save a few necessary hands, were sent below. The commodore and his aides on the poop deck removed their swords and uniforms, and in a thousand little ways not installable to any but practiced, trained observers the great frigate was given the appearance of a lumbering old merchantman. Observing too that he was not being overhauled so rapidly as he wished, the captain got out drags astern, which materially decreased the speed of his ship. He told the helmsman not to keep too tight a luff on the frigate, but to let her go to leeward gradually. Then everybody knew what was intended.

The maneuver—the ruse, rather—was completely successful. The Petrel was not manned by a body of experienced man-of-war men, whom it might have been difficult to deceive, and seeing the old St. Lawrence lumbering away from them, apparently making every effort to escape, her people—longshore, fresh-water sailors—came to the conclusion that a rich, old-fashioned merchantman—some of the East India ships—that at that time carried single top-sail yards—was their for the taking. They cracked all sail on their little schooner, therefore, and drove recklessly after the flying frigate.

There was a long twenty-four hour pursuit on the Petrel's forecastle and two smaller guns, six pounders, in broadside. Under the circumstances, the chase was neither a long nor a stern one. Before evening the Petrel had drawn almost within range of the frigate. Not a gun could be seen on the St. Lawrence and but few men on her decks. Those that were in their shirt sleeves and wore straw hats and sea boots, like merchantmen, ringing along to windward of the chase, as the Petrel did, there was nothing to be seen of the main deck of the frigate, anyway, on account of her heavy keel to starboard. Confident of their prey, the men on the Petrel cast loose and provided the long Tom forward quite after the manner of the old-time privateer, and sent a shot sharp across the forefoot of the supposed trader.

No attention whatever was paid to this threat by the St. Lawrence, and when it was repeated, although the ball came perilously near to hitting the bows of the old frigate, she still remained silent. By this time the Petrel was well abreast and slightly to windward of her supposed prey. Her men must have been a very stupid lot, for at that distance it should have been impossible to escape the conclusion that they had a huge, old-fashioned man-of-war under their lee. Possibly they had so thoroughly absorbed the idea that they were chasing a merchantman in the ardor of their pursuit that their judgment was blinded. At any rate, the Petrel, confident of success, put up her helm and swept down towards the frigate. The ports of the latter were thrown open as by magic. Huge black guns thrust their muzzles out over the sides, some of them speaking grimly and to a purpose. Two heavy bolts from long thirty-two of the main battery ripped through the hapless Confederate cruiser. An eight-inch shell from the forward pivot, exploded just as it struck the Petrel's side, tearing a hole in her big enough to drive a wagon through. The schooner was a total and absolute wreck. She came round and sank in less than four minutes. The St. Lawrence stopped firing immediately she saw the plight of the

privateer and put her boats over. They had barely reached the Petrel when she went down, carrying a number of wounded with her. The rest were brought back to the frigate amid the loud guffaws of her officers and men. It was a huge sea joke, this, the capture of that saucy privateer in this way. Unfortunately, while the Petrel's men could not fail to see the point, the humor if it did not especially appeal to them.

The discomfited Confederates who were passed over the side of the frigate were not the only prize, however. The only member of the St. Lawrence's crew who suffered any hardship in the battle was Lieutenant Thomas Beckman Smith, who had got away in the first boat dispatched to succor the sinking Confederate privateer. Just as he reached the Petrel one of her officers darted across the deck and threw something overboard. Smith could swim like a fish. As the object flew through the air past his head he saw that it was a mail bag. Too late to stop the man, he promptly dived for it, and by great good fortune caught it as it sank below the surface of the water. A dripping but triumphant figure, he handed it to Commodore Paulding at the gangway, then went below to the ward room to change his clothes.

The mail bag was a treasure trove, indeed. Shortly afterwards Lieutenant Smith was called to the cabin, where old Commodore Paulding sat in consultation with his secretary. There was an open letter spread out on the table before him.

"Mr. Smith," he began formally, "your quickness of thought and promptness of action, which I desire to commend, have done us a great service."

"Thank you, sir," said Smith, "I have examined the letters taken from the mail bag. Most of them are personal and appear to be unimportant. This one, however, is of great interest. It appears that there is a new and formidable Confederate privateer being outfitted and prepared for cruising at Jones' Wharf, wherever that may be."

"I know about where it is, sir," volunteered Mr. Smith.

"Hey! what!" exclaimed the Commodore. "Have you been in these waters before, sir?"

"No, sir, but it is on one of those estuaries opening off Pamlico sound between the Neuse and the Pamlico rivers, and is the private property of Major William Henry Jones, formerly of the United States army."

"Exactly true," said the commodore, looking at the letter again. "That's the man. Do you know him?"

"I did, sir, before the war. He was then a major of artillery and was stationed for some time at Governor's Island. He—"

"Well, sir," interrogated the commodore impatiently.

"He—he had—a daughter, sir."

"Oh, I see," smiled the old man. "Well, he has a privateer now. What was his daughter's name?"

"Ellen, sir."

"That's the name of his privateer, I gather from this letter that she's all ready but her armament. This is to be brought to her from the Bahamas by the blockade-runner Greyhound. This schooner was here just sunk was to lie off the mouth of the inlet and pilot the Greyhound in. This letter is one from Jones to her captain. It gives in detail the night and day signals by which the blockade-runner was to recognize the privateer and enclose a part of a chart."

"What a pity," murmured Mr. Smith, "that we were so precipitate in sinking her."

"Ay," said Commodore Paulding. "However, that can't be helped now. We must do the next best thing. It seems from this letter that the blockade-runner is not expected for a week yet. I have decided to run up to Fortress Monroe and get a schooner, if I can, and rig her up to look like this privateer. Then I intend to put you aboard her in the hope that you can capture the Greyhound. After that you must go in with her and destroy the privateer."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Smith, grinning with delight; "I'll do it."

"How will you proceed?" asked the commodore.

"Why, sir, I'll lay off the mouth of the inlet and keep watch for the Greyhound. When I sight her I'll make the signals and go aboard her and take possession. Then I'll transship my crew to the Greyhound, take her through the inlet, cross the sound, go up the river, lay the blockade-runner alongside the Ellen under pretense of bringing her the guns, and take her by boarding."

"That's very well, indeed, so far as it goes," said the commodore, smiling at his eager subordinate, "but what will you do then?"

"Bring out the privateer, sir."

"But if you cannot?"

"Destroy her, then."

may I have the letter?"

"Certainly," said Commodore Paulding, handing it to him with the half chart. "Don't lose it! It's a valuable document."

Smith, with his pulses throbbing, his heart beating, took the papers and walked out of the cabin. The Ellen! And he was going to capture her! The privateer, not the woman. Well, it would go hard if in the melee he did not get a chance at the woman as well as at the privateer.

CHAPTER III.

Fortune favored Smith. Fortune seems to have a weakness for the Smith family, paralleled only by a similar feeling for the Jones family—there are so many of both in the world, and playing great parts too! If fortune had not been kind to them, they would have died out long since, as other great families have become extinct.

The St. Lawrence fell in with the flag officer the day after she sank the Petrel. The fleet was busy at its anchorage off Old Point Comfort, getting ready for an expedition, presumably destined against the forts guarding Hatteras Inlet, the first naval objective of the war. Among the vessels assembled there was a small schooner which had been a revenue cutter, the Uphur. This vessel happened to be an exact model of the Petrel.

The flag officer entered heartily into the plans of Commodore Paulding. The Uphur was turned over to the St. Lawrence. Smith was given command of her with fifty gallant tars from the old frigate, with Midshipmen Brown and Robinson as his assistants, and old Bob Gantlin, chief factotum, for a crew. It was a hard task to reject the three hundred and fifty odd men, volunteers all, who begged to accompany the chosen fifty from the crew of the St. Lawrence.

The flag officer did more than Commodore Paulding suggested, or even desired. Paulding had determined to support the attack himself with his sailing frigate. Very dubious, in spite of the successful ruse by which the Petrel had been overcome, as to the suitability of the old frigate for such duty, and very desirous of apprehending the Greyhound, ruse or no ruse, the flag officer decided to assign to the duty the new and extremely fast gun-boat Wamego. It was believed that nothing on the ocean had the heels of the Wamego, fresh from the shipyard. She had shown marvelous speed on her trial trip, and it would be a greyhound indeed which could run away from her.

Commodore Paulding was given command of the ill-assorted squadron, and the three vessels got away three days after the capture of the Petrel. Their uniforms had been taken from the surviving officers of the Confederate schooner and had been donned, so far as they went around, by the corresponding officers of the Uphur. Someone had been careful to secure the Confederate flag and the private signals from the sinking Petrel before she went down. Sailors' eyes are keen for details and many had marked the way the privateer had been painted, so that it was easy to duplicate her outward appearance. It would need a very near inspection indeed to show that the Uphur was not what she appeared to be.

The commodore disposed his ships in the following manner: The St. Lawrence hulled down to the northward of Ocracoke Inlet, the Wamego hulled down to the southward, and the Uphur immediately off the entrance. There was nothing to do thereafter but wait. Two days after they arrived at their appointed stations the lookout who was kept constantly at the fore cross-trees on the Uphur sighted a steamer early in the morning.

Referring to his letter, which, indeed, he had studied until he knew it by heart, Smith struck his light sails—he would have to effect the capture by strategy, not by speed, if the approaching stranger proved to be the Greyhound, of course—retained just enough sail to give his vessel steering way, and hoisted the agreed signals by which the Greyhound, if such she were, could recognize the Petrel. The St. Lawrence and Wamego were well out of sight in the misty morning.

(To be continued.)

The Land of the Free.

"There's eight nations represented in this ward of ours," said Mr. Halloran to his wife on his return from a political meeting. He began to count them off on his fingers.

"There's Irish, Frinch, Eytalians, Poles, Germans, Roosians, Greeks an'—"

"Mr. Halloran stopped, and began again:

"There's Irish, Frinch, Eytalians, Poles, Germans, Roosians, Greeks—an' ain't it queer I disremember the other wan? There's Irish, Frinch—"

"Maybe 'twas Americans," suggested Mrs. Halloran.

"Sure, that's it," said her husband. "I couldn't think."—Youth's Companion.

Doctors' Bills.

Who, having obtained an honest bill for the medicine, will wish to have particulars of the doctor's "professional services?" Imagine a bill made up with such nicety as this: "To counting pulse, sixpence; to viewing tongue, three-pence; to asking four questions (three irrelevant), fourpence; to telling patients to say, 'ninety-nine,' eightpence; to medicine, 1s 6d; to bottle, twopenny; to label, 1 penny; total, 3s 6d."—Yorkshire Observer.

Same Old Game.

Little James has been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth.

"Indeed, James?" replied the minister, indulgently. "And what will he do with the old set?"

"Oh, I s'pose," replied little James, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."—Illustrated Bits.

The Tireless Pace.

"You Americans don't take enough exercise!" said the foreign physician.

"Great Scott!" replied the young man with a sun-burned nose. "You ought to see us on the boardwalk at a summer resort."—Washington Star.

The good you do is not lost though you forget it.—Fielding.

SHEEP-RAISING ON IRRIGATED LANDS

IDAHO RANCHER VERY SUCCESSFUL

D. C. Mullen, of Nampa, Tells How He Started—Illustrates Many Interesting Points.

The following article, by D. C. Mullen, of Nampa, Idaho, is one of three contributions to the Boise Capital News made by that gentleman, who is a rancher near Nampa.

The editor of the Capital News having kindly encouraged me to write a little more on the subject of sheep on the farm, I will try to give a few figures on what I have done in a small way. These articles are not written for entertainment, but are strictly for business. My sheep are lambing now, and I have but little for anything but business. Work on the farm at any time is anything but a lazy man's job, but winter finds us with the most spare time, and I like to have the lambs come early, so I can give them full attention.

The one time that you must look after sheep is in lambing. If weather is cold they may chill to death; occasionally a mother will not own her lamb, and in case of twins you must see they keep together at first. We have little pens to put them in, where there are two or three mothers are inclined to leave them. However, they are generally the best of mothers, and give over their dead lambs in a way to make your heart ache. On the ranch there are none of the dreadful cries of starving orphans that you hear one the range. My first sheep was one of these orphans. We made one visit to the lambing ground, and that was all I ever wanted. I can hear those cries yet, and the time will come when such things will not be tolerated. There will be laws to cover this, just as there is for feeding and watering stock in shipping. These orphan losses in a financial way are also favorable to ranch sheep. We always have a few for some unavoidable reason, but we raise them on cow-milk like a calf. Rangemen tell me it is better to have lambs some later, so they will have green grass to eat, and that they do better. We do not find it so. The lambs will begin to nibble at the hay when three or four days old, and soon eat as well as their mothers. They are all started and care for themselves when spring work is on, when most farmers are worked to death. The rangemen forget that when they are lambing that is all they have to do, while a farmer has many other things to attend to.

Conditions Differ.

I find in nearly every way that sheep on the ranch and range are entirely different businesses. The range man, from a money point of view, just lets his orphans die, loses stray sheep in the brush without bothering about it, and the sick must get well themselves or die. But such methods on the ranch would be a disgrace. We will expect to keep a better grade, or even pure bred, and so cannot afford such losses. Here is where I suffered. When I started in on sheep, only one man that I knew of was handling them on the ranch, and I had no one to ask advice of when in trouble except the range man, and all he knew was to let them die. I could do that without any help, so just had to blunder along reading all I could find in papers on the subject and studying my own. I forgot to say how little I knew of stock, and of farm work except what I had read, until I came to the ranch here eight years ago. I scarcely knew a sheep when I saw one, so it is very above local, or the farmers could pool sheep so it will be worth while for wool buyers to look it up. As long as we have only a few hundred or thousand pounds scattered all over the country, we will have to be content with the best range prices. The same holds true of lambs. My lambs, if I had enough to ship to Chicago, would have brought me from \$4 to \$6 net last year instead of \$3. With plenty of sheep on the farms, buyers would be here every month, taking all the lambs ready to go, at prices away above local, or the farmers could pool and ship themselves and get full returns. The more that go into it the better, so you see I am working for my own interests as well as neighbors' in this discussion. If we can ship east, prices can drop 50 per cent and still we can make good money, or we can even cut the prices I got right in half and still make more money than selling hay at \$4 in stack. I sell my hay to my own sheep at \$8 per ton and they gather three-fifths of the crop.

Revenue From Wool.

People say sheep and wool have been away up and you can't make such returns very long.

Well, let us see. I sold my last wool for 19 cents. This same farm wool in Ohio brought 30 cents. We should get the same, less freight, or 26 or 28 cents, instead of 19, and we will get it when enough farmers raise sheep so it will be worth while for wool buyers to look it up. As long as we have only a few hundred or thousand pounds scattered all over the country, we will have to be content with the best range prices. The same holds true of lambs. My lambs, if I had enough to ship to Chicago, would have brought me from \$4 to \$6 net last year instead of \$3. With plenty of sheep on the farms, buyers would be here every month, taking all the lambs ready to go, at prices away above local, or the farmers could pool and ship themselves and get full returns. The more that go into it the better, so you see I am working for my own interests as well as neighbors' in this discussion. If we can ship east, prices can drop 50 per cent and still we can make good money, or we can even cut the prices I got right in half and still make more money than selling hay at \$4 in stack. I sell my hay to my own sheep at \$8 per ton and they gather three-fifths of the crop.

Sheep Vary.

Before I give my figures I would like to say that my sheep are the ordinary scrub, range sheep, that I have picked up anywhere from one to half a dozen. They are all sizes, and coarse and fine-wool of all grades. The one trouble in getting started on the ranch is that range men don't want to sell a hundred or two, so you have to pick them up wherever you can. So mine are in no way a selected lot. This simply emphasizes what I said above about my making any profit. Pure-bred sheep or good grades, like any other stock, will pay better than scrubs, and I can say right here I don't intend to always have scrubs; but they proved both cheap and profitable, and are especially good to practice on, for a beginner is bound to lose more or less, and in fact, any one in stock must expect some losses.

I will only give my last three years' receipts:

1905—Average fleece, 10 pounds, at 15c, \$1.55.

1906—Average fleece, 7 pounds, at 20c, \$1.40.

1907—Average fleece, 6 1/2 pounds, at 19c, \$1.24.

This is a bad showing, as every year my average was lower, but let me explain. In 1905 my sheep were all good ewes, only one old range sheep in the lot, and that sheared 4 1/2 pounds. They averaged just a trifle less than 10 pounds. The next year I made a bad break buying some old range pelters. I figured that the wool and lamb would pay the bill and would not count the old sheep anything. But it didn't pan out. They only sheared 4 1/2 and 4 1/2 pounds, and some died, more

A Grump.

Tom—Mr. Dumley's just the meanest man. He told me last evening he'd teach me how to whistle if I'd pucker up my lips.

Tom—Oh, that old scheme! Then he kissed you, eh?

Tom—No, the stupid thing! He didn't kiss me at all.—Philadelphia Press.

The people always catch it; the poor man says "the people snub him"; the rich man says "the people are toadies."

had no lambs, and what lambs there were did not amount to anything. These old pelters evidently came west in the '60s, and it makes me swear like sixty when I think of them. It was a bad deal, and no farmer should buy one at any price. An old, worn-out range sheep is the nearest thing to nothing at all there is on earth.

Result on Lambs.

There were also a number of lambs about a year old, or less. This brought my average down to seven pounds. The next year was the same, only lots more young lambs. My proportion of very young and very old was away above the average, so it dropped to 6 1/2 pounds. This is just the average sheep fleece in the United States, Idaho going a trifle better. I can say right here that good, fair, coarse-wool mutton sheep will shear close to 10 pounds.

In 1905 and 1907 my wool was sold to a hide buyer, who made several cents a pound on it without doubt, but in 1906 it was sold direct to a wool buyer.

The lambs for these three years are as follows:

1905—Lambs \$2.50, wool \$1.55, \$4.05.

1906—Lambs \$2.75, wool \$1.40, \$4.15.

1907—Lambs \$3.00, wool \$1.24, \$4.24.

The lambs were sold to local butchers in Nampa and Boise, and weighed from 75 to 100 pounds. The average income for three years was \$4.15, or call it \$4 even up. This is counting lambs at 100 per cent increase; it will average close to that with care. This does not count losses of ewes, of which there will be an occasional one. Now, we find we can pasture 13 sheep on an acre, and one acre of alfalfa, counting four tons of hay to acre, will winter 20 sheep, and this hay land will also furnish pasture in the spring while regular pasture is getting a start, and also in the fall. These two acres, one of hay and one of pasture, will keep an average of 16 1/2, or say 16, sheep the whole year, or eight to each acre, and an income of \$4 each sheep makes \$32 income per acre.

Another thing, these sheep harvest their own crop on three out of every five acres. Now, every farmer knows it costs good money and lots of sweat to put hay in the stack.

One of the strongest points in sheep raising is they are so little work or trouble most of the time. For about eight months they will run on pasture. You only have to keep a little water running and corral them at night. When evening comes mine are all in or shut the gate and open it in the morning. Even this is not necessary if you have a coyote-tight fence, but we sleep better when they are corralled, and most of them like to go into their house.

In winter a farmer has only to feed them hay, when they have to be fed, and only when lambing has he really to give them much work; but still they are always under his eye to see that everything is going right.

People say sheep and wool have been away up and you can't make such returns very long.

Well, let us see. I sold my last wool for 19 cents. This same farm wool in Ohio brought 30 cents. We should get the same, less freight, or 26 or 28 cents, instead of 19, and we will get it when enough farmers raise sheep so it will be worth while for wool buyers to look it up. As long as we have only a few hundred or thousand pounds scattered all over the country, we will have to be content with the best range prices. The same holds true of lambs. My lambs, if I had enough to ship to Chicago, would have brought me from \$4 to \$6 net last year instead of \$3. With plenty of sheep on the farms, buyers would be here every month, taking all the lambs ready to go, at prices away above local, or the farmers could pool and ship themselves and get full returns. The more that go into it the better, so you see I am working for my own interests as well as neighbors' in this discussion. If we can ship east, prices can drop 50 per cent and still we can make good money, or we can even cut the prices I got right in half and still make more money than selling hay at \$4 in stack. I sell my hay to my own sheep at \$8 per ton and they gather three-fifths of the crop.

Q. I saw a dynamite thawer the other day consisting of a rack upon which the sticks of dynamite were placed, and underneath the rack was a pan of water heated by candle flames; the steam given off by the water upon boiling served to thaw the powder. Is the above apparatus a safe arrangement?

A. No; more or less nitroglycerin exudes from the cartridges when they are heated and this drops into the pan beneath. If, as may easily happen, the water boils away, the nitroglycerin in the bottom of the pan is subjected to the full heat of the candle flame and may easily explode. This type of thawer was the cause of an explosion in the Coeur d'Alene district last Christmas time.—F. S. Thomson, Washington State College, Pullman.

Q. A couple of neighbors and myself intend to buy a bull, the dam of which I understand has been troubled with milk fever. Is it likely that the progeny of this bull would be similarly troubled? Should we have the bull examined relative to his health before buying?

A. I do not think that because the dam of the bull you expect to buy had the milk fever that his calves are liable to this disease, as we have not as yet recognized it as a transmissible disease. It is not safe to buy an animal unless it has been tested by a reliable veterinarian and found to be free from tuberculosis.—Washington State College, Pullman.

A Diplomat.

Nice Old Gent—My boy, don't you know it's wrong to smoke cigarettes? Small Boy—Kearl.

N. O. G.—Then why do you persist in doing it?

Small Boy—I ain't persistin'; my pa'll feel so bad about it that he won't lick me for goin' swimmin' this afternoon.—Toledo Blade.

The man who is the true friend of the people is never the one who spends the most time telling them about it.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1020—The Pilgrims in the cabin of the "Mayflower" signed the famous compact.

1072—Island of Tobago taken from the Dutch by the English.

1734—Zenger, editor of a New York weekly journal, was imprisoned for defending government by the people.

1762—First school of anatomy in America was opened in Philadelphia.

1789—North Carolina, the twelfth State, accepted the constitution.

1804—Gen. Armstrong, American Minister to France, presented his credentials to Napoleon Bonaparte.

1806—Napoleon declared a blockade of the British Isles.

1820—The city of Camden, S. C., almost destroyed by fire. President Guerrero of Mexico relinquished the extraordinary powers granted him by Congress on account of the Spanish invasion. Gen. Bolivar's attempt to establish a monarchy frustrated by the Venezuelans. New England began the custom of celebrating the last Thursday in November as a day of Thanksgiving.

1840—Dr. George Parkman murdered in Boston by Prof. John Webster of the Harvard Medical College.

1861—Federal forces bombarded the Confederate fortifications at Pensacola. Union forces defeated in skirmish at Hunter's Hill, Va. United States vessel Santee captured the privateer Royal Yacht off Galveston.

1862—All political State prisoners released.

1863—Prince of Sonderburg-Glucksburg proclaimed King of Denmark as Christian IX.

1864—Gen. Sherman began his march from Atlanta to the sea. Sarah Jane Smith, 16 years old, a Confederate spy, sentenced to death in St. Louis.

1867—Charles Dickens arrived in Boston. Committee of the House reported in favor of the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson.

1868—New England Woman Suffrage Association organized, with Julia Ward Howe as president.

1870—Duke of Aosta elected King of Spain.

1873—"Boss" Tweed convicted of defrauding the city treasury of New York.

1874—Forty persons were drowned by the sinking of the packet Empire at the United States swept by a hurricane.

1875—Mary Anderson made her stage debut in Louisville.

1878—The Halifax award of \$5,500,000 was paid to Canada.

1883—Standard time substituted for local time.

1884—Miss Patti, in New York, celebrated the silver jubilee of her appearance there as a prima donna.

1880—Brazilian monarchy overthrown and republic established. Alaska demanded representation in Congress.

1890—Battleship Maine launched at the Brooklyn navy yard.

1902—International Monetary Congress met in Brussels. Sir John Thompson succeeded John Abbott as Canadian Prime Minister. The great Homestead strike declared at an end.

1893—Twelve thousand lives lost by earthquake in Kuchin, Persia.

1899—Twenty thousand British troops gathered at Cape Town.

1900—Many lives lost by hurricane in Tennessee.

1901—The Privy Council of England decided the Manitoba prohibition law to be constitutional.

1905—Prince Charles of Denmark chosen King of Norway. General strike renewed at St. Petersburg.

1906—Rev. Algernon Crapey, who had been charged with heresy, renounced ministry in the Protestant Episcopal church.

1907—Oklahoma admitted to the Union.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

The demand for farm implements is again springing up and manufacturers expect a return to normal conditions next year.

The American Society of Equity organized at Fargo the Tri-State Grain growers' department for Minnesota and both Dakotas.

In a speech to the National Grange, Gifford Pinchot, chief forester, urged the farmers to aid in saving the water power from monopoly by a few big corporations. He said the farmers would soon be using electricity and would need this water power themselves.

President Barrett told the delegates attending the convention of the Farmers' Union at New Orleans that it was within the power of the southern planters, by restricting their output to bring the price of cotton back to last year's level and add \$150,000,000 to their wealth. Over 1,000 delegates attended the convention. Ole Swanson, a big Swede, working on the Holbertson farm, southwest of Lake City, Iowa, claims that he can husk more corn in eleven hours than any other man. He recently husked 141 bushels in eleven hours and ten minutes, measurement by wagon box.