AGRICULTURAL.

Good average farms in the vicinity of Ontario, Canada, sell at $40 per acre.

A correspondent of the Utica (N. Y.) *Herald* recommends orchard grass for pastures.

The Cherokee Indians have 3,500 acres planted in fruit trees, principally apples and peaches.

Cotton planters in Northern Texas are employing Chinese laborers to gather their cotton crops.

Twenty-two breaking ploughs, all within sight, were running recently in Valley county, Nebraska.

W. H. Blackwood, of Haywards Alameda county, California, realizes $12,000 from twelve acres of apricots.

The cost of cultivating an acre of medium white beans in Canada is set down at $14; the yield per acre a twenty to twenty-five bushels, and the overage price at $1.25. Those shipped are mostly sent to the United States.

Some experiments by a number of German scientists seem to show that the nutritive value of pea straw is equal to that of clover hay. Oat straw is inferior, both in proportion of nutritive mattter and in digestibility.

The California grape growers and wine makers have a flattering prospect ahead in relation to this year's vintage. It promises to be the largest California has ever known, and is variously estimated at from 11,000,000 to 14,000,000 gallons.

The tobacco crop in Virginia is reported poor by the Danville *Times*. In many sections, owing to the lack of plants, the area of land planted in tobacco was smaller than usual, and everywhere the tobacco, though of bright color, is said to be wanting in body and weight.

The British Goat Society, of London, is endeavoring to secure the breeding of goats for flesh and milk. After they are eight months old the animals do not furnish pleasant food for civilized people. The female goat gives excellent milk and can be maintained at very small expense.

It has been estimated that of the horses in the world Austria has 1,397,000; Hungary, 2,179,000; France about 3,000,000; Russia, 21,470,000; Germany, 3,352,000; Great Britain and Ireland, 7,255,000; Turkey, about 1,000,000; the United States, 9,504,00; the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000; Canada, 2,621,000; Uruguay, 1,600,000.

A Berlin Manufacturer is making horseshoes of iron and hemp which receive considerable praise among the Germans. The shoe is of malleable iron carving a deep, wide groove, into which tarred hemp rope is firmly wedged. The hemp is so thick that it protrudes beyond the iron. The shoe is very light and is said to be serviceable.

Recently it has been shown by German analysyts that the flesh of the fat animal in every case is richer in fixed material than that of the lean animal, and though the flesh of a lean animal possesses a more uniform quality than that of a fat one, yet the poorest parts in the fat one possess a higher nourishing value than the best in the lean animal.

The *Southern Planter* gives the following method of an Alabama gentleman in ascertaining the age of a horse more than 9 years old: After the horse is 9 years old a wrinkle comes in the eyelid, at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one well-defined wrinkle for each year of his age over nine. If, for instance, a horse has 3 wrinkles, he is 12; if 4, 13. Add the number of wrinkles to 9 and you will always get at it.

One experienced farmer plants two or three weeks after the main crop, a new hill of corn in every fifteenth row each way. If the weather becomes dry during the filling time the silk and tassels do not recover. Then, for want of pollen, the silk is unable to fill its proper office. At this time, however, the replanted corn is ready to supply fresh pollen, and the filling is completed.

Choctaw Justice.

HOW A YOUNG MURDERER KEPT HIS PLEDGE OF DEATH.

The execution of Chester Dixon, convicted of murder at the last term of the Circuit Court of the Choctaw Nation, took place, recently, in the presence of but a small number of people. Chester Dixon, the murderer, was a young full-blood Choctaw, about 17 years of age. He was subject to fits, during which he often lost control of himself. He was, aside from this malady, considered rather a bright boy.

Dixon lived with his mother and step-father, about five miles from Atoka. Their nearest neighbors were an Indian known as Washington and Martha, his wife. One afternoon, about a year ago, Washington returned from Atoka and found that a horrible murder had been committed. The body of his wife lay on the floor of his cabin in ghastly fragments.

Dixon was accused of the crime. He was tried according to the Choctaw law by a competent jury. He was found guilty and sentenced to be shot on September 10, at noon. He was allowed to go home from the court room unrestrained except by his parole of honor to be at the court house at Atoka at the hour appointed for his execution.

On Thursday Dixon came to Atoka with his stepfather, for the purpose of ordering his coffin. He had his measure taken, and gave the orders for the disposition of his body without the least bit of concern. On Friday morning about 100 persons, most of them whites, gathered about the court house to witness the execution. Up to half an hour of the appointed time Dixon had not appeared. Our reporter asked his companion whether there was not some likelihood of the prisoner breaking his parole.

"If he is alive he will be here within ten minutes, just as sure as the sun shines."

Hardly had the words been spoken when a murmur of "here he comes" was heard on all sides, and there rode up a young fellow, slight of build, tall and straight, but rather awkward in his movements. Alighting from his pony, the boy approached a little knot of Indian women who were gathered about a blazing log. Without giving any attention to those around him, he sat down by a stump and hanging down his head he seemed lost in meditation.

Presently a venerable old Indian approached the boy and spoke to him in the Choctaw tongue, bidding him, as the interpreter said, to meet his fate as became a Choctaw brave; to remember that nothing but his life would atone for the life he had taken, and not to make explanation grudgingly, but to meet his death feeling that his people had done justice in condemning him.

While the old man was talking Dixon held his head down, but at the conclusion of the speech he looked up, held out his hand, and, in the hearty grasp he gave the old man's hand, seemed to imply that he would not falter, and he never did throughout it all.

Several men and women then came up and shook hands with him. He looked up at each one with a glance of recognition, but never spoke a word. About 11.45 the sheriff, Wm Nelson, brought the doomed boy an entire change of clothing, which he put on. While Dixon was dressing for the grave eager eyes watched his every motion, to discover if possible, the least evidence of emotion, but he adjusted every button without a sigh or tremor. He then sat down on a blanket while his mother combed his hair.

The sheriff then announced that the time had come. Dixon arose and walked to the spot pointed out by the officer, and stood facing his coffin. His stepfather held his right hand, his cousin supported him on the left.

The same old man who had spoken to Dixon before now made a mark with charcoal upon the boy's breast, just over the heart, and spoke a few words of encouragement. The sheriff then bound a handkerchief over Dixon's eyes, commanded him to kneel, and immediately thereafter beckoned to a man who had until then kept out of sight. This was Abner Woods, a cousin of the condemned. Dixon had chosen him to do the shooting.

Abner advanced and, taking his position about five paces from the boy, leveled his Winchester rifle, took steady aim, and fired.

The ball went to the mark. Almost simultaneously with the report of the rifle Dixon fell forward, uttered a groan, and died without a struggle.

Tattooed by Savages.

A NEW YORK SAILOR'S EXPERIENCE IN PATAGONIA.

The family of Alonzo Hewitt, an American sailor, lives in East New York, and he is now at home for a few days' respite from the arduous duties of a "life on the ocean wave." A week ago he returned from a long voyage, and on Friday next he will say good bye to his wife and little ones and go before the mast on the sailing vessel William Lamb, which is engaged in the grain carrying trade between New York and San Francisco.

In 1865 Mr. Hewitt belonged to the crew of the ship Angeline, which went ashore during a severe gale on the Patagonian Coast. The vessel was manned by thirteen men, all of whom were captured by the savages and taken into the interior. The men were separated from each other and given to different native chiefs as slaves. Mr. Hewitt never knew what became of his shipmates. He was taken by a savage named Minchoo, and compelled to carry heavy loads of provisions and hunting material on long journeys.

At night his hands were tied behind his back, and one end of the leathern thong was fastened to a tree, so that he could not run away. No knife or sharp instrument of any kind was left within his reach, and he was so effectually a prisoner as though he had been locked up within strong walls. The whole story of his sufferings while in the hands of the savages would fill a large volume, but the most interesting portion, which can be confined to the limits of a newspaper account, is his account of the manner in which he was tattooed by the Patagonians.

Almost the entire surface of Mr. Hewitt's body was covered with indelible representations of beasts, birds and reptiles. He said that the savages occupied over a month's time in making these unique pictures. A preparation in many respects resembling India ink was used, and the method of producing the pictures was to puncture the skin with the points of small fishbones, and then rub the ink on the wound thus produced. The ink thus produced a discoloration of the skin that can never be effaced.

"Was the chief proud of you after the work was done?" asked the reporter.

"He was indeed. I was taken about among the people and exhibited to admiring eyes. The young men and maidens would point at the pictures and smile. Older savages would admire me by the hour, and I was one of the greatest objects of interest in Patagonia.

"Do you know the meaning of the pictures?"

"I only know that the pictures represent beasts, birds and reptiles, but why they were selected as subjects baffles my comprehension. I suppose that I am a sort of Patagonian obelisk, and although, unlike the Alexandrian monolith, I am not 3,000 or 4,000 years of age, I perhaps represent religious ideas and historical facts."

The tattooed man brushed his locks of shaggy hair back from his forehead, and disclosed a blue-and-yellowish representation of a bird. Although the bird had outstretched wings and beak and claws like an eagle, it is far from being a good representation of the glorious American bird of freedom. On either side of the man's face is a bird that looks more like a young chicken than anything else. Lengthwise on the nose is a tiny pictrue of a blue snake with red eyes. A red snake with blue eyes encircles the man's neck. Rolling up his sleeves and baring his arms, Mr. Hewitt exhibited to the reporter pictorial representions of more than a dozen different kinds of animals.

Mr. Hewitt thinks that the inks were of a poisonous nature, because they caused his limbs to swell to twice their normal size while the pictures were being made.

Five years ago Mr. P. T. Barnum, hearing of Mr. Hewitt, and thinking that he would prove valuable as a curiosity for public exhibition, offered him a liberal salary to appear in the "greatest show on earth." Mr. Hewitt declined.

Political Pesterers.

Once in four years the man who loves to "talk politics," but who does not know what he is talking about, has his most glorious opportunity. It matters little where he may meet you, he stops for a moment or plumps himself down for an hour, and says, "what is your opinion about politics?" Or, "Let us talk about the state of the country." Political philosophers have said that this manifestation is a sign of healthfulness in a free country, and that it is a safeguard of liberty. But the man who wishes to discuss "the state of the country" is not always one from whom you gain anything, except words as empty as those of a congressional speech. He wears out the fingers of his right hand in emphasizing them upon his left hand; his gesticulations are as novel and as interesting as an organ-grinder's. But he smothers you with his words—corners you—explains to you—pulls your coat collar half off—asks whether you will betray "the sacred truths of justice"—and actually goes so far as to ask you whether you will or will not "listen to sound thinking." His words have not always the aid of grammar, and if he knows what he is talking about you certainly do not. He is worse than the persistent morning fly. He comes at you again and again, buzzes, taps at you, flies somewhat away, gathers himself together, makes another dive and buzzes again. But you can not hit at him, even though you can not touch him, as is the case with a persistent September fly. The man who "talks politics" is as good as the man who whistles at the opera.

THERE is a gentleman in this city who always most wholly lives on strawberries in their season. The rest of the year he lives on his mother-in-law

HE opened the door cautiously, and poking his head in a suggestive sort of way, as if there was more to follow, inquired, "Is this the rinktum?" "The what, my friend?" "Is this the rinktum—sinktum—sanctum, or some other such place, where the editors live?" "This is the editorial room, yes sir. Come in." "No; I guess I won,t come in. I wanted to see what a rinktum was like, that's all. Looks like our garret only wuss. Good-day."

A SKEPTIC who was trying to confuse a Christian colored man by the apparently contradictory passages of the bible, asked how it could be that we were in the Spirit and the Spirit in us, received the reply: "Oh, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. Its like dat poker I puts it in de fire, till it gets red hot. Now, de poker's in de fire, an' de fire's in de poker." A profound theologian could not have made a better reply.

Whispers from the Wings.

The sale of Sara Bernhardt seats in New York aggregates $40,000.

Anna Dickinson says she has not seen "An American Girl" played.

Mr. Mapleson's performance of Italian opera in London begins this month.

Offenbach's latest opera, "La Belle Lorette," is to be produced at the London Globe.

Adele Belgarde essayed *Hamlet* at Niblo's, New York, she did not succeed.

Mrs. Zelda Seguin, the contralto, has withdrawn from the Emma Abbott Opera Troupe.

Messrs. Woolf and Cellier are writing a new piece for the Barton-Cromley Opera Troupe.

"A Gentleman from Nevada," with Joe Polk as *Gall*, is the attraction at Louisville.

"Forget-me-Not" at Baldwin's with Adeline Stanhope as *Stephanie*, was the latest recorded San Francisco success.

The adaptation of "La Morte Civile," made by W. D. Howells for Lawrence Barrett, has been entitled "Broken Fetters."

"Cupid in Livery," by M. F. Donavan, music by Alfred Cellier, is a new comic opera now under consideration at Daly's Theatre, New York.

Henry Irving has revived "The Corsican Brothers" at the London Lyceum with wonderful fidelity to historic truth and a surpassing *mise en scene*.

McKee Rankin will close his engagements in the British Islands in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on the 13th of November, and will at once return to this country.

"The Honeymoon," "The School for Scandal" and "As You like It," together with two new plays, will constitute the repertory of Mrs. Scott-Siddons this season.

Miss Blanche Roosevelt, who has been quite ill, is now so far recovered that she expects to make her appearance soon in Mr. Cellier's new opera, "Nell Gwynne."

Miss Lillie Hinton is said to have been engaged by Manager Palmer to play Miss Harrison's part in "Led Astray," in the Brooklyn engagement of his company.

"All the Rage," is delighting the audiences at the Olympic, St. Louis; Buffalo Bill is crowding Pope's, and the Grand Opera House has "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" by a snap company.

Mr. Steele Mackaye opened the new Park Theatre at Newark, N. J., with "Hazel Kirke" and his second company. He played *Dunstan Kirke* and Miss Jeffreys-Lewis played *Hazel Kirke*.

Colonel Mapleson explains that the only trouble between him and his daughter-in-law, Marie Roze, is that she wants to sing for Strakosch, and he will not permit it without a formal request from Strakosch.

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