

THEY DROVE THE CROWS AWAY

And Then Coaxed Them Back Again to Save Their Corn Crops.

"The crow is so universally looked upon as a sort of vermin which no pains should be spared to rid every community of, that it will be hard for most people to believe there is at least one spot where he is not only made a welcome visitor, but to which he is actually coaxed and begged to return, after having been driven away by years of merciless persecution," said a former resident of Edgar county, Ills. "That spot is the portion of Edgar county known as Ashmore's Grove. Twenty years ago there had never been many crows in that vicinity, but one season about that time they began to arrive in countless numbers. There seemed to be no end to their coming. They occupied every piece of woods for miles around, and it was estimated that the colony contained not less than 500,000 of what the farmers supposed were winged marauders. It is a rich prairie land out there, and sixty bushels of corn to the acre was not too much to expect as an average yield. Naturally, everybody believed that this great army of crows had heard of that garden spot, and had marched upon it to devastate the newly planted fields, and leave ruin and famine in their wake, so men, women and children organized in a systematic campaign against the black destroyer. They were hunted in their roosts, they were poisoned, and they were even pursued by fire, the torch being applied at night to woods where they roosted, and the location of which did not endanger other property. Thousands of crows were killed nearly every night, but still the survivors of the colony lingered in the locality and swarmed upon the fields.

"The farmers of Edgar county noticed another new visitor that season—a grub that not only attacked the roots of the young corn, but also played havoc with the grass. The farmers bemoaned these disastrous visitations greatly, but it never occurred to them that the crow was among them for any other purpose than evil. So the warfare of the crow was carried on with merciless vigor, and the next season there was a very decided decrease in the size of the crow colony. It grew smaller and smaller year by year, until only a few wild and straggling flocks put in an appearance.

"During all this time the yield of corn per acre had gradually decreased, and the crow was credited with being the principal cause of the loss. The grub was still at work, but the farmers had no idea that they were not able to handle him. But the first season the crows failed to appear the yield of corn was smaller than it had ever been, and the season was one of the most favorable for corn in the history of the county. The grub increased in numbers and the corn crop kept on growing less and less until ten bushels to the acre was as big a yield as that rich prairie bottom would return and the crows had not been permitted to get another foothold in the region either. Then the thinking farmers made up their minds that the reason the crows had put in such a large and sudden appearance at Ashmore's Grove a few years before was that they had simply followed the wake of the grubs, and had come to feed on the irrepressible pests, and then the community felt like kicking itself clear out of the State. They went to work to try to get the crows back again. They sent clear to the Wabash country, where the biggest crow roost on the top of the earth is located, and had thousands of crows captured and forwarded to them. These were released at Ashmore's Grove, and finding everything pleasant and peaceful there the crows remained. More than that, news of the situation must have been communicated by these crows to others, for in a few weeks there were more crows in that locality than had been known for years. The next season something like the old time colony took up its quarters in the woods, and that fall the biggest crop of corn that had been known in the region for five years was gathered. Nobody disturbed the crows, and the man who would have dared to molest one around Ashmore's Grove would have been lynched. In four years that prairie was raising sixty bushels to the acre again, and the blue grass was back to its yield. As the corn crop increased the num-

ber of crows that made their home thereabouts decreased. That is because they had lessened the grub crop so that there was no use for such a large force to work there, and they went to other fields of usefulness. But there have always been enough crows around Ashmore's Grove to keep down the grubs, and what corn the big birds eat by way of dessert is not half what the farmer says he earns as a premium for the good they do. And there is one thing certain: It won't be well for any one who goes out into that part of Edgar county and says hard things against the crow."

Rev. Dr. Dixon and Ingalls.

There is a good evidence of Rev. Dr. Thomas Dixon, Jr.'s, power as a preacher, and his popularity as a pulpit speaker, is the attention he receives from the newspapers of New York, and the frequency with which they report his sermons. His sermons are not tame. They are full of life, and his sermon last Sunday was on the need of live men in the pulpit. He thinks the time has come for the church to move upon the press and convert it; make every daily newspaper in this country a Christian newspaper. He doesn't condemn the Sunday newspaper, either. He thinks it has come to stay, and says, according to the Herald's report:

"The Sunday newspaper is no rival to the pulpit. To be candid, I would rather, myself, read a live newspaper than listen to a dead man try to preach. The preacher who cannot hold his own against cold type is not called to preach, and the sooner he quits trying to preach the better for him and the better for the cause he represents.

Perhaps the most interesting part of Rev. Dr. Dixon's sermon, though, is what he has to say of the church and politics:

"The time has come for the church to make its influence felt in the political world. We have separated church and State; so far have we separated them, that we have practically left the State in the hands of the devil. Senator Ingalls, who recently dated his letters from the Vice-President's Chamber, gave utterance lately to the following remarkable deliverance: The decalogue and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign. Their object is success.

This modern cant about corruption of politics is fatiguing in the extreme. It proceeds from the tea custard and the syllabus dilettanteism, the frivolous and desultory sentimentalism of epiphenes.

Patronage will allure the ambitious, force will coerce the timid, demagogism will gull the credulous, fraud will rob the weak, money will buy the mercenary.

All I have to say in reply to this is that the man who does not believe in purity is impure. The man who does not believe in honesty is dishonest. The man who does not believe in truth is a liar. This nation was founded on the Decalogue and the Ten Commandments. The men who landed at Plymouth Rock landed on their knees. The foundations of this Republic were cut from the quarry of God's eternal granite. Its foundation stones were laid in cement made with the tears and blood of Christian men and women. The man who has outgrown the Decalogue and the Golden Rule has outgrown his usefulness in this nation.

The party that repudiates them had better prepare for the funeral ceremonies. In the name of the living God of Heaven and earth, I say to Mr. Ingalls, that God's truth and righteousness must and will prevail. The righteous indignation of a long suffering people is now being aroused from sea to sea.

The time is rapidly drawing nigh when it will be impossible for men who hold such views as the distinguished Senator had proclaimed, to live in American politics.

Still, religion in politics is apt to do more good than the church in politics. The church has all it can do to spread religion without involving itself into political discussions; and it is by teaching religion and not by fighting political battles that the church is to do its duty in purifying politics. Religion makes men better, better men make better citizens, better citizens make better politics, and better politics make better government.—Charlotte Chronicle.

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S HOUSE.

Still Standing in New Haven—Some Reminiscences of the Traitor.

The old Benedict Arnold house is still standing in the Fifth ward, on Water street, near the corner of Olive street. It has fallen into decay, but there are some gray haired citizens who remember it when it was one of the show places of the town. Its orchard was the largest and finest in New Haven, and the grounds were laid out in handsome terraces. Arnold built the house soon after his return from Ticonderoga. He must have been a man of some wealth, for the house was well built and the grounds were ample. Arnold was not a popular man. He had a violent and irascible temper, and "would rather fight than eat," as has been said of him. He always found fault, and the ferryman who took passengers across the mouth of the Quinnipiac river before the bridge was built, dreaded to have him for a passenger, for he always swore at them for not rowing faster.

Nevertheless, Arnold was a man of affairs. Besides his business as a druggist and bookseller, he, with Adam Babcock, owned three vessels engaged in the West India trade. They were the brigantine Fortune, forty tons; the Charming Sally, thirty tons, and the Three Brothers, twenty-eight tons. Arnold never took particular pains to see that all custom house dues were paid; in fact he was very lax in this particular. It is related that once on a time a sailor on board one of his vessels reported some of these laxities to the collector of the port. The report was made on Sunday, and the collector refused to receive it, and told the sailor to come again on Monday. In the meantime Arnold had heard of the sailor's tale bearing. Before Monday came Arnold adopted a course of moral and physical suasion which compelled the sailor to leave town with his tale untold. Arnold's laxity in regard to the custom house laws was probably not much greater than that of his neighbors. Indeed, to evade the customs was a virtue rather than a fault, for it was regarded as a justifiable method of protest against taxation without representation.

Arnold's property was confiscated after his treachery at West Point was discovered. Pierpont Edwards acted on the government administration and sold the property to Capt. Isaac Prout. Capt. Prout made only a partial payment, and was unable to meet the subsequent payments as they became due. In this way the property came into the hands of Noah Webster, the lexicographer, and he lived there for some years, finally selling it to James Hunt, a West India merchant, who devised it to his daughter, wife of D. Goffe Phipps, of this city. The house still remains in Mrs. Phipps' possession, although it has been almost dismantled.

Betsy Arnold, a sister of Benedict Arnold, lived for years and years after her brother's disgrace, in Norwich, on public charity. When she was 90 years old she was taken to the almshouse by old Sheriff E. G. Thomas. Betsy made a great how-de-do about it, and was so grieved that she lived only a few months. She was a strong old woman, and had much of her brother's temper.—New Haven Palladium.

Hon. Henry Watterson.

The brilliant editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal delivered a lecture in Memphis, Tenn., recently, the whole gist of which was that the danger that threatens America is plutocracy. "Not material prosperity," said the eloquent lecturer, "but moral right must rule the world, and plutocracy is moral death, bringing, not perhaps, but inevitably, disaster and ruin to any nation where it reigns."

A Memphis dispatch states that after the lecture Mr. Watterson "engaged with some friends in a social game of draw poker," for which he is accredited with having great fondness, and before retiring from the game had lost \$1,900. Of this \$500 was lost on a single hand. The editor tried to bluff on a "short straight," which he really didn't have, and his opponent, who did have a straight, "called" him, and down went the editor to the bottom of the sea.—Baltimore Sun.

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