

THE PINE KNOT.

SOUTHERN PINES. N. C.

Fifteen years ago the buffalo ranges of Kansas and Colorado were covered with thousands of these animals. The other day a party went out from Denver, and after a week's hunting managed to kill three from a herd of twenty-nine that they found in Lost Park. It is said that there are not more than 2,000 buffaloes now in existence. Systematic slaughter has produced this shameful result.

Tulane university, at New Orleans, to which a New York woman has recently given \$100,000, is to be the recipient of the valuable archives of the Louisiana Historical Society. During the civil war the building in which they were kept was pillaged and the contents were carried north. The secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society discovered them in the possession of a soldier in Iowa, purchased and kindly returned them to their original home.

"She can't control her tongue" or "He can't control his tongue" are frequently heard in this world where people, being unable to control the very tongues that make use of the phrase, talk a great deal about their neighbors. But there is in St. Louis a man who literally cannot control his tongue, and the county medical society is looking into his case. Botts is the man's name. Muscular action being involuntary, his tongue shoots in and out of his mouth as does the tongue of a snake.

"The St. Louis Globe-Democrat relates that while Edwin Booth was in Milwaukee this year he had a very curious experience with an autograph hunter. A gentleman called on him at his hotel, and having gained admission to his room asked him if he would kindly write his autograph in an album which he (the visitor) had brought with him. Mr. Booth answered with a courteous affirmative. The visitor opened the album at a certain place, which he had marked, and said to Mr. Booth: 'Please write your name under that one.' Mr. Booth at a glance saw that the name under which he was asked to put his autograph was that of his dead brother, the assassin of Mr. Lincoln—J. Wilkes Booth. Without saying a word or looking up at his visitor, he closed the album with an angry slap, and threw it violently against the nearest wall. The autograph hunter took the hint, picked up his book and walked out of the room."

Tiger-Slayer Simpson, lately back from Bengal, says it is little short of madness to try on foot to come up with a tiger. Though the beast have a ball in his heart he still can charge even a hundred yards, and then strike a murderous blow with his mighty paws. Perhaps the boldest instance of shooting on foot, the success of which was evidently more the result of good luck than good management, is to be found in a story told by a gallant old Frenchman named Deveria, who, says Mr. Simpson, had served under the great Napoleon, and was a remarkably daring and cool man. He was informed that a tiger had taken up its quarters near his house, so he went and took a look at it crouching in the grass. He returned home and cleaned his one single-barreled rifle, fitted a bullet to it after much trimming with his penknife, and sallied forth intending to shoot at the animal from some distance; but he thought as he had only one chance he had better get closer, so he walked up to within about fifteen yards of it. The tiger never moved, and the Frenchman killed it on the spot with a ball through the brain.

"The straightest and probably the best built 400 miles of railroad in the world," says Demas Paraes, just back to New York from Russia, "is between St. Petersburg and Moscow. The contractors who completed this enterprise were two Americans—Messrs. Winans, of Baltimore, and Harrison, of Philadelphia. They are said to have pocketed some \$15,000,000 each as a reward for their enterprise. Trains upon the road are numerous, cars good, freight business heavy, station houses fine and meals first-class."

An ex-Confederate gives the following description of the guerilla General and ex-Consul to Hong Kong: "John S. Mosby is a slight, bent, blonde man, with a cold gray eye containing no more expression than a boy's marble. He talks slowly, never gets excited, and does not know what fear is. He loves his friends and hates his enemies, and he carries his fight to the death. I lately heard a story from a Captain in the Union Army of a scene in which Mosby took part during the war. A Union regiment had driven him with a small body of his men into a ten-acre field, about which was a high fence. They could see him plainly within it, and they surrounded the field and began to close in on Mosby. They wanted to capture him, as he had already killed nearly half their regiment. They closed in upon him slowly, his handful of troops still firing. They had backed him up close to a fence, and they apparently had him in their grasp, when he drove his spurs into his horse and went over the fence like a flash, and as he did so turned in the air upon his saddle and shot a soldier through the head with his revolver. There are few such shots as Mosby, and during the war he shot to kill." By the way, Colonel Mosby is to lecture fifty times this winter, receiving \$500 a lecture.

Ducks in Underground Ponds.

Panther Creek is a stream in North-eastern Colorado. One of the sources of the creek is a shallow, sedgy pond, from which the water pours over a miniature precipice some ten feet in height and five or six in width. The pond is the resort in their season of a great many wild ducks, who feed on the sedgy plants growing on its margins and shallow bottom. Last year a neighboring ranchman noticed that on disturbing these water fowl, in place of flying off to a distance, they circled about for a few minutes and then dashed through the veil of water formed by the falls coming from the pond.

Though a good deal astonished the ranchman had then no time for investigation of the singular circumstance, and not until a short time ago did he follow the tracks of the ducks through the falling waters. Beyond a slight ducking he experienced no inconvenience in passing behind the falls. Once there and the way was clear. Opening before him was a passage three feet in width, and of sufficient height to allow a man to pass upright. The walls of the subterranean way were dripping with water, and undoubtedly passed directly beneath the pond. He had not gone many yards before the sound of great quacking fell upon his ears. Hastening his pace, he soon came upon a large cavern, in the center of which was a lake. The surface of the lake was thick with ducks. The water fowl was mostly mallard and teal, though several other varieties were represented.

On the approach of the intruder the ducks rose in an immense cloud and disappeared through an opening beyond the lake. One adventurer followed them and found another and similar lake, covered with wild ducks. Again the fowl arose, and with frightened and clamorous quacks thronged through another passage-way. Here the pursuer found the largest lake of all, and the end of the subterranean water chain. The ducks now took the back track, and he could hear the rush of their wings and the sound of their harsh notes growing fainter as they sought the safety of the outer air.—*Cheyenne (Wyoming) Leader*

In St. Petersburg the police can at any time enter any dwelling to search for Nihilists, and there is no habeas corpus.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

Squash Vine Rorer.

This destructive insect was discovered soon after the middle of July, when it was found to be working serious injury to the squash vines. Several remedial agents were immediately tried. These were injected into the soil close to the stem of the affected plants by means of an injection pump constructed on the principle of a hand corn planter. The substances used were kerosene emulsions of different strength—Paris green solution, lime water and a solution of a mixture of Paris green and lime. The kerosene emulsions had little or no effect. A solution of Paris green, one table-spoonful to ten quarts of water, proved a partial remedy, as did lime water. The best results were secured by a mixture of one part of Paris green and twenty parts of lime in a watery solution. This mixture when thoroughly injected around an affected stem checked the work of the borer. It is believed that this will prove a very efficient remedy, but further experiments are necessary before its merits can be definitely known.—*Ohio Experiment Station.*

Preparing Land for Grass Seeding.

The land intended for sowing with grass seed in the spring should be plowed at once by all means, as the most thorough pulverization of the soil is indispensable for seeding with grass without a crop. The land should be plowed as deep as may be judicious, and after lying a month should be cross-plowed and thrown into back furrows and left thus in ridges until the spring, when these ridges are split and the land leveled. A thorough working with a cultivator or the Acme harrow across the furrows will then fit the soil for the seed. The land is then smoothed with a brush harrow or a smoothing plank and the seed is sown both ways to get an even stand and left without any further work. The seed should be sown directly after the smoothing harrow so that as the soil settles down it is covered sufficiently. Orchard grass is the best of all kinds to mix with clover, as both come into a fit stage for cutting at the same time. When the clover fails the orchard grass will occupy the ground fully and remain for many years. Twenty-five pounds of orchard grass to ten pounds of red clover should be sown in such a case as this.—*New York Times.*

Cutting Corn with a Reaper.

An inquiry was suggested in a late number of the *Country Gentleman* for a reaping machine fitted for cutting corn sown for fodder, to obviate the slow work of reaping by hand. Since the appearance of that inquiry, we accepted an invitation from D. M. Dunning of Auburn, to examine his corn crop, cut and bound with a self binder, and to witness its operation. He showed us a ten-acre field which had been all neatly cut and bound with cord, the only hand labor being that of placing the sheaves in shocks. The corn had been sown with a wheat-drill, at the rate of a bushel and a half of seed to the acre, all the tubes running, the soil being rich and clean, without weeds, the surface remaining smooth and level. The growth of the stalks, which was too thick for ears to form, was about five feet high. No cultivation had been given. When the growth was moderate, the cutter bar, which was six feet long, took about four feet in breadth, but on the heavier portions of the crop it cut only two or three feet. Two horses drew the machine. On witnessing the operation in an adjacent field, there appeared to be no difficulty whatever in its working. The driving wheels were of the usual width, and where the ground was soft sunk an inch or more into the soil; and with the view of having a machine which will serve both for corn and wheat, it may be well to increase slightly the width of the wheels, as corn ground, from later cultivation, is commonly more mellow than settled wheat land. The sheaves, regulated in size by self operating machinery, were quite uniformly about eleven inches in diameter, and weighed fifteen or twenty pounds. A trial was made on a heavier crop, averaging about six feet high and partly prostrated in some places by a storm. The reaper went through these portions without difficulty when the swath was necessarily a little narrower than with smaller upright corn.

A trial was made at our request on

common corn planted in hills and well loaded with ears, taking one row at a time. The only difficulty in this work was in the large size of the ears, which tended to choke the throat of the elevating attachment. It was obvious that this difficulty could be removed by making this passage adjustable and adapted to the size of the ears. Where these were not large the cutting and binding were well performed.

To those who have employed sickles and hand-cutting, the great advantage of employing a self-binding reaper as a saver of labor must be obvious, especially for filling silos. Cutting corn in this way, raised in hills with flat culture, where small and early ripening sorts are planted for removal at the beginning of autumn, would lessen the objection to sowing winter wheat after corn. The difficulty of clearing the corn off out of the way in time for the wheat crop has been a leading objection to this course, which otherwise would often prove advantageous. Or late in autumn a crop of rye might follow the corn for early spring feeding, or for ploughing under in May for green manure. Corn land which has been well manured before planting, if thoroughly cultivated and mellowed, would not be a bad preparation for sowing winter grain, if the earlier and smaller kinds have been planted. It is hardly necessary to allude to the advantage of being able to cut up a crop of corn rapidly before a threatened frost.—*Country Gentleman.*

An Anecdote of Grant.

An officer who served on Grant's staff during the war said to the *Boston Traveller's* Washington correspondent: "The first time I ever saw Grant was when he came to take command of the army. This was at Brandywine station. We had been accustomed to see McClellan, Halleck, Burnside and the other Generals go about from brigade to brigade, and division to division, attended by a cloud of gorgeously uniformed staff officers, and, of course, we expected that Grant's arrival would have a great deal of show in it. We were awaiting his arrival, knowing that he was on his way, when a freight train rolled in. There was a caboose on the end, and out jumped two men. One of them was a short, stumpy man, with a full brown beard. He wore a black slouch hat, tipped down on his eyes. As he picked his way over the railroad tracks to the station a soldier who had been at Fort Donelson shouted: 'Here's Grant, boys.' On the platform was General Ingalls, the Commissary General of the army, and who was one of Grant's classmates. He recognized his old comrade, and they shook hands for a moment. Then Ingalls invited his commander to take a seat in a four-in-hand which was waiting. It was raining, but Grant stood a while and looked over the turnout; then got inside and drove to headquarters. Gen. Ingalls had provided a most magnificent dinner for the commander. Grant sat and ate heartily, and after he had finished he turned and inquired: 'Ingalls, where did you get all the stuff?' The Commissary General replied with some pride that he had brought it down from Washington expressly for the event. Then Grant wanted to know if the soldiers were in the habit of getting a lay-out like that. Upon being answered in the negative, Grant said: 'Ingalls, I have been in the habit of eating a soldier's rations. What's good enough for them is good enough for me.' Ingalls didn't neglect to take the hint and there were no more gorgeous banquets after that in the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. After this episode Grant smoked, and finally said: 'One more question, Ingalls. Where did you get that four-in-hand?' 'It has been attached to the headquarters for the use of the commanding general for a long time, sir,' was the response. Grant never changed his expression as he replied: 'I don't want it here. Rufus; the next time we need it it will be used in the field as an ambulance'—and it was.

The Last of the Buffalo.

Lost Park is so hard of access that the few bison still in the State find that locality a place of comparative safety. Outside of the remainder of this herd, twenty-six in number, Mr. Swen says there are seven bison of this variety still existing in the United States and twenty or another. The herd of seven, according to Mr. Swen, is located on Rabbit Ears Range, between Middle and South Parks. The other small herd is said to be under government protection in the Yellowstone Park. The range in Lost Park is twenty four by seventy-five miles in length and has an elevation of nearly 12,500 feet.—*Denver Tribune.*