

The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1897.

VOL. XXII.—NO. 35.

Romance of the Golden Bass.

THROUGHOUT the Thousand lakes region of northern Wisconsin Dave Gallup is famous as a guide and angler. The submerged secrets of ten scores of tiny island seas have been wrested from their pellucid depths by this remarkable native of the great pine belt.

If there be a shaded pool in all this region where dwells the mighty muskellunge or the fighting bass, a hidden bar where lurks the green-coated, wall-eyed pike, or a bed of reeds from whence the voracious pickerel darts at spoon or minnow, to that Dave Gallup cannot pull his client, no man has discovered it. In his day he has conducted many famous men to such royal sport that falsehood fell into disgrace and truthful yarns of rod and reel are bitter fruit and held up their relatives to scorn and contumely.

Men of well-known varacity like W. S. Forrest, Jacob Newman, Moritz Rosenthal, A. H. Darrow and Tom Prior, when telling of catches made in waters to which Dave Gallup had led them have been outrageously derided, and friends of ancient standing have gazed with stern reproach ere they fled from the presence of the returned pilgrims to the north woods. But the fame of Dave Gallup did not rest solely upon his abilities as a guide. In the region round about his prowess as a slayer of muskellunge or bass or as the successful caster for speckled trout was a subject of familiar gossip, and over the camp fire in the black depth of the wilderness or in the ruddy glow of the barroom grate such tales of finny battles and victories were recounted that would have driven the late Mr. Walton into retirement or a madhouse.

More than all, Dave Gallup was a specialist in the art of angling. From distant lakes frequently came stories of "strikes," of "muskie" of prodigious size, or of mammoth bass that gave the merry laugh to the cleverest of fishermen and swam away, carrying in their noses adornments of pretty spoons with triple hooks and gaudy feathers. Well-authenticated stories of this character coming to Dave Gallup's ears were but signals for immediate preparation on his part for a journey. Then his acquaintances would lay bets, even to the extent of all their possessions, as to the size of the fish Dave would bring back with him. So great was the man's success that the fortunate outcome of his ventures carried heavy odds.

It was in the spring of 1890 that the "golden bass" of Clear lake was first heard of in the Tomahawk region. According to the story a Chicago man of the name of Finnegan, while trolling along the west bank of the southern bay had received a strike that set his sporting blood on fire. The whizzing reel, the tremendous pull that met his attempt at snubbing, as well as the mighty dashes made by the fish, told him that he had a battle before him entirely beyond anything he had ever experienced. Finnegan was a sportsman of rare accomplishment. The fight was magnificent. Twice the great fish leaped in the air, but the silken thread-line, reeled by a master hand, remained taut and the battle went on. A half hour passed. The great bass—eight-pounder at least—was the fresher of the two. At last, while Finnegan was reeling home his catch his tired thumb momentarily relaxed its pressure on the shining spool and in that instant the great bass leaped three feet above the surface of the water, shook himself clear of the spoon and darted into the depths.

While the monster bass was in the air a ribbon of sunlight fell upon his shining sides. Finnegan was astounded to notice that his body back of the gills for at least three inches and extending in a band across the belly was a brilliant gold color, while the middle and tail of the fish were of the dark green which distinguishes the full grown black bass.

The story of Finnegan's lost "strike" was received by Dan Gallup with contempt. That part of it concerning the golden bass was what prejudiced him. In all his experience he had never met with such a freak of nature. The following fall two men came to Gallup's camp and told a story almost identical with the one that concerned Finnegan's experience. This set Dan to thinking, but the band of gold caused doubt. Next year the "golden bass," as it had now come to be known, was heard of five times, always in the southern bay of Clear lake. By this time the bass was declared to weigh at least 12 pounds and to measure three feet. But Gallup made no move, much to the wonderment of his friends.

The autumn tints gave way to winter and the spring came again ere Gallup emerged from the logging camp to accept the position of head guide at Darrows, on Kewauquesag lake. And here something happened that brought disaster to the golden bass and wrought a great change in the life of the famous guide. With the opening of the season came the last day of May a quietude of Chicago men anxious to take advantage of the first day's legal fishing. Gallup was busily engaged in looking over the tackle to be used on the morrow when the train from the north rolled up to a little station and passed long enough to permit one passenger to alight.

It was a woman—more, it was a cook. And anybody who knows about these things knows that a cook in the Wisconsin woods is a mighty important personage. The entire population of Darrows turned out to welcome her, Gallup with the rest. The lady looked over the group and then, raising her head as if to request—or command—obedience, gave speech in these words: "My name is Matilda Jones, I can

cook anything and cook it well. I can catch fish with any man that lives, can lick my weight in panthers and consequently am not to be trifled with. There is no chip on my shoulder, nor anything like that. I'll tend to my business, treat everybody right, and expect the same from everybody. Now let's all be good fellows and let it go at that."

This little speech, delivered with the utmost good nature, as well as uncommon emphasis, created a profound sensation with everybody in general and Dave Gallup in particular. He gazed upon her with a species of awe. In detailing to himself, later in the evening, her "points," he declared her to be probably 25 years old, features regular, body supple and indicative of great strength, lips thin and nose aquiline. On the whole, not bad looking. On the whole, "well put up." On the whole, "the right sort." Just one possible objection, Miss Jones had fiery red hair, and she twisted it in a vicious knot on the extreme top of her head.

And that night Dave Gallup dreamed of a red-headed woman. Yes, gentle reader, Cupid had taken to the woods. The courtship was unique, although characteristic. Dave cut the dryest cedar for kindling the kitchen fire and Miss Jones was pleased to acknowledge the courtesy. The finest fish that Dave caught in early morning hours was "especially for you, Miss Tilly"—for Dan progressed rapidly in the matter of addressing his lady love. At night they would sit out on the porch and, between killing mosquitos and telling fishy yarns, got along very comfortably. Several times Dave and Miss Jones went out for bass or "muskie" together. Dave's love grew to adoration when he found Miss Jones handled a rod as well as any man he knew.

All this spring the stories of the "golden bass" kept coming to Dave and Miss Jones became deeply interested in the mighty inhabitant of Clear lake. She urged Dave to go, but he jealously regarded her requests. Miss Jones was not without admirers other than Dave. The green-eyed demon whispered that were he to pack off to Clear lake another might capture the prize at home. Red hair was more potent than the gold band about the body of a 14-pound bass. The fish had grown.

One day Miss Jones landed a 30-pound "muskie." She did it in most approved style. Dave's heart seemed to beat within him. He threw himself on his knees in the wet bottom of the boat and, disregarding the struggles of Miss Jones' catch—he being in great danger from the monster's fins—announced his passion. Miss Jones heard him calmly. Dave demanded that she ask him to prove his love. And Matilda "took him up" with a promptness that made his head swim. "Go bring me the golden bass and I'm your'n," is what she said. "Darn'd if I don't," replied Dave. And this was the betrothal.

A blood red sun rose majestically from a dense mass of green. It forced through the gently waving pinetops, bars of carmine light and gilded the indigo ripples of Clear lake. On the rare morning air arose the song of the marten and the hum of millions of insects. Partridge, kissed by the morning light, drummed in the swamp or with a whirr swept along the banks. Across the southern bay a little craft cut the blue waters. The sun lit up the features of Tilly Jones and Dave Gallup. The former rowed. The latter held a bending rod.

The west bank was reached and the woman slowly and noiselessly held the craft in a parallel course along the shore. The morning passed. Exciting sport at other times, Dave hauled in a score of fighting bass and muskellunge, and cursed each strike. The one strike dear to his ambitious hopes came not.

For three days the couple patrolled the home of the "golden bass." On the morning of the fourth day it happened. Tilly at the oars saw something leap at the whirling spoon 20 yards behind in the wake of the craft. She saw Dave Gallup's face turn white, saw the slender split bamboo bend in a graceful curve and then, with eyes glistening, sat quiet to witness a battle such as never even she dreamed possible. The "golden bass" was a reality. The "golden bass" had been hooked. Standing in the stern of the boat Dave Gallup, his coolness all returned, played that bass in a way that sent Tilly's heart to thumping. With the point of the supple rod high above the water so that the line played well upon the jeweled bearings of the reel Dave gave the bass its head. The flimsy silk cut the water with a razor-like slash as the fish darted for midlake. The reel seemed propelled by electricity. It gave a whirring sound that denoted tremendous speed. Held tight against the punctured mouth of the great bass was the cruel spoon. Not a thousandth part of an inch was given slack. The line was almost run out ere Gallup pressed his thumb to turn the bass' course. The fish kept flying toward the main waters. Tilly saw her lover's danger. She grasped the oars and with all her strength began to back water. It saved the day. Just as the last yard of line was leaving the reel the bass turned suddenly. Then came the fastest reel work she had ever seen. The bass swam like a devil. It came so fast that Dave yelled for her to pull. She gave way and what with the momentum of the boat and the work of Dave's fingers they kept the line taut. Twice on that inward run the bass leaped in the air, once at least four feet above the water's surface.

For more than one hour the fight went on. The fish was still wary. Thrice he was brought within ten feet of the boat and then he was off again. At last Dave cried: "I am most beat." To this she replied: "Land that bass and I'm your'n."

"Do you, David Gallup, take this woman to be your wife?"

"Do you, Matilda Jones, take this man to be your husband?"

And both answered: "I do."—Chicago Chronicle.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

PERMANENT ROADS.

They Are Needed Badly in Every State of the Union. Not for many years has the need of better country roads been felt so much as has been the case during the past winter, except in the more northern regions, where the temperature remained low enough to prevent the melting of the snows. South of 42 degrees latitude the rains have been so frequent that the soil is full of water, and the freezing and thawing of the ground so constantly alternating that a thorough breaking up of the soil has been the result. Consequently the public roads could not be much worse than at present. Owing to modern methods of drainage by the use of open ditches and tile, the roads will soon settle when the rains cease and



HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL. (Highway Between Hummelstown and Middletown, Pa.)

the wind and sun have a chance to evaporate the surplus moisture. A great deal of inconvenience and loss to the farmers have already occurred as a result of the long wet period, and much more of sacrifice must be made in the expenditure of capital and labor to restore the damage done to the highways, by the hard usage they received during the open winter just past. Prairie roads are very satisfactory during dry years, but when the wet ones come they become impassable in proportion to the length of time and season of the year in which the rains appear, and to the use made of such highways during such periods. Permanent roads may seem expensive, under the most favorable circumstances, but when the cost of cartage and the expense of keeping in repair are taken into account, the permanent roads would probably be the less expensive, if economically made. This, of course, depends largely upon the accessibility of the material necessary to the construction of such highways. Stone, gravel or sand form the foundation for them. Sand and a certain kind of clay, in proper proportions form a road suited to all kinds of weather. The sand packs under moisture and the clay under drought. Each supports the weakness of the other, when combined. The present condition of the roads will, doubtless, revive the question which had begun to react from the impetus which the wheelmen had given it, three or four years ago, owing to the favorable weather which had kept the highways in repair for so long.—Farmers' Union.

STEEL TRACK ROADS.

Good Thing for Districts Where Gravel Is Not Found.

For many years I have thought that wagon roads might be successfully laid with steel plates about eight inches wide on which the wheels would run with very little draft. I never made an estimate of cost, because of the high price of steel products, until now that steel rails are sold so low that it seems as though the cost might be within reach of the taxpayers. The Illinois Steel Company writes that steel plates three-eighths of an inch thick weigh about 16 pounds per square foot. Allowing for a flange, or lip, the plates should be about 20 pounds per square foot. This would make about 70 tons per mile. In large quantities this ought to be bought at \$20 per ton, or about the price of steel rails, or about \$1,400 per mile.

With good oak planks 3x8 inches at \$20 per 1,000, about 21,000 feet per mile, would cost \$420, so that the plates and planks to support them would cost not far from \$1,500 per mile. This is for large quantities. The crosses might be of steel rods or plates to keep the planks from spreading and spaced low enough to be covered with gravel or broken stone between the plank for horses to travel on. Gen. Roy Stone, of New York, director of the United States department of good roads, is now investigating the practical utility of such road improvement, and thinks it feasible. Where gravel is scarce, it seems that such a track might be much cheaper.—O. Dinwiddie, in Prairie Farmer.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

In spite of hard times and low prices of butter, there is nothing that is keeping so near good-time prices as good cows.

Men do not enter the race with Clydesdales. Why should they expect great results in milk or butter from beefy cows?

It does not pay for a scrub man to invest in a high-priced thoroughbred animal and continue to give his usual slipshod care. He will soon bring it down to his own level.

Common grade cows can by proper care and feeding be made to exceed in profitable results many thoroughbreds, and it is easy to so treat an extra herd of thoroughbreds as to bring their product below the average grade.—Farm Journal.

THE ALL-PURPOSE COW.

A Nondescript, Useless and Utterly Unprofitable Animal.

The dairy business is far more overdone by the "average" cow than from any other one cause. The trouble is that she eats and exists upon a man's farm to do just half what is required of her, and eats as much good food in the year as her betters. The amount of milk this average cow gives is 2,100 pounds yearly, and it should be as many quarts of better milk—as the record for 1,000 creameries shows, is not over 3½ per cent. fat, when it should be 4½ per cent. If one looks at this average cow critically the signs are too often reversed from what they should be, i. e., her head is too large to correspond with her udder, and her shoulders wider than her hips, and her tendency to put tall upon her earl and not in her milk, and has ample storage capacity for everything except milk. She is a parasite that eateth by noonday, and wasteth a man's substance by night, and in the way of "fleeing the innocents," she beats all the trusts and rings combined. As a cow, she is one that health and vigor to destroy food and render as little return therefor as possible. She is a product of all the good blood and bad breeding extant. The blood in her veins is an amalgamation of all the breeds under the sun, and reinforced by the "calico-colored" cattle of the hills, possessing few traits or her respectable relations, and embodying all the undesirable qualities of her "scrub" kin. She is the result of chance breeding and the science of moon signs combined. She has a place in our later farm industry—thrown into a competition with the world and the best only wins—alongside of the broncho pony and the Texas steer. She is getting her revenge back upon the men and their posterity for the way she was bred and cared for, by boarding with them and charging up a large part of the bill to the credit of "her company." This average cow has had a sort of feast and famine sort of a life; has been baked in the summer sun and soaked by the autumn rains, frozen and thawed alternately in winter, and fed what was handiest and when most convenient, and a mixed after every other else was done. The truth is, this average cow will have to go, and go soon, or the sheriff will sell her, and deliver her owner over to the demeriton dairy-works. The man with an average dairy is in the slough of despond, and in all similitude should be using a wooden plow.—John Gould, in San Francisco Chronicle.

FAILURE TO FRUIT.

It is an indication that a Tree is Not in Good Health.

The fruiting of an orchard is the end of its culture, and everything should tend to this end. A failure to fruit at proper age and in the right season is a sure indication that something is wrong and that something ought to be done. There are a number of causes for a full-grown tree not fruiting, and it will be a good plan to investigate, ascertain the cause, if possible, and apply the remedy.

In some cases trees may have too much head and will exhaust themselves, nourishing their foliage at the expense of the first buds, but this is the exception. Generally a tree lacks plant food rather than an over-supply, and the application of well-rotted manure will remedy this. Sometimes there is a lack of lime or potash in the soil. Bone dust or wood ashes make a good fertilizer when mineral elements are lacking, as there may be an excess of moisture in the soil and drainage may be the necessary remedy. Pruning and thinning out may be necessary when there is an excessive growth of top. The soil may have become packed and hard, so that the tree cannot make as thrifty a growth as it should, and cultivating or digging about the roots may be necessary. With proper care the tree can be made to bear good fruit, quality being of more importance than quantity, and if, after proper remedies have been tried, the trees fail to yield good fruit, the quicker it is cut down and another one is planted in its place the better. Allowing a tree to overbear one year will be the cause of its not bearing the next. The tree so exhausts itself in maturing the excessive yield that a rest is required in order to recuperate. Thinning in good season is the remedy for this, while a better grade of fruit is secured.—N. J. Shepherd, in Farmers' Voice.

WATER FOR CALVES.

Make a Frame with Spreading Legs to Prevent Wasting.

Calves during the first summer are frequently pastured in an orchard or tethered by a rope near the barn. In either case water must be carried to them and their pail is very likely to be tipped over. Make a frame with spreading legs, like that shown in the cut—just large enough for the pail to set inside—and no trouble will be experienced.—Orange Judd Farmer.

PREVENTS TIPPING OVER.

A List of State Flowers.

The following "state flowers" have been adopted by public school vote in the respective states: Alabama, Nebraska and Oregon, golden rod; Colorado, the columbine; Delaware, the peach blossom; Idaho, the syringa; Iowa and New York, the rose; Maine, the pine cone and tassel; Minnesota, the cypripedium or moccasin flower; Montana, the bitter root; North Dakota, the wild rose; Utah, the sage lily; Vermont, the red clover. In addition Rhode Island and Wisconsin have adopted a state tree, the maple being selected by both.

FONG-PAK-SUK AND THE DEVIL.

Corean Legend as to How Their Methuselah Beat the Adversary.

The Coreans have an interesting legend concerning the manner in which Fong-Pak-Suk, the Methuselah of their mythology, got the better of Satan. Tong lived 1,000 years, and acquired great wisdom. The latter years of his life were spent in fishing, but not wishing to diminish the stock of fish in the river, he used a straight piece of wire instead of a hook. Thus he was able to enjoy the excitement and pleasure of fishing for several centuries without catching a single fish.

Realizing that sooner or later the devil who did death's errands would be looking him up, he changed his name and abode with each generation, and thus eluded him. In the meantime, the evil one disguised himself in a flowing Corean robe which covered up his tail, concealed his horns under a mourner's hat three feet in diameter, and wrapped his legs in curious padded stockings, so that he easily passed for a native. He heard that Tong was fishing in the Han river. So he collected a quantity of charcoal and washed it in that stream. This, of course, blackened the water, and Tong, being surprised and annoyed, went up to discover the cause. Finding the devil washing the charcoal, he asked what he was doing. The devil replied that he was trying to make it white.

Old Tong, in his astonishment, was thrown off his guard, and said: "I have lived in Corea hundreds of years, and, of course, have met many fools, but I never saw a big enough fool to try to wash charcoal white."

The devil at once knew his man, and unfolding his tail by way of exhibiting his warrant of arrest, seized Tong and hurried him along in the direction of the dark portals through which all mortals must pass.

On the way the devil, being in good humor over his success, chatted pleasantly with Tong, who ventured to ask him what he most abhorred and was most afraid of. The devil made a fatal blunder—one which might have been excusable for a mortal—he told the truth. He said he hated and feared but four terrestrial things—a branch of a thorn tree, an empty salt bag, a worn-out straw saddle of an ox and a particular kind of grass that grows in Corea—the foxtail—and that when these were put together he could not go within 30 feet of them.

In return the devil asked Tong what he most feared. Tong, being wise and experienced, lied and said he was in mortal terror of a roasted ox head and mackalee—a kind of beer.

Shortly after the exchange of confidence Tong noticed that they were passing a thorn tree, around the roots of which foxtail grass was growing, and, curiously enough, under it was an old salt bag and a cast-off ox saddle; so, making a sudden spring from the bag of the devil, he gathered up the thorn, the branch of the tree, the salt bag and the straw saddle, and hanging them on the branch of the tree his charm was perfect. The devil could not come within 30 feet.

Of course the devil used every inducement to get Tong to come forth, but the old fellow stuck to his post. At last the devil went off and got a roasted ox head and mackalee, and hanging them on the branch of the tree he rolled them in to Tong, confident from what he had told him that Tong would be driven outside the magic circle. But when he saw Tong eating heartily of the beef and drinking the mackalee with gusto he realized that the game was up and despairingly departed.

Tong's long life was due to the accident by which his name in the Book of Fate struck to the next one, so that his name was overlooked. When ultimately the complaint was made that Tong had lived too long, it took the registrar of the lower regions 346 years to hunt up his name in the archives.—Chicago Record.

THE BET WAS OFF.

One morning recently a Chicago lady named Brown proceeded from the breakfast table to the telephone in the hall closet to order things from her market man.

"Hello!" said Mrs. Brown; "is this the Oakland market?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Mrs. Brown's residence. Will you please send me a large, thick, juicy steak by four o'clock."

The boy employed in the Oakland market happened to answer the telephone, and promptly responded: "Well, you just bet your sweet life I will!"

"Do you know, sir, to whom you are speaking?" indignantly inquired Mrs. Brown.

"Sure I do," said the boy. "You're Jenny—Mrs. Brown's cook."

"You are mistaken, young man. You are speaking with Mrs. Brown herself."

"Is that so?" replied the boy. "Then in that case, madam, we'll call the bet off."—Chicago Review.

LITTLE SHORT ONES.

Barring Sketches from Life Out Among the Folks.

The Grave Which Bob Hanson Dug with His Teeth—Col. Sandy Wickenton Gets "Old"—Free Silver Question.

My good old grandmother used to tell me when I was a boy that my maternal weak past went right down here below—

diately here below—the brow band of my breeches, now, to tell the truth, I do love to see a tremendous well. And I do love to see other people eat, and eat like they enjoyed the exercise. Way back there in my youthful growing days—when I was forever healthy and forever hungry—if all the men and women in the discovered world had come and told me that a boy could eat enough to kill him I never would of thought it. But, while people, I'll be everlastingly whangdoodled if I don't know it now.

The Little New Grave. They tell me there is now a little new grave at the old Liberty church graveyard down there in the Flat Woods, where they had soft singin and slow walkin one day last week for Dick Hanson's boy Tobe. What was sick Tobe, you reckon? He didn't have the fever, nor the breakin out, nor the usual summer complaint. He didn't have any regular human disease. He had just simply bit in and dug his own little grave with his own teeth, as it were.

On Sunday—which was likewise the Fourth of July—Dick Hanson come up from the Flat Woods to see me and bring his boy Tobe along with him. The women folks put in they did and fixed up a most salubrious good dinner. Man, sir, there was kitchen physic on the dinner table that day the very appointments of which would put a razor edge on your teeth and make the salt water back up in your mouth. And there was a gracious plenty of it. Me and Dick and the rest of us—exceptin Tobe—all et hearty and quit and felt a whole passed better. But say me my! It was a sight and a show to see that boy was in and clinch up around a few sections of plain American grub. He was more than welcome to everything in sight, but yet still I wondered in my soul how he would ever manage to take it home with him.

Now presently after dinner the boy Tobe curled up on the floor and went to rollin and gruntin considerable. And by this time it was plain as daylight to me that the only way to move all that grub to the Flat Woods would be for Dick to put it in his one-horse wagon and haul it down there. They had come up to pass the day and night with us, but under the general conference of the calamity I loved it would suit me a whole lot better if Dick would bolt the convention and take the boy and the grub and go on back to the Flat Woods and hold a caucus with the family doctor.

"You know I wouldn't say it if I didn't think it, Dick, but your boy is a gone gossin," says I. "He never can come across with his load. The dinner which he got on the outside of to-day would kill any livin human in the created world. If you was to take the grub which that boy et and put it in a croker sack I have some rare serious doubts if he could pick it up and put it on his back and tote it. He is tired now and sleepy too. I ain't no doctor, and we are too scandalous busy with the crops right now to have any funeral processions from our house. You better put that grub in your wagon, Dick, and haul it down to the Flat Woods. The boy is bound to die."

So consequentially Dick took Tobe and the grub in his wagon and returned back home. And then the next news we got they had built a little pile of fresh dirt over there at old Liberty graveyard and sung a song:

Safe from the world's temptations,
Safe from all doubts and fears,
Who is "Disputin of It?"

Hot weather and hard times. That is about the only news you can here in this pleasant strip of country now-a-days. The people talk some about the crops and the weather, the big meetings and religious outpourings, but mostly about the scrubby hot weather and felonious hard times. Which that puts me in mind of a story.

Did you ever hear tell of the time when Jake Ballentine got struck and killed by lightning? That was years and years ago down there in the Panther creek settlement. One day Jake was plowin down in his new ground. A thunderin big storm come up, and he let loose and ran under a tree to keep out of the rain. About that time a streak of lightning struck the tree and run down to the ground. I never did hear anybody say whether it was a blue streak or a greasy streak. But anyhow, when the dust settled and the smokecleared away Jake Ballentine had thrown his hand to the peak and went the way of all human flesh. The news about the scrubby hot weather and felonious hard times. Which that puts me in mind of a story.

Now it come to pass in the main time that old man Hiram Lucas was about the first man on the grounds. He was on his return back home from town, and "tanked up," you understand, to about 75 cents in the dollar. He stood there by the shattered remains of Jake Ballentine, and saw the neighbors come and go.

One man would come up with a long, sad face and solemn voice, and say: "Poor Jake! He's dead."

Then another would come along and get at the dead body, and then they'd give away the news and say: "Poor Jake! He's dead."

"Poor Jake! He's dead." And another one would come up and hear a long, deep sigh, and shake his head and say:

"Poor Jake! He's dead." Well, things went on about that way for something like two hours, till finally at last old man Hiram got sick and tired of hearing the same thing over and over and over. By and by another man come up and sabin and cryin like so if his heart would break, and remarked in conclusion that poor Jake was dead. And that was just about the way many for the old man.

"Of course poor Jake is dead," says old man Hiram. "Any blame for any native born idiot—could look at him and see that. He did a most tremendous and a most death. He is dead. He is very dead. He is just as dead as they ever make 'em. But who in the hell is disputin of it?"

And that's what makes me tell you what I do in regards to the hot weather and hard times. We are more than probable to have hot weather about this time of year, and we most in generally always have some hot weather along in the summer. But who in the thunder is disputin of it?

Lige Runnels and the Buzzard. Down at Tucker's mill on the Fourth of July we had a shootin match for beef, and along with the rest old man Lige Runnels was there.

"I never could tell how it was that some people put me in mind of a buzzard till here last spring," says old man Lige to me, between drinks, as it were. "But I went to town one day and got drunk. You will meet many a man in the country that wouldn't tell you a plain, flat-footed truth like that. But I raled it git drunk. Rufe—most hellaciously drunk. And before I got home I fell off my mule, and also fell asleep in a jam of the fence over there in Rutherford's lane. From the way in which the sun swung around and went down on me durin recess, it would seem like I slept there about three hours. And when at last I woke up a blamed old buzzard was settin there on the fence lookin at me powerful hungry and famulous like. I pinched myself to find out for certain whether I was dead or not, and about that time the buzzard flopped his wings and flew off to the swamp."

With His Colors On. Col. Sandy Wickenton runs the post office over on Huckleberry Ridge. But he took a few days off last week and went over in Tennessee to see the big show which the newspapers are tellin about.

It come to pass that I met up with Sandy over at the station that day when he took the cars for Tennessee. From his general appearances it would seem like he had been makin special preparations for the trip. He was considerably off considerable before he ever got off on the trip, you understand. He was talkin mighty loud with his mouth and spittin cotton right and left. He had United States flags and blue bunting and red streamers on till you couldn't see his coat, and his face looked like a Fourth of July torch light procession. On his back he wore a piece of pasteboard as big as a saddle blanket, with these words printed there:

"If it don't get to Nashville inside of three days please send it back to Huckleberry Ridge."

The Question of Free Silver. Ain't it plum marvelous what a whole tremendous big lot some people don't know in regards to the question of free silver? Now as for me, I don't try to make out like I know anything about it, and I have now come to the conclusion that the common run of people know as much about it as I do, and we all know as much about it as Andy Lucas and Blev Scroggins know about the Lord's prayer. Blev and Andy got into a little red hot private disputation on that pint-ones upon a time.

"You don't even know the Lord's prayer, Blev," says Andy.

"Who, me?" says Blev. "Of course I know it. I learnt that at my mother's knee when I was nothin but a kid."

"Bet you a dollar you can't say it off hand," says Andy.

"I will take that bet and win on a dead certainty," says Blev, and they put the money up.

"Now go ahead, Blev, and let me hear you say it," says Andy.

Then Blev he started off with that beautiful little trundle-bed racket:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
Hold on right there, Blev," says Andy. "I give it up. The money is yours and you can take it, but by gatsins I had no idea you knowed it."

RUFUS SANDERS.

Has Had Seventy Wives. Living on the reservation in the Satis canyon, Oregon, is a tall, erect, bright-eyed and long-haired Indian who has a wonderful matrimonial history. He is Chief Tanawasha, brother of Chief Moses, and in appearance is a typical member of his race. Tanawasha is 73 years old, but shows no signs of breaking down, although he claims to have had 70 wives, and his present spouse is a woman of about 22 years.

Grave of Lincoln's Mother. Gov. Mount, of Indiana, intends to give attention to the grave of Lincoln's mother in that state as soon as possible. "I have been at the grave," he says, "and it was in a very neglected condition—weds growing over it and the half acre in which it is situated being a weed, uninviting look."

A Long, Less, Weary Day. Gus—What's the matter, Jack? You look all worn out.

Jack—I've been visiting a young couple with their first baby.—Yellow Kid Magazine.