

## TAMING A DEADBEAT.

Justice Who Was Governed More by Equity Than by Law.

How He Forced a Dishonorable Debtor to Liquidate a Grocery Bill Which Had Been Running for a Number of Years.

"Old Squire Rodgers," as every person called him, was, according to the Pittsburgh Press, one of those magistrates who set aside the law when it got in the way of justice. The only law books he had about his office were "Smull's Legislative Hand-Book," and the "Hagerstown Almanac." He once broke all precedents by collecting a debt from a dishonest man who put in a plea that the claim was barred by the statute of limitations.

The defendant owed \$27 to a grocer, an easy-going man who carried the debt on his books for several years without making any effort to collect it. He died and left his family little but a lot of out-taxed accounts. His widow turned the books over to Squire Rodgers and he came across this \$27 debt. He knew the man who owed it could pay it if he would, and he issued a summons for him. Knowing that the debt was outlawed the fellow paid no attention to the summons and the squire sent his constable after him with orders to fetch him to the office at all costs. He was brought before the squire and a hearing was opened.

"Did you get these goods?" the squire asked him after proof of the debt had been taken.

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Did you eat them?"

"I suppose I did, but—"

"That will do, sir," said the squire. "Judgment for the plaintiff for the full amount of the claim with interest."

"I won't pay it," declared the fellow. "But you ate these goods and you've got to pay it," retorted the squire.

"I'll take advantage of the statute of limitations," the defendant asserted.

"The statute of limitations was never intended for such contemptible scoundrels as you, sir," thundered the squire,



HE DROPPED HIS ROLL.

"and I won't allow you to take advantage of it."

"You can't prevent it," said the defendant, who was showing signs of anger.

"See here," he continued, as he pulled out of his pocket a roll of bills and waved it over the squire's desk, "there's more than enough in there to pay the bill, but you won't get a dollar of it."

In his excitement the roll slipped from his fingers and fell upon the desk. The squire grabbed it. He put it in his trousers pocket, ignoring the threats and protests of the other man, and he calmly took a blank from a case back of him and began to fill it out. Then he gave it to his constable and ordered him to serve it without delay. It was an attachment the squire had issued on himself, garnishing the money in his possession belonging to the man who was roaring and tearing his hair in front of him. After the attachment was served he went through the formality of paying the money to the "court," which was himself, to be held for final decree. Then he proceeded to consider the matter of distributing the money in the hands of the court. The first claim he passed upon was the widow's. He paid her in full and satisfied the judgment he had given a few minutes before. Then he assessed his own costs and the constable's, including the expenses of the attachment. After these items were paid he handed the balance to the man who owned it.

"I won't accept it," he shouted; "this is downright robbery!"

"You are guilty of contempt of court, sir," said the squire, "and I fine you five dollars."

He stripped a bill off the diminished roll. Then the enraged man lost entire control of himself and began to swear. The squire picked up a pen and kept tally until the outburst of profanity ceased.

"Nine profane oaths," said the squire, counting the score, "at 67½ cents per oath, makes \$6.08."

He took two more bills off the roll and changed one of them.

"I'll appeal to court," the worsted man said as he took the small amount of money left in his roll and departed.

**Bubby No. 2 Needed Shirts.**

A lady in deep mourning some time ago called upon the proprietor of a Sydney waxworks show and asked to be allowed every Sunday morning to place a clean shirt on the figure of her husband (who had been hanged for murder). Her request was granted, and for close on six months she never missed a Sunday. Then the visits ceased, and no more was seen of the eccentric visitor, until one day the waxworks man was standing at his door, when she came along in gay apparel and explained that, as she had married again, bubby No. 2 objected to the little hebdomadal ceremony over No. 1.

## FOUGHT A MADMAN.

A Struggle for Life on Top of a Chimney Fully Two Hundred and Fifty Feet High.

"Every time an Avenue car takes me by the tall chimney of the burned power house," said an ex-Englishman who has lived for many years in Washington, "I am reminded of a thrilling affair that happened when I was a lad in Bradford, England, my birthplace. A 250-foot chimney had just been completed, and two brick masons only were left on the top to put the finishing touches on it. Both of them were big men. One of them, a fellow of gigantic



A FRIGHTFUL ENCOUNTER.

strength, went suddenly insane just as the last bit of work was done on the chimney, and his companion looked on with horror while the maniac deliberately cut away the rope ladder leading from the top of the chimney to the ground. The maniac no sooner did this than he turned to his companion and calmly announced that he was going to throw him over the side of the chimney to the ground. They closed, and a terrific protracted struggle ensued. The workmen down below had seen the rope ladder when it struck the ground, and they knew at once that something was wrong with the two men at the top. They got away from the chimney at a sufficient distance to see what was going on up at the top, and they witnessed the frightful encounter between the two men. The maniac frequently, by pure strength, got his companion over the very edge of the chimney. Every time he did this the sane man would muster up all of his force and push the madman back. The hand-to-hand battle went on for hours, while a company of firemen down below were endeavoring to shoot a line over the chimney by means of a rocket cannon. Finally the sane man got a certain hold on the madman and broke the latter's arm; then the maniac lay quiet. After hours of aiming the firemen managed to get a line over the chimney, which the exhausted brick mason, almost 'all out' from his terrible struggle with the insane man, grabbed; then he drew up the rope ladder, fastened it, and came down to the ground, sinking into a semi-comatose condition, from which he did not emerge for days, as his foot touched the last round of the ladder. His hair had been raven black, but when he came out of his stupor it was silvered all over. Two firemen volunteered to go up the rope ladder after the maniac. They had nearly reached the top of the chimney when the insane man walked over to the edge, looked around quietly for a minute or so, paying no attention to the cries of his rescuers, and then dived headforemost to the ground. He was probably dead before he struck the earth, and he was picked up a shapeless mass."

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"THEY'RE A-ROASTIN' OF HIM."

smoke issuing from the place where the headboard should have been.

He surprised the old man, who immediately feigned great sorrow, explaining his presence there by the statement that his brother was buried there.

At the mention of his brother, says the Atlanta Constitution, he feigned great grief, and said he "never would get over it—it wuz sich a hard dispensation of Providence."

"But isn't it peculiar," said the revenue man, "that I see a stovepipe at the head of his grave, and smoke issuing therefrom?"

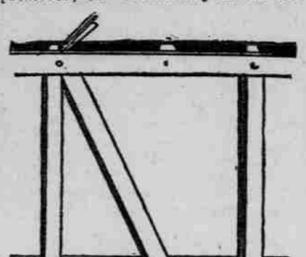
"Stranger," replied the weeping moonshiner, "he died in his sins, an' 'twuz my opinion they 'rea-roastin' of him down below!"



## A STRONG STANCHION.

It is Handy and Easily Made and More Comfortable Than Most Similar Contrivances.

An excellent and handy stanchion for cattle is shown in the illustration. The feed rack is made of vertical bars 1½ or 2 inches thick, bolted both at top and bottom between two side strips. The stanchions are made the same as the other bars, or heavier if preferred, but bolted only at the bot-



EASILY MADE STANCHION.

tom, leaving the upper end to swing freely. When vertical, the stanchion is held in place by a block nailed between the side strips on the right and a hinged strip on the left. In the cut this is raised, but when the stanchion is vertical it drops between the side strips and holds it steady. Whenever desired, the notched strip may be raised, the stanchion pushed aside and the cattle are free. Always be careful to leave just enough space for the stanchion to admit of easy motion of the animal's neck.—American Agriculturist.

## GRADING UP A HERD.

It Must Be Done Systematically or the Profits of the Dairy Farm Will Decrease.

The average farmer may think he cannot afford to buy blooded stock, and there are plenty who confess this, but where is the farmer who cannot afford to grade up his stock by introducing a fine bull occasionally? The cost of a fine bull is not so great to-day that the average farmer cannot afford to purchase one whenever the herd needs new blood. But the man who is opposed to fancy stock is usually on general principles opposed to grading up—that is, in grading up where it will cost a little, either in time or money.

There is no better investment in this age than in a blooded bull which will bring new life and power into a herd of cows that has been gradually run down. Most farmers hate to admit that their herd is running down. But it is so easy for the animals to degenerate that most of us are caught napping. The degeneration is not the result of sudden change. It comes on gradually and before we know it we wake up to the fact that our animals are not what they ought to be. To avoid such degeneration one must be on the watch.

The herd needs a tonic, so to speak, or will go down hill, and before we know it the damage is done, and it will require some hard work to recover the lost ground. The beginning of all the work must be with the bull. A herd headed by a first-class bull can be made to do wonders. But the process of selection and weeding out must also be observed. There will appear in every herd now and then animals that have no place there. They need to be killed off or sold. Too much rigidity in this respect cannot be observed. The lack of it is usually the crying need of our dairymen. The cash sales of young bulls from herds that have been properly graded will often more than pay for the cost of a new bull occasionally.—Farmers' Guide.

## Nervousness in Cows.

To most people, the cow is the most placid and least excitable animal in the world. When well fed, and not disturbed about her calf, she will lie and chew the cud of contentment for hours, and while thus undisturbed will secrete all the milk possible from the food she has eaten. Yet the domestic cow, if she be a good milker, has a capacity for becoming nervous and excitable such as the ox or spayed cow cannot rival. At all times the first-class milch cow must be a hearty feeder. So long as she is given all she wants, she may be quiet enough. But if placed in a pasture where the food is insufficient or too poor in quality, the cow will soon develop roving instincts, and will break through fences in order to get what she likes. The cow that will not do this in case of necessity is of little use for the dairy.—Midland Farmer.

## A Waste Product No Longer.

Skim-milk has heretofore been almost a waste product in many creameries. It has not been utilized to the advantage of either the creameryman or patron. Its value for feeding purposes has been almost entirely destroyed, and the farmer who offered it to his calves or pigs felt almost ashamed of himself to think he would provide such unwholesome, miserable rations for their use. But with better enlightenment on this subject and facilities for doing it in better shape, they are beginning to utilize skim-milk in such a way that many of the farmers now consider it worth from 15 to 20 cents per hundred for feeding purposes alone.—Elgin Dairy Report.

## Cleanliness, regularity and gentleness should be accompanied by quickness in milking.

## INSPECTION OF PLANTS.

In No Other Way Can the Introduction and Propagation of Insect Pests Be Prevented.

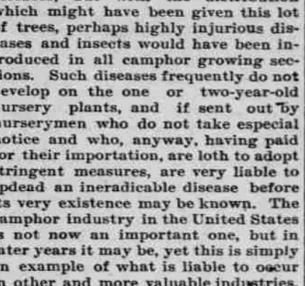
The need of government inspection of all importations of plants and shrubs and the danger to the agriculturists of the country through the present lack of such inspection, was clearly shown the other day at the agricultural department buildings in Washington, when several large boxes of plants arrived from Japan. They were opened and a number of them found to contain young camphor trees intended for distribution among the southern states. As is usually the case, the various scientists of the department—the bug men, the fungus specialists, etc.—were present and on the lookout for any new bugs, fungi or other pests. The expert examination resulted in the entire lot of camphor trees being burned up, although to all appearances they were fairly healthy. Every plant was affected by a kind of anthracnose, and mildew and a species of scale insect were found.

The camphor tree as grown in the United States is remarkably free from diseases, but with the distribution which might have been given this lot of trees, perhaps highly injurious diseases and insects would have been introduced in all camphor growing sections. Such diseases frequently do not develop on the one or two-year-old nursery plants, and if sent out by nurserymen who do not take special notice and who, anyway, having paid for their importation, are loth to adopt stringent measures, are very liable to spread an ineradicable disease before its very existence may be known. The camphor industry in the United States is not now an important one, but in later years it may be, yet this is simply an example of what is liable to occur in other and more valuable industries. There is absolutely no national protection possible under present laws. If the nurseryman wishes to import a similar lot of camphor trees from Japan, or some other more widely grown tree, and send them out broadcast over the country, even though they be full of diseases, he cannot be stopped by the government. Many of the worst diseases and insects have been brought into the United States in this manner, requiring the annual outlay of thousands of dollars to combat their depredations; whereas, at a comparatively small cost the government could entirely control all imports of plants, seeds, etc., and save growers from possible additional losses through these mediums. Germany, France, Italy and even dozens of unimportant colonies are enforcing stringent regulations in this respect, but the United States, the country in which the imports are largest and most varied because of the energy of her people, is the farthest behind.—Journal of Agriculture.

## MONEY EASILY MADE.

Running a Public Spraying Machine Is Affording a Good Income to an Eastern Farmer.

There is a man in western New York who has a complete outfit of boiler, engine, steam pump, tank and hose mounted on his farm wagon. A 12-year-old boy has run this outfit in neighboring orchards—driving the wagon and keeping up steam. The charge is \$5 a day, the owner of the orchard



PUBLIC SPRAYING MACHINE.

providing the spraying mixture and men to hold the nozzles. With this outfit it is possible to spray out 1,500 gallons of poisoned water in a day, and the first cost of the entire outfit was but \$250. This man could not begin to accommodate those who wanted to hire his spraying outfit. In 50 days of outside work he will pay the entire first cost of the apparatus, while the pump, boiler and tank are doubtless good for 1,000 days' work without repair. Here is an inkling of what is coming. A man with the needed capital and the proper mechanical skill has a chance to make some money as public sprayer.—Farm and Home.

## ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Throw a liberal amount of iron filings about your pear trees.

The peach and the plum are so closely related to each other that they can be grafted on each other.

One advantage with catalpas is that they are quick growers and stock are less liable to bother them.

Prune the grape severely at the start, and at three years old, a few bunches of grapes can be allowed to mature.

While the best land is none too good to raise strawberries, yet land that will grow good corn and potatoes will do.

Grapes may be grown from the seeds, but the fruit of seedlings is not like that of the parent vine.—Western Plowman

## Typhoid Fever from Milk.

It has been proven that cases of typhoid fever originated from germs transmitted from a well (where the dairyman simply rinsed his cans), through the milk to the customer. Milk is almost entirely free from germs while it is in the healthy udder of the cow, but as soon as dirt and dust are allowed to get into the milk while milking and handling the milk, if the temperature is right, these microscopic plants will grow as fast as toadstools on a moist, warm summer night, and will sour the milk in a very few hours.—Farmers' Voice.



## LUCINDY LISTENS.

Come, sit by me, Lucindy, And hear what I would do, Were you my little mother, And I a doll like you.

If you a lovely secret Should whisper in my ear, I would not keep on staring As if I did not hear.

And when you sang, Lucindy, Your sweetest lullabies, And said: "The dear is sleeping," I'd try to close my eyes.

Or, s'pose that in the twilight, We two were taking tea, I would pretend to eat, dear, The bread you held for me.

In fact, my dear Lucindy, I'd give my brightest curl, Were you less like a dolly, More like a little girl.

—Esther A. Harding, in St. Nicholas.

## CAPTURING A PYTHON.

Monster Measuring Twenty-two and a Half Feet Killed in the Philippine Islands.

Python is numerous in the Philippines. We often heard of large ones, says Mr. Dean C. Worcester, in his interesting account of these much-talented islands, but the nearer we got to them the smaller they grew. Finally, however, we got a fine specimen. Some men had found him coiled up under a fallen tree. Arranging rattan slipnooses so that he could not well escape them, they had then poked him till he crawled into their snares, when they jerked the knots tight, and made the lines fast to trees and rocks.

When we reached the python I nearly stepped on him, for he was stretched out on the ground and looked for all the world like a log. A venomous hiss warned me of my mistake, and caused me to beat so sudden a retreat as to afford great delight to the assembled Tagbanuas.

The reptile had about three feet of play for his head, and I thought it wise to treat him with respect. Drenching a handful of absorbent cotton with chloroform, I presented it to him on the end of a piece of bamboo.

He bit it savagely, and it caught on the end of his long, recurved teeth, so that he could not get rid of it. Then I saw a most remarkable exhibition of brute force.

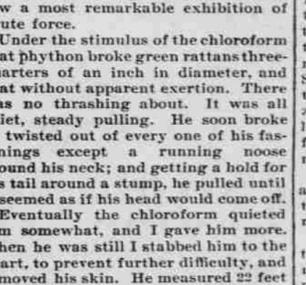
Under the stimulus of the chloroform that python broke green rattans three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and that without apparent exertion. There was no thrashing about. It was all quiet, steady pulling. He soon broke or twisted out of every one of his fastenings except a running noose around his neck; and getting a hold for his tail around a stump, he pulled until it seemed as if his head would come off.

Eventually the chloroform quieted him somewhat, and I gave him more. When he was still I stabbed him to the heart, to prevent further difficulty, and removed his skin. He measured 22 feet and six inches.

## AMUSING EXPERIMENT.

How to Bore a Hole Through an Ordinary Pin Without a Lathe or Other Machine.

You can bore a hole through a pin without any lathe or other machine. All you need is a needle, two corks, a bottle and two pocket knives. Fit one of the corks firmly into the neck of the bottle and cut a V-shaped notch in the top. Stick a pin in the cork near the top, so that it passes through the notch. In the bottom of the other cork force the eye end of the needle so that it is held firmly in place. Open the two pocket knives and stick the blades into



AMUSING EXPERIMENT.

the cork so that they balance each other. Then place the point of the needle on the pin, and as soon as it is well balanced a breath of air on one of the knives will make it revolve. Continue blowing whenever it goes too slowly. At first the needle's hard point will make a slight impression on the pin, gradually working its way through until a clean hole is bored as perfectly as any lathe could have done it. This interesting experiment requires patience and careful handling, nothing more. When you show the other boys the pin, bored like a needle, they will wonder how you managed to do it.—N. Y. Sun.

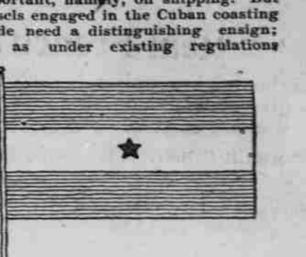
## The Pygmies of Africa.

The latest information about the tribe of pygmies discovered by Mr. Stanley, inhabiting a forest-covered region in Central Africa, comes from an English traveler, Mr. Albert B. Lloyd. He traversed the forest, and saw many of the little men and women who inhabit it. He met none exceeding four feet in height. They are timid, and "cannot look a stranger in the face, their eyes constantly shifting, as in the case of monkeys." They are perfectly formed and fairly intelligent. They never leave the forest, and have no settled habitations. Their shelters at night are huts two or three feet in height. Their arms are bows and arrows and spears.

## TWO ISLAND FLAGS.

Both Have Made Their Appearance Within a Space of Less Than a Twelvemonth.

The appearance of a new flag among the national ensigns is a matter of interest. Within the last few years the Cuban flag has become familiar, but it has no official recognition—since no power has recognized the Cuban republic—and cannot be used in the place where, in times of peace, a flag is most important, namely, on shipping. But vessels engaged in the Cuban coasting trade need a distinguishing ensign; and as under existing regulations

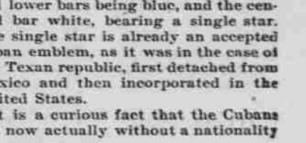


CUBAN COASTING FLAG.

neither the Stars and Stripes, the Spanish flag, nor the Cuban insurgent flag is available, the United States war department, now responsible for all things Cuban, has officially authorized a flag for the purpose.

This flag, like that of other Southern and Central American states which have seceded from the Spanish colonial empire, is blue and white—the upper and lower bars being blue, and the central bar white, bearing a single star. The single star is already an accepted Cuban emblem, as it was in the case of the Texan republic, first detached from Mexico and then incorporated in the United States.

It is a curious fact that the Cubans are now actually without a nationality



THE FLAG OF CRETE.

—they are "men without a country." Those who, at Havana, have availed themselves of the privilege granted them by the United States government to take out coasting permits, have renounced formally their allegiance to Spain without swearing allegiance to the United States. They become citizens, supposedly, of the Cuban republic, which is to be at some time in the future, but which, as yet, has no international or official existence.

The blue and white flag illustrated above is the nearest approach to a national flag for them which has yet been recognized.

The single star is also the emblem on the other new flag to which we have made reference—the flag of the new principality of Crete, recently organized by the great powers of Europe under the governorship of Prince George of Greece. This flag consists of a white St. Andrew's cross on a blue ground, with a white star on a red field in the inner triangle.

This is a beautiful flag, and only distantly suggestive of the flag of the Greek kingdom, into which Crete seems destined to be eventually absorbed. Its single star is derived from the Turkish flag, but for the crescent it has substituted the cross, which is symbolical of Crete's deliverance from Ottoman rule.—Youth's Companion.

## Baker Dropped the Case.

A baker who bought his butter in pound rolls from a farmer, noticing that the rolls looked rather small, weighed them and found that they were all under a pound in weight. Therefore he had the farmer up before a magistrate. "These butter rolls," said the judge, "are certainly short weight. Have you any scales?" "I have," answered the farmer. "And have you any weights?" "No, sir." "Then how can you weigh your butter?" demanded the magistrate, sternly. "That's very simple," said the farmer. "While I've been selling butter to the baker I've been buying pound loaves from him, and I've used them as weights on my scales." The baker said he would drop the case right there.

## Deer Caught in Bear Trap.

A Missouri man set a bear trap in the woods, and the next morning it was gone. There were no bear tracks around, so the man made up his mind that a deer had got caught in the trap, although he had never known before of such a happening. Just then he heard a deer bleating some distance ahead, and, pushing his way through the bushes, he came in sight of a big stag, with a catamount tearing at its flank. The deer was hampered with the trap, so that it could not use its horns. The man lost no time in putting a bullet into the cowardly catamount and then put an end to the stag's misery. Had it been free the catamount would never have dared to face it.