Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - - MISSOURI

MR. PETERS MORALIZES.

Ye'd like to be a boy again? *I* wouldn't, ye can bet.
I'm satisfied jest as I am: age brings me no regret.
I'm havin' finer times these days than when I was a lad,
An' wishin' I was back again's a wish I never had.

I wouldn't have to go to school for all the cash there be,
A-learnin' how to read and write and studying g'eography
With that red-headed teacher, with his frownin', lammin' way,
To spank me 'cause I'd mix Maine up with PennsylvanIay.

An' drivin' cows to pasture every day at 6 a. m.,
An' gittin' thrashed for fishin' 'stead o' keepin' track o' them.
'Ain't got no sentiment for me. I never did enjoy
The trials that I allers got for bein' jest a boy.

An' furthermore, I'd ruther have the misery of life
I went through when it came to choosin' Marthy for my wife
To look back on an' shiver 'bout, jest as I now kin do,
Than havin' it a thing to come to be looked forward to.

An' as for chums, I wouldn't swap them little sons o' mine
For twenty thousand of the chums I had when I was nine;
An' when it comes to eatin', why, it sort o' suits my eye
To know that if I want it I can eat a whole mince pie.

You fellers kin be boys again if so it pleases ye,
But where I stand jest now's the age of ages all for me.
I'm satisfied with what I am, old, gray, and bent withal;
It's sort o' pleasant to be old and know ye know it all.

—Harper's Magazine.

LYNCHED BY COWBOYS.

The Story of a Man Who Was Hanged as a Horse-Thief.

My friend Jenkins is a rabid materialist; and finding in me a certain mild form of opposition that only serves to stimulate his argumentative powers, he considers me an excellent listener, and never loses an opportunity of inflicting his theories on me. The other night, in full tilt astride his favorite hobby, while reaching round for an example with which to clinch his argument, he was betrayed into the relation of an episode from his past life that I found more than usually dramatic. In fact, so entertaining was the story that I consider myself amply remunerated for the many long evenings of boredom I have endured at his hands.

"Depend upon it," he was saying, "a man who is about to die, and has time to look his situation in the face—I refer, of course, to one in full possession of his faculties—such a man does not fritter away the last priceless moments of consciousness in futile speculations as to what may become of him after death. No, indeed; every heart-throb of the few precious ones remaining to him is devoted to rapid contemplation of the past and present, both of which he is about to lose forever. His memory and observation become abnormally active; his eye taking note of the most insignificant happenings of the moment, and his mind recalling the most trivial incidents of his past, every remembrance of which, now that he is to be deprived of it, has become fraught with new interest. Why should he consume time, now so valuable, in speculating upon a hypothetical future, which, granting that there is one, is so utterly beyond his control?

"You will admit I am in a position to speak with authority on the subject when I inform you that I myself have been as near to death as any man has ever approached who lived to relate his sensations at the last moment. What will you say when I tell you that I have been the victim of a mob—have been actually lynched? Yet such is the case. The fatal noose has been knotted round my neck, and I have taken the awful leap. I never relate the disagreeable incident—I shrink from living over again, even in imagination, the acute agony of that terrible half hour of my life. True, I emerged from the ordeal unharmed; but it was as though, in the full vigor of my youth and strength, I, bound and helpless, had awaited the visible approach of the grim destroyer till he met and overwhelmed me. And I solemnly assure you that in all the whirling tempest of thoughts that swept through my mind after the moment when I gave up hope, there was not one that had the slightest reference to a possible hereafter.

"Sixteen years ago, after an unsuccessful mining experiment at Silver City, N. M., I determined to leave bad luck behind me and assail fortune in the neighboring territory of Arizona. It was shortly after the discovery of rich deposits of silver and copper in the Pinal mountains, and everybody who was 'foot-loose' was pushing for Globe, the central point of the new district. Impeded with little baggage and less money, I decided to make the trip on horseback, and purchased a good horse, also a second-hand saddle, in one of the feed yards of Silver City. I booked my valise to go by stage to Globe, and the next morning, bright and early, I set out alone over the treeless and unpicturesque mountain trail that led to the little settlement of ranchers and cattle men known as Upper Gila, my intention being to visit the Clifton copper mines, and from there cross the San Carlos Indian reservation to Globe.

"The distance to the Gila was, I think, twenty-five miles, and my horse, proving himself a good traveler, covered some twenty miles of it by noon, when I missed my canteen that had been hanging on the horn of the saddle. As the day was a warm one, and I had been making frequent use of the canteen, I was satisfied it had not been missing very long, and turned back to look for it. That turning back came near bringing me to my death, for it added the last link to a chain of circumstantial evidence that threatened later on to drag me to eternity. I had proceeded but a few hundred yards on the back track when I heard the sound of galloping horses rapidly approaching from behind, and drew aside to let them pass, turning at the same time to observe them. It proved to be a party of horsemen—cattlemen, apparently—and, as they rode up, the foremost of them brought his Winchester to bear on me, and ordered my hands up. Of course I made no delay in complying, as his features were determined and uncompromising, and he with his party made four to one against me.

"'I reckon you've got a reg'lar bill o' sale to that there animal, stranger,' said the fellow who had his gun on me, with a malicious scowl; 'you're needin' one pretty bad about this time, as sure's you're a foot high.' My heart gave a great jump. The bill of sale I had received with the horse was in my valise, by this time well on its way to Globe; and what if the animal should prove to have been stolen by the man for whom I had purchased it? However, putting a bold face on the matter, I answered: 'Gentlemen, I assure you I bought this horse in good faith from a stranger at Lacey's corral in Silver City, and I can easily prove it by turning back with you, as you seem to be going that way.'

"'Too old a trick,' sneered the spokesman of the party. 'I reckon we'll settle your case 'thout goin' to Silver. You'd like us to tote you back there, so's the sheriff 'd take you away from us 'n' then the lawyers 'd turn you loose. It don't go, stranger; my name's Bill Fry, 'nd I swore the chap as stole my sorrel colt'd swing for't if ever I got my gun on him; 'n' whatever I be, I ain't no perjurer. Come on, boys; let's git down to th' river, whar there's trees handy.'

"While speaking, he had tied my hands behind me as I sat in the saddle, without himself dismounting, the others keeping me covered with their rifles. Then attaching his riata to my horse's neck, he led off down the road to the Gila river, his horse and mine traveling side by side, and the remainder of the party bringing up the rear. I could not conceal from myself that my situation was becoming serious, but as yet I was not greatly alarmed. I felt certain I could explain matters to the other, who, I noted, had not yet taken any part in the conversation, and who seemed much less precipitate than my captor, though their set jaws and determined faces bespoke them to be terribly in earnest. Still, the unpleasant reflection would obtrude itself that I had obtained the respite of being taken to the river only because there were no trees nearer on which a man might be hanged.

"The five miles or so that we covered on a lope before reaching the bottom land, though we traversed them in silence, seemed all too short; and when we turned off the trail into a grove of cottonwoods and came to a halt at the edge of a little open glade, I found myself wishing the distance had been greater, that I might have had more time in which to arrange my defense. Fry dismounted, and loosening the rope that hung in a coil from my saddle-bow, tossed it over a low, horizontal bough that had extended above my head, and ordered me to say what I had to say, and 'say it quick,' as my time was short. I was cool and perhaps a trifle indignant, for I did not yet believe it possible that this unpleasant rencontre would result fatally for me, and considered the 'rope play' merely a bluff to intimidate me.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I take it for granted that you are not murderers, and do not wish to become such through an error in judgment. Beware, then, of acting too hastily in this matter. All I ask at your hands is fair play. Even were I guilty, there would be no need of so much dispatch in taking my life, for I cannot escape you. I demand, therefore, that while I am safely guarded here by three of your number, the fourth man be sent back to Silver City, where he can go to Lacey's corral and easily satisfy himself of the truth of my statements.' I then recounted how and where I had bought the animal; how I had packed the bill of sale in my valise and forwarded it to Globe; and how I had left Silver City that very morning at sunrise.

"To this, Bill Fry, as he called himself, doggedly retorted that the animal was his, as was well known to the others there present; that he had that morning discovered fresh horse signs leading from his pasture in the direction of Globe, and recognized them as having been made by his sorrel colt; that in company with his three companions there present he had followed the trail and had overtaken me astride the missing animal; that what I had said about my coming from town was all a lie, for they themselves had found me going toward town; and, lastly, that I belonged to the gang of horse-thieves that had infested the Gila valley all summer, and all my lies were merely for the purpose of gaining time, hoping for a rescue or an escape.

"What could I do? Of course I explained to them about losing my canteen and turning back to look for it—I even begged them to ride back and find it for themselves; but it was of no use. They had made up their minds that I was guilty, and that an example must be made of me, as a warning to the gang to which they pretended to believe I belonged. I pointed to the accoutrements of my horse and asked my accuser, with some sarcasm, if his horse had been saddled and bridled when it left the pasture; but he retorted that I had hid the 'riggin'' out in the brush before stealing the animal—an old trick with horse thieves.

"In the pause that followed, the conviction slowly forced itself upon me, with the deadly chill of despair, that I must die. No possible way of escape presented itself. I must prepare to accept the inevitable. Here, in this lonely place, with no one near but these stolid ruffians, I must give up my life; and, ah, life was so sweet. It seemed to me then that I had never realized how sweet it was—how exhaustless were its capabilities for enjoyment—and now I must lose it. The world would go on as usual; friends would wonder at first what had become of me, then, by degrees, forget me, and my fate would remain forever unknown. A dread, sickening sensation—a nausea—stole over me. Was this to be the end? Oh, the pity of it!—the horror of it! Soon my body would be dangling here, a stupid, unconscious thing, limp and motionless—or turning, perhaps, with the twist of the rope, slowly round and then back again, as I had seen a hanging horse-thief once, long before, in Texas. I recalled every sickening detail of that body, suspended in a dim, solitary wood. Like it, my dull, glazed eyes, protruding awfully, would gaze at vacancy, and the flies would be buzzing and swarming round my blue, bloated face. Night would come, and I should still be hanging here, all alone in the darkness—motionless—a part of the silence. Something is moving over there in the shadows, on the other side of the glade. It is a skulking coyote. Will he pass without discovering me? Yes; he is moving off. But, no; he stops and raises his nose, snuffing the tainted air. He leers around till his hungry eye lights on the awful thing hanging here, and he sneaks nearer. To and fro he trots, suspicious, before me and behind, always drawing nearer. Soon he becomes bolder—he is close beneath me—he leaps up and snaps at my foot, hanging just above his head. I shuddered, and involuntarily jerked my feet up out of the stirrups, just as Fry approached to attach the dangling rope to my neck.

"Passing over the limb, not more than four feet above my head, the other end of the rope fell to the ground, where it lay in one or two coils. Fry picked it up and made it fast to the nearest tree-trunk. In order to do this he had to draw it tight, taking up all the slack between my neck and the limb. Thus it would happen that when the horse was started from under me, my body having no drop, I would merely hang there and strangle slowly. I noted all this as one in a nightmare, my mind, the while, full to bursting with a thousand thoughts and memories. So fiercely did they come teeming through my brain, that I am convinced that the human mind, at its greatest tension, is capable of receiving and recording innumerable distinct impressions simultaneously. From the knotting of the rope around my neck to the moment when the other end was drawn tight and fastened to the tree-trunk near by, not more than three minutes could have elapsed; yet it would be impossible for me now, in two hours, to relate to you one-half of my thoughts during that space of time.

"Through it all, too, my senses were keenly alive to every action of the men, and even the most insignificant occurrences going on about me. I remember how a raven croaked, as it flapped slowly by over the tree-tops, and how my horse pricked up his ears at the ominous sound. A long army of black ants was winding across a sandy space in front of the horse's feet, and I noticed that one of them was transporting a dead grasshopper six times its own bulk. It comes before me now as though I were gazing at a picture of the scene.

"Suddenly I was filled with fierce, passionate resentment and rage at the cruelty of the fools who were about to perpetrate such a terrible blunder. Aloud and furiously I cursed them. I taunted them as cowards, who had tied my hands to murder me, when not one of them dared face me alone, armed or unarmed. I dared them to set me free and give me a fair chance for my life. It is needless to repeat all the extravagances I uttered; but in the midst of my bitter and violent denunciations, Fry remounted his horse and, silently, they all ranged themselves alongside of me, Fry himself grasping the riata attached to my horse. Then, simultaneously with a wild cowboy yell and a clash of spurs, they dashed forward at a gallop, taking my horse with them.

"I felt the body of the animal slide from beneath me; then a violent wrench at my neck, and I was dangling in midair, suffocating, and making superhuman efforts to wrench my hands loose, and tear the dreadful oppression from my throat. A frightful, roaring din was in my ears; flashes and darts of blood-red flame blasted my eyes; my head was expanding—cracking—soon it must burst. Something—I knew not what—was coming—coming—why was it so long?—ages—ages—would it never come?—Ah!—it was over. I knew I was lying on the ground, and oh, the delightful sensation of ease—of freedom from pain. With a mighty effort I opened my eyes.

"I had not quite fainted, and sprang to my feet with a confused notion of fighting desperately for my life and selling myself as dearly as possible. For, in my dazed condition, I thought my enemies were still there and ready to torture me afresh. As my vision became clear, I saw a man advancing toward me whom I knew. It was Sheriff Tucker, of Grant county, New Mexico—an officer who bore the name on all the border of a determined and fearless man, and one who, like the lightning, never struck twice in the same place. Like lightning he did not have to, for he never missed his aim. Tucker had ridden into the lane just as my would-be murderers galloped off, and, recognizing my dangling form, a ball from his ready six shooter had cut me down, severing the rope that had suspended me at the point where it was drawn tight against the limb above my head.

"'Some more of Bill Fry's deviltry,' he said, grimly, after my story was told. 'Bill had better be looking out for his own hide. I'm down here now with a warrant for his arrest. He's thought to know more than is good for him about that killing over at Pinos Altos last week. That was his horse you had, though, sure enough. I saw you ride out of town this morning and recognized the animal, but I did not have time to hail you. It was stolen the day before, of course, and the trail that Fry and his party were following when they overtook you was a day old and made by the thief when he rode the horse into town. They're mighty poor trailers, the lot of 'em, to make such a mistake. Anyhow, I'm glad I got here in time. You can't be too careful buying horses from strangers nowadays.'

"I accompanied Tucker to a ranch near by, where he borrowed a horse for me. Then, at my earnest request, he gave me the warrant that he had come down to serve on Fry, and deputized me to make the arrest, offering me his Winchester, which I refused, though I helped myself to one of his six-shooters. Fry's ranch was less than a mile up the river, and, as I rode off to perform the duty, my whole being dominated by a fierce desire for vengeance on the ruffian who had been so eager for my blood, Tucker called out: 'Be careful, boy; Fry's a tricky customer, and may resist arrest. Whatever you do, don't let him get the drop on you.' This was my cue, if I needed one; and the rancher standing near by heard my instructions, which was an important point.

"There—that's the whole story," said Jenkins, after a pause.

"But how about Fry? Did you fetch him all right? Did you arrest him and bring him in?" I asked.

"No," answered Jenkins, rather gruffly, I thought. "No; I did not bring him in. He resisted—but I had the drop on him."—P. C. Bicknell, in San Francisco Argonaut.

—The oil palm bids fair to revolutionize Central Africa, since African potentates find greater profit in compelling their subjects to cultivate this tree for the sake of its oil than to sell them for slaves.

—Nearly all the manuscripts copied by the monks of the middle ages have at the end a short inscription such as "Pray for the soul of the monk Dyonysius who did this work."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Republican Exuberance Over the Rhode Island Election.

One of the encouraging signs for democracy is the eagerness with which the opposition seizes upon the slightest political event that can be tortured into evidence of popularity regained with the people. The republican organs of high and low degree are especially jubilant over the news from Rhode Island. A clear view of the situation fails to justify their exuberance. The republicans were in a minority at the previous state election in Rhode Island, but they were in power and simply asserted the right of possession, despite the fact that they were outvoted by the democracy. The democrats of that state polled about the same vote that they did a year ago, but six thousand new republicans put in an appearance from some unexplained quarter and scored a victory.

If it could only be assured that this new vote was brought out by patriotism and not by cash the outlook for the republicans in Rhode Island would be more encouraging. They held the government as against a superior number of democrats, and it is better for the reputation of the state that they have a title which they can defend upon moral as well as legal grounds. But experience enables every reading man to understand the political reactions and to realize that they go to the feelings rather than the convictions of the people. Time and again the voice of the electorate has made itself heard with results such as those recorded in the recent elections. There is little in the election of a constable, an assessor or even a mayor to indicate a change of belief as to the merits of the tariff question or a sound financial system.

It would be idle to say that there is not unrest and disssatisfaction resulting from causes which voters are not analyzing with the same care which they will exercise when their votes upon the national issues are to be cast. By many the ills that exist are hastily charged to the administration, though they had their origin in a system which at the last national election the people of the country denounced with a nearer approach to unanimity than any party has attained in years. There is dissatisfaction because some of the servants of the people at Washington are not complying with the orders they have received from those who are the real rulers of the country, and there has been an expression of resentment.

But all this does not go to the root of the matter. Men do not abandon a creed because some of those professing it prove unworthy, nor do they surrender political convictions because some of those whom they have trusted prove recreant. The evils of a protective tariff are as great as they ever were, and at no previous time have their disastrous effects been so apparent. The menace to a sound and honest financial system was never more aggressive than it now is. The wrath of the people will be visited upon those who have betrayed them, not upon the principles which they indorse or the party which is committed to the support of such principles. Republicans are united by the cohesive power of plunder and have no higher purpose than to be in power. Democracy is the party of independent thought, and when it expresses indignation at men or methods it has no thought of abandoning the great work of reform on which the safety of the government depends. — Detroit Free Press.

Republican Lies.

Every intelligent person knows that for the past two years the republican newspapers of the country, almost without exception, have been asserting that the public debt was decreased under Harrison by a much larger amount than under Cleveland. The amount usually given is $75,000,000. If any correspondent questions and asks for the figures he is given those of a bonded debt, the republican editor paying no attention to the increase in the unbonded debt. This erroneous statement has been reiterated so often that there is no republican, and hardly a democrat, who has not accepted it as true. It is useless to show a republican that he has been lied to. Lies are his daily food. But there is no reason at the present time, when he is not excited over political matters, why he should not have a little truth thrown at him, and the proof that the public debt was decreased under Cleveland $62,000,000 more than under Harrison made so plain that the next time he asserts the contrary it will give him a pain in the neck.—N. Y. World.

A BREEDER OF RIOTS.

American Laborers Damaged by the Protection Policy.

Perhaps there is no more serious menace to American institutions than is to be found in the conditions prevailing in the mining district of Pennsylvania, where the late riots have thrown an extensive community into a state of terror and almost of anarchy. The latest phase of the strike is that the Huns and Slavs accuse the Irish and Germans of having worked up the riots in order to create prejudice against the former, and thus secure their expulsion from the region. Thus the conflict is seen to be one in which foreign populations fight out their national differences.

Under our high protective system we have carefully excluded the product of the "pauper" labor of Europe, but we have thrown wide our gates to the paupers themselves, and the American laborer has no protection against the competition of a class of men whose antecedents and native surroundings render them dangerous to free institutions, as well as ineapable of properly assuming the responsibilities of American citizenship. The Poles, the Huns, the Italians, the Russian Jews come among us and establish their own communities. They drive out the American laborer, because they are accustomed to live more meanly than he, and will work for less wages than he. The protectionists who hire them pretend that their object in asking protection is chiefly to make wages higher, and Tom Reed, of Maine, who is the spokesman of this party, announces a new school of political economy which makes wages the measure of a country's prosperity; because, he says, unless wages are high, wage-earners will not spend much money. That is the whole argument offered by him. Yet in the most highly protected region of the United States labor riots are of more frequent occurrence than anywhere else in the land, and these riots are invariably the work of pauper Europeans, who have come here to be employed by the men whose solicitude for the wages of labor does not prevent their employing this troublesome and irresponsible class, because this class works for less wages than our own people will work for.

It is a serious question—this grafting onto the Anglo-Saxon stock of the inferior and deteriorated races of Europe. The men and women who made America great were not bred from that class of Europeans who supply the rioters and the anarchists of the world. The infusion of such blood can only do harm, as harm it has already done. This country welcomes honest men, men capable of comprehending what it means to be a member of a commonwealth that guarantees individual liberty to every member; but it has no place for the ignorant hordes whose instincts rise little higher than those of hungry wolves.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—"If the reward of labor had ever been increased as an incident or consequence of increased tariff duties on foreign imports, nothing would be easier or more gracious to the advocates and beneficiaries of protection than to show that fact. The very reverse, however, is true. It can never be forgotten that the enactment of the McKinley law in October, 1890, was followed almost immediately by a reduction of the wages of all workers in iron and steel, beginning at Homestead, in Pennsylvania, under Carnegie, resulting in bloodshed and wholesale murder, and extending to all parts of the country and to almost every branch of manufacturing industry."—Voorhees' Speech.

—Gov. McKinley is not campaigning. Most certainly not. He has a contract to carry out with the state of Ohio before he can give his time and attention to meeting a call of the dear people which he has so distinctly heard. It is out of pure goodness of heart that he appears at all the big republican rallies, puts up at the best hotels and condescends to talk with all the newspaper men who call. Yet the major is not campaigning. He is performing the onerous duties incident to his high position of trust.—Detroit Free Press.

—As the date of the Pennsylvania republican state convention approaches, the indications that Senator Quay is going to make another effort to "own a governor" multiply. The senator probably thinks that he will have better luck with his enterprise this year than he had when Delemater was his candidate.—Kansas City Times.

SOWING THE SEED.

THE HARVEST.—Chicago Herald.

A HORSE FIGHT.

The Terrible Viciousness of Stallions in the Wild State.

No one who has not had the experience of observation of the wild horse in his native state can form any adequate conception of the viciousness displayed by the stallions toward each other when contending for the possession of a band of mares. Their nature and habits make them muscular, fleet and strong in a degree not to be found in the domestic horse. An old Frenchman, for years a stockman in these mountains, gave me this story of a fight between two powerful wild stallions:

"I had been riding all one June day south and west of Mount Whitney and was making my way along a mountain depression leading up from a little valley where I intended to camp. As I neared the opening of the valley I heard a number of piercing shrieks which I could liken to nothing I had ever heard. I was not long left in doubt as to the source, for on rounding a point of rocks I saw in the nearer portion of the valley two large wild stallions fighting like mad. Beyond them was a small band of wild horses quietly grazing as if indifferent to the struggle.

"The wild horses did not observe me, and as I was to the leeward of them they caught no scent of my presence. The horses were rearing, plunging, striking, kicking and biting, whirling about and coming together with terrible force. Then they would rear and bring down their fore feet upon each other's heads, necks and bodies with such force that the blows and snorts accompanying them could be heard for hundreds of yards. Fighting at close quarters, they would seize each other with their powerful jaws and hang on like bulldogs, frequently breaking their holds only when the flesh gave way. Then, whirling quickly, they would deliver a number of kicks in such quick succession that neither of them could avoid the terrible punishment thus inflicted. The favorite point of attack in biting seemed to be the withers, and once a good hold was secured I noticed that the bitten horse would wince and almost sink to the ground. Sometimes they would lower their heads and bite viciously at each other's forelegs, apparently trying to get a hold on the leg just at the joint above the hoof. One of them gained such a hold and threw his opponent to the ground, but as the hold was broken in the throw the unfortunate was soon on his feet. After fighting for some time each of the contestants was covered with blood, which poured from wounds on neck and body, as well as from mouth and nostrils.

"A terrific kick on the body finally sent one of the horses tottering away, when the other, seeing the advantage, renewed the fighting with increased vigor and soon kicked his opponent into helplessness. The band of mares had disappeared. The victory had cost the conqueror all too dearly, as he was bleeding quite perceptibly at the nostrils as he walked away. I shot the defeated to put him out of his misery, as I found upon examination that two or more of his ribs had been broken, the pieces of which were protruding. I could have lassoed the victor, but did not care for so vicious an animal, besides his being so injured in the fight as to render him valueless."—San Francisco Chronicle.

BEES IN INDIA.

Serious Obstacles to Hunting in the Terai Forest.

Among the living things of the Terai forest were some that we could very well have dispensed with—the bees, to-wit. Ordinarily they were harmless enough, or, at the worst, only became aggressive when their hives were disturbed, but then, as many hives were attached to low branches of the denser cover or to the trailing cane, it was no extraordinary occurrence for the elephants, in beating a jungle, to very much disturb several families of these insects, and then it was often enough a case of sauve qui peut.

For a time during one, if not two, of my Terai expeditions, the bees did not wait for any provocation whatever; they swarmed down from their hives in the upper branches of trees, and attacked us simply because we were in sight; and some trees carried hives (black and crawling on the surface, and each three or four feet in depth) enough to set up an extensive apiary, say from twenty to thirty. One day they fairly beat us out of the field. Jacky Hills, Combe Benson, and I were carried off in different directions, and by a singular consensus of opinion we came together again, not at the cover-side, but in our camp. That day the bees would not leave us alone; wherever we went one lot of attackers followed, or a new lot relieved them.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Facts About Postage Stamps.

Postage stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards are now all made by contract, none of the work being done in Washington. At each factory inspectors are stationed, who must exercise strict oversight of the whole business, from the taking in of the blank paper to the sending out of the finished product upon requisitions from postmasters, all of which pass through the department at Washington. Every sheet of paper must be accounted for, and if a single stamp be imperfect or imperfectly printed the whole sheet containing the defective stamp must be sent to Washington for examination and destruction. From three to five millions of stamps are thus sent to Washington every week, where they are carefully counted, checked off and burned.—Blue and Gray.

Hazardous Either Way.

He—You can't very well have a headache five days ahead, so just say we have an engagement.

She—But that will be plain fibbing.

He—It's no more fibbing than to say that we accept with pleasure, and no more likely to be found out, for I should hate awfully to go, as I am sure that I couldn't conceal my feelings.—Harper's Magazine.

Looking Ahead.

Willie—Mamma, may I have some of these green candies?"

Mamma—No, Willie; they would not be good for you now.

Willie—Then I won't eat them now, mamma; I'll put them away until they get red and ripe.—Harper's Young People.

A Big Dose.

"Miss Pipkin looks bad. What's the matter?"

"She swallowed her pride, and has indigestion in consequence."—Hallo.

PITH AND POINT.

—"Do you think you will enjoy the opera when it will be all in French?" Mrs. Smallpay—"You silly boy! Don't all the people in the boxes talk English?"—Inter-Ocean.

—Father—"Is the girl you are going to marry economical?" Son (enthusiastically)—"I should say so. Last year she spent five hundred dollars in bargains."—Brooklyn Life.

—How we would enjoy the rapture
Of our earliest callow love,
Could we its bliss recapture
Less the foolishness thereof!

—Puck.

—"I hear your son has become an actor; how is he getting on?" "Very well indeed. He began as a corpse, and now he has already advanced to the role of a ghost."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Slyboy—"Well, good-day, Charley; drop in and see me some time when you haven't anything else to do." Charley—"But I'm always busy." Slyboy—"Yes; I knew you were."—Boston Courier.

—Mamma—"Oh, I am terribly worried about Robbie." Papa—"What is wrong with him now; some simple little ailment?" Mamma—"No; he has washed his face twice without being told."—Inter-Ocean.

—Mrs. Mulligan—"Yer wages is twinty cints short this wake, Moike." Mr. Mulligan—"Yis, Mary Ann. The boss docked me for the time I wuz asking for a raise in me wages."—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

—"Do you think," said Willie Wishington, "that it actually hurts a man to be hit with one of Cupid's arrows?" "No," replied Belle Pepperton. "As a rule, he merely becomes senseless for a time."—Washington Star.

—The Aunt—"I think Sibyl's conduct is outrageous. She is flirting disgracefully, and only just buried her husband!" The Niece—"That's not very bad. Some of us would not wait that long."—Harlem Life.

—Mother—"To think that my little Ethel should have spoken so impertinently to papa to-day at dinner! She never hears me talk that way to him." Ethel (stoutly)—"Well, you choosed him, and I didn't."—Brooklyn Life.

—"Men who eat beef become very beefy," said Dawson, "and so on. Man takes on the attributes of what he eats." "Stop moralizing, and order the lunch," said Sappy. "All right," said Dawson. "What do you eat? veal?"—Harper's Bazar.

—Not a Professional.—Walker Turnpike—"I wuz readin' in a pape' this morn' that there's a swell young man in New York that always takes a bath before eatin'." Willie Werk—"How holler he'd be, Brother Walker, if he had our job."—Detroit Free Press.

—"This," said the attendant as he led the way through the incurable ward, "is one of the worst cases we have. He was once a newspaper man." "But what is his hallucination?" asked the visitor anxiously. "He thinks he has money," answered the attendant sadly.—Brooklyn Life.

—Clubberly—"I am in a terrible pickle, I ordered some roses sent to a girl and the florist made a mistake and sent them C. O. D." Castleton—"That's easily fixed. Why don't you go around and explain it to the girl?" Clubberly—"Not much. She might want the money."—Brooklyn Life.

—Watts—"Tebson must be awfully afraid of his wife. He is always telling us how she will give him fits if he doesn't hurry home." Potts—"That's the best sign in the world that he is not afraid of her at all. The man who is bossed by his wife never says a word about it."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"I didn't know yo' could read, Bre'r Downey." Downey (apparently much interested in his paper)—"Oh, yes, I'se read ebber since I wuz er boy." "Den how comes it you'se readin' dat paper upside down?" "I always reads dat way, Bre'r Downey; den I'se gets at de bottom ob de fac's widout habing ter read down de whole column."—Harlem Life.

HE WAS A "SUCKER."

Bald-Headed Man from the Country Disappointed in the Opera.

The man sitting next to him noticed that the bald-headed person with the red necktie was getting decidedly nervous.

Presently, in the middle of a magnificent quintet, the bald-headed man turned round and said:

"Say!"

"Well?" was the reply, accompanied by a hardly concealed frown. A lover of opera hates interruption as Satan loves good.

"What kind of a show is this, anyway?"

"This? Why, this is——" The singing was so beautiful just then that he stopped and whispered "Hush!—Sh!"

The other went on:

"Ain't there no comic song coming along presently?"

For answer there was a shake of the head.

"Nobody get into a sawmill and escape by the skin of his teeth?"

"No."

"No horse race?"

"No."

"When does the song-and-dance act come on? Say, ain't there any laughs in this thing, anywhere? Gee, but I reckon I struck the wrong gate altogether! I come in town to-day and asked a feller what was the best show in town and he told me this was it. And I've been sitting here an hour an' they ain't done a thing but shout and weep and run around like beetles trying to turn right side up. 'Tain't like any show ever I seen! Whatever is it, anyway?"

But the other man had moved away to where he could hear the music without interruption. The bald-headed man hailed an usher.

"Any Amazons' march in this?" he asked. The usher shook his head.

"Any Midway Plaisance dancing?"

"No!"

"Well, then, blame the luck," said the bald-headed man, reaching for his hat. "I guess I'm a sucker!"—Chicago Tribune.

His Regrets and Thanks.

Perhaps the worst embarrassments of children come when they begin to receive formal invitations and have to answer them. Young Jimmy, for instance, was much grieved when, after he had struggled for an hour with this reply to an invitation, his mother actually laughed at it:

"Mrs. James Northup declines with pleasure Miss Dorothy Huntington's invitation for the 23d, and thanks her extremely for having given him the opportunity to do so."—Boston Transcript.