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THE ANACONDA STANDARD.

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ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 17, 1892.

STORIES OF LIFE

A SIOUX "SUBURBAN"—A BATCH OF GOOD YARNS AND TRUE TALES.

Written for the Standard.

SOME years ago I witnessed an exciting horse race at the Spotted Tail Indian agency in Nebraska. It was a noted event, and caused as much interest among the Indians as the Sheepshead Suburban does among American lovers of the turf.

The Sioux Indians were then divided into two bands. The Ogallallahs, under Spotted Tail, had their agency near Camp Robinson, while the Brules and kindred tribes, under the chieftainship of Red Cloud, were stationed some 20 miles distant.

Spotted Tail was a thorough sport, and in his contact with white men had imbibed enough civilization that enabled him to play a good hand at poker. He was an inveterate gambler and soon gained the reputation of being the best short card player on the agency. He also was very fond of horse racing. Spotted Tail owned a pony, a mouse-colored animal, that he had stolen in one of his raids against the Comanches of Northern Texas, some years previously. This pony was named Comanche, and though an awkward-looking animal, was very fast. Spotted Tail had so often raced this pony and won so many races that it was difficult for him to get up a match, as Comanche was conceded to be the fastest pony on the Spotted Tail agency. Old "Spot" became so elated over his numerous victories that he issued a challenge to race Comanche against any pony in the entire Sioux nation, but for a time met with no acceptance of the challenge.

At the Red Cloud agency Lone Wolf, a blanket chief, owned a pony named Antelope that was speedy. As Antelope had beaten everything it had run against on the Red Cloud agency Lone Wolf decided to accept Spotted Tail's challenge and race him "for stuff." So a match was made between Comanche and Antelope, the two fastest ponies on their respective agencies.

It was agreed to have the race run at the Spotted Tail agency. Spotted Tail sent out a cordial invitation to the Red Cloud Indians to come and visit his people as guests, assuring them they would be well treated. He also told his invited guests "to bring all the blankets and deer skins they wanted to wager on the race, as the Spotted Tail Indians would cover all their bets." The Red Cloud Indians accepted the invitation and went fully prepared to back their favorite pony, Antelope.

The race course was laid out on the level prairie, close to the agency store. An army officer paced off a quarter of a mile, and a high pole was erected to mark the distance. The two ponies were to start from a line, turn the pole and then back to the starting point, making the distance run a full half mile. A judge was appointed to stand at the quarter-mile pole and see that the ponies turned it fairly. Two judges stood at the starting point to see that the ponies started even and to decide the finish of the race. An Indian acted as starter.

An army officer, who had bet some money with the agent on the race, wanted to take the time the ponies would make, but the Indians would not allow this, claiming that it would be "bad medicine" for the ponies, as they would loose their speed should their running time be taken.

The Indians made their wagers, mostly in blankets and deerskins. A buck would sit down by his pile of goods and name his favorite, while his opponent would place at the side a bundle of goods equal in value. When the race was over the winner would take all the goods. There was no bookmaking, and poolselling and mutuals were unknown.

At last all bets were satisfactorily made, and preparations for the race began. The ponies were brought out onto the track. Antelope was ridden by a son of Lone Wolf, while Comanche was ridden by an Indian boy who bore the striking name of No Shirt. The name was appropriate, as the little 90-pound jockey was stripped to the buff, and only wore a small breechclout. Saddles were barred, and only a small blanket and a wide buckskin surcingle used. The ponies were lined up even to the starting point and the starter took his place near the line.

In a moment the starter dropped the blanket and the ponies sprang forward like a shot. Down the track they ran, the little, nearly naked jockeys bouncing on the ponies' backs like jumping jacks and whipping their horses as hard as they could, while the Indian spectators standing along the edge of the track yelled like demons. The ponies seemed to be evenly matched and appeared to be running a dead heat. They turned the quarter pole stretch neck and neck, and were coming down the home stretch on a dead run. When within 100 feet of the finish No Shirt, who was the best jockey, leaned over sideways as far as he could, and, at the peril of breaking his neck, hit Antelope over the nose two or three times with his whip. The horse drew back to avoid punishment and Comanche shot ahead and came over the line a length ahead.

But the judges decided that it was no race, as Comanche's jockey had resorted to unfair means to win. A new race was ordered and a new jockey placed on Comanche.

The close finish of the heat had only served to nerve the sports to higher betting, and the Spotted Tail Indians offered odds on Comanche, so confident were they of his winning; but the Red Cloud Indians were thoroughbreds and took all the bets. The second heat was a fair and square one, each jockey doing his best to win, but fortune favored the shorts, and Antelope crossed the line a winner by a nose.

A howl went up from the Spotted Tail Indians; Comanche had been beaten, and the Red Cloud Indians had scooped in the stuff. The Red Clouds gathered up the blankets, etc., won on the race and were happy, while the Spotted Tail Indians were disgusted and flat broke.

Old Spotted Tail was a heavy loser, as he had backed Comanche for all his stuff; but he did not kick over his losses, bearing them like a philosopher, and only said: "My horse heap fast; some horse heap faster." SID.

Anaconda, July 12.

CIGARETTES DON'T GO.

"I'VE HEARD a great many harsh things said against the cigarette," he continued, "but I ran across a pointer in Cheyenne the other day which showed that it is continually branching out in new lines of wickedness. One of the biggest gambling saloons in Cheyenne has a sign prominently displayed which says that cigarette smoking is prohibited. I inferred that this was merely a scheme to suppress the dude and his pestiferous nuisance, but a friend told me that this was not the object of the prohibition. 'A fellow came out here from Chicago a while ago,' he said, 'and within two weeks he and his partner had scooped in the ready money of about half the sports of the town. Then somebody noticed that the stranger always smoked cigarettes, and this led to the posting of that notice.'

"'Looked on the cigarette as a sort of hoodo, eh?' I asked.

"'Oh, no,' he replied, 'not at all. But one of the onlookers made a discovery one night which caused the cigarette fiend to leave town in a hurry. After he left it was learned that he had so marked the backs of the cards with nicotine stains from his cigarettes that his partner could readily tell them across the table. It was a brace game and a good one, but cigarettes don't go in Cheyenne now.'"—*Chicago Mail.*

THE CORPSE.

THOMAS KELLY, a colored man, disappointed a large audience in Chester, Pa., the other day by refusing to be buried when the audience was ready to bury him. He had been picked up for dead on a wharf the night before and had been tenderly removed to the coroner's office to await an inquest and a funeral. When the undertaker came around the next day he had the corpse put in an ice box, while he went for a hearse and some mourners, and the preparations for sepulture were nearly completed when Mr. Kelly kicked the lid from the box, got up and asked for his overcoat. Instead of giving the corpse its overcoat, the Brooklyn *Eagle* says, the coroner and other officials took to their heels, not that they were averse to granting the dead man's request, but that it was not in the usual order of things for dead men to make requests.

Presently Mr. Kelly climbed out of the box and in plaintive language punctuated with hiccoughs, went about town complaining of the indignities to which he had been subjected and also of headache. At last accounts he was still wandering around Chester terryfying people by these remarks and creating a strong sentiment in favor of his recapture and burial. A pretty state of things Mr. Kelly is trying to establish! If he has a spark of consideration for the feelings of his fellows and the fees of the coroner, he will go back to the undertaker and ask him to finish the work that he had begun. His refusal to be put into his coffin is a direct reflection upon the acumen of the police and the personal qualifications of the coroner, and, again, if his example should be followed to any extent, it would create no end of confusion and lead to a vast amount of trouble with wills. Mr. Kelly should submit to be buried.

WHAT NOT TO LOSE.

Don't lose courage, spirit brave
Carry with you to the grave.

Don't lose time in vain distress;
Work, not worry, brings success.

Don't lose hope; who lets her stray
Goes forlornly all the way.

Don't lose patience, come what will
Patience oftime outruns skill.

Don't lose gladness; every hour
Blooms for you some happy flower.

Though be foiled your dearest plan,
Don't lose faith in God and man.
—*Womankind.*

PLAINLY HER LAST RESORT.

IN the great stream of human kind that constantly surges to and fro about the Brooklyn bridge occurs many a pathetic scene. One of them attracted not a little attention from the crowd that pushed and scrambled from the stairways during the rush hours the other afternoon, says the New York *Commercial*. A trim little old woman with a motherly face and rusty but scrupulously neat black garb wandered sadly back and forth, leading by a short chain a handsome Irish setter dog. About his neck was a pretty little silver collar, and from it hung the mute advertisement "for sale." The dog clung closely to his mistress, his great brown eyes at times turning to her appealingly, as though he knew why they were there and was pleading to be taken home. Every line of the sweet old face, the tidy dress, with its neat patches here and there, and the faded shawl, a relic of better times, spoke with eloquence of refinement in the past that illy fitted her for the hard buffets of unkind fortune in her last days. Many a sympathetic glance was bestowed on her as the great throng hurried by, but no purchaser for her dog stopped to burden her purse at the expense, as was evident from the loving carress she occasionally bestowed on her friend, of her affections.

STORIES OF MISERS.

OCCASIONALLY men have become miserly from good motives, as did an Italian physician, who denied himself the common necessaries of life, and, when he died, was mourned by none until his will was read, when it was found that he had left his entire fortune to be expended in bringing water from the mountains to his native village. So, also, when Bethlehem hospital was built, an east end miser gave a donation of £100. When a collector called for the amount he was found scolding a servant for throwing away a match which had not been burned at both ends. Misers are not confined to one class of the community, but have been, at least, as common to the higher ranks as to the lower. John Churchill, first duke of Marlborough, was the greatest soldier in Europe. Yet, when he was an old man, in order to save 6d from carriage hire, he would walk from the public rooms in Bath to his hotel in all kinds of weather. He died worth £1,000,000, which reverted to his bitterest enemy, his grandson, Lord Trevors.

Sir Harvey Elwes, of Stoke, in Suffolk, next to hoarding money, found his principal pleasure in netting partridges. He and his household, consisting of one man and two maids, lived upon these. In cold or wet weather, Sir Harvey would walk up and down his hall to save fire. His clothes cost him nothing, for he ransacked old chests and wardrobes, and wore those of his ancestors. When he died, the only tear shed was by his servant, to whom he left a farm, value £50 per annum. The whole of his property was left to his nephew, John Maggott, who thus inherited real and personal estate worth $250,000 on condition that he should assume the name and arms of Elwes. Of this man, who is better known as John Elwes, the miser, the following story is told: His nephew, Colonel Timms, visited him at Marcham, and, after retiring to rest, found himself wet through. Finding that the rain was dripping through the ceiling, he moved the bed. He had not remained long before the same inconvenience again occurred.

Again he rose and again the rain came down. After pushing the bed quite around the room he found a corner where the ceiling was better secured and slept until morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast he told him what had happened. "Aye, aye," said Mr. Elwes, "I don't mind it myself, but to those who do, that's a nice corner in the rain." Mr. and Miss Dancer are reputed the most notorious misers of the eighteenth century. The manner in which this couple were found, after death, to have disposed of their wealth was even more strange than could have been their methods of acquiring it. The total value was £20,000, which was thus disposed of—£2,500 was found under a dunghill; £500 in an old coat nailed in the manger in the stable; £600 in notes were hidden away in an old teapot; the chimney yielded £2,000, stowed in nineteen separate crevices. Several jugs filled with coins were secreted in the stable.

THE REASON FOR IT.

SHE half rose from her seat, glanced toward the rear of the open car, and, raising her parasol, signaled to the conductor on the rear platform that she desired to have the car stopped at the next corner. As it slowed she stood up and stepped to the side, shifting her parasol from the right hand to the left and grasping the arm of the seat with the disengaged right. The conductor ran along the footboard to the side to assist her, but she did not wait for him. She stepped down while the car was in motion, and when the car stopped with a slight jerk she had her left foot on the pavement.

She had kept hold of the arm, and was about to release it and put down the other foot, while facing to the rear, when the jerk threw her off her balance. The conductor grasped her arm and prevented her from falling. She smiled her thanks and stepped away.

"There's another," the conductor remarked to a serene and observant individual at the end of the next seat. "A woman never gets off a car while facing the right; at least I've never seen one. If she'll wait till the car stops it's all right; if not, it's all wrong."

"It isn't her fault," the individual remarked.

"Huh!"

"No. It's the fault of the car, or the company, I mean."

"I'd like to know how," the conductor said, suggestively. "We do everything we can to help 'em.

"That may be so, but the company ought to change the direction of its lines or start a movement for the development of ambidexterity," the philosopher remarked.

"What?"

"Ambidexterity—ability to use both hands," the philosopher exclaimed. "The trouble is that most people can use the right hand only in grasping anything with confidence in the effort—women particularly. It is very natural for a woman to grasp the arm of a seat or the side of a rear platform of a closed car before stepping down.

"Now, if the cars ran the other way, to the left, women would get off the other side, and would use their right hands. If women were left handed, the present system would be all right, but they are not."

"I never thought of that," the conductor said. "It has always been a mystery to me."

"Do you think they'll change?" asked the philosopher.

"Who?"

"The company."

"No, nor the women, either."—*New Haven Register.*

EATS GRASS AND CACTI.

J. T. MARTIN, a young farmer living near Georgetown, Texas, recently had an exciting encounter with the mysterious wild woman who has been terrorizing the people in the vicinity of Georgetown for the past three weeks. Martin lives in the San Gabriel river bottoms, and after a day's labor in his cotton field started homeware. He was crossing a stretch of dense woodland near the river when he suddenly came upon the strange creature which has stirred up this community. The woman was entirely devoid of clothing and was down on all fours greedily devouring the tender grass and cactus buds. Martin watched her from behind a clump of bushes for a few minutes and finally decided to attempt her capture. He had a stout twine string in his pocket with which he expected to bind her hands securely. Having laid his plans he crept stealthily up behind the woman. He made a spring for her and grabbed her by the foot. The wild creature upon being taken by surprise, went into a terrible rage and fought like a demon. According to Martin's story in the San Francisco *Examiner*, the battle was a terrible one while it lasted. He bears deep wounds on his face and arms, which he claims was caused by the woman's teeth and finger nails. She made no outcry during the encounter, and after freeing herself she darted into the thick underbrush. Martin's description of the strange woman tallies with that given by the various reliable citizens of this place who saw her in the same neighborhood previously.

She is of splendid form, about 19 years of age, and has long raven black hair, which is badly matted and tangled, giving her a weird appearance. There are a number of spacious caverns along the San Gabriel river, and it is believed that the woman makes her home in one of these caves. When seen by William Sellers and another boy she was in the woods feeding on grass.

CORPORAL TO SERGEANT.

A NUMBER of war stories had been told at the last meeting of the Old Soldiers' club when the veteran announced that Sergeant Spriggins would for the first time explain the real circumstances which resulted in his winning his chevrons, and the sergeant, says the Detroit *Free Press*, coughed once or twice, blushed a bit and began:

"It was at one of them fights in the Wilderness," he said, "one of them hot ones that come up now and then, but don't git much of a show in history. They're a heap sight worse than the big ones, though, and take all the nerve a man's got to spare and more, too. I was a corporal then, and one day the colonel ordered me to go on a little scoutin' expedition with ten men. There wasn't anything much to do, and we had about got that done when all of a sudden we ran onto 25 or 30 of the enemy sneaking along in the bushes mighty nigh right in our lines. They had one of their flags with them, taking it somewhere, I guess, and before either side could do anything else we were all hand to hand, clubbing muskets and shouting and tearing up the ground right and left. There was heavy fighting going on half a mile to our right, and our little scrimmage didn't seem to disturb anybody but ourselves. I never did know how it happened, but the first thing I knowed I'd got my legs tangled up in that flag, and the way I clawed and fit to get shet of it was a caution. The enemy was too many for us, and my men dusted out of the woods in a hurry, leaving me behind, still rasing with that flag, and a dozen of the enemy knocking at me fore and aft, and me tryin' to git away all the time. Finally in the row I tore the flag off of the staff, and with it fluttering around me I broke for home, with the gang after me. I'd a-give all my back pay and pension claims to have got that flag untangled so's I could run free, but it wasn't any use, I had my legs through it, and my arms and head a good deal as if I had been used to sew it up with, and I had to dodge around the best way I could. I wasn't going to be captured, though, if I could help it, and at last I got to the open, where I could see my regiment and the other chaps didn't dare to follow, and then the way I went would have made a bay race horse turn pale. They fired at me as I ran, but my luck was with me, and I came into the lines with a wild whoop scared half to death, and the whole regiment set up a cheer that sounded bully."

The sergeant was about to sit down at this point, when some one asked about the chevrons.

"Well," he laughed in a half-guilty way, "the boys told about the fight and I never told how scared I was. The captured flag told the rest of the story, and it wasn't long after that until I was Sergeant Spriggins."

MOB JUSTICE.

SCOTT BATES, whose son was lynched at Shelbyville, Tenn., and who himself narrowly escaped the same fate, lived in Atlanta many years.

He still claimed Atlanta as his home up to six months ago, when he was arrested for horsestealing and placed in Shelbyville jail.

His mother yet resides here with a twin brother of his, who is an excellent gentleman and a good business man. The two are so nearly alike that but for Scott Bates' mustache they could not be distinguished one from another.

Detective George Shackelford tells the story of Scott Bates' trouble which ended so tragically, and, as the detective tells it, it sounds like a romance.

Scott Bates himself was a detective, and was employed in that capacity by Hanafin's detective agency at Nashville, where he did good work.

He applied to Detective Shackelford for a position about three years ago, and had letters of recommendation from Hanafin's agency.

He was about 40 years of age, genial and clever in disposition, and very engaging in conversation. Detective Shackelford was impressed by the man's appearance and gave him a position.

When in his employ Bates did good work, and Hanafin's agency tried hard to get him back. From Mr. Shackelford Bates went to work for Bill Jones, the famous detective, and worked for him quite a while. In the few months he was engaged in detective work Scott Bates became well known and was regarded as a very clever detective.

A little over six months ago letters were received by Detective Shackelford and Chief of Detectives Couch from Hanafin's detective agency offering a reward for Scott Bates' arrest on a charge of horse stealing at Shelbyville, Tenn.

The Atlanta detectives were thunderstruck by surprise at the thought of Bates being guilty of such a charge.

A day or so after receiving the letter Detective Bedford arrested Bates and carried him to the police station, where he was kept for two days awaiting the arrival of the sheriff of Shelby county.

Bates protested his innocence. He said that he had been sent to Shelbyville to work up an incendiary case and had implicated a number of men, who, out of revenge, trumped up the charge of horsestealing against him. Many of those who knew Bates believed his story. He was carried back to Shelbyville, accompanied by his Atlanta brother, who went along to see if he could not fix the matter up.

Since then, up to Monday, when the case resulted so tragically, Scott Bates had been in Shelbyville jail.

Monday afternoon a telegram announcing the terrible news of her grandson's lynching and her son's narrow escape from the same fate was received by Mrs. Bates, mother of Scott Bates. She was at her son's home on Woodward avenue and the news was a terrible blow to her.

Her anxiety over the fate of her son was terrible, and she was well-nigh prostrated with grief.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Lucindy.

When Lucindy's eyes do shine
Lak a ripe, ripe muscadine,
An' 'er lips stick out
In a tantalizin' pout,
I counts Lucindy mine.

When she droop 'er eye so shy,
Lak she gwine ter pass me by,
An' des afore she pass
Drap 'er hankcher on de grass,
My courage rise up high.

When she sets up in de choir,
An' er voice mounts higher an' higher,
In unison wid Jim's,
A singin' o' de hymns,
I sets back and purspire.

When she leon down on 'er hoe,
'N' dig de san up wid 'er toe,
An' look to des me an' sigh,
Des lak she mos' could cry,
I don't know whar ter go.

When she walk right down de aisle
At de cake-walk wid a smile,
An' sh' an' yaller Jake
Ketch han' an' win de cake,
I steam an' buzz an' bile.

When she claim me fur her beau,
An' den dance the reel wid Joe,
An' when she swing me by
Squeeze my han' on de sly—
I don' know whe'r or no.

Tell de trute, Lucindy's ways
Get me upset some days
Dat, cep'n dat I knew
Dats des de way she do,
I'd do some damage 'case.

Some days when she do de was,
If 'twarn't dat I hate a fuss,
An' lover 'er thoo an' thoo
Wid all de ways she do,
De least I'd do'd be cuss.
—*Harper's Magazine.*

KNOWING MULES.

THE affection animals have for home proves that they have a greater amount of instinct than we sometimes give them credit for, yet one would hardly think that a mule would wander some 500 miles, over roads that it had never traveled and through three different states, to get back to the scenes of its colthood, but such is an actual fact. Some three miles from Humboldt, Gibson county, Tenn., lives W. Z. Raines, a prosperous farmer, who raises strawberries for early market, having some 75 acres under cultivation. Mr. Raines is commonly called "Bill Zack," to distinguish him from "Bill Raz," a cousin, who lives near him.

"Bill Zack" was fortunate in growing berries in west Tennessee, so he purchased a farm at Independence, La., six miles from the county seat of Tangipehoa parish, and planted berries there. He placed a young negro named Plunk in charge and shipped to him, via the Illinois Central railroad, a mule. This mule was one that "Bill Zack" had raised some eight years before, and was a fine specimen of the breed. He was long in ears, short in tail, and had as much pent-up wickedness as did the original mule that tradition says is to be found somewhere in the South.

The distance in a direct line that the mule had to travel by railroad is 380 miles. He arrived there all right and was put to work, but his every action indicated that he was not happy. No more did he reach out with his left hind foot in an attempt to reach the negro boy who followed the plow, neither did he, when the day's labor was done, elevate his tail, wag his ears and emit from his wide-open mouth a sound much less melodious than that of a fog-horn on the Jersey coast. He was evidently sad at heart, homesick. One morning he was missing. Three weeks later when "Bill Zack" went to the door about 4 a. m., the Detroit *Free Press* says, he saw leaning against his front fence a very sorry looking mule. He was dirty, and his long ears hung loose and limber. He had energy enough, however, to welcome his master with a blast that shook the shingles on the roof. It was the same old mule. There were the crop and underbit in his left ear, and an unmistakable "Z" on his right shoulder. The prodigal had returned, and the big corn crib was opened for his benefit. The mule had walked from near Independence, La., to near Humboldt, Tenn., a distance of over 380 miles in a direct line, and probably over 500 miles by road. If that mule had belonged to anybody but "Bill Zack" Raines he would have gone in a gallop in the opposite direction.

ROBBER BEES.

ABOUT 9 o'clock last Friday morning a few bees, apparently attracted by the odor of sweets, entered the confectionery store of Frank T. Theburg, says a New Brunswick correspondent of the Chicago *Herald*. Mr. Theburg and his clerk were behind the counter, and in a rear room, which could be seen through the doorway, four men were at work making fresh candy. The bees were driven out without difficulty, but it would appear that they were only a prospecting party. About 10:15 o'clock a very large swarm entered the rear room through a window. The men then fled into the store. Mr. Theburg hurried around the corner to close the window in the rear room, but when he reached the doorway he could hardly see the window. The room was black with bees. His employes in the store were lashing towels furiously to right and left, but the bees only buzzed the louder and stung the harder, and soon all the men rushed into the street. The bees remained in possession.

On Saturday some one told Mr. Theburg that if he caught the queen bee and took her out or killed her, the rest would leave the place. "George," he said to his clerk, "go in and catch the queen bee." George did not do so. On Saturday, ordinarily the busiest day in the week, no business was done. The bees still hold the fort. Yesterday Mr. Theburg began to burn sulphur. He bought a quantity of it, built a fire in a big can, and put the sulphur on it, made a wild rush into the rear room, with his face and hands protected, set the can on the floor and flew out again.

Yesterday morning he filled a barrel and a small box with the dead bees he found on the floor. There are still several hundred crawling about in the show windows, but the bottom is strewn with dead bees and those that still crawl will die within a few days.

THIRSTY VOTERS.

R. T. BARTON of Winchester, Va., recently read a paper before the Virginia Historical society, entitled "The First Election of Washington to the Virginia House of Burgesses." From this it appears that political methods then did not greatly differ from those of the present day, and the rum power, then as now, was an active factor. In 1757 Washington was one of the three candidates to represent Frederick county, Va., in the house of burgesses. Although he had recently achieved the distinction of having saved the remnant of Braddock's army from annihilation, Washington was not able to overcome the revengeful opposition of one Lindley, whose license to keep an ordinary had been opposed by the young colonel. Washington was badly beaten, receiving only 40 votes to the 271 and 279 votes cast for his opponents. Nevertheless, the next year Washington again essayed to serve his countrymen at Richmond. The election came off on July 24, and Washington got 310 votes, or 70 more than were cast for the next highest candidate. It is related that the future father of his country in his campaign had to foot a bill of election expenses of $195, the chief items of which were "ahogshead and a barrel of punch, 35 gallons of wine, 43 gallons of strong cider and dinner for his friends."—*Kansas City Journal.*

THE HEAT.

Streaming in the sunshine,
Broiling in the shade,
Everybody out of town,
Dreadful dull in trade,
Drinking fizzy phosphates,
Sweating off on meats—
Goodness, ain't it awful!
This is summer heat.

Wish you were a merman
In the ocean deep,
Or a jolly satyr
In the woods to sleep;
Like to be a walrus
Minus brains and feet,
Anything to get away
From this infernal heat.

Nothing finds a market
But milkshakes and fans,
Don't regard your own life
Nor any other man's.
When the band comes playing
Well known tunes and sweet,
You hope their future state will be
Perpetual summer heat.
—*New York Sun.*

THE BOSS SECTION GANG.

SUPERINTENDENT Elliot Holbrook of the Baltimore & Ohio road, in the course of an interesting chat, said he did not believe any road in the country could turn up, like the Baltimore & Ohio, a section gang with a county coroner, a doctor of divinity, an ex-member of the legislature, and an emergency physician. He has been along the line for a week, says the Pittsburg *Post*, and tells a story about an experience he had while his car was lying at Sand Patch a night or two ago. The foreman of a gang came up to him and said:

"There is more talint to the square inch in that gang on the fur side of that mountain than I have met with since I was at the last dimocratic state convention."

Mr. Holbrook asked the man what he meant and the foreman continued:

"I was coming up the hill from work with my gang a bit ago, and when a few rods below Philson's we found the body of a man lying beside the track. His body was yet warm, and I said, 'I wish I had a doctor here,' said I, half to myself.

"'I guess I can answer in a pinch,' said one of the men of the gang.

"'What do you know about such things?' I asked, with some show of contempt.

"'O, I took a term in the old Jefferson Medical college years ago, but didn't take to practice, and quit.' All this time he had been rummaging the body, and in a minute said: 'He's dead.'

"'Well, I'll leave two or three of you here to watch the body while I get a coroner or a 'squire to hold the inquest,' said I. 'The rest of you can come with me.'

"'I guess, as I am coroner of the county, I'll do,' said another mud-covered citizen.

"'You!' said I to him.

"'O, yes; I was elected last fall.'

"'Well, go ahead.' He took six of the gang and held an inquest, and returned a verdict of accidental death.

"'Well, that's done; put him in the hand car, and we'll take him up and get a coffin, and a preacher, and bury him, I said to the men.

"'What's the use?' said a man of the gang who hadn't said a word till now. 'I am a minister and always have a Bible with me. Let's hold the services right here. Let the others dig a grave up there under that big hemlock, and we'll bury him without further trouble.'

"Acting on his suggestion the grave was soon dug, the body carried to its side, and then the 'minister' took hold. He read a chapter, gave out a hymn, as he called it, which the men sung, then he delivered one of the most feelin' an' appropriatist funeral sermons ever heard. It was out of sight, and nearly every one of us was pretty moist before he quit. There wasn't nothin' in it all resemblin' my church, but it caught me, 'cause it was simple and as powerful as the dynamite we had been using all day.

"Like the doctor, the gospel fellow had had his innings in a school and seminary, but a woman scrape or a Parkhurst expedition had downed him, and he was unbeknownst to himself doing really big now. What struck me all of a heap was the fact that I, who was bossin' the gang, could only 'touch the pen' to make my signature on the pay-rolls, and all the fellows under me were either M. D.s, D. D.s, or D. B.s. Great country this!"

"Will you finish last or just in eleventh place, dear Mr. Anson?" is the cruel query of the Chicago *Times*.

AN AMERICAN STONEHENGE.

Far up on these abandoned mountain farms
Now drifting back to forest wilds again,
The long, gray walls extend their clasping arms,
Pathetic monuments of vanished men.

Serpents in stone, they wind o'er hill and dell
Mid orchards long deserted, fields unshorn:
The crumbling fragments resting where they fell
Forgotten, worthless to a race new-born.

Nearer than stones of storied Saxon name
These speechless relics to our hearts should come,
No toiler for a priest's or a monarch's fame,
This farmer lived and died to shape a home.

What days of lonely toil he undertook!
What years of iron labor; and for what?
To yield the chipmunk one more secret nook,
The gliding snake one more sequestered spot.

So little time on earth; so much to do;
Yet all that waste of weary, toil-worn hands!
Life come and went; the patient task is through;
The men are gone; the idle structure stands.
—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in New England Magazine.*

SOMEWHERE OR OTHER.

Somewhere or other there must surely be
The face not seen, the voice not heard;
The heart that not yet, that never yet, ah, me!
Made answer to my word.

Somewhere or other, may be near or far;
Past land and sea, clean out of sight;
Beyond the wander'ng moon, beyond the star
That tracks her night by night.

Somewhere or other, may be far or near;
With just a wall, a ledge between;
With just the last leaves of the dying year
Fallen on a turf grown green.
—*Christina Rossetti.*