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REWARDING A TRAITOR.

The following incident is one of the many legends still told of Joaquin Murieta—the king of the cut-throats, pirate of the placers, marauders of the mines, the miner scourge, and a dozen especially complimentary titles, many of which he had fairly earned by his deeds of daring and cruelty. This, together with other facts, I am indebted for to my friend, John Lynch, of Kansas City, Missouri.

Joaquin Murieta left his band at the rendezvous beside the Arroyo Cantuva, and rode on down to Weaversville. He wore no disguise; indeed this he seldom used, though occasionally he would fit the traditional bit of crape over his face before entering into an adventure where he might be recognized, and a true description of his person be thus scattered over the country. It was with Joaquin as it was with Kit Carson some years previously. He was made out a nondescript monster, more wild beast than man, a giant in size, a satyr in looks. Just as Mr. C. L. Aiken, in a couple of tales of mountain adventure, drew Kit Carson as over six feet in height, of enormous muscular strength, with "deep chested voice," like that of an angered lion. Thus Joaquin had little fear of being recognized from these descriptions, since his was a straight built, graceful figure, with handsome face with almost womanly gentleness and beauty.

The outlaw intended stopping at the house of a secret member of his band, one Juan Baratta, who was employed as a spy whose duty it was to inform Joaquin of any movement that might be on foot to capture or attack him. Murieta liked and fully trusted Baratta, and twice, when the Mexican was in danger of his life, Joaquin had rescued him almost at the cost of his own life. This occurred further down the country, nearly a year previous to the date of this sketch.

Whatever Joaquin's object may have been—and it was never really known to any but himself—it called him frequently into Weaversville, where he was a nightly visitor to the gambling tables and fandangoes, though at one he played light, and at the other remained a mere spectator, though closely scrutinizing each new arrival.

He was starting out upon one of those visits, just after dusk, when a good-looking young Mexican woman, one of Barhim, making a sign for him to follow. Joaquin listlessly obeyed, though feeling little taste just then for an amorous encounter, to obtain which, he doubted not, the signal had been given. But for once he was mistaken. The woman's business was of far deeper importance.

"Senor Joaquin, you are in danger," were her first words.

The outlaw laughed slightly. When was he not in danger? For years he had carried his life in his hand, a prize for any man bold enough to take it.

"'Tis no laughing matter, senor," a little testily, added the woman. 'If you do not heed my warning your band will be without a leader by this time to-morrow."

'What do you mean? Speak out plain,' returned Joaquin, impressed by her sober, earnest tone.

'To-day, while you were sleeping, master had a visitor. I knew the man by reputation—it was Juan Smit, the Americano. So I listened at the door, and I heard them bargaining for your life. They did not come to terms then, but the man said he would consult with his partners, and call again to-night with his answer. You can easily find out whether I have told you the truth by watching the house.'

Murieta was more deeply affected than he would have acknowledged to think that Juan Baratta, the man whom he had dared so much to save from death, was now plotting his benefactor's death.

'I can hardly believe it, but I will watch and see. If you have told me the truth, I'll—"

'Whist! some one is coming now; it may be the man,' hurriedly murmured the woman as the sound of footsteps and low voices came to her ear.

Joaquin drew back and crouched down beneath a clump of shrubbery. Two men brushed closely past his covert, and Murieta caught the words:

'He says he'll show us where to lay our hands on the greaser if we promise to give him half the reward—'

The end of the sentence was lost as the men hastened on. But Joaquin had heard enough to see that there was some truth in what the woman had told him. He started forward, one hand falling instinctively upon his revolver-scabbard. He was not a little astonished to find it gone. At first a suspicion of treachery crossed his mind, but then he remembered having left the pistol upon the stool beside his bed.

As he turned around to speak to the woman, Joaquin found that she had disappeared. He seem to deliberate for a moment; then, as if his course was decided upon, he retraced his steps toward the building.

Joaquin had more than once made use of this refuge while the enraged miners were hunting for his trail, swearing terrible vengeance upon the red-handed ravager, and though 'twas now dark he found no difficulty in entering by the back way and gaining his room unobserved by either the servants or their master. Cautiously groping round, the outlaw found his revolver as he had left it, then, opening his door, stole across the passage toward the room of his host, where a faint light streamed through the cracks of the door.

By peering through one of these cracks Joaquin discovered two men in close conversation, yet so interested that their voices were distinctly audible to the eaves dropper. One of these was his host, the other he recognized for a crafty, speculating down-easter, called Smith. The latter was speaking.

'That's no use kickin', old man; I've got deadwood on ye this time. You've got to take jest what I offer.'

'But if I refuse to tell you where he may be found, then?'

'You made the proposal first. You've got to keep to it, or—waal, you kin begin sayin' your prayers now, fer you'll pull hemp afore daylight, as a 'complice of this Joaquin.'

'You might not live to see me do that,' muttered Baratta, sulkily.

'Fooled agin, beauty! Think I'm sech a fool as to come here 'thout my safeguard? My pardner's watchin' the shanty now. If I don't come out at a certain time, over goes your applecart.'

'Well, have it your own way, though you'll get nigh ten thousand for his head. But I hate him—I hate him like poison! He took my woman from me; he treats me like a dog! Yes, I will sell him for that—one thousand dollars. Have you it with you?'

'Not sech a fool. But I'll fetch it, whenever you say we can have our game.'

'That will be to-night. You will bring the money here, and rap gently at the door beyond. I'll hear you; and then I'll show you where the mighty Joaquin is.'

'Then he is here, in this shebang?'

'No; but he's not far away. Let me finger the gold first, then I'll tell you more. I've seen an eagle rob a fish hawk before now;' and Baratta laughed cunningly.

Murieta did not stop to hear any more, but glided back to his own chamber; as he ran the plotters rose from their nests and came toward the door. Still he watched them until John Smith, the miner, left the house, and Baratta re-fastened the door. Then Joaquin glided from his room.

The Mexican started convulsively as he turned and beheld the face of his chief; he fancied he read a deadly determination in the outlaw's face. Yet it was as usual; his consciousness of being a traitor made him a coward as well.

'You here, captain—I thought—' he stammered.

'Hist! make no noise—I do not wish to alarm the servants. Baratta, you are a faithful friend of mine? You love me—you would serve me if it lay within your power?' hurriedly added Murieta, drawing closer to his victim.

'I would give up my life to do you a service, captain,' eagerly returned Baratta believing his fears of having been overhead were groundless. 'You saved my life—it is yours. Tell me what to do, and if man can do it I——'

'I have ——no, come closer; I fear there are traitors around us. Now, then—Juan Baratta, traitor, you must die!'

As he spoke these words Murieta clutched the traitor by the throat and brandished a long knife before his eyes. The Mexican did not even struggle to get free. He knew that his treachery was discovered, and so great was his fear of Joaquin that he never once thought of resistance.

'Dog! you whose life I saved almost at the expense of my own—die!'

The bright blade swiftly descended, sinking to the very hilt in the traitor's breast. Again and again the blow was repeated; then the quivering corpse was flung to the floor.

At that moment a side-door opened and John Smith entered. He uttered an exclamation of surprise at the bloody sight; but then as Joaquin whirled round to face him the miner dropped a canvas-bag he had held in his hand, and, drawing a revolver, leveled it at the outlaw's head.

'Halt! Now, make a step or fetch a weapon and you're dead meat!' he cried quickly.

'What do you mean?' demanded Murieta, yet hesitating to attack him while covered by the revolver.

'You're Walk-in, I reckon; an' you're the very man I'm lookin' fer.'

'Joaquin or not, if you miss me you're a dead man. I'll cut your heart out the next instant,' coolly added the outlaw.

'I ain't the missin' kind. Besides, I've got fri'nds outside. I need only to holler an' they'll bounce ye. So surrender.'

'If I do surrender quietly, will you promise to take me before the sheriff, and not hand me over to the miners?'

'Yes, beause it's double reward for takin' you alive,' grinned John Smith.

'I surrender, then. There is my knife.' The miner strode forward and extended his hand for the weapon. Joaquin suddenly stooped, and leaping forward, plunged the weapon deep into Smith's side. The miner fell almost without a groan, dead. But as it touched the floor the revolver exploded.

A yell from without told that the alarm was given, and Joaquin unbarred the front door and sprang out as he heard the heavy tramp by the side entrance. Two seconds later he was leaping the fence of the corral, riding his noble black without bridle or saddle. Then, with a yell he darted away from the ranche.

And though hot pursuit was made, he soon baffled his enemies in the darkness. Thus one more wild tale was added on the long list that had already made the name of Joaquin Murieta a wonder and a terror throughout the mines.

A FACT has been contributed to the great scientific controversy about spontaneous combustion which Mr. Dickens did not by any means settle in his preface to "Bleak House." In Merced, Cal., the other day, a hired man being discharged by his employer, consoled himself by buying a gallon of gin and drinking it. Two small boys found him soon after in the road, as they said, "burning up." He died a cinder; and the theory is that "the hydrogin of alcoholic drinks had combined with the phosphorus of the body, forming phosphuretted hydrogen, which spontaneously ignited."

THE love-making season has opened among the Indians about Austin, and housekeepers find it almost impossible to secure their services for the various kinds of labor to which they are accustomed. A lady of that city one morning sent her little boy to find an Indian to chop some wood. After an absence of several hours the boy returned and laconically reported, "Can't get one; they're all off huntin' squaws."—[Virginia City Chronicle.

THE YELLOWSTONE AND BRANCHES.

TONGUE RIVER.

From Lieutenant General Forsythe's official report of his expedition we extract the following:

"In regard to the rivers rising south of the Yellowstone, and emptying into it, I shall first mention Tongue River. The water of this river is of a reddish tinge. It is 150 feet wide at its mouth, and holds to this width for some two miles or more from the main river. It is quite crooked, with a depth of water at the mouth of seven feet. The main valley of the Yellowstone is about two miles wide where it is joined by the above stream, and is a prairie bottom with some good grazing. Both streams are well timbered with cottonwood, and where the Tongue River breaks through the hills its valley is about two miles wide. The hills on the east bank are 350 feet high, and the country beyond very broken. Those on the north, near the main valley, are clear cut, conical in shape, covered with sage brush and bunch grass, and are not over 150 feet high, but increase as you go up the valley.

ROSEBUD RIVER.

I found the place where this river was reported as emptying into the Yellowstone, but the bed of the stream which I examined was a dry one, with no sign of water. The valley where it joins the Yellowstone is not more than a mile long, all told, and no sign of any camp or occupation by Indians; very little timber and no valley to it, except the short one from the hills of the Yellowstone to the main river. In fact, the result of my examination, both going up and down the Yellowstone, leads me to think that the Rosebud River does not empty into the Yellowstone direct, but its waters are conveyed to it through the Tongue River and not into the Yellowstone.

EMMET'S CREEK

Is twenty-four and a half miles above Tongue River, about twenty-five or thirty feet wide, and winds its way through a small prairie from the hills to the parent stream; has some ash and cottonwood growing on its bank. Near its mouth we found four piles of stone which mark the spot where Meldurm's trading post stood once. Signs of old Indian camps near this stream.

ALKALI CREEK

is a large prairie one, the Big Horn River, and at a distance below the Tongue River estimated at 103 miles. It has a fringe of cottonwood on its banks and is about fifteen or twenty feet wide—water alkaline, and of a reddish tinge. Sign of Indian camps near its mouth at the main valley.

THE BIG HORN RIVER.

We steamed up the river for a distance of twelve miles, found it quite crooked, with a narrow valley, and were obliged to return on account of the water becoming distributed over so wide a space that the main channel did not afford sufficient depth of water for us to continue our course. The current of the Big Horn was about as strong as that of the Yellowstone; the water muddy, and at the mouth it was about 150 yards wide. When it joins the Yellowstone, the points of land on each side are small prairies with good grass. On the east bank the bluffs run close to the river and are sparsely timbered. On the west bank the valley is filled with cottonwood, and the hills are about 100 feet high, with plateaus on the top. Near the point where we turned back, there was a small stretch of prairie about a mile wide and a mile and a half long. The north bank of the Yellowstone opposite the mouth of the river is a sandstone bluff, 150 high with rolling plateau on top covered with sage and bunch grass.

"Where Pryor's River empties into the Yellowstone, sixty-two miles above Big Horn, is a small stream, twenty-five feet wide, winding through the western part of the prairie, which extends from Pompey's Pillar to it, Very little timber on it. It is reported to have a very fine country near its head quarter.

"We entered the mouth of the Yellowstone at 6:30, p. m., Wednesday, May 27, and returned to Fort Buford on Thursday, June 10. Our running time from Fort Buford to the mouth of the Big Horn, under steam alone, eighty-eight hours and forty minutes. From the time that we arrived at the mouth of the Powder river, Sunday, May 30, up to the 7th day of June the river fell from one half an inch to one and a half inches each night, and the water in the channel was over two feet below the ordinary high water mark. The Yellowstone River from the highest point reached by us to the mouth of Powder River, sweeps through the country in long majestic stretches, with a current of at least four miles an hour. Its bosom is studded with islands by the hundreds, some of which are three miles or more in length, and covered with cottonwood groves; and many of them are so handsome that they almost make the voyager think they are the well kept grounds pertaining to some English country house. I never saw so fine a growth of cottonwood in my life as on the Yellowstone, twenty-five miles above Tongue river. These trees will run from three to five feet, and some are six feet in diameter. The supply of cottonwood and pine which exists throughout the upper Yellowstone country is ample to meet all the requirements of any settlement of the valley; and the indications are that large beds of coal can be found and worked in the neighborhood of Powder River. Sandstone bluffs crop out on the Yellowstone above Tongue River, and some limestone was passed above Pompey's River.

"The mouth of the Big Horn may be regarded as the head of navigation on the Yellowstone River, and for three months of the year this river presents less obstacles to its navigation than the Upper Missouri, and, indeed, many other rivers in this and other countries. The channel is unchanging, for it passes over a gravel bed from its head to its mouth, and there are no snags. When this is contrasted with the shifting and unreliable water of the Upper Missouri, it ought to make the rates of insurance less on the Yellowstone than on the Upper Missouri."

Mobile's Tribute to the Union Dead.

On a pedestal was a large, handsome pyramid, four feet high, made of jessamines and other fragrant flowers, and on the apex were the two flags, Confederate and Union, gracefully joined together by by a band of crape. Suspended between the flags was a parchment bordered with deep black, on which was written the following: "The Mobile cadets send this tribute to the memory of the Federal dead."

This was viewed by every one who entered the cemetery, and the general expression was, "O, how beautiful!" The United States Officers who gathered around it seemed not only delighted, but deeply affected, and we heard more than one of them say (particularly an officer of high rank): "I wish this could have been done ten years ago." On the mound was a large basket, accompanied with a card, on which was written, "From a lady;" and near there was a wreath of variegated flowers, with a large white silk streamer running through the centre, on which was printed the following: "The ladies of the Monumental Memorial Association, in recognition of the generous motives of the Federal soldiers, in their tributes to the bravery and devotion of the dead heroes of the South send this offering to the Federal dead, as a manifestation of that catholic spirit, which in every land renders honor to those who fall in a cause they believe to be right.—Mobile Register.

Bijah Reproved.

"Bijah, were you brought up among heathens?" sharply inquired His Honor.

The Court had cut a hole in a lemon and was slowly sucking the juice while the Clerk was getting the warrants ready.

Bijah had been watching him for two or three minutes, licking his chops and wearing a hungry expression.

"I guess I was—I was born in New Jersey!" replied the old janitor.

This being His Honor's native state, he laid the lemon on the desk, propped it from rolling off with his pen-holder, and remarked:

"Mr. Joy, you are getting old and over a new leaf of the linked cord of friendship which has so long united us shall be severed."

"Is it any harm to see a feller suck a lemon?" exclaimed Bijah.

"Mr. Joy this world is full of harm. This very lemon, plump and fair as it appears to the eye, may cause my death within one hour. You may now open court and call out the prisoners, and I hope the words I have spoken may make a deep impression on your heart.

If you ever have a monument the funds will come from my wallet, and I shall not care to remember anything but your good deeds and your big feet. Bring out the vicious and the unfortunate, and let the cotillion commence."—[Detroit Free Press.

A CURE FOR GRAVEL.—Dr. Streeter, of Santa Barbara, tells the Atlas that the worst case of gravel may be cured, the deposit dissolved and passed away, by using the water in which potatoes have been boiled to peices; strain the water, sweeten taste and drink for two or three weeks. This is a painless cure. The same authority states that furring or coating deposited on the inside of steam boilers may be easily removed, making the surface appear like new iron, by placing a quantity of raw potatoes in the boiler and letting them boil to pieces. After two or three days open the mainholes and a sandy deposit will be found; brush it out and the boiler will be as good as new.

A WINDY STORY.—A little zephyr struck Floyd county the other day, and nearly turned it upside down. It blew John Barney's house over, with Mrs. Barney and the children in it, rolled it over three times jammed it against a tree and tore it to pieces, and the inmates were only slightly bruised. As a postscript to all this we would say that Mrs. Barney, who is somewhat deaf, never desisted from her knitting all that time, and when the final crash came only looked up and said: "Come in; don't knock."

THE men who fought for the Union on the one side, and the men who fought on the other side, are after all the truest and safest reconstructors. Fitz Lee in Boston, bearing Virginia's offering of national patriotism and Southern good-will to the North, to be laid on the altar of the Union at Bunker Hill, and received with shouts of joy as he has been, is truly typical of a genuine reconciliation of the best and bravest of both sections.—[Richmond Whig, Dem.

The name of the village which stood on a portion of the site of the present city of San Francisco was originally Yerba Buena—good herb. In some maps of the country it was designated as San Francisco; but locally it was only known by the name mentioned. The herb it was called after is very fragrant, and is used to make a tea or medicinal drink. The name was changed to San Francisco in January, 1847, by an ordinance of the then Alcade of the place, and under this designation it has since been known to the world.

Ike Carter, of Arizona, has only been visiting in Massachusetts six months, but he was half drowned at the Mill River disaster, had his hair and eye-brows burned off at Holyoke Church, and on Thursday, by the bursting of a cannon in Boston he had an arm broken, and now he's on his way home muttering: "I kin defend myself in Arizona, begod."

THE question has arisen in Chicago: "Does a woman ever strike a fly without closing her eyes?" She never does—we all know it, but she'll sweep that broomstick through the air at her beloved husband and never wink either optic.

THE HAND WHICH WON.

An Indignant Woman's Raid on a Gambler.

[From the Vicksburg Herald.]

It was one of the handsomest packets on the river, and among the passengers bound for Vicksburg were a Georgian and his wife, who have relatives in Mississippi.

He was a large-sized, handsome looking man, and she was a pleasant looking little woman, with blue eyes and short chesnut curls. One would have said that she would have screamed at a tilt of the boat.

He sat smoking with other gentlemen after she had retired to her state-room, and the cabin was entirely clear of ladies, when some one proposed a game of cards. In ten minutes after half a dozen men were shuffling cards over cabin tables, and the Georgian was matched against a stranger to all on board. He was a quiet, courteous, well-dressed man, and had been taken for a traveller in search of health. He was lucky with his cards, but he did not propose playing for stakes. It was the nettled Georgian who proposed it. He called himself a champion hand at poker, and when he found that he had met his equal he determined to test the stranger's financial metal.

They had fifty dollars on the table when the captain looked into the cabin. He caught the Georgian's eye and gave him to understand that his opponent was a river black-leg, but the other gentlemen had dropped their cards and crowded around, money was up, and the information had come too late. Besides, the Georgian was doing well enough, and he flattered himself that he could teach the courteous blackleg a lesson.

It was a very quiet group around the table, and after the play had continued for fifteen minutes the gentlemen spoke in whispers, and some of them were reminded of old times on the Mississippi, when gamblers had the full run of every boat.

The Georgian had luck with him from the start, and while he looked smiling and confident, the gambler appeared to grow excited and uneasy. His money was raked across the table until the Georgian had $200 in greenbacks before him. The stakes had been light up to this time, both men seeming to fear each other's skill. The Georgian proposed to increase them, and the gambler agreed. In ten minutes the latter had his $200 back. Luck had [illegible] The gambler [illegible] as the Georgian became nervous. His hands trembled as he held up the cards, and his face was wet with moisture.

"Come, gentlemen!" said one of the group, "let's have a general hand for amusement, and then turn in."

The Georgian looked up with a fixed glance, and replied:

"I have lost $400; he must give me a fair show!"

The play went on. The heap of greenbacks at the gambler's right hand grew larger. Once in a while the Georgian won, but he lost $10 for every one gained. He finally laid down his cards, pulled a roll of bills from his breast pocket, and counted out $300. This was his pile. In less than ten minutes every dollar of it had been added to the gambler's heap.

"Gentlemen, will you smoke?" asked the gambler, as he turned around and drew his cigar case.

They knew his true character in spite of his disguise, and they refused.

"I am sorry for my friend," he continued, biting at the end of a cigar, "but you will agree that the play was fair."

The Georgian had passed out on the promenade deck. The gambler turned to his stack of bills and was counting them when there was a sharp exclamation, the sounds of a brief struggle, and the little woman with blue eyes and chesnut curls entered the cabin. She was half undressed, a shawl thrown over her shoulders, and she had a revolver in her hand.

No one had seen her leave her stateroom and cross the cabin. No one knew that her husbahd had the revolver in his hand as she softly came upon him. "Go back!" he whispered—"I am coming in a moment!"

With swift motion she seized the weapon, wrenched it from his grasp, and as she came down the cabin to the table at which the gambler sat, and around which half a dozen men yet lingered, her blue eyes were full of fire.

The gambler looked up.

The hammer of the revolver came up with a double click.

A white arm stretched out, and the muzzle of the revolver looked straight into the gambler's face.

He turned pale; the men fell back.

For half a minute the deep silence was broken only by the faint splash of the paddle-wheels.

"Go!" she said.

He looked into her flaming eyes as if he could bluff her.

"Go!"

He rose and reached for the money.

"Leave it!" she whispered, making a threatening motion with the revolver.

He retreated back.

She followed.

Foot by foot he backed across the cabin, the muzzle of the revolver always on a line with his face. He backed through the door on the promenade deck and the railing was there.

"Jump!" she whispered.

The boat was running along within three hundred feet of the shore. Over the rail to the water was a terrible leap.

"You can have the money," he said.

"Jump!" she repeated.

"I will not!"

The arm came up a little, and the light from the cabin showed him a bold, strange, determined look on her face. He turned about, shivered, and was over the rail, leaping far out and unable to suppress a cry of alarm, as he felt himself going down.

The boat swept along, her arm fell, and, re-entering the cabin, she sat down, leaned her head on the table and wept bitterly.

The passengers said she was a "brick."

Was she?

A Natural Curiosity.

[From the Wheeling Standard.]

We have heard several times lately of a negro, recently in this city, who could do anything with his body but turn it wrong side out.

Dr. Baguley told us last night that he had examined the curiosity a few days ago.

The negro was born in Sheffield, England, and raised in Manchester, in the same county. When three or four years old he showed a wonderful control over some of what are to ordinary persons automatic muscles, and has been "getting better," as he calls it, ever since. By getting better, which we would decide getting decidedly worse, he means that he has become more expert in his powers of self-contortortion. He has been traveling about the country for some years, showing himself for a living.

He is a full blooded African, not very intelligent, medium sized, with an ordinary looking head. He came here from Pittsburg, where he exhibited himself before Dr. Walters, who was skeptical about him. He told the Doctor he was going to throw his heart down to the pit of his stomach. Dr. W. got out his stethoscope and placed it over the heart. The organ was breathing naturally and regularly in its proper place. Presently the negro gave his body a peculiar jerk, and the Doctor could hear nothing at all. Looking down about a foot, he saw a large lump, and placing the stethoscope over it, he heard the heart breathing away as regularly as before. When it had remained there two minutes the darkey drew it up saying he was afraid to keep it there any longer. He gave himself a twist and his heart went as far below as before, and to the right side, still thumping regularly. Drawing it back again, he told the doctor he was going to stop its motion. He did so by the mere act of volition, and there was no pulse to be discovered in any part of his body. He kept it still for over two minutes, then started again, saying that it would kill him to keep it still longer.

Before Dr. Baguley he dropped his ribs down about a foot, and the doctor could feel a second set under them. He went through some of the performances we have described, and then told the doctor he was going to roll up his bowels. He started the turning, and the doctor could see them coiling around and bulging out. He then went through the reverse pro-

The Country Press.

There are few people who do the country paper full justice. Most everybody is inclined to look away over the shoulders of the country editor, to some paper printing more reading matter, and then make comparisons. There are people who actually believe it impossible to find a person with common sense, with industry or with brains in the office of a country newspaper; a newspaper can have no charms for them unless it can be mystified under a strange personality, and in buying a copy they proceed upon the same grounds as in the purchase of a bar of soap—they would rather have one that comes from the city, because it must necessarily be so much better in every sense than a home production. The same man would laugh at you if you should refuse to patronize the cross-roads mill, because you believed you had rather get your flour from the city. The country newspaper is one of the most important attributes of every town in the United States. When a colony settles anywhere with the intention of building a village, the first thought is a newspaper; the press is thus in the very vanguard of civilization. It is the useful agent in every place of progress and growth. There is not another single power that can do so much good, patient work in the way of building up as the local newspaper. It is not altogether important how it is edited, whether with ability or not, so that it be conducted with an industry and enterprise at least side by side with the town—if it can afford to keep a few years in advance it is all the better. A country paper that had little else than advertisements would be an immense help to any place, for advertisements constitute a most reliable index to the character, size, business and general condition of the town. To the stranger who may have looked in a prospective way upon a place, the advertisements are the invaluable part of the papers, that have been sent him. Without a newspaper, with its local news and business announcements, what would the average American city or village be? It would surely be unknown of its neighbors.

The country weeklies ought to be the best supported newspapers of the whole land, for they contain news and gossip that cannot be found in any of the city dailies. The farmer can learn from his local paper—if he prefers to take it instead of some more expensive publication—how much his neighbor's sixty-acre farm sold for, how the schools are prospering, the price of butter and eggs at the village market, and what improvements are in progress through the section in which he lives. He can get none of this in the city paper, and he cannot be a thoroughly useful citizen without such items of light information. It is not always that the best towns support the best newspapers, but it is strictly a fact that no place ever gets the credit of being thrifty or enterprising until it can send out a first class paper, and that always depends more upon the people than the editor.—[Fort Scott Monitor.

A lover of his race has a bit of information for sentimental young ladies. He says that as soon as the baby's teething begins, the romance of married life ceases.

No woman can feel any sentiment for a man who travels around in his night shirt of a hot Summer's eve, with a squalling infant dangling over his shoulder. It is then that she stops calling him "darling" and descends to such commonplace observations as "John Camfire be careful how you hold that baby."