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GOOD TEMPLARS.

The Bad Boy Makes an Attempt at Reforming his Father.

From Peck's Sun.

"Don't you think my pa is showing his age a good deal more than usual?" asked the bad boy of the grocery man, as he took a smoked herring out of the box and peeled off the skin with a jack-knife, and split open and ripped out the backbone, threw the head at the cat, and took some crackers and began to eat.

"Well, I don't know but he does look as though he was getting old," said the grocery man, as he took a piece of yellow wrapping paper and charged the boy's poor old father with a dozen herrings and a pound of crackers. "But there's no wonder he is getting old. I tell you, boy, when your father is dead, and you get a stepfather, and he makes you walk a chalk mark, you will realize what a bonanza you have fooled yourself out of by killing off your father. The way I figure it, your father will last about six months, and you ought to treat him right the little time he has to live."

Well, I am going to say," said the boy as he picked the herring bones out of his teeth with a piece of a match that he had sharpened with his knife. "But I don't believe in borrowing trouble about a stepfather so long beforehand. I don't think ma could get a man to step into pa's shoes, as long as I live, not if she was inlaid with diamonds and owned a brewery. There are brave men, I know, that are on the marry, but none of them would want to be brevet father to a cherubim like me except he got pretty good wages. And then, since pa was dissected he is going to lead a different life, and I guess I will make a man of him if he holds out. We got him to join the good templars last night."

"No, you don't tell me," said the grocery man, as he thought that his trade in cider for mince pies would be cut off. "So you got him into the good templars, did you?"

"Well, he thinks he has joined the good templars; so it is all the same. You see, my chum and me have been going to a private gymnasium, on the west side kept by a Dutchman, and in a back room he has all the tools for getting up muscle. There, look at my arm," said the boy, as he rolled up his sleeve and showed a muscle about as big as an oyster. "That is the result of training at a gymnasium. Before I took lessons I hadn't any more muscle than you have got. Well, the Dutchman was going to a dance on the south side the other day, and he asked my chum to tend the gymnasium, and I told pa if he would join the good templars that he would not be embarassed, and as I was one of the officers of the lodge I would put it to him light, and he said he would go, so my chum got five boys to help us put him through. So we steered him to the gymnasium, and made him rap on the storm door outside, and I said. 'Who comes there?' and he said it was a pilgrim who wanted to join our sublime order. I asked if he had made up his mind to turn from the ways of a hyena and adopt the customs of the truly good, and he said if he knew his own heart he had, and then I told him to come in out of the snow and take off his pants. He kicked a little at taking off his pants, because it was cold out there in the storm, but I told him they all had to do it—that princes, potentates and paupers all had to come to it. He asked me how it was when we initiated women, and I told him woman never took this degree. He pulled off his pants and wanted a check for them, but I told him the grand mogul would hold his clothes, and then I blindfolded him and with a base-ball club I pounded on the floor as I walked him around the gymnasium, while the lodge, headed by my chum, sung, "We won't go home till morning." Then I stopped in front of the ice-water tank and said: 'Grand worthy duke, I bring before you a pilgrim who has drunk of the dregs until his stomach won't hold water, and he desires to swear off.' The grand mogul asked me if he was worthy and well qualified, and I told him that he had been drunk more or less since the reunion last summer, and that ought to qualify him. Then the grand mogul made pa repeat the most blood-curdling oath, in which pa agreed, if he ever drank another drop, to allow anybody to pull his toe-nails out with tweezers, to have his liver cut out and fed to dogs, his head chopped off and his eyes removed. Then the mogul said we would brand the candidate on the bare skin with the initial letters of our order, 'G. T.,' that all might read how a brand had been snatched from the burning. You'd a died to see pa flinch when I pulled up his shirt and got ready to brand him. My chum got a piece of ice out of the water cooler, and just as he clapped it onto pa's back I burned a piece of horse's hoof in the candle and held it to pa's nose, and I guess pa actually thought it was his burning skin that he smelled. He jumped about six feet and said, 'Great heavens, what you dewin',' and then he began to roll over a barrel which I had arranged for him. Pa thought he was going down cellar, and he hung to the barrel, but he was on top half the time. Then I said, 'Be calm, and prepare yourself for the ordeal that is to follow.' He wiped the perspiration off his face on the end of his shirt, and we put a belt around his body and hitched it to a tackle and pulled him so his feet were just off the floor, and then we talked as though we were away off, and I told my chum to look out that pa did not hit the gas fixtures, and pa actually thought he was being hauled clear up to the ceiling. I could see he was scared by the complexion of his hands and feet as they clawed the air. He actually sweat so that the drops fell on the floor. Bimeby we let him down and he was awfully relieved, although his feet were not more than two inches from the floor at any time. We were just going to slide pa down a board with slivers in it to give him a realizing sense of the rough road a reformed man has to travel, and had got him astraddle of the board, when the Dutchman came home from the dance, fullern a goose, and he drove us boys out, and we left pa, and the Dutchman said: 'Vot you was doing here mit dose boys, you old duffer, and vere vas your pants, and pa pulled off the handkerchief from his eyes and the Dutchman said if he didn't get out in half a minute he would kick the stuffing out of him, and pa got out. He took his pants and put them on out in the alley, and then we came to pa and told him that was the third time the drunken Dutchman had broken up our lodge, but we should keep on doing good until we had redeemed every drunkard in Milwaukee, and pa said that was right, and he would see us through if it cost every dollar he had. Then we took him home, and when ma asked if she could join the lodge too, pa said, 'Now you take my advice and don't you ever join no good templars. Your system could not stand the racket. Say, I want you to put some cold cream on my back!' I think pa will be a different man now, don't you?"

The grocery man said if he was that boy's pa for fifteen minutes he would be a different boy or there would be a funeral, and the boy took a handful of soft-shelled almonds and a few layer raisins and skipped out.

Flights of Acrobats.

The following is the explanation given by Lulu, the famous gymnast, of the way in which he made his perpendicular leap: It was done, he said, by means of a mechanical device. "I stood in full view of the spectators on an iron plate about a foot in diameter, which was attached to a spindle running down through a framework. This spindle was thrown up a distance of seven feet above the stage by means of rubber springs, carrying the plate with it. The springs were powerful enough to send my body through the air like a shot. Another set of rubber bands jerked the spindle back as quickly as it shot out, so that the motion both ways was to quick for sight. On reaching my distance I caught hold of ropes. It was necessary to pose my body so that it would be exactly in line with the medium line of the spindle. One night at Dublin the machine was imperfect and the spring became released before I was ready, throwing me on my head and shoulders in the orchestra circle. I feel as if the earth had suddenly fallen from under me. But there is really no time for thought. I am at the ropes in an instant. I gave up this performance because I grew too stout. One day my body was almost telescoped by the shock. I then set to work to devise a machine that would enable me to distribute the force over my whole body. The result was the catapult, after several months spent in making experiments.

This machine is very simple in its construction. An iron plane about fifteen feet long is suspended on an axle at a slight angle. Rubber springs are made to act so as to throw the plane forward suddenly into a position nearly perpendicular. This movement throws my body, which is lying at full length at the upper end of the plane, so that I describe an arc and alight in a net about sixty feet from the machine. I was nearly killed two or three times. The first time I was thrown I lost all sense of what I was doing or where I was going. I was utterly helpless and came down into the net on my head and face. My head was so cut and bruised that my hair came out in bunches.

In London I made the experiment of using a machine much the same as the catapult, but suspended in mid-air. The springs were so adjusted that the iron beam on which I lay, when released, described almost a semi-circle, so that when my body left it I was underneath instead of on top of it. This machine threw me a distance of 200 feet in almost a straight line. My movement was so straight and so swift that it was almost impossible for me to turn my body, even once. In fact, I did not recover consciousness until my force was nearly spent. The principle of the cannon from which gymnasts are sometimes hurled is the same, the only difference being that the body is sent in an oblique line upward, instead of perpendicularly into the air. As the performer can get his position with perfect safety, this feat is not attended with much danger. The spring is released in this instrument by means of a trigger set off by the explosion of powder.

What Blaine is up to.

The fact that Mr. Blaine is writing a book of his life and times is regarded by some as the most conclusive evidence yet that he does not intend to be a candidate again. The ex-secretary is too experienced a man not to know the entire significance of Job's exclamation: "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book." That Blaine would deliberately place a club in the hands of his enemies did he mean to come before the country again is not considered probable. Whatever be the fact as to this there can be no question that Mr. Blaine as an author will be a great success. Scarcely another living man could be named from whom a book would be so eagerly sought for. Its permanent success will depend on the author's fidelity to the truth of history, let it cut where or whom it will. It may be said that Blaine knows more history, as yet unwritten, than any other man in the land. Whether it is this he intends to write is not precisely known. Indeed, there is some vagueness about what the book is going to be, which of itself, if kept up, will tend to create a curiosity that will give it the very best kind of a send-off. In Colonel Benton's "Thirty Years in the United States Senate" there was a single chapter which sold the work. It was the graphic account of the duel between Clay and Randolph. It was the only chapter that was not dull. Its judicious publication in advance created a demand which nothing else in the work would have caused. There is no danger of anything of the kind as to Blaine's book. No publisher in the land would hesitate for an instant without knowing a line it contained, and readers and buyers would be similarly moved.

It is said that kissing cures freckles; but every red headed girl in the country knows better.

Why is it easier to be a clergyman than a physician? Because it is easier to preach than to practice.

A man being tormented with corns kicked his foot through a window and the pane was gone instantly.

A mule never kicks the same object twice. Probably for the same reason that lightning never strikes twice in the same place—it doesn't have to.

When a man puts his hat on the floor and, ten minutes later, mistakes it for a cuspadore, the funniest story ever told won't bring a smile to his lips.

Said a doctor to a lady patient: "You must take exercise for your health, my dear." "All right," she said. "I'll jump at the first offer." And she did.

Red-headed student to professor: "Professor, why is it that you never seem to recognize me on the street?" Professor: "Well, Mr. Y., the truth is I am slightly color blind."

ON THE HARLEM ROAD.

Where Grant and Vanderbilt air Their Trotters on a Pleasant Afternoon.

From the Philadelphia Press.

New York has only one pleasure drive. It begins at the northern extremity of Central Park and, reaching three miles to the Harlem river, extends an indefinite number of miles up the Hudson. Take your stand on the veranda of one of the well-known wayside inns that line the avenue and if the afternoon be pleasant you will see more famous horses in an hour than Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore can show in a month. It matters little whether William H. Vanderbilt is speeding Maud S. or holds the reins over his magnificent double team of mares, Aldine and Early Rose, or his Small Hopes hitched up, he is the most conspicious of all the horseman, for idlers and visitors alike are interested in the man as well as his horses. He is a picture of contentment as he bowls along. Indeed he has himself said that he takes more pleasure in his horses than any other of his multitudinous possessions, and he certainly looks to be enjoying himself as, wrapped in a $600 sealskin greatcoat and tucked in with a $400 seal-skin lap-rope, he reclines in a $1,000 top wagon and lets the ribbons hang loose from his $40,000 team or his $100,000 mare. He does not seem to care so much for speeding his fleet steeds as for letting them carry out their own pace. But if General Grant come rattling up behind or Dan Mace challenges to a spurt Mr. Vanderbilt is quite likely to gather himself up from his lounging position and to strengthen the ribbons, and then the dust flies.

In Vanderbilt's regular drive he rides, as a rule, alone, and goes over pretty much the same course every day—Central Park, to the beginning of the drive in Seventh avenue and thence up to the Central bridge and perhaps a little way above the Harlem into Westchester county—or takes a spin in Fleetwood Park, but not very often. On his way to the bridge, except when occasion may tempt to a brush with an acquaintance, Mr. Vanderbilt retains the same easy, comfortable position, and his team, or mare, whichever it may be, keeps the same easy yet rapid gait. The man and the turnout impress you. There is a sort of regal bearing about the millionaire which, while not in the least offensive, suggests power and influence. The bank cashier, the broker, the dry goods salesman and the Washington Market butcher, who are out with their three-minute nags, get out of his way as if by instinct. Only the other day I was riding with the owner of a trotter when, rounding a sharp turn in the park, we suddenly met Vanderbilt. My friend gave the steed a jerk which quickly turned us to the right and left the approaching magnate three or four rods of room.

"There's Vanderbilt," he gasped, quite upset.

Mr. Vanderbilt did not find it necessary to change his course. We had cleared the track for him. He seemed to desire to recognize the fact and he gave my friend a pleasant look and the suggestion of a movement of the head that entirely did the business.

"Vanderbilt isn't a bit stuck up," was the next remark my friend made.

On arriving at the bridge the millionaire invariably stops at the hotel near by and refreshes himself. He is likely here joined by his cronies on the road, Foster Dewey, Dan Mace, John H. Harbeck and perhaps Frank Work. On the return there is often racing between them, and it is very pretty racing, too, for the horses have become well warmed up in the drive to the bridge and are in prime condition for a spurt on the return. It is an interesting sight to those who love horse-racing to see Foster Dewey's Ion, Harbeck's Warwick Maid, Jacob Vanderbilt's Boston and perchance Grant with his mare, Superb, while William H. Vanderbilt is behind Lysander coming down the avenue, fighting every inch of the way with remarkably equal speed and steadiness. For blocks they will keep together until finally one, outlasting the other, secures the lead and draws away. Vanderbilt and Frank Work used always to be together on the avenue, and had many a brush together before they had a falling out over the merits of their respective teams. Mr. Work does not believe that Vanderbilt's team, Early Rose and Aldine, ever did 2:16 in Hartford. Mr. Vanderbilt, on the other hand, does not seem desirous to make up a race between his own beautiful pair of mares and Mr. Work's Dick Swiveller and Edward. There are plenty of the habitues of the road who are willing to back up Mr. Work's team at any time. But there are other owners of fast teams who are considering the chances of their horses next season in the double team races. Dick Swiveller and Edward could not be bought for $30,000 to-day and they have made splendid time.

But there are many other noted horses to be seen on the road any pleasant day Ben Mace is often out with Hopeful; record, 2:14¾. St. Julien is generally exercised every day above the bridge. Robert Bonner's numerous fast horses are often to be seen. His Edwin Forrest is making splendid time to a road wagon this winter, while Keene Jim has made a record of 2:18¼. Lately there have been a good many fast teams out. Maud S. and Bay Dick have been hitched up together and they travel nicely, calling forth much admiration. Pierre Lorillard's Ethel and Birdie are a beautiful team and the same is to be said of Ed. Stokes' Lyman and Bell Flower. Of horses that trot anywhere from 2:20 to 2:40 there are scores out daily. Often matches are made up for small amounts to trot a mile or so down the avenue to road wagons. These little races frequently prove exciting and remarkable time is sometimes made.

Grant exercises on the road every afternoon. Starting from home about 2 p. m., he allows his horse to take a 2:26 gait, which, as a rule, is kept up all along the avenue. The length of the drive is nearly the same every day and there is little variation in the route; in fact residents and idlers along the drive have made out a sort of time-table, which the General is said to follow with wonderful precision. Consequently, if a curious visitor wishes to see the much-honored ex-President he has only to take his position at a window by the roadside at the regulation time that the General is due at that point and he will rarely be disappointed or experience any tediousness in waiting. Grant drives a chestnut mare, Superb by name, but possessing no special qualifications for beauty. She is lean and lank, with an ungainly gait. There are better animals on the road, yet she is of blooded stock and when let out makes good time. Only the other day Superb had a nip-and-tuck brush down the road with Vanderbilt's Lysander and finally drawing ahead held the lead.

The great change in the General's personal appearance has caused considerable comment on the drive this fall and winter. Last year he would be seen generally driving alone in a rather shabby-looking top-wagon. The harness never seemed to shine nor the paint on the wagon glisten. In fact, the whole rig was most sombre. It was also noticeable that his appearance was seedy and decidedly neglige. His coat was faded and his hands were encased in a pair of shabby sealskin gloves, while the inevitable cigar dangled from his mouth, seemingly about to fall. It was very difficult to imagine that he was the hero of Appomattox and the constant exclamation was, "Why, is that Grant?" If Vanderbilt came along one could not but contrast the more commanding bearing of the railroad king. This season it is different and the General has affected a coy and stylish air. Frequently he comes out in a new silk tile and wears a fresh pair of yellow driving-gloves, while his necktie is of the latest fashion. Even his commonplace mare seems to hold her head a little higher and the harness shines more and more brightly. In fact, the improvement is noticeable in the whole rig.

"That's all owing to Wall street," said a by-stander at one of the inns as he drove past.

At one of the numerous hotels at the bridge Grant stops for refreshments; in other words, to drink, and then returns in the same apparently listless manner. He does not often race and the police in the park have never had occasion to arrest him for fast driving. He never drives a team and rarely has a friend with him.

Besides these rich magnates with their fast trotters, the sons following in the footsteps of their fathers are making the dust fly with fast horses of their own. James Gordon Bennett, when he is home; Alexander Taylor, Paul Dana, the young Astors and Havemeyers, James R. Keene and a host of others chase one another up to the bridge and beyond. Later in the afternoon the young set are out in full force, startling the nervous old ladies in their ancient chariots, with prim coachmen, as they dash by, butting in ahead of each other with a reckless abandon. They have had something at the bridge and their blood is up, and they dash down and into the city with terrific speed. Here the fun begins and a new interest is given to the race, for a mounted policeman looms up, who is quick to detect any violation of the fast-driving regulations and give chase. As the police are well mounted and experienced riders they press the young reprobates sharply, thus making the race very exciting. The police enjoy it just as much as the young fellows and are happy when occasion gives a chance for a chase. The young scions invariably escape arrest, however.

There are other roads parallel to Seventh avenue, and seemingly just as good for driving purposes, but fashion has decided upon the avenue and the city follows fashion's lead. The circuitous roads in Central Park all come together at the Seventh avenue out, and from the broad boulevard, or rather "the road" as it is called, which, if not having the fashionable name of similar drives in Paris, London and Vienna, is sure to equal if not excel them in the future. Twenty and even thirty carriages can drive abreast, and it is sometimes put to that test. The roadbed is of fine gravel and is carefully swept and sprinkled every night or during the day if necessary.

The Way Congressmen Drink.

From the Cleveland Leader.

I asked a bar-tender as to the prevalence of drinking in Washington to-day. He replied: "Most of the congressmen and senators drink, though there are a great many more total abstainers now than formerly. The Southern members drink more than the Northerners and they always take whisky, while your Northern men now and then indulge in beer. Nearly every Senator from the South drinks and I have to carry one who buys his liquors here every now and then to his room. He commences drinking intending to take only a little but he likes the taste of the liquors so well that he can't stop and the result is he gets boozy and has to be aided off to his room. The foreign ministers as a rule drink, but they seldom come to the bar.

"We have some curious drinkers among the members of the present House," continued the bar-tender. "A member from South Carolina takes on the average about forty drinks a day. He fills his glass to the brim every time and tells the bar-tender his sight is bad and he can't tell how much there is in a glass till it gets too full. Like all of the Southern members he always drinks whiskey and he takes it straight. A member of the House from Kentucky wants three lumps of sugar, a tablespoonful of water and a pint of whisky for his usual dram. Dust a little nutmeg over this and says he, 'It makes a drink for the gods.' He can stand this several times a day and can repeat it during the evening."

"Any others?" asked I.

"Yes," responded the drink-mixer, and went on: "I hate to see a sneak, and the way some Congressmen take drinks on the sly and slink out when they think they are being seen makes me sick. There is a member from North Carolina, a namby-pamby, utterly-utter, æsthetic Senator, who thinks all the women are in love with him and pretends to be pious. He never drinks whisky when any of his friends are in the bar. He will come in, look around, and if he sees anyone he knows he will march up to me and ask for change for a quarter and then slip out. In half an hour he will come back again, and, if his friends are gone, he will call out for 'a very pretty cocktail, but he don't mind if I make it a little stiff.' He is an æsthete, you know and he wants his cocktail 'pretty.' He will drink three of these, and then, filling his vest-pocket with cloves, he goes off chewing them to hide his breath. There are a number like him, but he is the only one I know from the South."

"There is nothing like leather," is an old saying and a true one. It is the sole support of man.

6,000 CHINAMEN.

How They Are Controlled by One Man.

From the Philadelphia Times.

The Southern Pacific R. R. is the marvel of modern railway construction. The country which it traverses has peculiarly unfavorable physical aspects. The engineers have overcome every obstacle. They have treaded sandy deserts, tunneled lofty mountains, leveled rocky ridges, bridged great rivers and spanned deep canyons. Against them nothing has prevailed. Nature set up her strongest citadels to bar their progress. They melted before their skill like dew before the summer sun. They brought ties and bridge timber three thousand miles and transported the connecting rails across a great continent. Savage tribes of Indians harassed and annoyed them. They raised an army and subdued the barbarians. They passed through a country on which the white man's foot had never been set. Civilization followed in their wake and towns and cities sprang up like magic. The country was non-productive and forage for their stock and subsistence for the army of workmen had to be brought from a distance.

CHINESE CHEAP LABOR.

In some places water for all purposes had to be carried a hundred miles. White men could not be worked to advantage in this desert country and six thousand Chinese coolies were imported as navies. Armed with pick and shovel, tamping bar and sledge hammer they worked through the country a mighty host of progress, and track-laying advanced at the rate of three miles a day. Even along the Rio Grande, where canyons were crossed a thousand feet deep, mountains tunneled a mile through the rocky ridges miles in extent leveled and graded, these Mongolions moved forward a mile every twenty-four hours. I passed along the line for the first time last summer and it was a source of never-failing wonder to note the rapidity and precision with which the work was accomplished. A hill of solid rock one hundred yards long had to be cut down to the average depth of thirty feet. A thousand Chinamen would swoop down upon it with drills and sledges. In six hours a blast would be ready. Tons of powder would be poured into the innumerable holes made in the rock by Ah Sin. Fuses would be prepared, an electric battery attached, the engineer would press the little button, and by the time the smoke from the explosion cleared away the track-laying outfit would be hard at work placing ties in position and spiking down rails. It was necessary to lay the track before any permanent bridges or trestle-work could be done.

CROSSING A CANYON.

In crossing a canyon false bridges were made of cross-ties, and it was astonishing how quick those pig-tailed heathen ran up the temporary piers. The construction company contracted for these laborers in California at a fixed price per head and was under bond to return them to the agent of the Six Companies when the road was completed. Ah Sin kept his ears open and was observant. It was not long before he learned that one hundred cents for twelve hours of hard work was not the usual price paid railroad laborers. A rumor reached him that another great road was coming on to meet the one he was building and that navvies received $3 a day thereon. He was justly indignant at the advantage which the enterprising but soulless corporation had taken of his ignorance of prices. He did not openly protest, nor did he hold a monster indignation meeting, with brass band accompaniment, and strike for higher wages. These are a part of our peculiar civilization and Ah Sin had come straight from the rice fields and tea groves of the Celestial Kingdom, where such assertions of independence and liberty usually cost the unfortunate promoters, aiders and abettors their lives. He revolted, however, in secret and determined to better his condition. He began to desert, and the country between El Paso and the Pesos river was soon full of eastward moving pigtails. The company sent after the recreants and recaptured most of them. This did not deter others from venturing, and the company saw plainly that something must be done, exactly what their wisest heads could not decide.

PUTTING DOWN THE INSURRECTION.

In this emergency a man arose—they always do under such circumstances—who boldly proclaimed his ability to nip this Chinese rebellion in the bud. The company granted him extraordinary powers and he entered upon his labors. in three months after his peculiar methods of subjection were inaugurated nothing could tempt one of his Celestial navvies to desert his post.

I met this railroad Napoleon one day and our acquaintance had ripened into a comparative intimacy before I learned that in his presence the bravest rice-eater among these almond-eyed navvies quailed and trembled. He is one of the types of border semi-civilization, six feet four inches in height, with a frame like a Hercules and a face on which the lines of firmness, decision and command are sharply cut. He has very white and even teeth and shows them often, for he smiles frequently. An admirer of his remarked to me: "When Martin's nose comes down to meet his lip, and his lip goes up to meet his nose, and those teeth of his glisten and shine, why look out. He means business." I was waiting for the accommodation train to leave the end of the track when I formed his acquaintance. He is a man of intelligence and thoroughly informed on the subject of Chinese character peculiarities. He speaks the language fluently and can decipher the hieroglyphics on a "washee-washee" bill at sight.

A TEXAS PEACEMAKER.

While we were talking the foreman of the track-laying gang came into the car.

"Ah, Martin," he said, "I have been looking for you. One of these fellows who deserted last month has returned and the interpreter says that he has induced half the men to quit and go across the country to the Sunset Extension. He is down among my gang now."

"He is, is he?" quoth Martin; and that peculiar falling down of nose and flying up of lip disclosed his white teeth. "I'll fix him."

He picked up a heavy billet of wood as he finished speaking and invited me to go along and "see the fun." I went.

The obnoxious Chinaman was in the centre of an excited group of his compatriots, volubly discoursing on the superior inducements held out to laborers on the other road. We were close upon him when one of the group caught sight of Martin's white teeth and uttered a warning cry. The crowd scattered and the chief conspirator started to flee. Too late. The billet of wood flew through the air, struck the deserter between the shoulders and he fell flat in the dust. Martin bent over him still smiling, and by way of resuscitation kicked the prostrate Celestial several times. The Confucian groaned and raised himself to a sitting posture. He was ordered to stand up, and did so with some difficulty. The foreman produced a stout rope, and smiling Martin requested two of the track-layers to bind his prisoner's foot. He assisted them by administering to each sundry kicks and cuffs, which tended to quicken their movements considerably. When the conspirator was securely fastened he was ordered to march forward to the car. We followed.

"I don't reckon there'll be any deserters from this gang," observed Martin, and he administered a lusty kick to a water-carrier who had stopped to look after the prisoner.

"These Chinaman are terrible cowards. Do you know that every one of these fellows carries a pistol concealed under his blouse? It is a fact. That cuss ahead has one. I saw it when he was lying on the ground. There are upwards of six thousand of 'em here and yet I manage them without difficulty. If it was among any other race of people my life wouldn't be worth two bits."

The prisoner had reached the car and stood beside the step crying and sobbing. His captor kicked him several times and he managed to scramble to the platform, although he had no use of his hands or arms. We followed him into the car and Martin reached his hand under the prisoner's blouse and drew therefrom a large Colt's revolver.

"Now if he had been a white man he would have shot me on sight."

BULL-DOZING A CHINAMAN.

He cocked the pistol and as though by accident pointed the muzzle at the Chinaman's head. The wretch fell on his knees and began to beg piteously. Martin seemed to enjoy the poor devil's misery and smiled upon him benignantly.

"It is hop die with you anyway, John," was Martin's consoling observation. "If I shoot you here it is all over. If I carry you back up the track you'll be hung."

The Chinaman continued to pray for mercy, and after drawing bead on his head several times Martin put the pistol in his pocket and we walked out on the platform.

"That seems like cruel treatment," he said, "but it is the only way to manage 'em. Make 'em fear you. Why, when I first began on 'em they were deserting at the rate of fifty a day. If the company had not backed me up there would not have been a Chinaman left on the line. You see, sir, out here there is really no law. The company contracted to carry these fellows back to 'Frisco as soon as the road was finished, and every one who deserts is so much loss to them, for they are under heavy bond to return them in good order. There is no telling how much damage this one might have done if I had not stopped him."

"What will you do with him?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll carry him back up the road a couple of hundred miles and drop him, He won't come back,"

There was something significant in this latter sentence, but as the speaker's teeth were gleaming I did not demand more explicit information.

When we got ready to move out the Chinaman was locked in an empty box-car. That was the last I saw of him. One of the train hands told me the next morning that he was dropped alongside the track during the night. When I asked what they were shooting at about midnight he replied:

"Antelope!"

Every mile or two we passed a Chinaman's grave. They bury their dead above ground in wooden boxes, over which a thin layer of dirt is thrown. Each one was marked by a headboard, covered with hieroglyphics. Some of the graves were newly made and the little piles of paper money, which the dead man's friends had placed there to pay his expenses in the other world, had not yet been blown away. On some of the graves were bowls of rice and baked chicken. Dead Chinaman are always supplied with provisions for the long journey. I remarked on the great number of graves to the brakeman.

"Yes," he said; "it is a sickly country—for Chinamen!"

That fellow's irony was incomparable.

All the sections are worked by Chinese laborers. At one of the section houses where we stopped the "boss" came out and chatted with Martin.

"Oh, by the way," he said at length, "that fellow who was ki—who died yesterday is laying out there in the car house. This new gang of mine are from Canton, and it's again' their religion to bury a Hong Kong man."

"Religion be d——d!" answered Martin, and his teeth gleamed, "Call 'em up.

The section boss did as directed and the car was soon surrounded by pigtails. Martin addressed them from the platform. One Celestial, who seemed to be the spokesman, replied. Martin promptly knocked him down. He dealt out persuasive kicks and cuffs to several others. Before we left the dead Chinaman from Hong Kong was securely boxed, and, as we passed around a curve, I saw his Canton friends begin to throw dirt over the rude coffin.

A DOOMED MAN.

My friend the brakeman, after we became better acquainted, volunteered some interesting information about the "Cap'n." As it was mainly of a statistical nature I am unable to give his remarks verbat'm. He seemed to hold the subduer of the Chinese in high esteem and gave me a minute data respecting the number of Celestials he had "croaked."

"They'll get him one o' these days, though," he sagely concluded. "They've ditched his train twice an' it wouldn't surprise me any day if he was killed. These Chinese are mighty treacherous."

A gentleman connected with the road informs me since that Martin is invaluable. Without his assistance the company would be unable to control the Chinamen. He is judge, jury and executioner, and whenever his white teeth gleam the Celestials shiver, for they know from experience that this sinister smile means business.

A bean dressed out resembles the cinnamon tree—the bark is of greater value than the body.

WIT OF THE WEEK.

A woman is like a pistol when she visits a hair store and goes off with a bang.

"I wish I knew what would prevent my food from distressing me," said Mr. Lymph. "My dear fellow," exclaimed Fogg, "come and stop a while at our boarding-house. I can assure you that all the food you get there won't distress you a particle."

"I said to him, 'Billy, you've been taking morphine, haven't you?' He said, 'Yes, my stomach is out of order and I am compelled to take it. I feel very bad.' That was yesterday. Last night about twelve o'clock I went up to see him and he was asleep and breathing very hard. I saw him again about three o'clock and he was still sleeping. About six this morning I went up again and found him as he is now—dead. I then sent for a physician, but it was too late.

A servant girl who had been admonished by her mistress to be careful in "washin' up" the best tea things was overheard shortly afterward indulging in the following soliloquy while in the act of washing the sugar basin: "If I was to drop this'ere basin, and was to catch it, I suppose I shouldn't catch it; but if I was to drop it, and wasn't to catch it, I reckon I should just catch it."

An Austin Justice of the Peace who is constantly trying criminal cases was called on to marry a couple. After he had asked the usual question, if they desired to be united in the bonds of matrimony, and they had replied in the affirmative, the Justice asked them solemnly: "Having plead guilty to the charge, if there are in your opinion any mitigating circumstances now is the time to state what they are."

"Tre dollar unt a half!" exclaimed Count Ramshackele to the Niagara hackman," dot was a swindle!" "It's the regular fare," said the hackman, "but seeing it's you, I'll take you for three dollars and fifty cents." "Goot!" exclaimed the count. "It was without possibilities to sheet me!"

A butcher enters a lawyer's office—"Sir," he asks, "when a dog does any damage is not his owner responsible?" "Certainly." "That being the case, as your dog has just carried off a magnificent leg of mutton from my shop, you owe me $2." "Nothing could be more just," replied the lawyer, "and fortunately that is just the price of the consultation I have just given you!"

Lady Bloomfield, in her "Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life," tells a curious anecdote about her own father, who isolated himself from the younger members of his family on account of his dislike to the noise of children. "It is said," she writes, "that one day my father was walking in Portland Place when he met a nurse carrying a baby in her arms, ann being struck with the beauty of the infant he inquired whose it was. The nurse, much astonished, answered: 'Your own, Sir Thomas."

"I have made one human being happy to-day," said Fred Blanks to Bob Belt, an Austin lawyer, "Did you send a barrel of flour to a poor widow?" asked Bob. "No, my means do not allow me to be so extravagant, but I told an applicant for a position in the legislature that I knew he was going to get it." "Well, that was one of those little courtesies that casts a ray of sunshine into the troubled life of a fellow-traveler in this vale of tears and which does not cost anything." "The mischief it didn't cost anything. I borrowed $2 from him on the strength of it."

Returned and bearded traveler, rushing up to former acquaintance with enthusiasm: "Why! How are you old man?" Short-sighted and absent-minded former acquaintance (doubtfully): "Eh? How do you do?" "Why, man alive! Don't you remember Bob Travers?" "Yes! Yes! Forged a check, didn't he?" (Indignantly): "No!" (Reflectively): "No? Cut his wife's throat, wasn't it?" "No, sir!" "Dear me, of course not. He was the man who embezzled the trust funds and went off with Thompson's wife, wasn't he?" (Furiously): "No, sir! I am Bob Travers." (Mildly): "You don't say so! Well, what was it you did, anyhow?"

One sultry Sunday a minister was thundering away at his drowsy congregation, the majority of which would go to sleep in spite of all efforts. At last he shouted: "Wake up, here! There is a man preaching to you who has only half a shirt on his back." It woke them tremendously. The next day a delegation of ladies visited the parsonage and presented the preacher with a package containing some very nice shirts, saying that "it was a shame that he should be reduced to half a shirt to his back." He replied, after accepting the shirts with thanks, that "he was not literally reduced to a half shirt, although he wore only a half on his back; he wore the other half in front of him."

If there is one thing the Austin darkey knows more about than another, that thing is politics. During the municipal election in Austin Uncle Mose was halted one night as he was returning to his humble cottage by a burly negro, with an army-sized bludgeon and a demand for his money or his life. "Splain de objec' ob dis meeting," said the old man. "Hit jess means dat money has got ter be raised," responded the interviewer, spitting on his hands and taking a firmer hold of his mace, so to speak. The old man sighed and as he tendered three car tickets, an old pipe and several other articles of bric-a-brac he said: "If I had been notified that you was out collecting voluntary contributions for de legitimate campaign 'spenses I would hab hunted yer up to pay my 'sessments."

At Austin, Nevada, on Washington's birthday, a Chinaman tried to explain to Captain Jack, of the Piutes, who Washington was. "Who you call um Washumtung?" "Oh, he heapa big man, Jack, heapa big American chief." "Aller same Winnemucca?" "Yes, Jack, only beapa more so. He heapa good chief. Allee' Mericans heap likum. This he birthday; when he come little pappoose fust time, you kno; savvy that, Jack?" "No." "Well, Jack, Washington President; great general; heap pite; lickum dam British; fixum country bully." "Washumtung die?" "Yes, heapa die, long time ago." "Chinaman killum?" "No, no; dear me, no; he catchem sick—gone up—no come pappoose no more." "Ugh! You heapa likum—heapa shootum big gun—hatser matter now?" "Oh! get out Jack; it's no use wasting time trying to explain things to a dam thick-head Indian."

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