THE LAFAYETTE GAZETTE.

VOLUME I. LAFAYETTE, LA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1893. NUMBER 38.

THE DOG'S COLD NOSE.

Why the dog's nose is always cold
I'll tell you, friends, as I've been told.
Well, years, and years, and years ago—
How many I don't really know—
There came a rain on sea and shore;
Its like was never seen before
Or since. It fell unceasing down
Till all the world began to drown.
But just before the heavy pour
An old man—his name was Noah—
Built him an ark, that he might save
His family from a watery grave;
And in it, also, he designed
To shelter two of every kind
Of beast. Well, friends, when it was done
Still dark clouds obscured the sun.
But Father Noah safe led the way,
While after him, in close array,
Came all the animals in pairs.
The leopards, tigers, wolves and bears,
The deer, the hippopotamuses,
The rabbits, squirrels, elks, walruses,
The camels, goats and cats and donkeys,
The beavers, tall giraffes and monkeys,
The rats, the big rhinoceroses,
The dromedaries and the horses,
The sheep, the mice, the kangaroos,
Hyenas, elephants, koodoos,
And hundreds more—'twould take all day,
My friends, so many names to say—
And at the very, very end
Of the procession, Noah's good friend,
The family dog, with merry din,
Helped drive the crowd of creatures in;
And then, with loud, exultant bark,
He gayly sprung aboard the ark.
Alas! so crowded was the space
He could not find in it a place;
So, patiently he turned about,
Stood half-way in and half-way out,
And those extremely heavy showers
Descended through nine hundred hours
And several more, and at their close
Most frozen was his honest nose,
And never could it lose again
The dampness of that dreadful rain;
And this is why—so I've been told—
We find the dog's nose always cold.
—Margaret Eytinge, in Detroit Free Press.

ON TIME.

A Boy Fireman's Trying Experience on an Engine.

EVER tired of telling the story, did you say? Ah, no, boys; it is as plainly stamped upon my memory as if it happened only yesterday instead of a great many years ago. Draw up your chairs, and you, Tom, throw another log upon the embers, for the air seems chilly.

We Jacksons are railroad men from away back, and a better engineer than my father never opened a throttle or moved a wheel. He was employed on what was then known as the Pacific Short Line and pulled No. 18 from Packford to Denver, through a country wildly romantic but thinly settled.

When No. 18 started on her regular trip you could not imagine a prettier train in those days. Cars all new, lamps bright, windows polished and the headlight glowing with a brilliancy that, as I remember it, was far ahead of your modern electricity.

The road was just built and men were scarce, so the company practiced economy by letting me run with my father as fireman. It was a feather in the cap of a boy of fourteen, and I appreciated it.

What pride I experienced in leaning out of the cab window and watching the scenery as we flew over the country! I shall never forget how magnificent it all seemed. Here and there the road curved to the left or right, to pass some deep glen filled with pines and overhanging rocks; often a flock of deer could be seen on a plateau one hundred feet below, quietly grazing, but ready to toss up their pretty, innocent heads and flee at the slightest approach of danger.

Sometimes we would dash into a deep cut and run more slowly while darkness reigned for a moment. Emerging from this, we crossed a pretty mountain stream. The little rivulet came bubbling and rushing down the steep hillside like a silver ribbon, growing suddenly wider and falling over a precipice in glassy haste on jagged rocks below, where it broke into a brilliant mass of spray and dazzled the eye with its form and color.

It was a dreary afternoon in December. We had been running extra for forty-eight hours, on account of the heavy storms that had been raging for a week previous. I was so tired that I

HE PUT HIS HAND TO HIS FOREHEAD.

slept upon my cushion, while father added my work to his own and piloted our precious freight of human life through the snow.

Old 18 had seemed discouraged and labored heavily under her burdens as the climbing grew steeper; but father stirred up her strength whenever she shivered beneath the sleet that struck her fiercely in the face and at ten o'clock I aroused myself to learn that we were at our terminus.

Ah, me! How wearily my poor father staggered from the cab and how gladly I saw the "groom" take possession of the old iron horse to rub her down and put her in a stall to rest!

But before we left the station for home an order was given my father to start in two hours on the night mail and make the run to Denver in place of the regular engineer, who was dangerously ill. He shuddered as he read the order and put his hand to his forehead in a feeble way, but there was no possibility of getting rid of the trip and he did not complain.

Mother fretted about the effects of so much anxiety and loss of sleep upon him and vainly tried to tempt his appetite at suppertime, but he talked to her cheerfully and said he should be all right, that Ned would take care of him, and when this trip was over he would have a rest.

We hurried to the depot, where our train was waiting, and I thought when we came to the engine that it panted and chafed as if tired of the delay. Father patted her sides as if she was a living creature and said to me, with a smile:

"She is a stranger to me, Ned, but she is strong and willing. With plenty of coal and water she will show steam enough to take us safely through."

We had to wait a few minutes for the passengers to come boiling out of the depot, with their arms full of parcels and lunch-baskets, but at last the signal came and with a firm, gentle hand father guided us out into the darkness of the night.

I was determined to keep awake and do my part of the work, and I soon saw that father was not as well as when we started. He leaned heavily against the window and as I opened the door of the furnace to feed it with coal I thought I had never seen his face so pale.

He did not talk much, but whenever I looked at him he smiled in a way that seemed sad and ghastly.

It was nearly six o'clock in the morning when we left Nicholby, and two hours more would bring us to Denver. In spite of my fears about father I was growing drowsy, when I was startled to hear him exclaim, in a clear, ringing voice:

"Ned, do you see yon light? 'Tis a signal, lad!"

I glanced out of my frosty window, but could see nothing, and, getting down from my place, crossed over to his side of the cab, thinking the signal would be visible from that seat.

His eyes had grown wonderfully bright and were fixed upon something in the darkness.

Springing lightly up beside him, I gazed in the same direction, but the light he saw was not for me.

"Where is it, father?" I asked, eagerly.

His eyelids closed a moment and then opened slowly.

"Dear Ned," said he, in beautiful tenderness, "the signal is put out for me. It means a report to headquarters—a long lay-off—and—rest."

He sighed gently and his head fell back on my shoulder.

For the first time in my life I drew near the presence of death and my

HE GAVE THE THROTTLE A TREMULOUS PUSH.

thoughts flew to the mother who was waiting our return. My tears fell thick and fast and I stroked the damp hair that clustered about his forehead and kissed him again and again.

The hand that had been guiding us safely through that night of storm over those black miles of peril fell from the lever and I cried aloud in agony.

He roused himself again, leaned forward, gave the throttle a tremulous push and looked at me with the glory of eternity shining on his face.

"I shall be found at my post, lad, and the Master will care for you and mother. Don't cry, dear, but tell her how I got the summons."

His breath grew shorter and I gathered him closer to my heart, listening intently for his last words. Softly but clearly they came to my benumbed understanding:

"Stand by the engine, Ned! Run her through on time."

A smile settled on his white lips and all was over. Faithful unto death! The situation was beyond description. It was some time before I could realize that I must bear the great responsibility of my father's position. I still clung to that dead body, kissing and caressing the quiet face, but at last his words: "Run her through on time," came to me, and, laying him reverently back on the cushions, I clambered down, opened the furnace and filled it with coal. I soon had a full head of steam again, and, taking my place close by my father's side, I grasped the throttle firmly and asked Heaven to help me to stand by the engine in obedience to his dying command.

Daylight looked in upon us to put a seal on the bitterest night's work a boy ever knew. The storm ceased to beat upon our windows and the sun arose to usher us promptly into Denver.

When I saw that we were not a moment behind the regular hour I felt encouraged to believe that out of my sorrow I might begin a life that would always keep the name of Edward Jackson as bright as my father had left it. Like him, I was determined to be a railroad man "on time."—Chicago News.

—A French lady is showing a visitor the family portraits in the picture gallery. "That officer there in the uniform," she says, "was my great-great-grandfather. He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most unfortunate of men—he never fought in a battle in which he did not have an arm or a leg carried away." Then she adds proudly: "He took part in twenty-four engagements."

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

CONVENIENT PIG PEN.

A Cheap Structure Made of Rough Boards But Put Well Together.

An improving farmer, whose pigs have heretofore run at large, is desirous of inclosing them in a convenient pen, and asks for one of convenient form. He wishes one of cheap structure, made of rough boards, but put substantially together.

In answer to his inquiry, we offer the annexed cut (Fig. 1), which we trust will answer his purpose. It is about twelve feet wide, and of any desired length, according to the number of pigs. A portion of it is represented by Fig. 2, divided into compartments, and

FIG. 1.

these into eating and sleeping apartments. A series of these pens extends as far as may be desired; and the sides may be a separate wall of the building, or they may be a high stone wall or a high board fence. Fig. 3 represents a portion of this line of compartments, needing no special explanation. The division between the sleeping and eating apartments will be sufficient if only six inches high, as they will keep the contents carefully separate. Harris

FIG. 2.

says that "pigs will go to their own pens as readily as cows to their stalls. There is no more docile or tractable animal on the farm than a well-bred pig. It is true that he will not be driven—there is a good deal of human nature about him. A cross-bred man will soon spoil a lot of well-bred pigs." For this reason the pen should be so constructed as to allow the pig to keep his quarters in perfect order.

It is important that a pig pen be placed on rather rising ground, so that the water from rains may flow off freely in all directions, and the

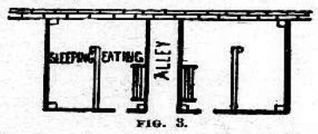

FIG. 3.

forming of mud prevented. The floor should descend several inches, and the manure be wheeled off at least once a day. The doors for wheeling it out should of course be large enough to admit a free passage. The feeding apartments may be about 6 feet wide and 7 feet long, and sleeping apartments 4 by 7. Some persons would have them larger. They may be varied indefinitely.

Some successful farmers, instead of a plank floor, form a bed of dry peat, procured from a peat swamp and thoroughly dried. This absorbs all the animal matter, care being taken to draw it out and spread it as manure before it becomes too moist. This mode of management requires particular care to keep it perfectly neat and clean.—Country Gentleman.

ABOUT THE HORN FLY.

Applications Which Have Been Known to Destroy the Pest.

The treatment for the horn fly is mostly preventive in its nature, and consists of the application to the cattle of odorous substances which will keep the flies from the animals. For this purpose a great many substances have been recommended, but most of them have proved of but little value. The following, however, have given the most satisfactory results at our hands.

First. "Gnat-oil," made as follows: Crude carbolic acid, one ounce; pennyroyal, one-half to one ounce; sulphur, one fourth of a pound; crude cotton-seed oil, one gallon. Mix well, and apply with a brush or cloth to the back and shoulders of the cattle. The crude cotton-seed oil is cheaper than the other oils, although fish-oil and lard-oil are equally as good in making the above.

Second. Fish-oil and tar mixed and applied as above is equally effective. The tar is mixed with the fish-oil so that the odor may last longer and thus keep the flies away from the animals a greater length of time. Either of the above will keep the flies away from the animals for several days, after which the application should be repeated.

Third. The flies breed in fresh manure. It is thus important that the barn-yards be kept as clean and free from manure as possible. Lime placed upon the manure will kill the larvæ.—Farm and Fireside.

Patent Foods for Cattle.

Beware of patent cattle foods which are so seductively advertised. The New Hampshire station has found out they are big humbugs. One food which sells for $6 per 100 pounds or $120 per ton, is nothing but wheat bran, salt and fenugreek. Another sells for $8 per 100 pounds and is only wheat middlings and screenings mixed, with caraway or fennel seeds added and something which appeared to be butternut or elm bark and salt. A certain condition powder is a mixture of corn meal and cottonseed meal with salt and fenugreek and sells at 3 pounds for 50 cents.—Farm and Home.

To Make Pork Raising Pay.

Intensive methods in stock-growing are just as needful as in any other branch of agriculture. The first step toward this is to have thoroughly good cattle; fewer, if need be, but better. Have no more than can be fed bountifully all the year through. Work for early maturity all the time. Breed up constantly by selection and the introduction of new blood. Never rest content until you have not only good stock, but the very best for your purpose, whatever that purpose is.—Rural World.

PLANTING FOR HONEY.

Result of Experiments Conducted at Lansing, Mich.

The following is from the special report of J. H. Larrabee to the department of agriculture, Washington. The experiments were conducted at Lansing, Mich.:

There were in bloom at this station this season three acres of sweet clover (Melilotus alba), sown in June, 1891. It was sown upon rather poor clay soil, yet it made a fair growth last fall and came through the winter in good condition. It began to bloom July 8 and continued in bloom till the 20th of September. The period of greatest bloom and honey secretion was from July 20 to September 1. It grew rapidly and was very rank, reaching a height of about six feet. The amount of bloom was great and the bees were continually busy upon it, yet during the period from July 24 to August 10, while it was in full bloom and while all other natural sources were absent, no honey of any appreciable extent was gathered and the hive upon scale lost in weight. Probably some honey was obtained during the season from this sweet clover, but in such limited quantities as to make any estimate of the value of the plant as a honey producer impossible. At the present time the ground is covered with brush, so that labor will be necessary in clearing the land before plowing can be done.

With the idea of obtaining an opinion of the value of sweet clover as a silage plant, an alcohol barrel was filled with cut stalks, solidly packed and sealed air-tight. This was done on July 14, just as the clover was getting fairly into bloom and while the stalks were yet tender and nutritious. On September 23 the barrel was opened and the ensilage was fed. A horse that had previously eaten corn silage ate it very readily, but another horse and a cow that had never eaten silage would not touch it. Several experts upon the subject pronounced it excellent. There is no doubt but that it would be a very desirable plant for the purpose if the feeding value per acre could be made equal to that of corn. An estimate made from the amount cut for silage gave between six and seven tons per acre. Although its feeding value may be much higher than that of corn, it is still doubtful if it will pay to use it for this purpose alone, from the above estimate.

In concluding these experiments in planting for honey carried on by Prof. Cook and now concluded for the present, I desire to say that no results have been obtained with any plant sown or planted for honey alone that will warrant the beekeeper in expending money and labor in this direction. Beekeepers have in the past spent much time and money in the effort to cultivate some plant for the honey the bees may obtain from its flowers. In no case coming under my observation have these efforts been a success and the practice has never been continued at a profit. Therefore let me caution all apiarists against spending money in the attempt to cultivate at a profit any flower for honey alone. Beekeepers should cease these useless efforts and turn their attention more persistently to extending the area of all wild honey-producing plants and urging upon all the superiority of alsike clover and Japanese buckwheat as farm crops and the linden as a shade tree.

ANTI-HEN SCRATCHER.

A Simple Device Which Does Its Work Every Time.

The garden hen is a nuisance. Her scratch is worse than her bite. Hitherto there have been only two ways of handling her. One is to cut her head off and the other to surround her with a high fence. Both of these are costly. Here is a new one, sent by a friend who says his neighbor has used it successfully. The cut shows it. No description here is needed. You can see that when the hen puts her leg up for a

AN ANTI-SCRATCHING DEVICE.

scratch, the stilt sticks into the ground and walks her right out of the garden!—Rural New Yorker.

AROUND THE FARM.

EIGHTEEN syndicates, mostly in England and other foreign countries, each own tracts of lands consisting of seventy-two thousand acres in the United States.

DURING this dry weather guards plowed around stacks, buildings and along fences may save much loss from fire; two or three furrows are usually sufficient.

IT is said that one fourth of the total number of farmers in the United States own their own farms and one-half of this number are mortgaged to their full value.

THE bot fly will deposit a large number of eggs on horses which are running on pastures at this season. If the nits are scraped off the hair with a knife a less number reach the stomach of the horse.

SAVE the straw by placing it in good stacks and covering with slough or prairie hay to keep the rain from wetting it deeply. If it is not needed for feed, it will come in good place as bedding, etc.

WHERE open ditches are to be made, dry weather greatly aids in the work, and just now can best be cut. Tiling can also be carried on to good effect unless the surface ground is too hard for digging.

TRAMPS IN GERMANY.

Vagrant Wanderers Forced to Earn the Food and Shelter They Secure.

The tramp habit acquired formidable proportions in Germany soon after the close of the war of 1870–71. Two years later it was estimated that not less than two hundred thousand men and boys were living as vagabonds in the German empire, begging from town to town, demoralizing and in many instances terrorizing the rural communities. The support of this army of tramps is computed to have cost the people in alms and food $15,000,000 per annum. Moreover, the money spent brought no permanent relief, the vagrant horde growing larger and more menacing day by day. It was against this grievous and rapidly-increasing evil that society combined and managed in the course of years to develop the thoroughly efficient system which is now found in operation throughout the whole of Germany except Bavaria and Alsace-Lorraine.

The first step taken was to organize in towns and villages anti-beggary societies, the members of which paid a certain yearly fee to the society treasury, and agreed to give nothing to beggars who should apply at their doors. A small metallic disk, bearing the name of the society, is fastened at the front door of each member's house. This tells the beggar that his appeal for alms will be denied, and that he will be referred to the office of the society, where his case will be carefully investigated before relief is granted. The society provides a relief station, which is placed near the principal entrance to the town—in the case of a large city there may be several of these stations its suburbs—where, by a few hours' work, the destitute wayfarer may earn a ticket which will entitle him to food and lodging at the "Herberge," or lodging-house. This house is established and supported by the municipal or communal government from the public funds. It is a plain country boarding-house, where wholesome food and clean beds can be obtained, but no liquor. Its maintenance is the price which the community pays for exemption from the tramp nuisance.

After passing a night and obtaining meals at the herberge, the vagrant is provided with a ticket inscribed with his name, age, birthplace and the route that he intends to take in search of work. If he wanders far from that route he is liable to arrest by the first rural policeman whose precinct he enters, in which case his card is taken away, and he is locked up for a season, to be dismissed with a reprimand and another card, which will pass him to the nearest herberge in the direction that he desires to follow. If he arrives there not later than two o'clock in the afternoon he will receive his dinner, his afternoon work, supper, bed and the next morning his breakfast, together with a new card that will pass him on to the next herberge, allowing time to seek for work along the way and yet arrive at 2 o'clock. Should he reach the lodging-house later than that hour, he will, unless he can prove that he was detained by accident or some other good reason, get nothing, and must shift for himself during the night. In this way a man can walk over almost the whole of Germany without ever being destitute of food or shelter and without ever having money to buy a dram of liquor. The statistics of 1890 show that there were in that year 1,957 relief stations and 364 herberges in operation in Germany, at which 1,662,606 breakfasts, 972,490 dinners, 1,891,591 suppers and 2,223,000 lodgings were provided.

There is no doubt that this part of the German machinery of organized charity performs the work for which it was devised. It relieves the towns and villages from the drain and menace of vagrant mendicancy, keeps the vagabond class under police surveillance; forces them to earn their food and lodging, or go without both; and by keeping them constantly moving from station to station, prevents aggregation in gangs. The monotony and enforced regularity of each forenoon's walk soon render the life stale and wearisome, and the tramp eagerly seeks work as a means of regaining his independence and escaping the constant supervision to which his ticket exposes him. Speaking of the effect of this system of repressing vagrancy, as he has observed it in Frankfort and the vicinity, Mr. Mason, American consul-general there, says that there is practically no indiscriminate distribution of alms, and few or no beggars or peddlers, except, some maimed or deformed persons who, under certain restrictions, are permitted to sell matches on the street. In that portion of Germany there are apparently no tramps, either in the urban or the rural districts, and this notwithstanding a generally-depressed condition of most industries.—N. Y. Sun.

A Sordid View of It.

Benevolent-Looking Citizen—Young man, do you realize the value of time.

Park Bench Lounger—I'm not realizin' anything on my time, bet your life!—Chicago Tribune.

A Saving Soul.

"I wonder why Hawley the poet will persist in wearing paper collars?"

"Economy. He wears the collar all day and uses it to write poems on at night."—Judge.

—What He Meant.—Gummey "Skidmore has good horse sense." Gargoyle—"I suppose you mean he knows how to pick the winners at the races?" Gummey—"No; I mean he never bets."—Detroit Free Press.

—Comforted.—"The poor fellow was actually weeping when I found him, and I pressed a cardial to his lips." "Did he appear to feel better?" "Yes. He smiled through his tears."—Truth.

—"That's a great scheme of Scaddleberry's." "What is it?" "He has put a big steam-heater under his garden, and is going to try to raise baked beans."—Harper's Bazar.

AN ANIMATED THORN.

The Little Harlequin on a Branch of Bittersweet.

In a recent half-hour's relaxation, while comfortably stretched in my hammock upon the porch of my country studio, I was surprised with a singular entertainment. I soon found myself most studiously engaged. Entwining the corner post of the piazza, and extending for some distance along the eaves, a luxuriant vine of bittersweet had made itself at home. The currant-like clusters of green fruits, hanging in pendent clusters here and there, were now nearly mature, and were taking on their golden hue, and the long free shoots of tender growth were reaching out for conquest on right and left in all manner of graceful curves and spirals. Through an opening in this shadowy foliage came a glimpse of the hill-side slope across the valley upon whose verge my studio is perched, and as my eye penetrated this pretty vista it was intercepted by what appeared to be a shadowed portion of a rose branch crossing the opening and mingling with the bitter-sweet stems. In my idle mood I had for some moments so accepted it without a thought, and would doubtless have left the spot with this impression had I not chanced to notice that this stem, so beset with conspicuous thorns, was not consistent in its foliage. My suspicions aroused, I suddenly realized that my thorny stem was in truth merely a bitter-sweet branch in masquerade, and that I had been "fooled" by a sly midget who had been an old-time acquaintance of my boyhood, but whom I had long neglected.

Everyone knows the climbing-bitter sweet, or "waxwork" (Celastrus scandens), with its bright berries hanging in clusters in the autumn copes, each yellow berry having now burst open in thin sections and exposed the scarlet-coated seeds. Almost any good-sized vine, if examined early in the months of July and August, will show us the thorns, and more sparingly until October, and queer thorns they are, indeed! Here an isolated one, there two or three together, or perhaps a dozen in a quaint family circle around the stem, their curved points all, no matter how far separated, inclined in the same direction, as thorns properly should be. Let us gently invade the little colony with our finger-tip. Touch one never so gently and it instantly disappears. Was ever thorn so deciduous? And now observe its fellows. Here one slowly glides up the stem; another in the opposite direction; another sideways. In a moment more the whole family have entirely disappeared, as if by hocus-pocus, until we discover, by a change of our point of view, that they have all congregated on the opposite side of the stem, with an agility which would have done credit to the proverbial gray squirrel.

This animated thorn is about a quarter of an inch long, and dark brown in color, with two yellowish spots on the edge of its back.

Nor is this all the witchery of this bitter-sweet thorn. It is well worth our further careful study. Seen collectively, the thorny rose branch is instantly suggested, but occasionally, when we observe a single isolated specimen, especially in the month of July, he will certainly masquerade in an entirely new guise. Look! quick. Turn your magnifier hither on this green shoot. No thorn this. Is it not rather a whole covey of quail, mother and young creeping along the vine? Who would ever have thought of a thorn! Turning now to our original group, how perfectly do they take the hint, for are they not a family of tiny birds with long necks and swelling breasts and drooping tails, verily like an autumn brood of "Bob Whites?"

But the little harlequin is as wary a bird as he was a horn! No sooner do we touch his head with our finger than, with an audible "click," he is off on a most agile jump, which he extends with buzzing wings, and is even now, perhaps, aping a thorn among a little group of his fellows somewhere among the larger bittersweet branches.—William Hamilton Gibson, in Harper's Magazine.

American Rails and Rolling Stock.

The statement is made that the weight of the rail used on the American roads has been increasing steadily during the last twenty years. This can be attributed to the increasing weight of rolling-stock cars of every description. Twenty years ago the maximum capacity of a freight car was from 20,000 to 24,000 pounds, while at present it is from 60,000 to 80,000; some cars, in fact, having been constructed with a freight-carrying capacity of 100,000 pounds. In regard to engines, one of thirty tons was some years ago regarded as of fair size, but they are now built of sixty, seventy and eighty tons' weight. Until the last ten or twelve years or so the average weight of rails was fifty-six pounds to the yard.—N. Y. Sun.

Calming Her Suspicions.

"I hope," said Mabel to her brother, "that Algernon does not play cards for money."

"No," replied the young man, "I can safely say that he does not."

"I am so glad to hear it. But are you sure?"

"Yes. Sometimes Algernon thinks he is playing for money, but it is really the other man who is so occupied."—Washington Star.

Comparative Worth.

Scribbler—Now, dear, I *can't* come and take the baby. Don't you see I am very busy on this poem? Call the servant.

Mrs. Scribbler—I'll do nothing of the kind, Henry. You *must* come. Just remember that the servant girl's time is worth four dollars a week!—Puck.

A Careful Mistress.

Mother—If you let that little dog eat so much he'll get sick.

Little Dot—I didn't put any pudding or cake on his plate—nothing but meat and potatoes and such things.—Good News.

HE GOT SUE.

How He Did It is Best Explained in His Own Words.

Every one of us on the car spotted them for a bridal couple as they got on at a small station, but there was that about the groom that claimed everyone's attention; he had a pair of badly-bruised and blackened eyes and a skinned nose. It was plain that he had had a fight, and we were all curious, and an hour later, when he went to the smoking-car, several of us followed on and asked him for an explanation.

"Yes, I had a fout," he said, as he lighted his briar-root. "I had to hev a fout to git Sue."

"There was a rival then?"

"Reckon not. Never seen any rivals 'round thar'. Nobody but me and Sue and her folks."

"But who did you fight with?"

"Sue's pop, in course. He'un gin me these yere black eyes."

"Didn't he want you to marry the girl?"

"Oh! he'un was willin' 'nuff, but he said I'd got to lick him fust. Over a y'ar ago he'un took me into the bresh and says:

"'Tom, ar' you gwine fur to be spliced to that gal o' mine?'"

"'If she'll hev me,' says I.

"'Whoop' says he, as he cracks his heels together, 'but nobody kin be spliced to Sue till they ar' big 'nuff to lick her ole dad!'

"'I'll grow fur ye,' says I, and with that he cracks his heels some mo' and crows like a rooster and says 'he'll be ready any time I am. I was dun ready yesterday. I goes over to the house and says to the ole man:

"'Uncle Eben, I'm yere fur to be spliced to Sue.'

"'Whoop! Whoopee!' he yells, 'but yo' dun remember what I told yo!' The reptile as splice Sue has got to lick her ole dad!'

"'That's what I'm yere fur. Come out into the co'nfield and I'll wollop yo' till yo' can't holler!'

"That tickles the ole critter half to death. We goes down and peels off and spits on our hands, and he'un cracks his heels and crows and yells at me:

"'Tom, yo' ar' my mutton! I'll make yo' cry like a baby befo' I hit yo' twice! Look out now, fur Bald mountain is guine to hit you right a'tween the eyes!'

"With that the fout begun. We tore up hills o' co'n. We pawed up the airth. We raised a dust like a drove of cattle. He'un was hard as hickory-nuts and as quick as cats, but I knowed I had to lick him or lose Sue. I knowed, too, that Sue was in the cabin a-prayin' fur me to lam — out of the ole cuss, and I fit as I never fit befo'. It lasted half an hour and then he'un hollered.

"Was he hurt any worse than you?"

"Wall, when the ole woman come out to help lug he'un in she'un didn't know him by sight. He'un couldn't stand up at the cermony, and he won't see to cut his toe nails for about fo' weeks to come."

"But wasn't he mad at you afterward?"

"Reckon not. Reckon he'un hed no cause to be. He'un just whooped and crowed and cracked and said as how I'd hev to lam him fust, and so I lammed. Oh, no; he'uns wasn't mad. When we'uns got ready to come away he'un whooped a lettle whoopee and calls out to me:

"'Tom, durn yer shackelty hide, but it war' a fa'r fout and yo' downed the ole man and got the gal, and if yo' git dead broke up thar' at Asheville send me word and I'll sell the old mewl fur seven dollars and send yo' the money.'"—Detroit Free Press.

ADMINISTERING LAW IN TEXAS.

A Cow Thief Too Busy to Serve His Sentence.

In the county seat of a little Texas frontier town, an illiterate old cattleman was brought up before the grand jury for cow-stealing. The old man had been stealing cows all his life, and looked upon this arrest as a joke, thinking that his money and his influence would be able to pull him through. Consequently he sat through the trial with a look of sublime unconcern on his face, cutting off chew after chew of tobacco and whittling a bit of pine with his old Barlow knife. The evidence, however, seems to have been conclusive, for the jury retired and speedily returned, bringing in a verdict of guilty, and the judge assessed a term of five years in the penitentiary.

"Whut's that?" exclaimed the old rascal, jumping up and spitting his quid out, "whut's that, gentlemen? Five years in the penitentiary? Me? Five year in yer durned ole jail that 'nz built fer hoss-thieves an' niggers? Why, jedge," turning to the bench, "you'll have to fix this thing up! I can't go! I've got three herds of cattle to round-up this week, bound to be did, yer see. Durn yer ole law! What have I got to do with it? Whut's it got to do with my mavericks? How does it know anything about my brand or my yearlin's? Durn yer law! Fix it up, jedge. You see how I'm situated."

The judge was an "old-timer," too. He had dealt in mavericks before he took to the law.

"You're mighty awkward, Boser," he said, "infernally awkward! Let's see—how can I accommodate you?" He scratched his head and thought awhile. "Here's what you kin do," he went on. "Go an' tend to your round-ups and let me know as soon as yo' git 'em laid by, then I'll inforce yo' fine."

"Thank yo', jedge, thank yo'. That's far an' squar an' neighborly!" answered the condemned. "I reckon I kin wind things up in about three months, an' I'll come roun' an' let yo' know."

"Cote's adjourned!" called the judge, and he and Boser went around the corner and took a drink together.—Toledo Blade.

—Probably the nearest approach to perpetual motion is seen in the under jaw of the young woman of gushing temperament. When it is not employed in talk it is busy chewing gum.—Boston Transcript.