

Bear Wasn't the Point.

The Point Was Gun, and the Result Proved the Truth of It.

THE scorned gun hadn't been shot off for 30 years and better, said the knob country man, "and I told Tom so when he started out with it that night. 'Tom,' I says, 'that gun'll kick you worse'n a mule if you fire it; mind what I tell you.' 'Cause it was an old army musket that Tom had lugged all through the war, and when he come back home he hung it up on a couple o' pegs on the settin'-room wall, and it seemed to me that it hadn't never been took down sence. 'Tom,' I says, 'that gun'll kick you worse'n a mule.' 'But Tom he says: 'And do you want bears to pitch in and chew me?' 'I hain't sayin' nothin' 'bout bears,' I says. 'It's the gun I was talkin' 'bout. I wouldn't be afraid o' meetin' half a dozen bears,' I says, 'but seems to me I'd be overpowerin' skittish o' that gun.' 'But here's two more o' my sheep lugged away last night!' says Tom. 'And by that same infernal old bear, I know! And that makes nine sence the fust o' the month,' says he. 'Hain't this clearin' got nothin' to do but raise nuttin for bears?' says he. 'Tom,' I says, 'I hain't raised the question o' bears, I says. 'Stick to the p'int!' I says. 'The p'int is that if you shoot that gun it'll kick you worse'n a mule. That's what I argue, an' I stick to it. Kickin' guns, not bears, is what I'm arguin' on. It'll kick you worse'n a mule,' I says. 'Mind what I tell you.' 'Tom he says: 'Oh, you pshaw!' and off he goes with the old gun and Jake Dolph, his hired man. 'Samantha,' I says to Tom's wife, 'that gun hain't been fired for 30 year and better, has it?' I says. 'Not as I know on,' says Samantha. 'Pap took it down a year or so 'fore he died, jest after Tom fetched it home from the war,' she says, 'and put a load in it to kill a hawk,' says she. 'That's so,' I says. 'I didn't think it had been took down sence Tom hung it up,' I says. 'Yes,' says Samantha. 'Pap took it down an' loaded it to shoot a hawk,' says she, 'but the hawk wouldn't be come nigh to, and Pap didn't shoot it; so he hung the gun back,' says she. 'Yes, and it was took down, ag'in, come to think on it,' says Samantha. 'It was, eh?' I says. 'Yes,' says she. 'Along mebbe a couple or three year after Pap died Tom's brother Sim took it down and loaded it to kill a fox, but the fox got away and Sim didn't fire it,' says she. 'Your pap loaded it and didn't fire it?' I says. 'Yes,' says Samantha. 'And Tom's brother Sim loaded it after that and didn't fire it?' I says. 'Yes,' says Samantha. 'Did Tom load it for usin' this evenin'?' I says. 'Yes,' says Samantha. 'Samantha,' I says, 'when they fetch Tom home to-night consider 'ble an' 'finted,' I says, 'and mebbe peeled like a spudded hemlock, send fer me and I'll explain things,' I says. 'Why, Abel,' says Samantha, 'skeery-like, 'you don't think the bear'll chew him and mummix him as bad as that, do you?' 'Bears ain't the p'int!' I says. 'I hain't said a darn thing about bears,' I says. 'Gun is what I'm arguin' on! If Tom fires that gun it'll kick him worse'n a mule. Worse'n a mule! Sizzlin' Soerates! Worse'n a drove o' mules!' I says, and away I starts for home, aggravated like Sam Hill 'cause they kep' throwin' up bears at me when I wa'n't arguin' bears, but was makin' that gun the all pervadin' p'int. 'Yit, when I come to think on it, I hadn't orto blamed Tom and Samantha so much for it, after all, for bear had been thinnin' out their sheep tremendous, and though hunters had sot up nights watchin' for the thievin' bruin and tried to run him down with dogs daytimes, he give 'em all the slip, and then when they'd go home to rest and git a little sleep he'd sneak in and lug off another sheep, till he had Tom's pastur' pretty well thinned down, and Tom he made up his mind he'd go out with the old musket and see what he could do himself. Consequently, mebbe I hadn't orto blamed him so much for arguin' bear when I was makin' gun the p'int. 'I hadn't got fur on my way home when I says to myself that I better go find Tom where he mowt be layin' 'low in the pastur' lot and argue with him ag'in, thinkin' mebbe that I mowt be able to make more o' a p'int by fetchin' in the arguments about Samantha's dad havin' rammed a load in the gun and left it there, and Tom's brother Sim havin' rammed a load in the gun on top o' Samantha's dad's and left it there, and the load that Tom himself had rammed in on top o' Samantha's dad's and Sim's with the idee o' not leavin' it there. 'If them arguments ain't enough to show Tom that the p'int is gun more than bear,' I says, 'then he don't know nothin' about logic, and if Samantha is left a widdler and the coroner gits a fee,' I says, 'twon't be because I didn't argue on proper p'int.' 'So I turned and folloed the road to 'rds Tom's back settin' lot, where he was more'n likely settin' on the brink o' a volcano that would do some unmerciful bebehin' if he ever let that gun go. I had got pretty well in to 'rds the pastur' fence when all of a sudden there was a flash that lit up the surroundin' country for a second or so like sheet lightning, and then there was a rumble

and a roar and a crash and a crash that shook things enormous. 'The volcano has bebehed,' I says, and as I was hurryin' on I seen some- 'twin' comin' tearin' down the road to 'rds me like a runaway boss. As it got nigh me I see it was Tom's hired man. 'Bears! Bears! Bears!' he holler- ed, as he went tearin' by. 'Bears be burned!' I holler'd, stoppin' to argue with him. 'Bears ain't the p'int. The p'int is—' 'But the hired man tore on out o' sight. 'Consarn 'em!' I says. 'There ain't no more logic in 'em than there's fleas on a catfish.' 'So I hurried on to find out whether there was enough left o' Tom to be open to conviction. I found him lyin' on the ground at one edge o' the pastur', groanin' 'n consider 'ble, and squirmin' and wrig- gin' and twistin' worse than if cholera morbus had sot in. I riz him so he sot up, but it was a minute or more before he got hisself gathered together enough to know where he was. Then it come to him, and lookin' up and seein' me, he says: 'Did they chew me up pooty tremen- dous, Abel? Am I clawed and ripped up much by 'em?' says he. 'I see that he was stickin' to bears yit, and it riled me. 'Consarn yer, Tom!' says I. 'Bears ain't the p'int! Did you fire that gun or didn't you?' 'The heft o' evidence mowt be that I did,' says he, 'but I wouldn't want to swear that it wasn't earthquakes,' says he. 'Then I see he was kind o' gittin' round to seein' the real p'int o' the argu- ment, and I says: 'Where is it?' 'Seems to me,' says he, 'that I remem- ber o' it's quittin' me, but I didn't have no time to say it where it was go- in',' says he. 'Then I see that one side o' Tom's face was swelled up bigger'n a pump- kin and that he didn't have no use o' his right shoulder, and he said he didn't think, from the way he was feelin' in them parts, that there was more than four o' his ribs broke on that side, but there mowt be five. I looked around and seen a panel o' rail fence down a rod or so behind us. 'What did you tear that fence down, fur?' I says. 'There wa'n't no fence tore down when me and the gun came in,' says Tom. 'Then I knowed that the gun had kicked that panel o' fence down and I folloed the trail through the panel o' fence, found a gully plowed in the road clean across it, more'n six inches deep, kind o' catty-cornered to 'rds the woods on 't'her side. I folloed the gully off into the woods a couple o' rods, and at the end of it I found the gun, chuck

up ag'in in a hemlock tree, and there was bark knocked off o' the tree half-way round and three foot up. The gun was actually quiverin' yit, as if it hadn't hardly give its dyin' kick. I picked it up and went back to Tom. Jest as I got there in come Samantha and the hired man, and we worked Tom home by de- grees. The doctor from the Eddy hap- pened to be at the mill that night and it didn't take long to git him. After he had straightened Tom around and made him comfortable, Samantha took up the argument ag'in. 'Who'd a-thunk,' says she, 'that bear o'ld a—' 'Samantha,' says Tom, 'bears ain't the p'int. The p'int is that amazin' gun, and when I git around ag'in,' says he, 'I'm goin' to spike it and bury it down in the fur corner of the old stone lot,' says he, 'with stones a top of it three foot deep.' 'Then I knowed that Tom had come square round to the p'int o' the argu- ment, and seen that logic was logic, and I went home feelin' that all you got to do when you got your p'int right is to stick to 'em, and nothin' kin down you. 'Did Tom git any bears? Well, as I been tryin' to tell you, bears wa'n't the p'int, but I believe they did find a couple o' bears in the pastur' lot next day. One o' 'em, they said, had a hole through him you could shove a stovepipe in, and out o' 't'her un, which must a been in range o' the first un, they took so much lead that I have an idee he must a stopped all o' Tom's lead, and all o' Tom's brother Sim's lead, and all o' Samantha's dad's lead—there bein' too much vim to the gun for 'em to have time for stop- pin' in the first bear.'—N. Y. Sun.

At a dinner party which Lord and Lady Blank were giving before the arrival of the guests much discussion was held as to questions of precedence. One question especially puzzled them, and as there was a minute or so to spare Lord Blank went to his study to get information from "Dubrett." Mean- while some of the guests had arrived, and among them the two about whom there had been so much trouble as to precedence. And then Lord Blank re- turned with "Dubrett" in his hand, and called out: "It was quite right, my dear, Lady Smith was a Jones, and he is a mere nobody." The Smiths no longer dine with Lord and Lady Blank.—Vanity Fair.

It happened in the palmy days of the bushrangers, when I went "up country" in Australia to try sheep herding for a change. The station to which I was attached had eight herders out, and after a couple of weeks spent in "learning the ropes" I was put out for the ninth. My hut was erected on the banks of a creek 20 miles from headquarters and seven miles from any other herder, and I had no dog to assist me. My duty was to guard a herd of 1,500 sheep as they fed on the plains by day, and round them up near the hut at night and turn out every hour or two to see that they were all right. The solitary life, poor fare and hard work were bad enough, but added to this was the peril from the bushrangers. It had come to be a custom that a bushrang- er should take what mutton he wanted without interference, and in return he should not meddle with the herders. It was also tacitly understood that the herders should give the police no infor- mation. There were herders on our station who had given shelter to "Big George," "Black Bill" and the "Red Knight," and our orders from head- quarters were to make friends with them and give the police no infor- mation. This was in one sense a selfish policy, and was greatly complained of by travelers, farmers and these whose duty it was to hunt down the outlaws, but if it had not been practiced no sheep station could have put out herders. They would have been killed and the flocks scattered. I was warned that I should probably receive a visit from "Big George" within a week, and I was both curious and apprehensive. Now and then his gang refused to take a herder "on trust" and drove him away, or they played some rough game on him to test his loyalty.

Just at daylight on the fifth day of my heading, as I was making my coffee on a fire outside, a rider wearing the uniform of a policeman came galloping up and asked me if anyone had passed. I replied in the negative, and he ex- plained that on the night previous a force of 20 officers had surrounded a camp of five bushrangers at a spot about ten miles away, and had killed four of them. The fifth had dashed through their lines on horseback and had come in my direction. The man questioned me very sharply, and though I answered truthfully he was not satisfied. He said it was my duty to stand by the police, and that if it could be ascertained that I gave aid or comfort to the bushrangers I should be brought to grief. He continued to speak angrily and doubt my word, and I finally lost my temper and gave him back as good as he sent. He thereupon an- nounced that I was under arrest and undertook to slip the irons on my wrists. In the fight which ensued he got the worst of it, and finally rode away swearing vengeance. Half an hour later a man in rough clothes rode up and asked for a cup of coffee, and after a bit I recognized him as the policeman. It was "Big George" him- self and that was the way he took to test me. In the fight he had given me a bloody nose and I had given him a black eye, but he bore me no ill-will, and I was rather proud of having been too much for him in a rough-and-tum- ble. He was in a good-natured mood and inclined to be talkative, and in going away he assured me that I should come to no harm as long as I stood neutral between the outlaws and the police. This band of five men had their headquarters in the neighborhood for three months, and I got to know every man by sight. They took a sheep from my flock whenever they desired, and sometimes cooked a meal at my fire, and in return they often left me tea, coffee and canned provisions—the spoil of some teamster's hauling. After awhile three of the gang were killed while attacking a farmhouse 20 miles away, two others were captured in camp after being wounded, and one night "Big George" aroused me from sleep to say that he was the last of the band and had a bullet in his shoulder and wanted my assistance.

To the west of my hut was a deep ravine which I had explored to find a safe retreat in case I was ever run off by the natives. I descended into it in company with the outlaw, fixed up a shelter and made a bit of fire for him, and then attended to his wound and cooked him some food. He was in low spirits. All his men were dead or cap- tured, he had no horse, and he was in no condition to travel and take care of himself. There was a reward of \$2,000 on his head, but had it been ten times as great I should have had no thought of betraying him. For three days and three nights the outlaw was my guest, and no one came near to disturb us. Sleep and rest were getting him in shape to travel when, on the afternoon of the fourth day, a body of police arrived. They knew the man was wounded and on foot, and were beating up the country for him. I was questioned and threatened, but posi- tively denied all knowledge, and had "Big George" remained in his hiding place he would have escaped. Finding the police at hand, and probably believ- ing he had been tracked to the spot, he made off down the ravine to escape across the creek. Unfortunately for him he was seen as he skulked along, and the alarm was raised and he

was pursued. He led them a chase of three miles, and wounded two men when he was finally brought to bay, but they laid hands on him and he was sent down to the coast and con- victed and hung. He told me on the night before the attack that he had about \$7,000 hidden away, and he in- tended to get it and try to get out of the country. The police made every effort to get possession of this money, but he defied them. Fifteen years later it was found by the wife of a squatter in a hollow tree, and as it was all in gold none of it had suffered from exposure to the weather. The police insisted that I had given the outlaw aid, and they made me considerable trouble over the affair. This was of benefit to me in the end, however. About the time I got back to my flock, "Black Bill" and his gang of seven men came into the neighbor- hood. All were escaped convicts, and all men of the most desperate sort. They came riding up to the hut soon after sunrise one morning and ordered me to kill a sheep and prepare break- fast. I was dressing the sheep, with one of the men acting as sentinel and the rest lying around and smoking their pipes. "Black Bill" said to me: "You have nothing to fear from us, young man. You are the herder who took care of 'Big George,' and it was not your fault that he was captured. Play us as fair as you did him, and there will be no trouble between us." Each and every man had a good word for me, but I was glad enough when the gang departed. They were continually cursing and quarreling, and the deeds they boasted of kept me in a flutter of fear. Two days later one of the men left me tobacco, bacon and coffee as he rode past my hut, and every day or two I caught sight of some of them. Their headquarters were in the hills, only about a mile away, and on two or three occasions, late at night, I heard them singing and shouting. In the ten weeks they were in the neighborhood they robbed a score of travelers on the road, held up farm houses, and defeated the police in two battles, and not one of them was even wounded. Three different times the officers came to me for infor- mation, being sure that I must know something of the gang. On the last occasion, about four o'clock one after- noon, they provoked me to angry re- ports, and as they were an independent and arbitrary force in those times, dealing out law to suit themselves, they threw a rope over my neck and pulled me up to a limb to teach me a lesson in humility. When they rode away they left me half dead and fierce for revenge, and from that hour all the money in Australia could not have tempted me to betray a bushranger. Unknown to any of us, an outlaw had been concealed in the ravine during the "performance," and when the police disappeared he came out and had a few kind words to say and assisted me to round up my scattered flock. Next day "Black Bill" appeared in person and handed me a handsome gold watch and £50 in gold. To have refused his gifts would have been to insult him. The money I retained and made use of, but a year later I restored the watch to a lawyer from whom it had been taken. The end of the gang came about through its betrayal by one of its members. He led the police into camp at midnight, and the sounds of the bat- tle which followed awoke me from sleep. Three policemen were killed and two wounded, and two bush- rangers were killed and all the rest captured and duly executed.

The "Red Knight" was the cavalier of all bushrangers. His name was George McKnight, and he was the son of an English gentleman and a gentle- man himself. He had been transported for embezzlement and assault, but after serving for three years had escaped and taken to the bush. He had with him at that time five men, none of whom were of the ruffianly type, though full of courage and ready to take desperate chances. The locality had been clear of outlaws for weeks when this gang arrived, and they not only made headquarters in the ravine spoken of, but had been there two days before I got on to the fact. One morning the neigh of a horse and the sight of smoke aroused my suspicions, but I made no investigation. At about noonday the "Red Knight" came walk- ing up to me as I sat in the shade of a tree. He was a dapper little fellow, dressed in clothes which might almost be called fashionable, and on his curly head was a jaunty hat with a drooping red plume. He had a frank, open face, a merry blue eye, and was the last man you would have suspected of being a robber and worse. "Well, old man, what's the price of wool to-day?" he laughingly queried, as he came up and offered me a cigar and sat down beside me. With that we began a conversation which lasted for an hour. He did not ask for information concerning the police, knowing that I was bound to one side as much as the other. We talked of the other bands and the fate which had overtaken them—of a score of other things, and I prepared a noon- day meal and he shared it with me. After that was finished he looked at

me for a moment with serious face and then said: "I am sure I can trust you. To-night I shall bring you the plunder I have been saving for months, and you will bury it in your hut. If I call for it you will give it up; if I am killed or cap- tured it will be yours." I made a vigorous protest, feeling that I would be giving "aid and as- sistance," but in the end agreed to do as he wished. That night he brought me gold and notes to the amount of £4,000 and I dug a hole in the center of the earthen floor and carefully cov- ered in the treasure. From the ravine the band made forays in every direc- tion, sometimes striking a point 100 miles away and being absent for three or four days. After awhile the police set a trap for them and two were killed. Later on a third received a bullet in the head while making a raid on the highway, and after that the hunt became so hot that the rest of the band were somewhat intimidated. On two occasions I was visited by the police as they were out in pursuit, and on both of those occasions the out- laws were "at home" and a wink from me would have resulted in their cap- ture. The end came one night when they stopped a stage coach. It was full of police, with others on horse- back behind, and the "Red Knight" had scarcely cried halt when a volley wiped the gang off the face of the earth. He had never called for his money, and it was mine. Perhaps the honest way was to turn it over to the government, but I did not do it. I simply used it to buy sheep and set up a station of my own, and I can't say that my conscience has ever prick- ed me enough to keep me awake o' nights.

Some 20 years after, during the war, I asked Rev. Mr. Meade if I had dreamed it, or was it possible the incidents, as above stated, were true. He replied, with a smile, they were certainly true, but that he had hoped "the absurd fol- ly had long been forgotten"—thus con- firming my recollection in regard to what now seems so strange. All the facts mentioned are as distinct in my memory as of last week. Some time after this reminiscence was recorded by Mr. Taylor, he wrote to his friend and contemporary at the university, Hon. John L. Martyr, of Fredericksburg, on the subject and furnished me with this extract from his reply: "Strange to say, I have no recollection of the display in honor of President Harrison while we were students at the university, but I do remember distinct- ly when a boy of eight or ten a similar pageant in Fredericksburg in honor of some person of distinction, but of whom I cannot recall." Mr. Taylor thought this person must have been ex-President Monroe, who died in 1830, and thence inferred that, previous to 1841, such ceremonies were not uncommon, probably beginning with the death of Gen. Washington.—Alexandria (W. Va.) Gazette.

WOMEN MINT FARMERS. New Business in Which New Yorkers Have Met with Success. The suburban woman has hit upon a new and pleasant way of adding to her store of pocket money. This is by means of the mint farm—an idea which originated in New Orleans and has spread rapidly to northern and western cities. "A lady of my acquaintance recent- ly started a mint farm near Flushing, L. I.," said a New York hotel manager, "and she has made of it a really re- markable success. All the chief hot- els and restaurants of New York and Brooklyn are on her list of customers. While the growing of her mint inter- feres but very slightly with ordinary household duties, its sale proves highly profitable. Of course, her principal trade is during the summer months. "Then she does a rushing business. Last season most of the big hotels bought each from \$2.50 to \$3.25 worth of mint every day from her farm. So much money did she clear that she was enabled to live in luxury all through the cold weather, besides lay- ing by a comfortable sum for rainy days. "The mint farm is carefully culti- vated. All runners are removed, and each sprig grows erect. For about five dollars, or even less, enough plants of the spearmint (botanical name men- tha viridis) may be obtained from any nurseryman to start a fair-sized mint- bed. The soil should be somewhat sandy, and, in the northern states it is well to choose a spot protected from the wind, and with as much sunlight as possible. Mint needs plenty of sun. Beyond keeping it free from runners and weeds, the mint bed calls for little attention. "A light wagon which can make the rounds of the hotels and restaurants early each morning is all that is neces- sary for the distribution of the aromati- cated plant. It is possible, also, to grow the peppermint, or mentha peperita, with profit. Two unmarried ladies of Philadelphia are making money just at present by selling peppermint to the wholesale druggists, who manu- facture from it carminatives, aromatics and stimulants of different sorts. "A New Orleans woman, who pos- sesses a farm near the fair grounds, was, I am told, the pioneer mint culti- vator of her sex. The pursuit is by no means a crowded one, and there are enough hotels and cafes in Greater New York alone to keep several mint farms going."—Boston Globe.

Looked That Was. The Office Boy—Say, I believe the shippin' clerk is thinkin' about marryin' you. The Typewriter—Why, the idea! 'On the dead, I do, I heard him askin' the bookkeeper how much salary you got.'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Most Pleasant One. Inquiring Friend—What is the best route to the Kiondike? Returning Klondiker (hoarsely)—The one coming home!—Puck.

Among the Bushrangers.

By Charles B. Lewis.

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It happened in the palmy days of the bushrangers, when I went "up country" in Australia to try sheep herding for a change. The station to which I was attached had eight herders out, and after a couple of weeks spent in "learning the ropes" I was put out for the ninth. My hut was erected on the banks of a creek 20 miles from headquarters and seven miles from any other herder, and I had no dog to assist me. My duty was to guard a herd of 1,500 sheep as they fed on the plains by day, and round them up near the hut at night and turn out every hour or two to see that they were all right. The solitary life, poor fare and hard work were bad enough, but added to this was the peril from the bushrangers. It had come to be a custom that a bushrang- er should take what mutton he wanted without interference, and in return he should not meddle with the herders. It was also tacitly understood that the herders should give the police no infor- mation. There were herders on our station who had given shelter to "Big George," "Black Bill" and the "Red Knight," and our orders from head- quarters were to make friends with them and give the police no infor- mation. This was in one sense a selfish policy, and was greatly complained of by travelers, farmers and these whose duty it was to hunt down the outlaws, but if it had not been practiced no sheep station could have put out herders. They would have been killed and the flocks scattered. I was warned that I should probably receive a visit from "Big George" within a week, and I was both curious and apprehensive. Now and then his gang refused to take a herder "on trust" and drove him away, or they played some rough game on him to test his loyalty.

Just at daylight on the fifth day of my heading, as I was making my coffee on a fire outside, a rider wearing the uniform of a policeman came galloping up and asked me if anyone had passed. I replied in the negative, and he ex- plained that on the night previous a force of 20 officers had surrounded a camp of five bushrangers at a spot about ten miles away, and had killed four of them. The fifth had dashed through their lines on horseback and had come in my direction. The man questioned me very sharply, and though I answered truthfully he was not satisfied. He said it was my duty to stand by the police, and that if it could be ascertained that I gave aid or comfort to the bushrangers I should be brought to grief. He continued to speak angrily and doubt my word, and I finally lost my temper and gave him back as good as he sent. He thereupon an- nounced that I was under arrest and undertook to slip the irons on my wrists. In the fight which ensued he got the worst of it, and finally rode away swearing vengeance. Half an hour later a man in rough clothes rode up and asked for a cup of coffee, and after a bit I recognized him as the policeman. It was "Big George" him- self and that was the way he took to test me. In the fight he had given me a bloody nose and I had given him a black eye, but he bore me no ill-will, and I was rather proud of having been too much for him in a rough-and-tum- ble. He was in a good-natured mood and inclined to be talkative, and in going away he assured me that I should come to no harm as long as I stood neutral between the outlaws and the police. This band of five men had their headquarters in the neighborhood for three months, and I got to know every man by sight. They took a sheep from my flock whenever they desired, and sometimes cooked a meal at my fire, and in return they often left me tea, coffee and canned provisions—the spoil of some teamster's hauling. After awhile three of the gang were killed while attacking a farmhouse 20 miles away, two others were captured in camp after being wounded, and one night "Big George" aroused me from sleep to say that he was the last of the band and had a bullet in his shoulder and wanted my assistance.

To the west of my hut was a deep ravine which I had explored to find a safe retreat in case I was ever run off by the natives. I descended into it in company with the outlaw, fixed up a shelter and made a bit of fire for him, and then attended to his wound and cooked him some food. He was in low spirits. All his men were dead or cap- tured, he had no horse, and he was in no condition to travel and take care of himself. There was a reward of \$2,000 on his head, but had it been ten times as great I should have had no thought of betraying him. For three days and three nights the outlaw was my guest, and no one came near to disturb us. Sleep and rest were getting him in shape to travel when, on the afternoon of the fourth day, a body of police arrived. They knew the man was wounded and on foot, and were beating up the country for him. I was questioned and threatened, but posi- tively denied all knowledge, and had "Big George" remained in his hiding place he would have escaped. Finding the police at hand, and probably believ- ing he had been tracked to the spot, he made off down the ravine to escape across the creek. Unfortunately for him he was seen as he skulked along, and the alarm was raised and he

was pursued. He led them a chase of three miles, and wounded two men when he was finally brought to bay, but they laid hands on him and he was sent down to the coast and con- victed and hung. He told me on the night before the attack that he had about \$7,000 hidden away, and he in- tended to get it and try to get out of the country. The police made every effort to get possession of this money, but he defied them. Fifteen years later it was found by the wife of a squatter in a hollow tree, and as it was all in gold none of it had suffered from exposure to the weather. The police insisted that I had given the outlaw aid, and they made me considerable trouble over the affair. This was of benefit to me in the end, however. About the time I got back to my flock, "Black Bill" and his gang of seven men came into the neighbor- hood. All were escaped convicts, and all men of the most desperate sort. They came riding up to the hut soon after sunrise one morning and ordered me to kill a sheep and prepare break- fast. I was dressing the sheep, with one of the men acting as sentinel and the rest lying around and smoking their pipes. "Black Bill" said to me: "You have nothing to fear from us, young man. You are the herder who took care of 'Big George,' and it was not your fault that he was captured. Play us as fair as you did him, and there will be no trouble between us." Each and every man had a good word for me, but I was glad enough when the gang departed. They were continually cursing and quarreling, and the deeds they boasted of kept me in a flutter of fear. Two days later one of the men left me tobacco, bacon and coffee as he rode past my hut, and every day or two I caught sight of some of them. Their headquarters were in the hills, only about a mile away, and on two or three occasions, late at night, I heard them singing and shouting. In the ten weeks they were in the neighborhood they robbed a score of travelers on the road, held up farm houses, and defeated the police in two battles, and not one of them was even wounded. Three different times the officers came to me for infor- mation, being sure that I must know something of the gang. On the last occasion, about four o'clock one after- noon, they provoked me to angry re- ports, and as they were an independent and arbitrary force in those times, dealing out law to suit themselves, they threw a rope over my neck and pulled me up to a limb to teach me a lesson in humility. When they rode away they left me half dead and fierce for revenge, and from that hour all the money in Australia could not have tempted me to betray a bushranger. Unknown to any of us, an outlaw had been concealed in the ravine during the "performance," and when the police disappeared he came out and had a few kind words to say and assisted me to round up my scattered flock. Next day "Black Bill" appeared in person and handed me a handsome gold watch and £50 in gold. To have refused his gifts would have been to insult him. The money I retained and made use of, but a year later I restored the watch to a lawyer from whom it had been taken. The end of the gang came about through its betrayal by one of its members. He led the police into camp at midnight, and the sounds of the bat- tle which followed awoke me from sleep. Three policemen were killed and two wounded, and two bush- rangers were killed and all the rest captured and duly executed.

The "Red Knight" was the cavalier of all bushrangers. His name was George McKnight, and he was the son of an English gentleman and a gentle- man himself. He had been transported for embezzlement and assault, but after serving for three years had escaped and taken to the bush. He had with him at that time five men, none of whom were of the ruffianly type, though full of courage and ready to take desperate chances. The locality had been clear of outlaws for weeks when this gang arrived, and they not only made headquarters in the ravine spoken of, but had been there two days before I got on to the fact. One morning the neigh of a horse and the sight of smoke aroused my suspicions, but I made no investigation. At about noonday the "Red Knight" came walk- ing up to me as I sat in the shade of a tree. He was a dapper little fellow, dressed in clothes which might almost be called fashionable, and on his curly head was a jaunty hat with a drooping red plume. He had a frank, open face, a merry blue eye, and was the last man you would have suspected of being a robber and worse. "Well, old man, what's the price of wool to-day?" he laughingly queried, as he came up and offered me a cigar and sat down beside me. With that we began a conversation which lasted for an hour. He did not ask for information concerning the police, knowing that I was bound to one side as much as the other. We talked of the other bands and the fate which had overtaken them—of a score of other things, and I prepared a noon- day meal and he shared it with me. After that was finished he looked at

me for a moment with serious face and then said: "I am sure I can trust you. To-night I shall bring you the plunder I have been saving for months, and you will bury it in your hut. If I call for it you will give it up; if I am killed or cap- tured it will be yours." I made a vigorous protest, feeling that I would be giving "aid and as- sistance," but in the end agreed to do as he wished. That night he brought me gold and notes to the amount of £4,000 and I dug a hole in the center of the earthen floor and carefully cov- ered in the treasure. From the ravine the band made forays in every direc- tion, sometimes striking a point 100 miles away and being absent for three or four days. After awhile the police set a trap for them and two were killed. Later on a third received a bullet in the head while making a raid on the highway, and after that the hunt became so hot that the rest of the band were somewhat intimidated. On two occasions I was visited by the police as they were out in pursuit, and on both of those occasions the out- laws were "at home" and a wink from me would have resulted in their cap- ture. The end came one night when they stopped a stage coach. It was full of police, with others on horse- back behind, and the "Red Knight" had scarcely cried halt when a volley wiped the gang off the face of the earth. He had never called for his money, and it was mine. Perhaps the honest way was to turn it over to the government, but I did not do it. I simply used it to buy sheep and set up a station of my own, and I can't say that my conscience has ever prick- ed me enough to keep me awake o' nights.

Some 20 years after, during the war, I asked Rev. Mr. Meade if I had dreamed it, or was it possible the incidents, as above stated, were true. He replied, with a smile, they were certainly true, but that he had hoped "the absurd fol- ly had long been forgotten"—thus con- firming my recollection in regard to what now seems so strange. All the facts mentioned are as distinct in my memory as of last week. Some time after this reminiscence was recorded by Mr. Taylor, he wrote to his friend and contemporary at the university, Hon. John L. Martyr, of Fredericksburg, on the subject and furnished me with this extract from his reply: "Strange to say, I have no recollection of the display in honor of President Harrison while we were students at the university, but I do remember distinct- ly when a boy of eight or ten a similar pageant in Fredericksburg in honor of some person of distinction, but of whom I cannot recall." Mr. Taylor thought this person must have been ex-President Monroe, who died in 1830, and thence inferred that, previous to 1841, such ceremonies were not uncommon, probably beginning with the death of Gen. Washington.—Alexandria (W. Va.) Gazette.

WOMEN MINT FARMERS. New Business in Which New Yorkers Have Met with Success. The suburban woman has hit upon a new and pleasant way of adding to her store of pocket money. This is by means of the mint farm—an idea which originated in New Orleans and has spread rapidly to northern and western cities. "A lady of my acquaintance recent- ly started a mint farm near Flushing, L. I.," said a New York hotel manager, "and she has made of it a really re- markable success. All the chief hot- els and restaurants of New York and Brooklyn are on her list of customers. While the growing of her mint inter- feres but very slightly with ordinary household duties, its sale proves highly profitable. Of course, her principal trade is during the summer months. "Then she does a rushing business. Last season most of the big hotels bought each from \$2.50 to \$3.25 worth of mint every day from her farm. So much money did she clear that she was enabled to live in luxury all through the cold weather, besides lay- ing by a comfortable sum for rainy days. "The mint farm is carefully culti- vated. All runners are removed, and each sprig grows erect. For about five dollars, or even less, enough plants of the spearmint (botanical name men- tha viridis) may be obtained from any nurseryman to start a fair-sized mint- bed. The soil should be somewhat sandy, and, in the northern states it is well to choose a spot protected from the wind, and with as much sunlight as possible. Mint needs plenty of sun. Beyond keeping it free from runners and weeds, the mint bed calls for little attention. "A light wagon which can make the rounds of the hotels and restaurants early each morning is all that is neces- sary for the distribution of the aromati- cated plant. It is possible, also, to grow the peppermint, or mentha peperita, with profit. Two unmarried ladies of Philadelphia are making money just at present by selling peppermint to the wholesale druggists, who manu- facture from it carminatives, aromatics and stimulants of different sorts. "A New Orleans woman, who pos- sesses a farm near the fair grounds, was, I am told, the pioneer mint culti- vator of her sex. The pursuit is by no means a crowded one, and there are enough hotels and cafes in Greater New York alone to keep several mint farms going."—Boston Globe.

Looked That Was. The Office Boy—Say, I believe the shippin' clerk is thinkin' about marryin' you. The Typewriter—Why, the idea! 'On the dead, I do, I heard him askin' the bookkeeper how much salary you got.'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Most Pleasant One. Inquiring Friend—What is the best route to the Kiondike? Returning Klondiker (hoarsely)—The one coming home!—Puck.



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COLONEL WITHDRAWS. He Declines to Smirch His Re- putation by Running in a Campaign.

When Col. Bentfield went over to stump Taylor county in his own behalf as candidate for the state senate he had reason to believe that the majority of the electors would be with him. He was therefore considerably surprised when his first and second meetings were almost dead failures in point of numbers and enthusiasm. He began looking around for the cause, and, meeting an old acquaintance, he began: "See here, Jim, what's the matter with the boys? I was widely adver- tised to speak, but they didn't rally. Have I said or done anything to get them down on me?" "Well, I fear some little talk," cau- tiously replied Jim. "And what do they talk about—what are they saying?" "I don't want to hurt yer feelin's, colonel, but they say you don't pay yer debts."

"Oh, they do? Well, that's pretty near straight. I never could see where anybody made any money paying debts. What else?" "They say ye git drunk purty often." "Got onto that, have they? I know I don't average over three times a week, but if they call that often I'm not going to split hairs. Go on, Jim." "We've heard that you hev changed yer politics and religion three times in five years." "And that news has got down into Taylor county, has it? Well, Jim, I've been trying three or four kinds of religion, and have finally found the best and bolted myself to it. Same with politics. I wanted the best brand goin', and I kept changin' 'till I got it. The boys shouldn't lay that up agin me. Anythin' else?" "Yer wife had to git a divorce." "Yes—go on."

"Ye let Maj. Clymer bosswhip ye on the public street." "I didn't let him, but he did it, just the same. Is that all, Jim?" "Wasn't you in jail once in Illinois?" "I might have been, but it's meanc to call it up now. Got through with the list?" "One thing more, colonel. Wasn't you a lawyer in Kansas, and didn't they throw you over the bar fer cheatin' yer clients?" "Jim Holston!" said the colonel, as he drew himself up as stiff as a crowbar "answer me one question: Do the peo- ple of Taylor county want to be repre- sented in the legislature by an angel or a human being?" "By a human bein', I guess," replied Jim.

"Then I canceled my dates—throw up the sponge—retire from the campaign fer I'm an angel and don't propose to smirch my reputation by havin' any more to do with such