HE LAST CHAPTER.

re Durrant Executed in San Quentin Prison.

Quentin, Cal., Jan. 8.—When Henry Theodore Durrant died gallows Friday morning for the of Blanche Lamont, he gave an on of coolness and nerve as has been seen under similar circum-

Hopeful almost to the last nething or some one would in- to save him, he walked to the this morning and made his lit- ch protesting his innocence as and with as distinct enuncia- if he had been addressing an as- e of friends upon some ordinary the day. His face was pale, eyes were red, but his voice m and he stood as solid as a ile he proclaimed his innocence fessed forgiveness to those who, had hounded him to death.

was not a hitch or accident to plans of Warden Hale in car- t the sentence of the law. The as adjusted, the trap was the stout rope held and Dur- ead body dangled at the end. k was broken by the fall of feet and 15 minutes later the r's body was cut down and n the coffin.

pite of the exciting event of t, when Durrant was beseiged paper reporters and talked to nts till 11:30 P. M., he rested during the night and shortly o'clock he awoke and bade his good morning. Warden Hale vided a neat suit of dark ma- r the occasion and those clothes quickly donned. He noticed nce of collar and necktie, how- d knowing full well the reason omission, he asked for them, ng that a turndown collar would rfere with the noose. Then he to an excellent breakfast and tily. During the early morn- s, Durrant did not have much eyond expressing a desire that paper men should be allowed im. This request was com- th.

stent to the last, Durrant died g religion. But he died, ac- at the last moment the com the Catholic church, instead of tist church, in which he was

Rev. Mr. Rader, a Protestant , had arranged to ascend the with Durrant, but the minister ot say that he thought Durrant , and the condemned man de- is services until Rader professed his innocence. Then it was once ardent Baptist turned to olic church for consolation, and pon Father Lagan, the priest d frequently visited him in o attend him. Father Lagan d promptly and performed the mn rites of the church. Dur- nained in close consultation priest and seemed to be deeply d in the impressive ceremony. e hour of the execution [illegible] he prisoner became somewhat

His father and mother were to bid him a last farewell. r Durrant clasped his son by and the young man turned to his mother, who cried hyster- Durrant said: "The hour has us to part," and put her gently The grief-stricken mother was private room where she re- until after the execution. The owever, went to the execution d, supported by two friends, on meet his death.

n Hale did not attempt to atters, but allowed all possible the supreme court at Washing- ake some action. Finally, rd was flashed across the conti- t the supreme court had de- interfere, the warden ordered amme of the day carried out. :34 o'clock, Durrant, accom- y Father Lagan, appeared at of the execution room. He owed by his father, a friend, Hale and the guards. The nd his friend walked around ws to the front, while Durrant keepers climbed to the gallows Instantly on arriving at the his legs and arms were pin- d the rope was placed upon

ngman was about to adjust the when Durrant announced his speak. Permission was given doomed murderer spoke as fol-

re to say that although I am ent man, innocent of every at has been charged against ar no animosity toward those e persecuted me, not even the an Francisco, which hounded grave. If any man thinks I to spring a sensation, I am ept it is the sensation that I nnocent man brought to the my persecutors, but I forgive They will get their justice great God who is master of us here I also expect to get the at is the justice of an inno- Whether or not the perpe- f the crime of which I am re discovered, it will make no to me now, but I say this e a shame to the great state rnia. I forgive everybody persecuted me, an innocent se hands have never been ith blood, and I go to meet ith forgiveness for all men." rds were delivered slowly and and without emphasis. The wd of spectators grouped the wooden framework that t not lose a word of what said. Durrant finished and y ceased when the black cap d over his face.

same instant, Hangman Lunt hand, the trap was sprung, a rattle, Durrant's body shot the opening. There was a f a stout rope drawn taut, ken-necked criminal swayed for a moment. Then the ame motionless. Durrant

In just 11 minutes and 28 ll signs of life had vanished most noted criminal of the ury was officially dead. The allowed to hang for 15 min- n it was cut down and placed coffin provided by an under- n San Francisco.

ssacre in French Congo.

, Jan. 10.—A rumor was cur- today of the massacre of the rrison at Yakoled, in French est Africa, by the natives. A patch from Paris says noth- wn of such a massacre there.

COTTON FOR THE NORTHWEST.

New Crop to Be Tried East of Cascades Other Plants Will Be Tried.

Oregon and Washington will raise cotton next season. Their cotton crop will probably not "bear" the market the first year, but there is no telling what effect cotton will have on the industrial conditions of the future. The cotton production of this year will be under the fostering care of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, which has just opened an industrial department that will expermient with various things to develop the country reached by its transportation lines. This is a far-sighted scheme of President Mohler. H. C. Judson, who has had considerable experience in such matters in the East, has been put at the head of the department. He will be guided to a great extent in his operations by the agricultural colleges of Oregon and Washington.

Cotton is successfully grown in the pan-handle of Texas, at altitudes ranging from 1,000 to 1,500 feet above the sea, where frosts occur in April. In some parts of Eastern Oregon frost has been absent through the entire year. Portions of Umatilla county are especially favored in this respect. The experiments with cotton will be made in the arid and semi-arid sections of Eastern Oregon and Eastern Washington—in Wasco, Sherman, Morrow and Umatilla counties, of Oregon, and Whitman and Adams counties, of Washington. While the cotton plant will stand a great deal of moisture, it can also endure drought. It sends roots deep into the ground. In many places where wheat is not a reliable crop, or cannot be grown at all on account of the lack of moisture, it is believed cotton will flourish. If so, it will solve the irrigation problem for those sections. A thorough test will be made the coming season.

Among the other things in view by the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company's industrial department is the introduction of tobacco raising. A considerable colony of Cubans in Florida are negotiating to come out to the Pacific Northwest to raise and manufacture tobacco, and the parts of Oregon and Washington lying east of the Cascade mountains are believed to possess all of the conditions suited to the business. The destruction of the trade in Cuba has turned the attention of these people to other fields of operation, and they have sent agents here to look the matter up. Martinez, the great cigar man of Key West, examined the country east of the mountains recently, and he did not doubt that tobacco of a superior quality could be produced in the vicinity of Blalock, in Gilliam county.

The production of forage plants in the Indland Empire will also engage the attention of this move for industrial development. Incidental to this will come a thorough investigation of the possibilities of dairying and raising stock under different conditions than now prevail—conditions that will admit of a fuller development of the country. A number of new trees will also be experimented with, to see if they will not have the effect of precipitating moisture, so as to make arable areas now arid. Among the exotics is a tree that is said to have redeemed a portion of France from desert conditions ages ago—a gum tree that is a native of Assyria. It is reasonable to suppose that the tree would be valuable in the dry sections of the Inland Empire, and it will be given a trial there.

The mechanical device of a Boise man for raising water from streams for irrigating purposes will also be thoroughly tested. It consists of a cylinder, on the outside of which are buckets that fold automatically, and the contrivance is said to work well in a current so slow even as two miles an hour.

The excitement over gold in Alaska will bring thousands and thousands of men, many of whom will for the first time see the great natural advantages of the farming country and not go to the Yukon at all, stopping to plant their own vines and fig trees, under which they will repose in comfort and happiness, while the goldhunters suffer the hardships and uncertainties of the chase for sudden affluence.

In speaking of the proposed enterprise a prominent business man said recently:

"Many will go up the Alaska coast and return to Oregon and Washington to make their homes. Still others will go to the gold fields and then return to engage in more sober pursuits. Practically all will have to pass through the Northwest country, and the trip will educate them. A new era is opening for these states, and the far-seeing and energetic ones are preparing to meet the new conditions. Prosperity and progress are not in the dim distance, but are at the door, and it is common sense and business sagacity to take these steps for opening and developing the resources of the country."

Northwest Notes.

A Coos county paper says that there are a number of Chinese pheasants in the vicinity of Remote, in that county.

The close of 1897 witnessed an improvement in Olympia trade of at least 25 per cent over the corresponding period of 1896.

Garfield has shipped more than 20 carloads of apples to the mining camps this season, besides large quantities of pears and other fruits.

Professor F. L. Washburn, biologist at the university of Oregon, has for some time been in correspondence with the commissioner of fish and fisheries at Washington, D. C., to secure an additional lot of Eastern oysters for Yaquina bay, and has just received word from Commissioner Brice to the effect that no more oysters can be supplied until further developments are made in the plant already located. Professor Washburn is of the opinion that the oysters already planted will thrive, and feels in no way discouraged.

Collector of Customs Huestis has appointed Gilbert G. Chapin, of New York, tea inspector for Puget sound. The office pays $1,800 a year.

The war department has formally accepted the proffered title papers to the land for the army post at Magnolia bluff, near Seattle. Two minor objections were made. They, however, can be overcome.

At the marriage of G. L. Brightwell and Mrs. S. J. Hedges, both residents of Platte county, Mo., a son of the groom acted as best man a son of the bride stood up with her.

WEEKLY MARKET LETTER.

[Office of Downing, Hopkins & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers, 711-713 Chamber of Commerce Building, Portland, Oregon.]

Exports of flour and wheat from both coasts last week were 4,595,000 bushels, or 700,000 bushels more than the previous week, and double the same week last year. Receipts are expected to fall off. We have now reached the time where the exports generally decrease; at least they have in the past years, as the first six months of the crop year generally marks the largest export business. There is every indication, however, of a good export movement from now on, as liberal engagements have been for wheat, corn and oats. Foreigners continue to buy moderately when the market gets weak, so that the outward movement will gradually cut into the wheat stocks, which are none too heavy if the exports are to keep up large. Argentine news favors an exportable surplus of about 35,000,000 bushels, but some good authorities make it only 3,000,000 bushels. This is used as a club by the bears and consumers to prevent an advance here. There will be no Argentine wheat available in European markets before the latter part of March. In the meantime their light stocks will be reduced, and they will have to come in as buyers. The American visible supply of wheat increased this week 47,000 bushels, and now totals 38,863,000 bushels against 53,872,000 bushels for the corresponding period a year ago. Although the movement of corn for 1897 was 116,747,000 bushels, and the shipments 97,427,000 bushels an increase in the receipts of 24,000,000 bushels and in 10,000,000 bushels in the shipments, they were less than the arrivals of oats, receipts of the latter being 1,338,000 bushels in excess of corn, while the shipments were 7,000,000 bushels greater, aggregating 104,666,000 bushels. The feeling in corn and oats is bullish. There is a strong disposition on the part of many local traders to keep on the long side. The Trego-Smith people have accumulated a big line, and they are getting quite a following. Exports of corn for the week were heavy.

Portland Market.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 72@73c; Valley and Bluestem, 76@77c per bushel.

Four—Best grades, $4.25; graham, $3.40; superfine, $2.25 per barrel.

Oats—Choice white, 35@36c; choice gray, 33@34c per bushel.

Barley—Feed barley, $19@20; brewing, $20 per ton.

Millstiffs—Bran, $17 per ton; middlings, $21; shorts, $18.

Hay—Timothy, $12.50@13; clover, $10@11; California wheat, $10; do oat, $11; Oregon wild hay, $9@10 per ton.

Eggs—18@20c per dozen.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 55@60c; fair to good, 45@50c; dairy, 40@50c per roll.

Cheese — Oregon, 12½c; Young America, 12½c; California, 9@10c per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $2.50@3.25 per dozen; broilers, $2.00@2.50; geese, $5.50@6.50; ducks, $5.00@6.00 per dozen; turkeys, live, 10@11c per pound.

Potatoes—Oregon Burbanks, 40@50c per sack; sweets, $1.25 per cental.

Onions—Oregon, $1.75@2.00 per sack.

Hops—5@16c per pound for new crop; 1896 crop, 4@6c.

Wool—Valley, 14@16c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 7@8c; mohair, 20@22c per pound.

Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, $3.50; dressed mutton, 6½c; spring lambs, 5½c per pound.

Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, $4.00; light and feeders, $3.00@4.00; dressed, $4.50@5.00 per 100 pounds.

Beef—Gross, top steers, $2.75@3.00; cows, $2.50; dressed beef, 4½@6c per pound.

Veal—Large, 4½@5c; small, 5½@6c per pound.

Seattle Market.

Butter — Fancy native creamery, brick, 30c; ranch, 16@18c.

Cheese—Native Washington, 13c; California, 9½c.

Eggs—Fresh ranch, 23c.

Poultry—Chickens, live, per pound, hens, 10c; spring chickens, $2.50@3 00; ducks, $3.50@3.75.

Wheat—Feed wheat, $22 per ton.

Oats—Choice, per ton, $19@20.

Corn—Whole, $23; cracked, per ton, $23; feed meal, $23 per ton.

Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, $22; whole, $22.

Fresh Meats—Choice dressed beef, steers, 6c; cows, 5½c; mutton sheep, 8c; pork, 6c; veal, small, 7.

Fresh Fish—Halibut, 5@6c; salmon, 3c; salmon trout, 7@10c; flounders and sole, 3@4; ling cod, 4@5; rock cod, 5c; smelt, 2½@4c.

Fresh Fruit—Apples, 40@90c per box; pears, 25@75c per box; oranges navels, $2.75 per box.

San Francisco Market.

Wool—Nevada 11@13c; Oregon, 12@14c; Northern 7@8c per pound

Hops—12½@16c per pound.

Millstuffs—Middlings, $22@24; California bran, $18.50@19.50 per ton.

Onions—New red, 70@80c; do new silverskin, $2.25@2.50 per cental.

Eggs—Store, 22@24c; ranch, 25@28c; Eastern, 15@19; duck, 16c per dozen.

Cheese—Fancy mild, new, 12½c; fair to good, 7@8c per pound..

Citrus Fruit — Oranges, navels, $1.50@2.50; Mexican limes, $4.00@4.50; California lemons, choice, $1.50@2.00; do common, 75c@$1.25 per box.

Hay—Wheat, $13.50@15; wheat and oat, $13@14.50; oat, $11@13.50; best barley, $11@13; alfalfa, $11@11.50; clover, $10.50@12.

Fresh Fruit—Apples, 50c@$1.25 per large box; grapes, 25@40c; Isabella, 60@75c; peaches, 50c@$1; pears, 75c $1 per box; plums, 20@35c.

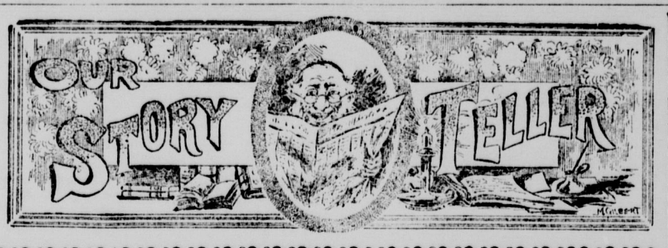
Butter—Fancy creamery, 28c; do seconds, 26@27c; fancy dairy, 26c; good to choice, 24@25c per pound.

Potatoes—New, in boxes, 45c@$1.

The city of Rahway will soon possess the largest dome in the East. It is to be erected over the New Jersey state reformatory.

The famous Louis XV drawing-room suite, composed of a sofa and six armchairs, with old Beauvais tapestry, has been sold in Paris to a London dealer for $70,000.

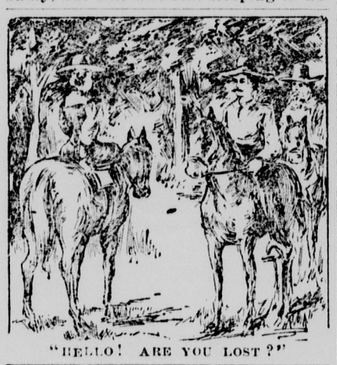
Peru balsam with nine times its weight of collouion is advised by Professor Klein for an elastic and waterproof coating for small wounds.



: THE LIE JOE SAVAGE TOLD. :

LD settlers in the southern part of Baylor County, Texas, still make occasional reference to the Savages, or the Savage brothers, as they sometimes call them. This does not refer to the time when the Indians were in the country, although that time is by no means so far distant as to be beyond the memory of living man; nor does it imply anything especially wild and ferocious about the character of the men in question. It merely goes back to the first half of the '80s, when two brothers of that name were among the prominent inhabitants of that sparsely settled district. In some countries events of that period would be considered comparatively modern, but in Western Texas they are ranked as strictly ancient history.

It seems, from a careful survey of the facts in the case, that neither of the brothers was really a bad man at heart, notwithstanding the fact that a great many people who ought to know are strongly inclined to think otherwise. It is certain that one of them is as true a man as ever trod the soil of Texas, or any other State, for that matter. All who knew him agree that the final year of his life, at any rate, was a year of such courage and self-sacrificing heroism as one reads of in books, but seldom looks for in real life. The people of West Texas are not much prone to hero worship, and whenever they agree that a man of their acquaintance is above the average of mortality there is very likely to be some basis for the belief. Judging merely from physical appearances, one would have had little trouble in deciding which of the two men would be more likely to prove of heroic mold. Bill, the younger, was a man of magnificent physique, not unduly large, but with muscles of such herculean strength as perfect air and the free life of a Western cowboy are apt to impart. He was light-complexioned and is said to have possessed a vigorous, manly countenance, such as ought to have made him more successful in his love affairs than he really was. Joe, on the other hand, was as much a picture of weakness and deformity as his brother was of health and strength. He was not only a peaked-faced, slender slip of a man, but he was a cripple as well. When he was 5 years old and Bill was only 3, a cyclone had struck the log house in which the boys and their parents were living. The mother and father were killed, but when the neighbors came to look through the ruins of the cabin they found Joe crouched on the bed with his limbs spread out in such a manner as to protect his baby brother. A heavy log had fallen across his right foot and right wrist, crushing them both very badly, but Bill was still sleeping in ab-



"HELLO! ARE YOU LOST?"

solute unconsciousness of the existence of any such disturbing affairs as cyclones. As a result of his injuries at the time, Joe was "club-footed" through the whole of his life, and his right forearm had a big knot on it, and a crook that made his right hand turn out when it should have turned in. It is said that Joe was proud of his deformities rather than otherwise, presumably because they had been incurred in the defense of his baby brother, and that Bill was, for the most part, tenderly regardful of the brother who had sacrificed health and almost life for him.

Naturally enough, Bill was the more prosperous of the two. Before he was 30 he owned a considerable "bunch" of cattle, and leased quite a body of land in the eastern part of Baylor County as a ranch. Joe was his line rider, and in that capacity was able to do a great deal of such work as did not require any very great amount of mere muscular strength. Everything worked smoothly with them until May Conley came to live with a married brother of hers who lived only a few miles from the Savage ranch. She was not a highly educated girl, by any means, and it is doubtful if she was more than fairly intelligent; but she was pretty, and she was fickle—and that tells the whole story. In this case Joe was the first victim. He met May at one of the big camp meetings that are common in that country in the fall of the year, and after that he was very pronounced in his attentions to her for several months. Then his attentions ceased as suddenly and abruptly as they had begun. People noticed this and they also noticed that just about that time Bill began going to see her.

"Bill took it up just where Joe laid it down," remarked one cowboy to another during one of the intervals in a dance on one occasion.

"Naw, that ain't it," responded his friend. "I think Joe laid it down just where Bill took it up."

One day as the two brothers and one or two others were engaged in branding some of Bill's yearlings the subject was brought up.

"Sure enough, Joe, whatever made you quit goin' to see that Conley gal so suddent?" asked Jim Smith, one of the helpers, in a jocose way.

"I stopped so's to give Bill a chance," said Joe, with what was evidently a forced attempt at gayety.

"Shucks!" ejaculated his brother. "You needn't a stopped for that. If I couldn't beat you I'd better quit."

There was just the least bit of contemptuous emphasis on that word "you," and Joe noticed it. A slightly shamed, pained look came over his poor, thin face as he faltered:

"W—well, I didn't keer much for her, no way. I was just a foolin' from the first."

My very deliberate opinion is that this statement was a lie. It is my opinion, furthermore, that in this single, ungrammatical, mispronounced, mutilated lie there was a loftiness of thought and purity of purpose such as an angel in heaven might well aspire to. Bill did not take any such view of the matter, though, for he only looked up and retorted angrily:

"My opinion of anybody that would go foolin' 'round a woman when he didn't care nothing for her is that he ain't much man."

"He's pretty small potatoes—he shore is," put in Tom Jackson, the fourth man at the branding. Nobody noticed the remark particularly at the time, but subsequent events caused them to think a great deal about it later on.

"I'm surprised at you, Joe," said Bill.

The ghost of a forced smile hovered piteously on Joe's lips for a moment, but he merely rubbed his forehead with the knob on his wrist in the nervous way peculiar to him on such occasions, and said nothing.

Aside from one or two little incidents like this—which are hardly worth counting as exceptions—Bill's coutrship was an illustration of the fact that, notwithstanding a certain very eminent authority to the contrary, the course of true love does occasionally run smooth—for awhile. In this case it ran smooth down to the very day set for the wedding. The ceremony was to be performed at what was known as Plum Creek school house, and early in the morning Bill went with a number of his friends to get ready for the festivities. In some countries it might not be considered as a part of the groom's duties to make these preparations, but in Texas it is etiquette for anybody to do anything provided there was not some one else to do it.

The ceremony was to take place at 10 o'clock. Perhaps half an hour before that time Joe and his friend Jim Smith were riding through the timber which always abounds around creek bottoms in Texas, and were much astonished when, at a sudden bend in the trail, they came across the supposed prospective bride. She was on horseback and unaccompanied.

"Hello!" exclaimed Joe in surprise. "Are you lost?"

"Yes," answered May, with a nervous laugh. "I never was so glad to see anybody in my life. This here creek bottom timber's so thick a wildcat would mighty nigh get lost in it—let alone a woman."

"I should think you and Bill had been to Plum Creek schoolhouse often enough to know the way by this time?"

"I ain't goin' to Plum Creek," said May, with a foolish giggle.

"What! Ain't you goin' to get married?"

"Yes."

"Well, Bill's at the schoolhouse now, a waitin' for ye."

May tossed her head and then giggled again.

"I ain't waitin' for him none," she said. "I might as well tell you now as any time. I'm goin' to be married to Tom Jackson this morning at Round Timbers. I've lost my way there and I want you to tell me how to go."

At the mention of Jackson's name Joe's face hardened for a moment. He was the man who had been so quick to take Bill's part in the quarrel with his brother. Then Joe began to reason with Mary as to her conduct, but a very few moments sufficed to show him the futility of the attempt. Promptly changing his plans, he gave her a detailed account of the way to Round Timbers.

"Say!" interrupted Jim Smith, who had listened in profound astonishment to the whole conversation, "you're mistaken about——"

"No, I ain't," retorted Joe. "The trail's been changed lately. That's all right, May. Come on, Jim."

"I still think you were mistaken about that trail," said Jim, as the two men rode on together.

"No, I wasn't mistaken," said Joe. "I just lied—that was all. I did it for Bill's sake. If May goes the way I sent her she'll not get to Round Timbers this morning."

After they had ridden a few moments in silence, Joe began again:

"Jim, old fellow, for God's sake don't let on that you've seen or heard nothing this morning. It'll be plenty tough on Bill, anyway."

"I shore won't," said Jim.

There was quite a crowd assembled around the door of the little log school house when these two men rode up. The groom was there and so was the preacher; so also were the people. The house was decorated within and without with flowers and leaves and other ornaments more or less appropriate to the occasion. However, there was one ornament generally considered necessary on wedding occasions which was still missing—namely, the bride.

"See anything of May lately?" asked Bill, stepping to the front as the new comers rode up. There was just a trace of anxiety in his voice as he spoke.

"Naw," answered Joe promptly. His face looked perfectly unconcerned as he spoke, but in a very few moments a cloud began to rest upon it. I suspect, though, that instead of grieving over the lie he had told—as of course he should have been—he was merely wondering how he might spare Bill the mortification which a public discovery of the real facts in regard to May might occasion. He was now sitting with one leg thrown over the horn of his saddle. Suddenly his face lighted up with its old sickly smile, and in a voice that trembled a little in spite of the bravado he tried to throw into it, he began:

"Say, Bill, that was the devil of a lie I told you about May just now. I saw her not over half an hour ago."

"You did, did you? When will she be here?"

"She won't be here at all."

Bill's face grew stern and white.

"Why won't she?" he demanded.

"Because I directed her in the wrong road. Jim tried to tell her right and I wouldn't let him. Ain't that so, Jim?"

Jim nodded grimly. With faces that now began to grow drawn and anxious, the spectators glanced from one speaker to the other in turn. Bill's face was fairly livid with rage, and his voice trembled with the awfulness of repressed fury as he asked the next question:

"What did you do it for?"

The expectant silence that followed was deathlike, but even then Joe's voice was hardly audible as he answered with the same sickly smile hovering about his white lips:

"Because I useter court her myself and you cut me out!"

Before the words were fairly out of his mouth Bill sprang at him with the fury of a wild beast. With all the force of his mighty arm he struck and the blow descended upon the arm—the crippled, knotted arm—which Joe had interposed to ward it off. Some say it descended upon the very knot itself. He fell from his pony as if he had been shot, and lay for several moments on the turf where he had fallen.

"Which way did you send her?" asked Bill, in the same awful tones he had used before.

"I won't tell," gasped Joe.

"Then get off that ground!"

Joe meekly obeyed.

"Get on your pony—no, I see it's got away from you. Then saddle up mine yonder and go after May and bring her back at once, sir! Do you hear?"

Joe meekly took the huge Texas saddle in his left hand and carried it to where the pony was grazing, tied by a long rope to a tree. His right arm hung limp by his side. After some ineffectual efforts to throw on the saddle with his left arm he gave up the attempt.

"I can't get the thing on," he said.

"Use your right arm, sir!" called his brother.

"I think you've broke his game arm, Bill," said Jim Smith.

"It's a lie!" shouted Joe, "that arm's as good as ever it was."

To prove the truth of this assertion he made a mighty effort and managed to lift his arm to his shoulder, though the wrist still dangled loosely from his elbow. Even then he could not restrain his face from wincing and his teeth from clinching with the pain. Dropping the saddle he turned abruptly and limped off into the woods without a word.

Jim Smith afterward said that only his solemn promise to Joe kept him from telling the whole truth at this juncture just as he knew it to be, and that he had to grit his teeth hard and say cuss words under his breath to do it then. As to the rest of the crowd, it must be remembered that they knew nothing but Joe's own statement about the matter, and consequently they all sympathized with Bill. After some moments of condolence and consultation with the crowd, Bill, with some four or five others, started out to find Joe.

"Get that rope off your saddle there and bring it along," he said to one of the men.

"You ain't goin' to string him up, are you, Bill?" was the rather anxious reply.

"No; just want to skeer him a little. Come on."

In a very short time they found the man they were looking for.

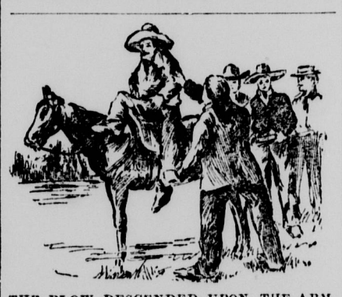
"Are you ready to tell where May is, or to go after her?" Bill demanded.

"N-no," faltered Joe, with a distrustful glance at the little group of attendants.

Again his brother sprang at him. This time he threw him to the ground and held him there with his grasp firm upon his throat.

"Don't, Bill, old fellow, for God's sake," gasped Joe, as his brother somewhat relaxed the grip on his throat. "I didn't mean no harm by it—honest, I didn't. I won't do it no more. What are you going to do with that rope, Bill? You're not going to kill your poor, no-account brother, are you, old boy?"

Without a word Bill and his attendants continued wrapping the rope around Joe. Then they stood him up



THE BLOW DESCENDED UPON THE ARM.

beside a tree and tied him to it, so that his club foot touched the ground, while the other, the strong one, was doubled back in the coil of rope.

"Now, you ungrateful whelp," said Bill, as he started to leave, "I'll be back in thirty minutes to see if you're ready to tell me."

"Didn't he kiss your hand as you was tying him?" asked some one as they walked away.

"Dogged if I know," said Bill. "Did he?"

Hardly had they left when Jim Smith came up and at once began to untie the ropes.

"Don't!" said Joe. "Bill will be back in a few minutes. Just unslip this loop here. Thank you! The strain was on my right arm, and it hurt, because it was sore. Jim, this is hard—but I guess I can stand it, for Bill's sake. I ain't hurtin' so much now, though, as I was. It's mostly all a joke. Bill was always a powerful fellow to joke. I wisht you'd go tell him when he comes back please not to bring anybody else with him."

At the appointed time, Bill saddled his pony and rode off to where Joe was.

"I'll take the hoss, so that if Joe's ready by now he can start off after May and bring her back. I rather guess he's ready by now, too. Maybe we'll get to eat a wedding dinner today, yet—only a little late, of course."

After some time had elapsed and neither brother had "showed up," as the phrase goes in Texas, Jim Smith walked to the place where he had left Joe. There the poor fellow was, still tied to the tree—but dead! The thirty minutes' strain had been too much for his crippled leg to bear, and it had gradually given way, and this had allowed the poor fellow to choke to death. Of course, Jim lost no time in rousing the quasi wedding guests, and in telling the real facts about May. It is not the first instance in the history of the world where a man has had the truth told about him too late to do him any good. A pursuing party was out after Bill at once, but all was to no avail. Some say he committed suicide shortly afterward in San Antonio; others, that he is still alive in New Mexico; still others, that he is to-day in the insane asylum at Terrell. I do not know what the truth about it is. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Jackson still live in Cottle

STILL TIED TO THE TREE, BUT DEAD.

County, Texas. Jim Smith is the man who first told me this story. Joe Savage is buried on the banks of Plum Creek, and on his wooden headboard you can still decipher the inscription: "He Loved Mutch."

The Scripture had to be misquoted to suit the gender of the pronoun and the spelling is slightly peculiar, but I can not help thinking the inscription a good one. Many people consider love a very good thing, and Prof. Drummond has written a book to prove that it is The Greatest Thing in the World. If these estimates are correct Joe Savage was certainly a great and good man; for greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.—Utica Globe.

SUBSTITUTES FOR PRAYING.

Parrots and Prayer Wheels Among the Kalmuck Tartars.

Finally, if you spend most of your time, as I did, among the natives on the hurricane deck, your attention will be attracted by a third class of worshipers, namely, the Kalmuck Tartars, who live in felt tents or kibitkas (kee-beet-kas) along the lower Volga, and who wander, with great herds of cattle and camels, over the steppes of Eastern Europe and Western Asia. These flat-faced, ill-looking nomads are all Buddhists; and not only do they pray, but they may fairly claim the credit of having reduced devotion to a science. Praying five times a day, as the Mohammedans do, or even twice a day, after the custom of the fire worshipers, seems to have been too severe a tax upon the energies of the original Buddhists, and they set their ingenuity at work to devise some means of lessening the labor. The first expedient that occurred to them was teaching parrots to pray and then claiming the credit of the prayers thus said by proxy. This answered the purpose very well at first; but teaching parrots was troublesome, and besides that, the parrots, in spite of all precautions, would occasionally pick up scraps of profane learning, which they intermingled with their devotions in a manner not at all edifying. So the Buddhists finally abandoned the instruction of parrots and calling in the aid of applied science invented the prayer wheel. Nobody, it seems to me, but the laziest of Asiatics would ever have thought of introducing labor-saving machinery into the realm of the spiritual; but the Buddhists not only thought of it, but put the idea promptly into execution. The prayer wheel used by the Kalmuck Tartars on the Lower Volga is a small wooden cylinder six or eight inches in length and about two inches in diameter, turning upon a vertical axis, the lower end of which is extended and thickened to form a handle. This cylinder is stuffed full of short, written prayers, and every time it is turned upon its axis all the prayers that it contains are regarded as duly said. Could anything be more simple or satisfactory? There is no shutting of the eyes, no getting down on the knees in uncomfortable positions, no facing in any particular direction. All that the prayer has to do is to give his wheel a twirl and it grinds out prayers with a rapidity and fluency which leaves nothing to be desired. But from an Occidental point of view the whole performance is, of course, an absurdity. I could feel some respect for the prayers of the Mohammedans and of the fire worshipers, but the wooden wheels of the Kalmuck Tartars excited only contemptuous amusement.—Independent.

Borrowing Trouble.

Borrowing is poor business at the best; but of all the unsatisfactory "no return-for-your-pains" occupations, the very worst in the world is borrowing trouble. To begin with, it is based on fancy, crankiness, undue nervousness, or the mental or moral idiosyncrasies that should have been trained out of the individual long before the years of childhood were passed. There are few people in the world more depressing and disheartening then those who are always seeing some shadow of coming evil. The world is sombre enough even at the best, and it is scarcely worth while to go out seeking for shadows or to conjure up purely imaginary ones.

Belief of the Carlisles.

Willie—Pa, what do the Indians mean by 'happy hunting grounds?'"

Pa—They are the grounds on which they take the scalps of the other football players.

People sometimes weep witnessing a death scene upon the stage, but it is usually because they realize that it is only a sham and that the actors still live.