

Bellefonte, Pa., October 4, 1889.

For the WATCHMAN.

THE COWBOY.

BY WILL TREKEMILLER.
O'er level land he drives his herds,
And waters them at lonely streams;
For him the dew of morning gleams,
For him the song of prairie birds;
For him the bright stars shine at night;
The sky the roof above his head,
The rustling crisp dry grass his bed,
He starts from sleep with dawn's first light.

And leaping on his mustang wild,
He dashes through the prairie grass;
The brown deer stare to see him pass;
A reckless, hardy, desert child.
Throughout the long, hot cloudless day
He guards the cattle feeding wide,
The level plains on every side,
Are like an ocean, dim and gray.

Strange sights in that strange land he sees,
The hail clouds rushing black and low,
The screaming winds that with them go,
He heeds no more than summer breeze.

And towering to the brazen sky,
Born upward on the whirlwind strong,
That like huge giants stalk along,
Columns of bitter alkali.

The mad fire leaping fierce and red,
Along the brown grass, sore and dry;
And when his fury has passed by,
The prairie black, and bare, and dead.

That mystery of the rising sun,
The mirage—grand and wondrous sight,
Transferring in the morning light
The treeless prairies, grim and den.

Green vale, and grove, and leafy bowyer,
A silver lake, a running stream;
The living fountains glaze and gleam;
Here is a cottage, there a tower.

The day moves on this fairy sight
Fades before the grazers eye,
Again the plains about him lie
Lonely in the noonday light.

The storms of winter shriek and scream,
Fierce blizzards from the frozen north;
And the cold still nights bring forth
The aurora's rosy gleam.

Thus his life, and after, what?
A mound upon a grassy knoll,
One prayer for the departed soul,
And the dead are soon forgot.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

The Remarkable Adventures of a Georgia Hunter in Quest of Game.

Mr. M. C. Kiser, solemn after the manner of amens brethren, and scrupulous in statement as the wary witness who testified that his name was "Abraham Jones, or words to that effect," has yet this tale to tell.
He says it was told him many years ago by a gentleman of character and reputation for veracity.

"Old man Cansford went out hunting one day, when he saw eleven turkeys sitting on a rail fence. He had loaded his shotgun with turkey shot and forgotten to pull out the ramrod. When he shot at the nearest gobbler the rod enfiladed the turkeys and out of their heads, so that they dropped forward and fell on the ground, where they lay in a straight row.

Just then he heard a noise in the bushes on the other side of the creek, and he went over to investigate the cause and saw blood on the leaves. Following the sanguinary trail for a couple of hundred yards he came upon a wounded stag. The brute was unable to go farther, and had sunk to the ground. Sticking through his body and protruding on the other side was the ramrod. Weak as he was the stag allowed Lundsford to pull out the rod. After it the life blood gushed, and in a moment the animal was dead.

Wiping the blood carefully from the ramrod he reloaded and returned it to its place under the gun barrel.
Then he shouldered the buck and staggered across the creek to the place where the turkeys lay.

As he sat down to get his breath and rest from the unusual exertion, he heard the familiar "crank! crank!" of wild geese away up in the sky. Their keen eyes discovered the creek, and down they came to a broad and deep pool made by a widening of the channel a hundred yards above.

Afraid to go within gunshot for fear of frightening them off, Lundsford sat still and thought the matter over. As he did so his eyes fell upon a stout piece of very large cord, the end of which hung out of his hunting bag. A happy thought struck him and he pulled out the cord to see if it was long enough and to spare.

Coiling the cord carefully around his left arm, he crept cautiously to a bend of the creek where he was out of sight of the geese. Quickly divesting himself of his clothing, he waded slowly up the creek, keeping well under the bank to avoid frightening the geese. The land concealed him from them until he was within about thirty yards.

Through the overhanging foliage he could just see them sailing, diving and cavorting about the pool. They were in high spirits, and appeared to be totally unconscious that they were watched. There were fourteen geese and one big gander, who kept aloof and looked on at the sport as if it was a little too undignified for him.

Lundsford had been a wonderful diver in his boyhood days, and now he prepared for a long swim under the surface. Dipping noiselessly in the water, he half swam, half crawled, terra-pinn fashion, along the bottom of the pool till he got under the geese. They were sporting themselves about in a circle, and Lundsford slowly rose in the center till the top of his head appeared like a moss covered rock above the surface. The geese took no notice of this, and he managed to get his nostrils above the surface and take a long breath.

Then he sank without making a ripple and deftly looped his cord around the feet of one goose after another. The

other geese could not understand the queer capers of their neighbors, who seemed suddenly to be attacked with a fit of the St. Vitus dance, until, one by one, they found themselves in the same predicament. Then they all knew they were fled, and their demeanor became suddenly frantic.

But it was too late. Lundsford had tied the feet of all fourteen of them and fastened the ends of the cord together. Then he threw caution to the winds and rose suddenly in the middle of a circle, with his hands stretched out grasping the cord on opposite sides.

Alas, for his temerity! The old gander who was free set up a terrible "crank! crank!" The geese followed in notes of despair, but the old fellow seemed not to have lost the courage of leadership, for he hovered within a safe distance, and by a series of energetic cranks inspired them with a sudden and desperate resolution.

All at once the gander, with an unearthly crank that sounded to Lundsford like the wail of the damned, lifted his clumsy body and led the flight, with a tremendous flopping and a succession of cranks that strangely resembled the "Heave ho" of the negroes, they rose from the water and sailed away toward the sky, carrying Lundsford with them. Before he knew what was going to happen he was fifty feet from the ground, and when he realized his perilous position he was too high to drop.

He was in for the fight. He must migrate whether or no, and up under the edges of the clouds, as the cool winds of the upper air fanned the perspiration from his brow, he had time to think over the situation.

He was passing over a town and he could see the people gather in clusters along the streets and twist their necks to look up in the sky. It was a large town and the suburbs stretched away for nearly a mile. To his unutterable horror he remembered that he had left his clothes on the bank of the creek. Even if he had them it would have been impossible to put them on. This new fangled vehicle of his had no facilities for making toilettes and he had to remain as nature framed him, without any of the superfluities of fashion. Not even a fig leaf encumbered his person. It was an admirable flying costume, but was not appropriate for a public performance.

He was just congratulating himself that he was too far above those curious eyes for them to discover his costume, when he saw that one group held something in their hands. It was a long field glass. He bent his agonized face once more rigidly to the front. At last they would not recognize him.

Just at this time he noticed that the occasional cranks began to grow feebler, and that the geese appeared to labor in their flight. They were becoming tired, and must inevitably sink under the weight very soon. Then he prayed that the wings of the geese might be strengthened for a season. He was willing, even, like Jonah, to be cast into the sea; anything rather than land in that town. Then he clucked encouragingly to his fourteen winged steeds and gently jerked the cord as if he was jerking the reins of his horse, but still they labored. The old gander's hoarse "crank! crank!" seemed to mock him in his despair and his downcast spirit began to sink.

All at once he heard something whiz by him and he saw a puff of blue smoke away down below. A second or two later he heard the sharp crack of a rifle, the sound having traveled slower than the ball. His blood almost froze in his veins. Horror had been added to horror, and his spirits sank in the depths of despair.

But the darkest hour was just before the dawn. The whiz of the bullet and the report of the gun had frightened the geese and nerved them to renewed exertions. They made one desperate effort to reach the friendly cover of the woods, Lundsford's spirits rose as he saw that the geese were likely to accomplish their object. Now the cranks of the geese seemed more cheerful, and the breeze brought a grateful coolness to the man's fevered brow. He began to hear the solemn laugh of the forest as the suburbs disappeared and the song of the pines soothed him like an aolian harp.

A mile or so from town the gander gave a peculiar "crank" at the sight of water, and the geese began circling to descend.

With an indescribable feeling of relief, Lundsford unlightened his grip as the winged chariot swung around the circle and he reeked not out of the icy coolness of the pool into which he was plunged.

Having made fast the end of the cord to a tree he began to consider what he would do. Fortunately at this juncture they heard a dog bark, and following the friendly sound he soon came in sight of a cabin in a clearing. Concerning himself in the underbrush, he shouted a loud hello. A woman came to the door, looked around curiously and went back.

"Hello!" he cried again.
Then the man came to the door and recognized a former tenant.
"Hello, Goddard!" he cried.
"Hello yourself; but why don't you come out of the brush?"
"Because I ain't fit." "Ain't fit?"
"No, I haven't got on any clothes."
"Who are you, anyhow?"
"Come a little nearer and I'll tell you."

The man was a little skeptical and came out cautiously with his gun in his hand.
"Who are you now?" he called out when thirty steps off.
"Sam Lundsford." "San Lundsford in that fix? Well, I reckon I'll have to help you out." And he went in and got the best suit of clothes he could spare and flung them over in the bushes. Sam jumped into them and then sheepishly came forward and told this story.

Goddard's eyes opened as he listened, and he evidently thought Lundsford was off his balance, but when he went with him to the creek and saw the

wild geese tethered to the tree he no longer doubted.
Goddard loaned him a horse and he went home. He hitched up his two mules to the wagon and went after the deer and turkeys.

He found them just as he had left them and loading up the wagon with the game he started home.

When he got within a couple of miles of his home, a heavy shower came up. He got soaked, but did not mind that so long as he had the turkeys and the deer, while the geese had already been carried home.

He forgot all about his rawhide traces and did not notice that they were stretching. He bedrope one of the mules, and they quietly walked on. It was a straight road home, with only a little undulating.

When he stopped the mules in the yard and dismounted he was astonished to find that there was no wagon in sight. There were the traces, stretching away over the hill in parallel lines as far as he could see. Taking in the situation at a glance, he drove the mules around a big oak tree once or twice, unhitched them, and put them in the stable. The next morning when he got up the wagon was in the yard, with the deer and turkeys scattered all about. The wagon tongue had been thrust through the oak tree and was never pulled out. You can go there and see it remaining to this day."—W. G. C. in *Atlanta Constitution*.

Pussy as a Fur-bearing Animal.

"Cash paid for cats' skins," the sign read in the window of a Washington furrier, who astonished the newspaper man by telling him that there was always a good market for pussies' pelts.

"Five cents apiece," he said, "is what we pay for common skins, ten cents for mallee pure and twenty-five cents for black. Of course they must be in good condition. Some male cats are so given to back fence varnish that their hides become considerably damaged. The fur of the sleek and well-fed domestic pussy is what we find most available for our purposes. Street cats are usually too ragged and course-haired to be useful."

"And what are the purposes of which you speak?"
"The imitation of more expensive furs, chiefly. The French dye them very skillfully, and in that way transform the humble tabby after death into the regal ermine or other beasts of rare and costly skin. The pure black and mallee, and the tortoise shell are not dyed, but made to serve in the natural colors. Rugs of selected tortoise shell and mallee are already becoming quite fashionable, and the best ones are far from cheap. The only use made of cats' pelts in this country is in the manufacture of carriage robes, but vast numbers of them are sent from the United States to Europe, where they are made into coats, hats, rugs, dressing gown linings and other garments.

Taxidermists or other beasts of the country are advertising for kills by the thousands for stuffing. In this process they employ the skin is first removed, leaving only the scrapper top of the skull within it. Both head and body are then built up with pipe clay and tow, a piece of wire being so adjusted that one end comes out through the forehead and the other at the tip of the tail. To this four other wires running down the legs are fixed. The skin is then sewn up and the animal formed into any desired position. The final operation is putting in the eyes. Past upon a scrap of red flannel in this manner, a small black kitten makes a very pretty pen-wiper."

"But where do all the skins come from?"
"Many are brought in to the city establishments that advertise for them by small boys who are glad to earn pocket money by the comparatively easy method of assassinating a few unfortunate cats; but the main supply is contributed by professional fur collectors to distant parts of the country, who shoot them. The native woods of New England are full of them running wild. They breed wonderfully fast under such seemingly adverse conditions and can be popped off the fences and walls with ease by an expert marksman. This is an idle season just now and we are advertising for them as carriage robe material to make up for the fall trade. A first-rate lap robe of cat skin is worth \$40 or \$50. Yes, indeed, pussy is beginning to be recognized as the most desirable animal and, instead of drowning the kittens, people will before long be propagating them for their pets."—Washington Star.

MUSTARD PICKLES.—Take one pint each of string beans, shelled lima beans, sweet corn, green peas, a cucumber from one inch and a half to two inches long, small green tomatoes, small onions, celery cut in small pieces, carrots the same, cauliflower cut small, six green peppers and two ripe ones sliced; cook in separate dishes with a little salt; when about half cooked drain, and put all together in a large pan; mix carefully. Take two quarts of vinegar, put in kettle when boiling have ready one-half pound of ground mustard; take one cup of wet mustard out, replace it with flour; wet with water, mash all the lumps, stir in the boiling vinegar, let cool slowly a few minutes, add one-quarter pound of white mustard seed, three tablespoonfuls of salt, one-quarter pound of sugar; boil two or three minutes; pour over the mess.

The German military evolutions have established the superiority of the new smokeless powder supplied to that army and now every European government will have to furnish the same to its army. Already Austria, which had the first chance at it and refused it, claims to have a smokeless powder of her own, and doubtless the rest will follow soon. As there is neither noise nor odor in this powder, its use must make a battle a magnificent thing to witness—by telescope. The powder shoots very long range bullets.

Road Mending in France.

Something That is a Good Deal Better Done Abroad than Here.

In Harper's Weekly Mr. Joseph Penhall has an account of road making in France. Of course American roads cannot be compared with the great European highways used for so many centuries before the days of railroads and passing through a very thickly inhabited country, but there may be some hints for our road-makers in this description of a model road:

"The roadway is wide enough for two or three teams to pass. Beyond is a sweep of beautifully kept grass, and beyond again two great deep gutters, outside of which is a bank of earth higher than the fields which it bounds, keeping all the water back in the fields and off the roads. Every hundred feet or so, cut in the grass by taking the turn out, is a small gutter, through which any water which may fall in the road is drained into the deeper gutter. As you ride along you will see that the road is divided by movable tin signs. Near these signs, which are used about a mile or two apart, you will find a man breaking stones not enough to go through a two and a-half-inch ring, piling the broken stone up in a symmetrical mass like a house roof, which must exactly fit it into a skeleton frame the cantoniers place over it. These stone-breakers are at work spring, summer and autumn. Other men will be picking up the droppings on the road putting them in a wheelbarrow, in another part of which is fresh sand to sprinkle over the place, and they carry rakes and brooms to touch up any imperfections on the surface, for such a thing as a loose stone or a lump of dirt is almost unknown. Having gathered up anything which may have fallen from passing carts or wagons each goes over the whole of his allotted space with a broom about ten feet long sweeping off the sand, which is taken away and stored for future use or sold. This is kept up daily from April until October, and so thoroughly that though I have traveled over the roads of France in both the wettest and driest summers and autumns, I have never found half an inch of dust or mud on the Grandes Routes. The cantoniers, when any distance from villages or towns, have houses in which they live, and they go to work morning and evening between the magnificent avenues of poplars in the north, of cypresses in the South, sycamores, which line so many roads of the Midi.

With the beginning of October and the rainy season an inspector comes out—though for that matter he is almost always traveling up and down—followed by a large gang of men, one or more steamrollers, which, if the district is far from a town, pull after them gypsy vans in which the men live. The properly broken stone is then spread evenly over the road, the interstices are filled up with smaller stones and pebbles, the refuse from the large stuff; over this is spread a layer of chalky or clayey earth, which has been carted and heaped there in neat piles during the summer; what we would call mush-molly is made of the whole mass with water from the gutters, which through the engine of the rollers through the hose; the steam roller then parades up and down over the surface for a day or two, boards and gards are put up to keep the passers-by from driving on the grass, and by the middle of winter the whole surface is perfect; so perfect is it that in a ride through the Vosges in the early spring, although there were high snow banks on both sides, the road having been cleared, and although frost was coming up out of the ground it was comparatively easy to ride on a light bicycle, instead of being obliged to pull the machine through a sea of mud. This is a description of the actual way in which French roads are kept in repair by the Department of Ponts et Chaussées. The same system is more or less carried out in Germany and Italy.

A Curious Insight into the Clock Trade.

I was chatting with the agent of a big establishment in Park place, says the New York Graphic, when he gave me a curious insight into the clock trade. Says he: "Clocks are made so cheaply now in large manufactories, which use special machinery, that very few others are ever produced. That sounds queer when you remember that nearly every watch and clock maker in this and every other large city offers to sell clocks bearing his name and guaranteed by him. The explanation is that when a fair order is given, any name will be printed on the face, and instructions as to size of letter and general style are pretty closely observed. Then, again, the face of a cheap clock is about the least costly part of it, and nothing is easier than to put in a new face and give the clock a new name. Some few prefer to sell a clock with no name on it but the actual maker, but they are in a minority.

A Predatory Dog Outwitted.

The other day a spaniel that had a habit of stealing poultry, was seen approaching the house at a moderate trot with a large rooster in his mouth. The fowl seemed to be defiant, and so the spaniel evidently thought, for being somewhat weakened by the excursion, and the other being wary, he laid down his prey for a moment in order to rest. But the rooster was alive and in full possession of all his faculties, for no sooner did he feel himself released from the jaws of the fell beast that had captured him, than he fluttered his wings and struggled up among the branches of a convenient tree. The dog was so astounded at this miracle, as it must have seemed to him, that he lost his presence of mind for a second or two, and in that interval his booty escaped. This tale is perfectly true (and I remember a very similar occurrence years ago), although I must confess it sounds a good deal like the beginning of one of Aesop's Fables.

A Tough Yarn.

"Talking of life-preservers," said the truthful mariner as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, "you remember the old steamer Roundabout that used to run from Buffalo to Chicago? I was mate on her the year before she was lost. We were about sixty miles out from Chicago when Mike Lanagan, who fell, struck on his head off the roof of the cabin and bounced clean out into the lake. Well, the captain seen him fall and he stopped and backed that old Roundabout quicker'n you could say 'scat.' Mike went down like a plummet, for he was knocked insensible, and I know'd there was no use to heave a life-preserver for him so I jest hurried off the boys in getting the boat down, although I didn't expect it 'ud do much good. We had Jim King on board, Passenger from Chicago. You remember Jim King, don't you?"

"Can't say that I do," remarked a by-stander.
"Well, Jim was champion quoit-thrower in them days. He's dead now, poor fellow, but Jim was a hoss on throwing quoits. It tell you quoits was a great game them days. Every village had a quoit club and the boys on the farms used to throw hoss-shoes. It was something like base ball in these times, although I never could see as much fun in base ball as I could see in a good game of quoits."

"Oh, come off," cried the impatient listener. "What did Jim do, or did he do anything? Did the man drown?"

"Now, don't be too fly. Who's tellin' this yarn?"
"Well, you don't seem to be." "Go on!" said the crowd.
"Well, you know, in quoits a 'ringer' was when you put the quoit around the staves. I tell you quoits was a great game them days. Every village had a quoit club and the boys on the farms used to throw hoss-shoes. It was something like base ball in these times, although I never could see as much fun in base ball as I could see in a good game of quoits."

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A Virginia Lad Led to the Alter at the Revolver's Muzzle.

West Point, Va., September 25.—B. T. Burham and Miss Agnes Ball belong to the best society of the county, and their respective fathers hold responsible official positions in the public service. Yesterday, however, the grand jury of King William county indicted Walter D. Ball and his son on the charge of having forced Burham to marry the daughter of the former at the pistol's muzzle. Burham had been engaged to Miss Ball, but recently his affections had been transferred to another young lady at West Point.

On Wednesday morning last Walter Ball and his son gained access to Burham's room while he was still in bed. They covered him with their pistols and ordered him to dress and accompany them. Burham, being unarmed, obeyed without a word. The Balls then conducted him to Washington, where a license was procured and soon after a marriage ceremony was performed which to all intents and purposes, made Burham and Miss Ball man and wife. Burham never made a response to the questions of the officiating minister, nor did he speak to his wife after the ceremony was performed.

All parties returned, and yesterday Burham's father laid the case before the grand jury. Ball, the father of the young lady, was arrested and gave recognizances to appear before the court at the ensuing term. His son has not yet been found.

A GREAT TRIP AT A LOW RATE VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

No uniform body of men presents such a gorgeous spectacle as does the Knights Templar. It is only once in three years that they assemble in a body in one of the principal cities of America and as they have selected Washington to be the theatre of their triennial convalescence, the double opportunity to witness the brilliant gathering and to visit the beautiful Capital City on the Potomac will be offered from every station on the various lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad at one fare for the round trip. The convalescence will continue from October 8th to 11th, 1889, and tickets will be sold October the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, valid for return trip until October 31st, 1889. Returning a stop-off within the limit will be allowed at Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Trenton, Harrisburg, Williamsport, Elmira, Emporium and Corry, as the route of excursionist may suggest. The occasion will be one of the most enjoyable seasons of the year to visit Washington. Specific rates will be furnished by agents on application.

SOME DIFFERENCE.

Daughter—But, mamma, you ought not to object to Charley on account of his poverty. I'm sure he has as much money as father had when he married you. I've often heard you say you were as poor as church mice when you married.
Mother—You must remember, my dear, that your father had a good deal of horse sense, which Charley hasn't.
Terve Haute Express.

After a careful investigation the New York Sun estimates that there are in that city 40,000 workingwomen receiving wages, so low that they must embrace vice, apply for charity, or starve.

Early Western Journalism.

When William N. Byers, the Colorado pioneer of journalism, first started in to print the Rocky Mountain News he had a pretty tough time of it, and experienced lively enough to suit a U. S. Indian agent, says the New York Graphic.

News was plentiful enough, and it was not generally supposed that the press would make any editorial attacks upon the citizens of Auraria, as Denver was then called; so one day when Byers found fault editorially with the killing of a Mexican by Charles Harrison, a gambler, the latter's friends, fully armed, gathered about and made an attack upon the log house occupied by the News. The editor and his reporters and type-setters were so surprised at the suddenness of the attack that they did not have time to make any resistance.

Editor Byers was taken a captive to Harrison's saloon, called the "Criterion." The crowd wanted to kill him on the spot, and knives and pistols were flourished in his face. Harrison had once been a Mason, and knew that Byers was a member of the fraternity; so, under the pretense of taking him into a side room to talk, he got him into the place altogether.

Byers was plucky enough, for he ran for his office, and arming all hands, laid off for the enemy, who came fast enough, and a lively combat took place and one man was killed.

It was just about this time that the Hon. Joseph Wolf of Boulder, Col., who was a good printer and a handy man about an office, arrived in town from Omaha via a freight train.

He was dead broke, and made at once for the News office and asked for the boss. Byers, seated on a barrel, was pointed out to him.
"Want any hands?" asked Joe leaning against the door.
"That depends," said Byers, without looking up.
"Depends on what?"
"Can you shoot?"
"You bet?"
"Well you?"
"Of course."

"Well, then," said the editor, getting off the barrel, "there's a rifle and there's a case—go to work."
"What'll I do first," asked Wolf, kill somebody or throw in a case?"
Byers went to the window, leaned out, looked up and down carefully, and then turning back said:
"I guess you'll have time to throw in a handful."

Just about this time the office was in a state of siege, and to write and print what Byers wrote and printed at that time required a greater amount of moral courage, or what is more commonly called nerve, than is possessed by journalists of the present day.
Many threats were made and more than one combat took place, and the editor came out ahead, and always stuck to the paragraph in his salutatory, which read: "Our course is marked out. We will adhere to it with steadfast and fixed determination to speak, write, and publish the truth and nothing but the truth, let it work us weal or woe."

Out Door Entertainments.

The American climate in winter keeps us in doors so much that it is our duty to stay in the open air all that is possible during good weather. Pleasant society and sports of different kinds add to the attractions of even trees and flowers. We hope to see handsome grounds available for the use of people not having extensive ones of their own; such, for instance, as that of the Southampton Horticultural Society's grounds in Westwood Park, Hants, England, which are admirably adapted for all kinds of fetes, garden parties, picnics, archery meetings, etc. Tennis courts are open all the season. The great event of the year is the horticultural show. We wish there could be more flower shows in America than there are. No form of amusement is generally popular if the thing is not well done, but beware of a poor one. We never knew a good one to fail financially unless by gross mismanagement. A good show, is what pleases people most, not simply a collection of botanical rarities. If in a rural neighborhood, have it in a tent or under awnings, which are often effective if scattered about, with plenty of light and air; music, of course, and a crowd of well dressed people will soon interest each other. The decorative and florid sides are what please the general public in these things, and they should be made as prominent as possible. Success in all ways usually depends upon artistic success in these particulars. People are ready to contribute their fruit and flowers in aid of local improvements or charities, and the indirect benefit to the community in the cultivation of taste and the amenities of life and intercourse, is often more valuable than what the beneficiaries receive.

Chinamen in New York.

The Chinese quarter in Mott street offers a very interesting sight on Sunday afternoons. All the handymen from Brooklyn, Jersey City, and even parts of Connecticut, come here on the Sabbath and make that day of festivity. Dressed in rich silk gowns, and smoking the ever present pipe, they lounge on the stoops, promenade in front of three houses, or visit the liquor stores in the neighborhood, which dispute the Excise law, have a convenient side door open, to indulge in the seductive milk punch or the festive cocktail, "allice same like Melican man." Chinamen, although it may not be generally known, are very fond of American mixed drinks, milk punches, gin cocktails and brandy snashes having the call. I was talking to a bartender in an hour and a half, who stands in an hour and a half, and drinks being taken at short intervals and that the "Chinky" afterwards walked out as straight as a lord. [New York Graphic.]

The boy with a fishpole plays a close second to the woman with a baby wagon as a disturbing element in a crowd.