

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., February 7, 1890.

## A Housekeeper's Tragedy.

One day as I wandered, I heard a complaining  
And saw a poor woman—she was weeping,  
She glared at the man on her doorstep, (twas raining),  
And this was her wail as she wielded the broom:  
Oh, life is a toil, and love is a trouble,  
And beauty will fade, and riches will flee;  
And pleasures they delect, and prices they double,  
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.  
There's too much of worryment goes to a bonnet,  
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt;  
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it;  
There's nothing that lasts, but trouble and dirt.  
In March it is mud; it's slush in December;  
The mid-summer breezes are loaded with dust;  
In Fall the leaves litter; in muggy September  
The wall paper rots, and the candlesticks rust.  
There are worms in cherries, and slugs in the roses,  
And ants in the sugar, and mice in the pies;  
The rubbish of spiders, and maggots and flies,  
And ravaging roaches, and damaging flies.  
It's sweeping at six, and dusting at seven;  
It's victuals at eight, and dishes at nine;  
It's plotting and planning from ten to eleven;  
We scow break our last eye we plan low to dine.  
With grease and with grime, from corner to centre,  
Forever at war, and forever alert,  
Not rest for a day, lest an enemy enter—  
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.  
Last night, in a dream, I was stationed forever  
On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea;  
My one chance of life was a glassless telescope,  
To sweep off the waves ere they swept over me.  
Alas, 'twas no dream! Again I beheld it!  
I yield, I am helpless my fate to avert.  
She pulled down her sleeves, her apron she folded,  
Then laid down and died, and was buried in dirt.  
Ireneau, Pa.

## AN INNOCENT BURGLAR.

"Now do lie still, Aunt Martha, and don't fret and worry all day and all night. Aunt, it is bad enough to be all aches and pains, but you must add fretting to them?"  
The speaker was a tall, bony woman of some 45 or 50 years, with a hard face, that expressed far more annoyance than sympathy as she looked up the pillows and arranged the covers of the bed where an older woman lay. Not a very old woman, but one whose gray hair and wrinkled cheeks told of many years' sojourn in the world.  
"Bertha!" she said, in a low, plaintive voice. "I want Bertha!"  
"How many times have I told you that Bertha can't be found?"  
"She's down stairs."  
"Well, if it wouldn't try the patience of a saint to hear you! Can't you remember, Aunt Martha? Bertha that painting chap that said his name was Thornton. Goodness knows whether it was or not. But he made love to Bertha while he was painting her picture. I told you no good would come of letting her rig herself out like a play-actress, and stand up for hours, a smirking and smiling, while he took her picture and talked soft nonsense to her. He ran away with her and that was the end of it. Can't you remember?"  
"Yes, I remember! He wrote to me, and sent me a copy of the marriage lines, so I'd know he loved her true and faithful. I remember it all, Hannah! And I was mad because they'd deceived me, and wrote back an angry letter. But I did not know I should miss her pretty face and sweet voice. She's so young, too, Hannah. Only sixteen! Not more than a child! I was too hard, too hard. But she is here, now. Let her come to me!"  
All this was uttered in the faint gasping voice of one whose journey of life was fast drawing to a close. No tenderness in the harsh voice of her niece.  
"I tell you she is not here!" she said, roughly, "and I'm tired of your eternal whining for her, Go to sleep!"  
"I can't sleep! I never sleep now! And I heard her. I heard Bertha down stairs."  
"I wonder, now, if she did hear her," Hannah muttered uneasily. "It's bad luck to cross the deity. If she would only tell me where she's put her money. Six thousand dollars in United States bonds, Lawyer Brown says he's bought for her, and never sold one, and they're in the house, too. I've ransacked as much as I dare, but she sleeps so little that I can't do much in the room. And there's the doctor coming every day, so I dare not make her mad, or she'll send and change her will."  
Partly muttering, partly thinking all this, the woman tidied the room for the night, and set the lamp on the hearth, before she went to her own room. Sitting up to watch was hard work, and Hannah Graves kept a little stimulant where she could drink unobserved. To do her justice, she seldom took much, and nodded in the arm chair beside the sick-bed pretty faithfully. But on this night she was troubled with an uneasy conscience, and exceeded her usual allowance, falling into a deep sleep in her own room, where she had only intended to change her dress for a loose wrapper.  
Earlier in the evening, before the early darkness of a December night had closed in, there had been a suppliant at the door, whose low, sweet voice had vainly pleaded for admission. The grand daughter who had run away with the artist had heard from a farmer, who went weekly to the city, of her grandmother's illness, and had hoped for one word of forgiveness.  
The farmer was a kindly man, who had before carried tidings from the cottage to the city "flat," where Marcus Thornton and his young wife lived, as poor people in great cities so often do, struggling bravely for daily bread, but sweetening the toil by strong mutual love.

Some time in the future the little wife was sure the paintings, that were to her like dreams of fairy land, would bring to her husband wealth and fame. She trusted him utterly, believing his genius unequalled in the wide world's array of artists. And while she waited for that genius to be recognized, she was well content to take in sewing to save and economize what he earned by the occasional sale of a small picture, or the filling of an order to decorate some rich man's panels or walls. They were often compelled to dine on porridge, but they ate it cheerfully, and furnished the sauce by building grand castles in the air, as they handled their pewter spoons.  
There was no thought of her grandmother's six thousand dollars in Bertha Thornton's mind, as she thankfully accepted the farmer's offer to take her home and see the old lady before she died. Just one word of forgiveness was all she craved, for she knew that she had been unfaithful and ungrateful when she left her home in secret to follow her lover's fortunes. She was not aware that Hannah Graves had quietly burned, unopened, the many letters she had written begging forgiveness, but that they were all unanswered convinced her that her grandmother was still angry.  
She was a timid little woman, easily led, easily frightened, and Hannah Graves had kept her outside the door without difficulty, where the farmer left her to drive to his own home.  
She begged in vain to see her grandmother, her sweet voice raised in her earnestness till it must have penetrated to the sick-room, from which she was so resolutely shut out.  
As the door closed upon her and she heard the heavy bolt drawn it flashed upon her for the first time that she had made no provision for her night's shelter. It was winter weather, but not intensely cold, and her dress was warm, but it was not a pleasant prospect to think of wandering about all night till she could take the city train early in the morning.  
She shivered as she drew her shawl closer and listened to the sounds in doors that told how carefully every door and window was being barred against her. The porch was deep and sheltered from the wind, and when she wailed of walking up and down she crouched into a corner to rest.  
Just over her head was the window of her grandmother's room, and Hannah, setting this window a crack open for the night, let out the sound of her own harsh voice. Just a murmur of her own grandmother's utterances reached Bertha as she listened intently, but what Hannah said came to her clearly and distinctly. It convinced her that the story she had told of the old lady's continued anger was untrue, and the threat that the sight of her would have fatal results was another fiction.  
"She wants me! I am sure she will forgive me!" Bertha thought, as the faint accents reached her, conveying no words, but pleading in every tone. "I will see her!"  
Again she listened intently, until she was sure by the silence that the invalid was alone. She was young, and light, and country bred, it was no great feat to scramble by the twisted vines on the porch pillars, to its roof, and gain the window. Very cautiously she pushed aside, and by the dim light Bertha could see that the only occupant of the room was the old woman on the bed, who murmured incessantly.  
"Oh, Bertha! I was too hard, dear child! Come to your old grannie before she dies!"  
Softly still, for Hannah might be near. Bertha crept over the window-sill into the room, and to the door. This she locked, whispering to herself: "I will speak to grannie, and if anybody tries to put me out, she must first break the door in."  
But there was no sound in any other part of the house as she drew near the invalid, whose large, eager eyes had by that time discovered her.  
"Bertha! You have come, Bertha!"  
"Yes, grannie, dear, dear grannie," said Bertha, caressing her tenderly, "I am here."  
"But you must not stay, Hannah will kill you. She will think you want the money."  
"Oh, grannie, never mind money now. Only say you forgive me for leaving you."  
"With all my heart, dear child. God bless you ever, and bless the man you love if he is good to you."  
"He is, grannie, the kindest, best husband in the world. He shall come to you to-morrow."  
"Yes, dear! yes! But now listen. Go to the clothes press and pull out the lower drawer. Quick! Now," as Bertha obeyed, "do you see on the floor, underneath where the drawer was, a package, sewed up in strong muslin? Bring that to me, and put the drawer back."  
Bertha obeyed, and stood again beside the bed.  
"Put it in your bosom. Button your dress over it. So!" said her grandmother, eagerly watching her follow her instructions. "Don't tell Hannah. Don't tell anybody but your husband. Promise me!"  
"I promise, grannie."  
"It is my savings for years; saved for you before I made that cruel will. It is yours, yours, darling. Hannah will have the cottage and everything else, because I have not taken the will away. Dear, now go. But come to-morrow with your husband, to protect you. Go, dear. Hanna may come, Good night. God bless you, Bertha."  
Out again in the night air, reluctant as she was to go, Bertha sped away to the railroad station, two miles away. She had unlocked the door and drew the window down before she left the house, and hurried on, only anxious to gain her home and bring her husband to receive the blessing already bestowed on herself.  
There was a train at daybreak and the station was warm and light, but the hours dragged slowly, until she was

on her way to the city.  
The day-dawn awakened Hannah from her heavy sleep, and, conscience stricken, she hurried to her aunt. Nothing, to her eyes, had been disturbed in the room, no confusion told of the midnight visitor, but the form in bed was rigid and pulseless, and no voice answered her frightened call.  
It was too late for any spoken words of forgiveness when Marcus Thornton stood with his wife beside the still, cold form, but Bertha knew that she was pardoned, and she kept her promise made to the dead.  
Hannah Graves lives in the cottage she has inherited, and has periodical attacks searching for the six thousand dollars in bonds, but she has never found them, although she truthfully declares there is not one inch of the cottage that has not been ransacked.  
**A Mighty Boss.**  
Heretofore the political boss has been a character more or less restricted in his scope. He has been content to rob a State or sack a city. He has run State legislatures and municipal councils, or he has worked the Court House officials in a county. But we have now a boss confined to no pent-up Utica—one, who not only feels able to run the forty-two States of the American Union, but one who is resolved to run them whether they wish to be run or not.  
Mr. Matthew Stanley Quay is the boss of bosses. He can raise more money for a man making do, a bigger business in "blocks-of-five," and manage politicians of the graceless variety, big or little, with more audacity and skill than any other boss that ever arose in the party of bosses. Beside him Platt is a pigmy, and Mahone would go in his vest pocket. He is a man of energy, and there is no man in the East who does not know him. He covers before him never-failing, but he is not a man of the old Representatives at Washington, who have won reputation in the intellectual contests of the last few years, naturally dislike subordination to the voiceless and penniless boodler who has suddenly leaped upon their backs from the local obscurity of Pennsylvania.  
In his own State his eminent colleague in the Senate has sunk into insignificance, with all his prospects of re-election dependent upon the whim of his new master. There the boss appoints State tickets, making Governors and Lieutenants, and the Eastern States are out of the picture. He runs the Legislature, and he is not only Federal and State patronage according to his royal pleasure, but he names municipal and county candidates, impartially taking under his benevolent care the cities of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and any smaller ones which may chance to need his aid. With all this, he is a man of great energy, and he is not only organizing the bossier's and monopolist's House of Representatives at Washington.  
All accounts agree that Boss Quay had more to do with the organization than all other men combined. Using his Pennsylvania puppets for make-weight, he found it easy to conceal behind Reed, who being the candidate of the railroads, and of the monopolies generally—and of all the highly protected interests,—except wool, was naturally Boss Quay's choice. He has now a Speaker of his own manufacture, and we are told that he is immensely delighted with him. He also chose a chief clerk, and in very many ways he has shown his power in the management of the House until, by the providence of God, a blind preacher was raised up to beat the caucus nominee for Chaplain. The House, it is safe to say, is under the absolute control of the boss. He will do with it the sort of things he has done with Pennsylvania's Legislature, and he will serve the interests of the money power with zeal and fidelity.  
The great corporations represented by Mr. Quay and which have helped him to elevate Mr. Reed will suffer nothing. It is possible that Mr. Quay's ambition to organize the House, and to possess it as a personal appanage, was not unconnected with the various desires that shape will be displayed to as much advantage in a pair of stockings; if it be in the coloring of the flesh, beautiful coloring will not be obtained by leaving the leg bare; and, from the artistic point of view, a blue or red stocking is infinitely preferable to a blue and red leg.  
**The Career of a Brave Pennsylvanian.**  
How Colonel Beidler became a Terror to Evil-doers in Montana.  
Col. John X. Beidler was buried at Helena, Montana, on Sunday last. He was not one of those whose military title is merely one of courtesy, but won his colonelcy by hard fighting. He was, in fact, a famous officer of the law—one of those Rocky Mountain sheriffs, whose courage and straight shooting have done so much to civilize the Wild West.  
John X. Beidler was a poor basket maker in Franklin county, near Chambersburg, Pa. He was a quiet youth, and gave no indications of a pugnaeous disposition. But seeking to improve his condition about 1860, he went West, and in 1861 located near Fort Benton, on the head water of the Missouri. Here he made friends by his quiet, unobtrusive manner and fidelity to any work he undertook. South of Fort Benton the country was in a chaotic state. About Helena, Deer Lodge and Butte City mines of extraordinary richness were being developed, but every man carried his life in his hands. Murderers and highway robbers were about down the river, and a gang of desperadoes, led by a man named Plummer, a religious sheriff, commanded a gang who held up the stages, killing the passengers and attacking the freight trains that were the only means of transportation at the time. Plummer was a jolly fellow and everybody's friend, but one morning about dawn Plummer's gang was halted a few miles from Butte and a volley of bullets fired into it, killing the driver and all the passengers but one German, who succeeded in getting into the brush, and hid himself in an old prospect hole.  
Here to his amazement he heard a voice he knew well, telling the outlaws to hunt up the Dutchman, as dead men tell no tales." He was a neighbor of Plummer and recognized him. Finally the road agent left and a few hours later a party of citizens found the German and heard his story. Beidler was one of the party, and he advised immediate action. Inside of three hours he had covered Plummer with his pistol in his own house, just as he was saying grace at his breakfast-table. A strong party of citizens swept the saloons and secured a number of well-known local ruffians, and by three o'clock, in Sampson's mule corral, dangled a dozen bodies, Plummer being hanged first.  
And now the war commenced. The citizens all over the territory organized, and Beidler was made chief officer. He was a little, round shouldered fellow, whom no one would have taken for a quietly desperate man, but he became a terror to evil-doers and ruffians, who fear no one else, made tracks when it was known that "X" was in the neighborhood. By this title he was known from the British border to the Mexican lines.  
In 1863 a murder was committed that aroused the entire community. Henry McCutcheon was a prominent merchant and extensive freighter in Bannock City. He determined to remove his business to Helena, and so was imprudent as to let it be known that he would send \$26,000 in specie by the next train.  
A Frenchman named Fontaine, a barber by trade and a desperate ruffian, made up a party to rob the train, and about thirty miles North of the city the attack was made in the early morning, and every man save one murdered. Fontaine had told this man, who escaped, not to travel with the train as a friendly caution, and as he fired a bullet into his body, exclaimed "You fool, I told you not to come here." McCutcheon's body was found in a neighboring ravine with his head fairly blown off.  
The outlaws divided their plunder and departed. Fontaine determined to cross the Rockies into Oregon, but "X" and a party were after him. Sending him on the direct route, "X" with an Indian guide, took a shorter track through the mountains, and, after a night's riding, came to a point where he commanded the road. It was evident that he was ahead of his man, and soon he heard the hoofbeats of a horse on the rocky road. When the outlaw turned the point he found his pursuer, pistol in hand, ready. He was a hairy ruffian, and at once drew his weapon, but dropped from his horse with a ball through his chest, and lay motionless. He was dead before he knew that he had left town.  
In 1865 he was appointed United States Marshal, and held the position for twenty years. Only once was he hurt. A man named McKay, a Nova Scotian, had robbed the Helena stage and mail. He was utterly fearless, and had on more than one occasion beat the local officials by sheer grit and good fortune. He sent word to "X" that he would be at a certain place at a given time, and defied the marshal to take him. "X" knew his man, and day before, he was hidden in a stable near the place, a small mining town of three or four houses in a wild part of the mountains. True to his promise McKay rode up to the one saloon in the place, and a person was there. He started for the stable with his horse, and found himself covered by a pistol, and heard a summons to surrender. He was a master of his weapon, and fired at once, sending a bullet through "X's" shoulder and dropping dead from a shot through the eye. "X" is exaggerated to say that the courage and resolution of this quiet Pennsylvanian "Dutchman" did more to vindicate the law in Montana than all other influences combined. He was, moreover, an honest man, modest in demeanor, and for twenty years a constant member of the Methodist Church.

## An Animal of Bad Repute.

Witches in all ages have been reported to assume the guise of black cats and the evil one appears also to have been partial to this materialized semblance, says the London Standard. When Shakespeare made it the familiar of the weird women, and its mewings one of their omens, he simply gave utterance to a superstition universally credited in his day. Some of these old wives' stories, though others appear to have happily died out. Thus, the notion of angry cats eating coal, which is mentioned in Fletcher's "Bonduca" and other contemporary plays, can be no longer traced in current folklore.  
In the most benighted of rural parts the routes no longer, as they did in Shakespeare's time, shoot at cats in wooden bottles or in baskets, and feelings of humanity have long since exterminated every trace of the cruel sport, the nature of which is remembered by the phrase of "Whipping the cat at Abington." It is unfortunate that the beautiful sense, but they are veritable children when they come in contact with quack doctors.  
—A woman can get more bundles together in half a day's shopping than a man can carry, and she can buy goods ten per cent cheaper than he can, because, in the first place, she always asks everybody what they paid for everything, and is thoroughly posted on prices; and, in the second place, she has the infinite patience to stand and talk to the clerks, and wheedle, and coax, and bargain, until, in the sheer desperation of utter soul-weariness, they take off two cents a yard, and think themselves lucky to escape so well.  
—Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." There's some consolation for the sinner, any way.

## The Suez Canal.

*A Ditch in the Desert About a Hundred Miles Long.*  
This canal is only 100 miles long, says a letter from Egypt to the New York World. It is only one-twelfth the length of the Red Sea, into which it conducts the waters of the Mediterranean, and these two bodies of water are nearly of the same level. They now flow into one another without locks, and the canal is well described as a ditch in the desert. This ditch is about 300 feet wide at the top and 150 feet wide at the bottom, and the water within it is as quiet as a mill pond. It is of beautiful sea-green and the contrast of this color with the bare yellow sands which line the banks of the canal makes it wonderfully beautiful. The canal is so narrow that ships can pass only at certain points, and the management governs these passages just as the train dispatchers regulate the passage of trains upon our trunk lines. There are, from time to time, through the canal wide spaces where the ships must turn in while others, which have the right of way, may pass them, and at a distance these ships seem to be walking, as it were, in single file through the desert. They are not allowed to go over five miles an hour, and this is largely due to the depth of the canal. Its average depth is about twenty-four feet, and one of the ships which pass through are more than twenty feet deep in the water. There is so little water under the bottom that there can be no great speed.  
The banks of this canal are of dry and thirsty sand. In some places they are kept bare by pavements of stone and are others by a network of twigs like the jetties of the Mississippi. It cost nearly \$100,000,000 to build the canal, and in some places the channel had to be cut through solid rocks. In others there was a little dredging needed. The waters of the Mediterranean flowed into long, natural lakes, and these required but little excavation to make them deep enough for the transit of ships. One of the great problems in making the canal was fresh water for the workmen. The work was begun in 1859, and the ruler of Egypt provided 27,000 laborers. They were relieved every three months, but it was necessary to feed them. It took 4,000 water casks, which were carried on the back of camels, to supply them with drinking water, and this was kept up for five years. At the end of that time a fresh-water canal was arranged so that water was carried from the Nile to Ismailia, and there is now a pipe which runs the whole length of the canal and which carries fresh water from one end of it to the other. The work of preparing harbors at Port Said and Suez was very expensive and I took a look at the piers at Port Said, which are intended to ward off the accumulations of sand and mud which form the navigable entrance to the canal. These piers are made of artificial stone composed of desert sand and cement. The machinery to make them was brought here from France and the stones are made to throw into the sea. Each stone weighed twenty tons and it took 25,000 of these massive rocks to build the foundations. The piers were built and the artificial stone, I am told, last as long as the natural article.

## The Clothing of Babies.

Although I own that children are now more sensibly clothed than was the case thirty years ago, it is still common to see an infant, who can take no exercise to warm himself, wearing a low necked, short sleeved, short coated dress in the coldest weather. The two parts of the body, the chest and the upper portion of the abdomen—which it is most important to keep from variations of temperature, are exposed, and the child is rendered liable to colds, coughs and lung diseases on the one hand and bowel complaint on the other. What little there is of the dress is chiefly composed of open work and embroidery, so that there is about as much warmth in it as in a wire sieve, and the socks accompanying such a dress are of cold white cotton, exposing a cruel length of blue and red leg. I cannot see the beauty of a pair of livid blue legs and would much rather behold them, comfortably clad in a pair of stockings. If the beauty be the shape of the leg, that shape will be displayed to as much advantage in a pair of stockings; if it be in the coloring of the flesh, beautiful coloring will not be obtained by leaving the leg bare; and, from the artistic point of view, a blue or red stocking is infinitely preferable to a blue and red leg.  
JESSIE O. WALLER.

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## Overcrowding of the Professions.

The cry of "We've got no work to do," which goes up in ever increasing volume from professional men is not confined to this country. Professor Locks of Göttingen, has carefully prepared some statistics which show that at his own university there are just twice as many students preparing for the various professions as they have any chance of being able to practice them. The overcrowding of the professions in every civilized country is likely to continue a growing grievance. A man on whose education and training a certain amount of capital has been expended may not unreasonably expect it to bear interest in the shape of a livelihood. To fall back on business only because professional work is not forthcoming generally means equal failure in the new walk in life, simply because the learning years are already gone by.—Exchange.