

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., June 19, 1891.

MY DOLLY AND AUNTIE'S DOLLY.

I have the dearest little dolly;
Her eyes are bright and blue;
Her hair is gold, her face and hands
Are wax, quite clean and new.

She came to me last Christmas Eve,
I call her Pretty Dolly;
You cannot have the least idea
Of how I love that dolly.

But Auntie says she has a doll
More wonderful than mine—
A doll whose cheeks turn white or red,
A doll with eyes that shine.

A doll that eats and drinks and sleeps,
And chatters, too, all day;
I wish I had a toy like that
To help me with my play.

But Auntie says her doll is not
So good as mine, you know;
It does not have a way to mind
When Aunt says "come" or "go."

And now and then it disobeys;
That's wrong—we're all agreed;
Such conduct is so very bad,
So very bad indeed.

Then too, this doll is very vain,
And fond of fine new things,
And even grumbles at the clothes
That this kind Auntie brings.

And then—Oh, dear! Oh, Auntie, dear!
Pray what is that you say?
That this strange doll you've talked about
Is called *Jeannette* May?

My name! How queer! Why is it so?
Oh, Auntie—now I see!
I am the doll! It's all too true!
Poor naughty little me! M. E. R.

THE SILVER BULLET.

In 1869 Lawrence Nutting was a United States Marshal in the southern district of Virginia. The State was at that time fairly overrun with outlaws of all classes. Bushwhackers, highwaymen, counterfeiters and "moonshiners" nestled in all the countryside among the mountains, and far from towns and cities upon lonely roads, while gamblers and desperadoes swarmed in and about the settlements. Crime was frequent, and the life of a United States officer was a series of stirring adventures involving great danger, and demanding as great tact and personal bravery.

But Nutting proved himself worthy and fit for the office. A young man of temperate habits, quick wits, splendid physique and dashing courage, he was never at a loss how to act; and the vermin that infested that region soon learned to hate and fear him intensely. Many were the expeditions which the officer had led, many his escapes, and many the prisoners safely captured and walled by his efforts; but one man evaded him. The shrewdest and worst "moonshiner" of all was still at large. Despite all his efforts, Nutting has not yet secured Rufus Allen.

This man was known throughout the State. His career had been that of a criminal from his birth. In the fastness of southwestern Virginia he manufactured whiskey on a grand scale, and was the owner of a dozen or more "queer stills," and snapped his fingers at the law.

Several times had Nutting sought this quarry; twice he had actually caught him, yet twice he had escaped, and at the time of which we speak he was still free.

Nutting sat at his window one evening musing, half dreaming, when there fell a light touch on his shoulder. He started up quickly. A stranger stood before him.

"The United States marshal?" said he, interrogatively.

"Yes, sir," said Lawrence rising. "Be seated. What can I do for you?"

"I would speak with you alone," he said, glancing around. "I have matters of importance to communicate."

"This office is out of hearing from the street," replied Nutting, "and we are by ourselves. You can speak freely."

The other drew a couple of cigars from his pocket, offered one to the marshal and lit the other himself. Nutting followed his example. Then the man drew his chair nearer, so that he sat between the officer and the desk whereupon lay his belt and pistols, threw open his coat so that the butts of two heavy revolvers might be seen, and blowing the smoke from his cigar said in a quiet tone to his companion:

"You are desirous of arresting a noted moonshiner, one Rufus Allen, are you not?"

"There's no doubt about that," said the marshal, smiling.

"I am the man."

Nutting's cigar never stirred in his mouth; his hand did not quiver nor his breath come the quicker. A single sign showed how deeply he was moved, his eyelids dilated, then he laughed, soft and low.

"You—you Rufus Allen! My friend, I know Allen. His hair is red, yours is black. His face bears a scar across the chin; yours a beard. His teeth are broken; yours are perfect. The joke is good but you are not Allen."

The other hesitated a moment, then striking a wig from his head, a beard from his chin, and removing a single false tooth, he turned again to Nutting, red haired and smiling.

"And now?"

"You are Allen."

For a full moment neither man moved. It was as though two large tigers gazed at each other. Then the outlaw said:

"Listen! I am armed; you are not. I am fully as desperate a man as the report makes me. I am as strong as you. Do not try to arrest me, for I then shall be obliged to kill you. I came here to have a private talk, but it was necessary you should know who I am. I will not molest you if you will do the same by me, and give me fifteen minutes to escape when we have finished."

Nutting measured his chance. Unarmed in the presence of a man to whom murder was not new, he deemed prudence the better part, and replied:

"I agree."

"Good," said Allen, removing his

own pistol belt; "your word is equal to mine. We shall both be unarmed. And now I would tell you a story."

Then he drew his chair still nearer the marshal, and as the twilight fell and as the night came down he told of his life—a weird, strange history, every line intense with the throbbing passion of a lawlessness which made the man what he was.

The other listened breathlessly, the darkness shrouded both, and the cigars were finished long before the story was ended.

At length, however, the visitor paused, and then concluded as follows:

"So have I live—as a wild man almost; and that life has the past few years been more a mania than ever before, but with a method. I am and have been seeking money, and money only. Not so widely different, you will say, from all the world, except that my search was without the pale of the law. And now the end has come. I am rich. I have enough, and desire to return to civilization. You can permit it—you can prevent it. I am an outlaw. Very well. I will cease outlawry, I will turn over my skills to the government, will swear a great oath—and will keep it, too, for my own best interests, and if you will accept the prodigal son and kill for me the fattest calf of parson, all will be well. I came hereto ask you to intercede for me. Will you do so?"

Nutting hesitated a moment. This man was a veritable Robin Hood! Could he trust him?

"Such assistance from an official is what I need, and I can pay for it. If you will get a free pardon for me I will give you five thousand."

"I cannot do it."

Allen's face paled, and his hand crept toward his hip; then restraining himself, with a scoffing laugh, he said:

"Be it so. Then we are enemies. I to you and the law; you to me. Remember my fifteen minutes, and beware when we next meet!"

He threw his cloak about him, buckled his pistols at waist and disappeared, but as he left the room a little piece of metal fell from his person and rolled unnoticed upon the floor. A minute later the ring of his horse's hoofs sounded through the night as he rode through the mountains.

The morning following, as Nutting entered his office, his aged servant bowed low before him, extended his brown and wrinkled hand, and said in an awe-stricken voice:

"Foun' dis on de floor, massa. S'pose him your'n; bad ting, massa, bad, ef ye 'low old nigger to say so."

The marshal leaned forward surprised. Lying in the out-stretched palm of the black was a silver pistol bullet.

"Why, uncle," he said taking it, "this is not mine!"

"Not your'n, massa? Tank de Lord! I've pleased, I is, massa. Foun' it yer, dough. Dat ar's a sweyside bullet, massa," he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper, while his eyes rolled like ships in the midst of white and seething billows. "I know 'em. My old massa he had one cast and carried it many years. Dey never kill no one but de fellers dey's made for. Massa John, dough, he didn't get a chance to use his'n," and the old man chuckled.

"A suicide bullet," said Nutting, with a smile, as he examined the silver sphere. "That's a new idea to me. Why make a special, uncle? I should think one of those deadly enough." And he pointed toward some of the heavy cartridges belonging to his own pistols which lay on the table near.

"Dey might miss, massa. You know de debil cares for his own, an' dis bullet is made by his help, at night in de grave yard, an' can't miss. I knows 'em massa. I see 'em afore." Then, drawing near, he whispered, "I see made 'em!"

"And did they do their work?" said Nutting, laughing lightly.

"Dey did, massa."

The officer now opened a drawer in his desk and took from it an old fashioned dueling pistol, which he had picked up somewhere, and fitted the bullet into its rusty muzzle.

"It's just the thing, uncle. Bring me my flask, and I'll load it with the suicide bullet. It's best to have it handy by if I get the blues." He laughed again.

The servant obeyed.

"No use to fix 'em, massa. 'Twon't only kill de one who it's made for, shuah, an' ye couldn't shoot yourself wid it, nobow."

"Well, uncle, I'll load the smooth-bore, anyway," said the marshal, sitting the action to the word, "and this afternoon we'll try it at a mark. If I miss a half dollar at a dozen paces I'll give up that young right. If I hit, your suicide bullet is no better or worse than a leaden one."

"All right, massa, but you won't hit," replied the old dorky.

Just as Nutting completed the charging of the weapon a visitor called, and it was thrust hurriedly into a pigeon-hole in the desk. His visitor's business detained him from the office until night, and the plan of the morning was forgotten. The dueling pistol with its silver missile lay unnoticed for months in the desk.

The days and weeks passed, summer came and went, and fall ripened the year. A dozen times had the marshal organized expeditions and scoured the country, seeking the notorious Allen, but each time he had returned unsuccessful. One final effort, however, was to be made. Certain information which he knew to be reliable had at last felt sure, put the outlaw in his hand, and he looked to his horse's shoes and loaded his pistols with unusual care.

At his orders mounted guards—men on whom he could depend—patrolled all the roads. Upon the morrow at dawn, with a posse of seven fearless mountaineers, he was to storm the

very stronghold of the moonshiners, and to-morrow night would find a vacancy either in the government office or in the ranks of the illicit distillers. The expedition had thus far, Nutting believed, been kept a secret. Because of this he looked forward with strong hopes of success.

The officer sat at his desk writing. He had but a few pages to complete, a letter or two to prepare for the mail, and some memoranda to destroy. He might never sit at that desk again.

As his eyes wandered over the mass of papers, documents and duplicate reports filed neatly away before him, he suddenly noticed the butt end of his old dueling pistol, half hidden in one of the compartments, and as the remembrance of how it came there flashed over him he was about to draw it from its hiding place when a shuffling step at the door arrested him, and an instant later an aged and bent woman entered the door.

The hour was late, and Nutting regarded the new comer with surprise, as he arose to offer her a chair. She accepted it with a whine of thanks and sank panting into it. The marshal resumed his seat at the desk.

"Ye are the gov'ment man, I reckon?" said the woman, after a pause, raising a brown and wrinkled face, half hidden beneath an immense hood and a pair of green spectacles, toward Nutting.

"Yes, madam," replied that worthy.

"I've come a right smart piece to see ye, for an old woman. I'm true grit, I am, but a getting wore out. These yer mountains are a sight steeper than they was forty years ago," and she sighed. "But see here, I'm business, I am. I want to talk to ye. You do not know me, I reckon?"

"I cannot say that I do," said Nutting.

"I reckon not, as you never see me afore. I am Mrs. Allen—Bethsheby Allen—and my boy, he's Rufus Allen. Ye have heard of him, mebbe?" and she paused and gazed cunningly into her listener's face.

"Yes, I know him," and the man's brow darkened.

"Well, now I tell you: It seems yer on a raid arter him tomorrow—ye see I know a thing or two—an' ye've got the boy badly cooped up this time, shore. Not but what'll fight, and some on ye might catch suthin besides moonshiners. My boy is smart, he is, I tell ye, an' he'll tote ye round considerable afore ye gather him in; but he's cooped all the same, and I'm feared ye'll catch him or kill him. And I'm his mammy, ye know."

The old hag paused and wiped her eyes. She was a woman even yet, and Nutting's heart softened toward her.

"What can I do in this matter, Mrs. Allen?" began the marshal. "Your son is?"

"Never mind what he is, you can save him. He's trapped, catched, cooped. But he's my boy, an' I want you to let him go. Take his stills an' his whiskey—take everything but let him go, and I'll give ye my word—its good; Bethsheby Allen never broke it yet—that in less than three days we'll be—"

"Mrs. Allen, that is impossible. I'll try not to hurt your son, but capture him I must and shall."

"But if he should capture you, what then?"

At these words the green glasses fell, the hood was thrown back, the bent form became straight, and before the eyes of the dazed officer Rufus Allen himself stood, a look of deadly hatred on his face, a heavy revolver in his outstretched hand.

Silence reigned a moment as the young man gazed into the deadly tube before him.

"I came here to give you one last chance, and myself the same; but I have missed the moonshiner. That chance is lost to both of us. I go back to the mountains and outlawry—you retire from active service. Can you pray? If so it is now. In three minutes I shall kill you."

Slowly Nutting's eyes ran about the room. Escape was impossible—help would not come. A single cry meant instant death—he was lost! His heart sank.

Suddenly the butt of the old dueling revolver came within the circle of his vision. "Come as his would be murder or the turned to him and said, "Will you let me smoke once more?"

The fellow eyed him sharply.

"Smoke? Yes, one cigar," he said at length. And lowering the muzzle of his revolver, he thrust it into his pocket to supply his victim's wants.

"I have some here," said Nutting; and like a flash his hand shot upward toward the pigeonhole where lay the old dueling pistol.

"Down with your hand," cried Allen.

It was too late. There came a sharp and ringing report, a single cry, a dull and sickening thud upon the floor, and all was over.

And the moon, breaking between the rifted clouds without, looked through the open window upon the face of the dead, while Nutting white and trembling, held in his nerveless hand a smoking pistol.

The silver bullet had found its mark and returned to its owner. The United States marshal was saved.

A SUMMER SONG.

Oh! I'll me to sleep on this warm summer day,
And sing me a song of the clover,
How it nods to the trees
And bows low to the breeze,
To the bee all its honey gives over.

Oh! cheerily sing, as the bird trills its lay,
How the daisy trim answers the lover,
When he whispers so low
"Am I loved; yes or no?"
And throws down its own crown but to prove her.

Oh! sing of the birds and the brooks, what they say;
And sing of them over and over—
And woo sleep for me,
As the bee, with his song, woos the clover.
—Emily W. Robinson.

Bill Snort in the White House.

WHITE HOUSE, June, 1891.
To Major Dan McGary, Houston Tex:

MY DEAR MAJOR:—Your letter in which you ask for the details in regard to the President's disgraceful behavior at Oakland, Cal., has just reached me. I have received numerous other letters asking why the President acted like a Wild Man from Borneo in a dime museum, and it is best to tell the whole truth about it.

The truth is that the President was almost hounded to death by Postmaster General Wanamaker, and by his own son, the Crown Prince, Russell Burchard Harrison. For instance, the President would be talking to the Governor of a State or some other prominent statesman about the McKinley bill, or how he, Harrison, had to keep a tight rein on Blaine to prevent his blundering in his foreign policy, or some other absorbing topic, when up strolls Wanamaker and begins "talking shop."

At Oakland, Harrison was talking with the mayor of that city about the loveliness of the California climate and how much ozone it had to the square inch, when Wanamaker came up, and, feeling the texture of the cloth of the mayor's pants, asked where he bought them and advised him in the future to get his ready made clothing from "Hon. John Wanamaker" of Philadelphia, at the same time presenting the mayor a toy balloon with the Wanamaker advertisement on it.

President Harrison said that if ever he took Wanamaker along again he hoped the train would drop through a bridge into some deep creek. I was in constant dread on the entire trip, for Harrison would hit the Postmaster-General a whack on the nose.

We have much to annoy us on this trip, and neither Harrison nor myself get the sympathy we deserve. Harrison gets red around the roots of his hair whenever a country jay insists on ignoring the President, but wants to be introduced to Col. Bill Snort. Then again at almost every station the yells for Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine! make him cross and irritable.

President Harrison thinks he is witty, and he was continually letting off, and for instance he will irritate his august parent by asking:

"I say, pa, what kind of ears has the locomotive got?"

"Rus, ill, what do you mean?"

"The locomotive," replies Rus, grinning like a poor-house idiot, "has got engineers, of course. Of course I imagine the feelings of the President when Rus asked the old man before a dozen distinguished personages:

"Pa, how much does this trip cost the Pennsylvania Railroad Company a day?"

There was a painful and most embarrassing pause, which fortunately was broken by Wanamaker getting off the old chestnut: "If a pair of pants and a half cost three dollars and a half, what does half a pair of pants cost?"

I was beginning to breathe free again, when, with the loud laugh which speaks the vacant mind, Rus asked: "Pa, how many of your ships are you going to send after the Italia?"

Then I went out on the rear platform where the air was fresher. How sharp-er than a serpent's tooth it must be to have a great fool child.

I suppose you read in Frank Leslie's Illustrated and Judge how Rus prods Blaine every chance he gets. Of course Rus never gets up the cartoons himself. Col. Snort, of Texas, is the real author of the cartoons that appear in Judge ridiculing the opposition and poking fun at Blaine, and other Republican enemies of the administration. Rus Harrison is afraid of me, so when the President talks to him rhetorically, either he or Mrs. Harrison will take me aside and say, "Col. Snort, poor Rus is worrying himself to death over a cartoon. Please do me the personal favor to help him out a little."

I got up that celebrated cartoon of "Daniel in the lion's den," which created such a sensation in the Judge. I gave the idea to the artist, and he drew good little Benny Harrison as Daniel looking as demure as a mule with a glove-fitting corset on, while the dangerous Republican lions were completely cowed. Blaine was represented as lying on his back frisking like a silly kitten. He hasn't spoken pleasantly to me since.

I had a row yesterday with Wanamaker: You remember Wanamaker and the Cape May Improvement Company. In order to boom up the place which was leader than a can of pressed beef he enticed Mrs. Harrison with "the cottage by the sea." There was such a scandal about it that in order not to hurt the party I came out in a card saying that the cottage had been returned to the generous donors. This was all a take, of course, but it was understood that Harrison should sell the cottage and pocket the money on the sly. The cottage was not sold, and now Wanamaker crinists that the Presidential family suffer just very cozzy.

This would make people think that Col. Snort, of Texas, is very much the same hand of Texas as is Col. Tom Ochiltree, and I am not going to stand it.

I am going to tell Harrison that if Wanamaker is not fired out, I will demand my passport and return to the sovereign State of Texas.

Yours for Reform,
BILL SNORT.

—Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood, which Head's Sarsaparilla neutralizes, and thus cures rheumatism.

The New Registry Law.

The bill to change the time and manner of making the registry of voters and the duty of registry assessors has been approved by the governor. The new act requires the assessor to visit in person every dwelling house in his election district or division on the first Monday of May and the first Monday of December of each year, or as soon thereafter as practicable. It is intended to prohibit the assessor from taking up the transcript or list of voters of previous assessments. An entirely new registration is to be made. The names are to be entered on the lists in the order in which the dwelling houses are visited and the qualified electors in each dwelling house are to be grouped together and entered by streets, alleys or courts. The assessor is not to assess any person until after careful inquiry of the voter himself or of some known resident of the election district or division. In all cases the assessor is obliged to enter in his book, opposite the name of each voter, the name and residence of the person who shall furnish information as to the residence and qualifications of each voter who is assessed. The blank book furnished the assessors by the county commissioners should be ruled for spaces for the name, residence and occupation of the voter, the date of the assessment, the name of employer, with whom boarding, and the address of known residents of the election division who furnished information as to qualification of voters, as required by the act of June 30, 1874. Under the act of April 1875, any assessor who shall knowingly assess any voter who is unqualified, or shall wilfully refuse to assess any one who is qualified is liable to punishment not exceeding two years, and a fine not exceeding \$1,000. County commissioners are required by law to furnish the assessors with the necessary books and blanks.

One Oyster for Two.

We laugh at the innocent young housewife who ordered "half a dozen oysters for dinner." Had she lived in the South Pacific Islands she might have been equally laughed at for ordering half a dozen oysters—not to say a pint. The author of "Oysters, and All About Them" gives some examples that nearly match the claims and abominations of the California coast.

Pliny mentions that according to the historians of Alexander's expedition oysters a foot in diameter were found in the Indian Seas, and Sir James E. Tennent was unexpectedly enabled to corroborate the correctness of this statement, for at Kottier, near Trincomalee, enormous specimens of edible oysters were brought to the rest house. One measured more than 11 inches in length by half as many in width.

But this extraordinary measurement is beaten by the oysters of Port Lincoln in South Australia, which are the largest edible ones in the world. They are as large as a dinner plate, and of much the same shape. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fisher's habit is so well that he does not leave much margin.

It is a new sensation when a friend asks you to lunch at Adelaide to have one oyster fried in butter, or in eggs and bread crumbs, set before you; but it is a very pleasant experience, for the flavor and delicacy of the Port Lincoln mammoth are proverbial, even in that land of luxuries.

Galena's Plain Popular Mayor.

Mayor Frieseneck of Galena is a popular man among his people, principally because he puts on no frills and is the same to all men. He has never made any pretensions in appearing before the public, and when such occasions have occurred he has gone to the front and had his say in his own inimitable way. On the occasion of the unveiling of the Grant monument the Mayor was master of ceremonies on the grand stand in Galena, and presented the speakers to the audience. It must be said that the Mayor was most happy in his presentations. They were brief and devoid of any action which would be construed as an attempt to show off, a weakness of so many Chairmen. In presenting the Rev. Mr. Yundt, who offered the prayer, the Mayor said:

"Now, be quiet, everybody; der Rev. Mr. Yundt will bray some."

Equally as brief and well put was his introduction of ex-Gov' Hoard:

"Now Guffner Hoard will make der presentation of der monument, and let everybody be quiet, please."

And his announcement of Gov. Effler:

"Now ye will hear from Illinois's Guffner—Guffner Viver is goin' to speak mid you."

And when the time came for the presentation of Mr. Depew, orator of the day, the Mayor of Galena was still unruffled. He said:

"N. W. Keck quised, everybody. Mishter Berube is goin' to talk mit you some. Keep quiet while Mishter Berube will speak a little."

Wealthy, Charitable and Childless.

Since the death of Sir Moses Montefiore no Hebrew has as magnificently emulated his charities as Baron Hirsch, who has devoted untold sums to alleviate the misfortunes of his unhappy brethren, particularly in Russia. The fortune of Baron Hirsch is estimated variously at from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000. He is the son of a Bavarian banker, and the foundation of his wealth was a railway contract with the Turkish government. Since then he has made enormous sums by railroad operations in eastern Europe and by fortunate speculations on the Paris bourse. He has a magnificent house in Paris, a splendid estate in Bavaria, where his entertainments have been on a scale of royal magnificence, and some of the finest shooting preserves to be found in Great Britain. His only son died some time ago.

—A kind of moth or butterfly is said to have become so very troublesome and destructive in Bavaria that every possible means has been taken to destroy it. The most effective method consists of attracting the pest by means of a electric light in connection with a blow fan, which draws the insects in to the suction pipe by air draught and result in millions of them being destroyed.

These Stamp the Lady.

Certain marks of behavior on the street indicate the true lady, says the *Chicago Herald*. She has a purpose and business air about her, and looks as if she knows what she wants and where she is going and there is really some meaning in her actions; she knows how to walk in the streets, with not too lagging or too swift a step, not self-possessed and quietly. She knows how to dress as a lady can, avoiding loud colors and striking combinations. She also avoids too coquettish a simplicity, which is equally as dangerous. She has attained to that enviable street talent which enables her to pass men without looking at them, yet all the while seeing them. She avoids lounging too long before shop windows. She doesn't wear her gowns up to her shoe tops nor trailing in the dust. She doesn't mince her gait nor stare level into the eyes of those she meets. She doesn't wear a half bushel of paper poppies on her hat nor a large sized rose bush pinned to the front of her dress. In short, she does nothing to attract attention. Should she do so and get a little more attention than she wants, who is to blame for it? Some women ignorantly and unconsciously put themselves in the path of trouble. They follow the fashions to an extreme. Their hats are the highest, the broadest, largest or smallest of the prevailing mode; their dresses are the longest, shortest, the fullest or scantiest, or of the most striking pattern. They make a show of themselves, and yet complain because they are looked at. Others have a strolling, looking-for-somebody or too free a step.

As to Small Change.

"I was surprised when I handed a newsboy five cents and received four coppers in return," said James S. Gates, of San Francisco. "They were the first one cent pieces I had seen in about seven years. We don't have any pennies on the Pacific coast. Nothing is cheaper than five cents, and you never hear of an article there selling for 12.27, 69 or 99 cents. The change couldn't be made if the shop keepers did want to sell thing for such prices. When I return to California I intend to take back with me a lot one and two cent pieces as curiosities. It was not until recently that nickles began to look familiar with the Californians. Three years ago, I believe was the first time any five cent pieces reached San Francisco."

Pen Made Money.

Regularly every six months the treasury department receives either a twenty or fifty dollar bill which from all appearances, instead of being made from a plate, is executed entirely with a pen. The work is of a very high order, and several times those bills have defied detection and passed on their tour of circulation unhindered. The counterfeiter seems to be a man who yearns for notoriety, as he could not but make his living by his penmanship. The culprit has not yet been captured, although efforts have been made to find him, and it is believed that he has had the pleasure of viewing his handiwork in a little frame which hangs on the walls of the treasury building.

Framing and Trimming Tomatoes.

At the Kentucky station a trial was made with a dozen plants, each of a few well known varieties of tomatoes, to test the effect of different modes of trimming and framing. The trimming consisted simply in cutting off five or six of the lower branches at the bottom of the plant. It was found that the vines that were trimmed and framed produced the largest and soundest fruit. Vines that were trimmed and left lying on the ground produced fine fruit in size, but unsound. Vines that were not trimmed and lying on the ground produced an abundance of fruit of small size and unsound. Vines that were framed and not trimmed produced an abundance of sound fruit, but small.

The Advantage of the Public School.

We have no place in America for dainty people—often called gilt edged—who think that the army would be a good place if it were not for the rank and file. So it is better for a boy of ours to be pitched into a public school, to take pot luck with all sorts and conditions of boys, and to learn in the earliest life, that some of the best fellows in the world, not to say the brightest, never had a French nurse, and always black their own shoes, when they are blacked at all. In all such schools that I have known the tone of honor is very high. And in such society one early learns the great lesson that all the people are wiser than any one of the people.

All in One Day.

George Tolbert, a young herder employed by Durnell & Spencer, rode into Mojave recently to have a tooth pulled, and on his return his horse threw him into insensibility. When he gained consciousness he found that he matched carried in his pocket had become lighted, setting fire to his clothing and severely burning one foot. Being unable to walk, it is said he crawled on his hands and knees ten miles to reach assistance. He was brought from Mojave to Tehachapi for medical treatment. It is thought amputation of the foot will be necessary.

WHY THEY FELT CUT UP.—"If you please, Mr. Cashgoods," said the young salesman, "we have been discussing the matter of salaries. And we find that the men are getting more money for the same work than us girls. And we think that is hardly just, do you?"

"I never looked at it in that light before," answered the merchant, after a little thought. "It shall be remedied at once. I'll cut the men's salaries down next Saturday."

—It is reported that Lucy Long, a little sorrel mare, ridden in many battles by General Robert E. Lee, is still living in the south and in good health, safe from the infirmities common to extreme old age.