

Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 31, 1894.

WHEN BABY GOES TO SLEEP.

When Katie takes the baby, and the nodding little head Gives token that it's weary and would like to go to bed, An air of death-like stillness 'bout the house begins to creep, And everybody's silent when the baby goes to sleep.

Sometimes I get so frightened that I almost lose my breath— If I chance to make a bit of noise it scares me most to death. When from beneath a tiny eyebrow I see a half-way peep From big blue eyes, when baby has almost gone to sleep.

And when at last a twinkling of a tiny smile appears On lips that angel kisses softly touch as dream ing nears. I give a sigh of gladness, that is full of thanks, and deep, That the world can once more move on, for baby's gone to sleep.

Edward N. Wood, in *Atlanta Constitution*

JESSICA'S LOVE AND PRIDE.

A Thrilling Story of Life on the Texas Frontier.

BY WILLA LLOYD JACKSON.

The little town of Simpkinsville lay torpid under the brazen sky of August. Even the dogs, a gaunt, restless breed, had succumbed to the languor that brooded almost visibly over the place and lay asleep close to the shadow of the few houses, only blinking as the flies grew more daring, but too lazy to resent it after the approved manner of getting rid of these enemies. The "store," as the one emporium of the town was called, had its usual complement of loungers before its open door, but conversation had dwindled down to an occasional request for a "chaw," which was generally granted in silence the exertion of producing it affording the owner an excuse for a yawn and a lengthening of the body.

The gentleman who administered to the requirements of the public had had no customer for something over an hour and had left his bar, which made only half a man of him, leaving his nether proportions a matter of faith, and sauntered out to join the group disposed at the door. This broke the spell and presently another in this enchanted region, like the palace in the poem, rose to his feet, a tall, long-limbed young ranchman, and strolled with an affected air of indifference toward the house about a hundred yards away. This house boasted of the rare adornment of a porch from which hung yellowed gourd vines. This porch was unmistakably a concession to fashion, but it gave the cottage a frowning, high-shouldered aspect. Under the gourd vines sat a man in his shirt sleeves, but this was indeed the prevailing mode in Simpkinsville, coats only being worn on Sundays and on election days as a compliment to the Deity and the government.

This man was old Vanvechten, the pioneer of the county, and his long, white beard and noble features reminded one of an old lion, strong and courageous still, though contented with laurels already won. From within the house came a voice singing nasally "Old Hundred" with an evident enjoyment of the mournful numbers, while in the doorway sat a girl of 17 stringing scarlet peppers, which ran through her fingers like living coals. She would have been beautiful in artistic eyes the world over, but the people of Simpkinsville took no pleasure in the warm coloring of her hair, the delicate contour of cheek and brow, with the exquisite curve of her thin sensitive lips. Her dress was of calico from which the figures had all long since faded, leaving it a creamy white, contrasting faintly with the snowiness of her throat, from which it fell away, revealing every dainty line as she turned her head now and then to note her progress through the heaps of peppers by her side.

The man from the store reached the steps of the porch, and ostensibly cleared his throat, though the "hem" was intended to awaken the old man. It had the desired effect, and the owner of the house turned his still piercing eyes on the visitor.

"Ha, Casp, that you? Come right in Jessicy, bring a cheer, quick. By the great horn spoon, what won't a man do when he's a courtin'. But out merried and the woman can do all she's a mind to."

Casper having assisted Jessica in bringing forth the chair, the girl resumed her seat on the doorkill, while the man that loved her went back to talk to her father, but it was to steal many a sly glance at the head bent demurely over her task.

"What air the news, Casp? has that thar dun heifer got home yet? 'Twar'n't no later than last night that I 'lowed that I seen her pass this way, but Maria stood me out it war Young's cow with the broken horn."

"It must have been her, for mine ain't come home yet. Yes'day one of the men from the Lilly ranch told me he saw just such another critter running forth the chair, and that she'd been branded lately."

"In Bernardo's herd?" echoed old Vanvechten, also eyeing his daughter. "I always said that these hyar Mexicans ain't to be trusted further than yur kin see 'em. It's born in 'em to steal and to give you a Judas kiss while they're actually running thar hands into your pockets a-clearing you out."

"Well, Bernardo's only half a Mexican," murmured Caspar, for which he was rewarded by a flash of Jessica's kindled eyes into his own adoring ones though it was only for a moment, for her long black lashes fell again, making midnight on her fair cheek.

"Course I know that well's you. I knowed his father, and for a white man Reese Barton was as like a Mexican as it is in the natur of things. No great harm in him tell you got him in to a tight place, when he'd let every

friend on earth go to save his own skin. Why, onct me and him—" but these reminiscences were cut short by Caspar raising to his feet and shading his eyes, straining them to make out the small moving body which had just showed above the horizon.

You and I would probably not have been able to distinguish it from the black dots of cattle which, like sharp breaks of notes in the monotone, were scattered about the prairie, but Caspar Lane's tutored eyes told him that it was a body of rapidly riding mounted men.

"Who is it?" asked old Vanvechten rising to his feet and advancing to the edge of the porch.

"Can't tell yet. May be cow-boys from Kelley's ranch. It's about time for them to clean up the town again for a frolic."

"They'll find the Sheriff after them some day, and then these hyar cuttings up won't seem as funny as they do now." The old man went back to his chair of home manufacture, with a cane bottom, and lighting his pipe, sat mumbling to his guest. "Lemme see, what were we talking 'bout? Oh, yes, Bernardo Barton. I knowed his father twenty year, and I declare I war plum outdone when he married that greaser's daughter. They had money then, but that couldn't make her white."

"That ain't no cow-boys," said Caspar, suddenly rising once more. "They ride too sober for that. I do believe it is the Sheriff and his posse."

The heat had grown well nigh un-supportable. The eye could scarcely let itself to the glowing sky, and down where the earth and sky met there was a darkening of the line. The horsemen rode steadily on and soon revealed themselves as ten or twelve stalwart Texans clad to a man in blue jeans, with wide felt hats, and from every belt swung pistols and cartridge belts, while every right hand carried the long, black shape of a rifle. Old Vanvechten walked majestically down the path that joined the road before the cottage, and as the leader, a small muscular man with quick, dark eyes, that would have been good natured had it not been for their sternness with the dignity of duty, came abreast of him, the old pioneer cried out with a hearty intonation of friendship veiling his curiosity:

"How're you, Sheriff? Sorry for the poor devil that got you on his trail!"

The Sheriff grinned and halted, his men doing the same, glad of the opportunity to uncover and wipe the drops from brow and face.

"Kaint you 'light for a minute? Hello, thar, Jessicy, fetch that thar leetle jug with the red stopper, draw a bucket of cold water and git your ma to git out the sugar. 'Light, gentlemen, 'light, and come right in."

The officer hesitated, but the mention of the "leetle jug" settled it. It was not in human nature to resist its pleading to be relieved, so he leaped lightly to the ground and followed by his by-no-means reluctant posse, tied his horse. The party trooped in and established itself in various postures about the porch, on the steps and the floor itself. Mrs. Vanvechten stopped singing to come forth and greet the majesty of the law as represented under foot.

"What's the trouble now, Sheriff?" asked his host, eager to hear. The officer pursed his lips and shook his head, but once again the jug proved all powerful, as Jessica brought it out with water and sugar and he dropped the one word "Bernardo" from his tongue.

The girl's face turned white and the great grey eyes with blue lights seemed to harden into granite with fear and horror. But she stepped back and only Casp, with a lovers quick comprehension and sympathy for his loved one, discerned her trouble.

"I always knowed he'd come to grief," said her father, with a keen relish of the situation, forgetting that the man of whom he spoke had been his guest's thousand times, and that he had more than suspected that his daughter cared for him. "What's he done now?"

"Oh, the same old thing—cattle stealing," said the Sheriff, sipping his toddy with the appreciation of an epicure.

"Serious charge, Clint?" inquired Vanvechten, failing in his excitement to regard the unprofessional law that gives to his magistrate his official title when engaged on unprofessional duty.

"Yes, pretty serious. Old man Lancaster and Jim here has been missing cattle right along, and y'es'day they spotted them running with Bernardo's with the old brands kivered over with a big B. B.—his mark, you know. And I says to myself this hyar thing's gone on 'long enough, and by next month I'll have my gentleman landed in the pen—that is, if the boys don't overpower me and treat him to a new necktie 'twixt now and when court meets over to Del Rio."

He laughed and drained his glass, and Vanvechten motioned to Jessica to come forward and to fill it again, but the girl's hand trembled so that she spilled some of the precious elixir on the floor, where it was eagerly licked up by one of the hounds that lay companionably about among the men.

Mrs. Vanvechten seized the jug herself with an execration on her awkwardness not deeper than her husband's, and proceeded to replenish all the emptied glasses herself. Jessica retired to the door once more, and with her face addressed to the black clouds that had now grown to menaces on the earth line, listened to what followed.

"They say that Bernardo's to be merried to-night to old Gutierrez' darter, and that he gits four thousand head o' cattle with her, and all the old Senor's money whenst he comes to die. She's his only child," said one of the men.

Jessica started forward, color gone

from cheek and lip, but her clasped hands crushed back the cry that rose in her bosom. Casp turned away his head. This was the news he had come to deliver that day, but his courage had failed him as it sometimes did when he had to draw his knife across the throat of some wild-eyed, piteous rabbit. How he wished he had told her. He could have done it much more tenderly than this man's abrupt tongue.

He spoke up now: "Yes, he's to be merried to-night. They say the gal's crazy 'bout him, but I reckon he's an eye to that cattle; 'sides he owes old Gutierrez a pile, and most likely he thinks it will be safer for him to live 'cross the river anyhow. Too many's got it in for him for Texas to easily suit him."

"All the same, Texas will have the favor o' feeding him for the next five years at least; that is, always if he don't git that new necktie I was telling 'bout," chuckled the Sheriff, receiving graciously his fourth glass of toddy from the fair hand of Mrs. Vanvechten.

III

Jessica still stood with her face to those ever deepening clouds bearing in their breast a thunderbolt, her heart stirring with a vague sympathy for the storm hidden there, but silent as yet, like the one in her own bosom. He was a traitor he deserved to die. Why should she whom he had deceived and laughed at raise a finger to warn or help him? Only yesterday—a sob rose in her throat, but it died as she savagely ignored it—he had sat on his horse yonder and leaned down to whisper that he loved her and to call her pretty names in his soft Spanish speech and as she thought of it she could feel once more his glowing, beautiful eyes burn into her soul. But all the ecstasy of love was gone from the remembrance, and only her soul was seared by it. She could have raised her arms and wrung her hands in her agony, but there were curious eyes upon her and she only stepped lightly back into the room and went so quietly that no one save Casp missed her.

She changed her dress rapidly, though her hands trembled, and belted a short red skirt of cotton about her then took down the gun that hung above the fireplace. Out of the rear door into the yard where an old mule stood tied, she stole, and undoing the rope that held the animal she leaped to his back and was gone. She skirted the village lest she should be seen from the porch, then with a dig of her naked foot into the mule's side sent him at the height of his speed across the prairie. On and on and toward the west riding hard, but her fears and her purpose going on before her. Any moment the posse might be on its way again, when they could easily overtake her with their faster and better kept horses. For herself she had no fear, but would she arrive too late? Oh, move quickly old Bob! Do your best work now! God give him strength to go on!

She knew little of God except as He was portrayed in the little whitewashed church at Newton, fifty miles away, a portrait which she had tried to love, but which had always seemed to her that of a very exacting, even cruel tyrant as called for all that made life pleasant as a sacrifice to Him to give nothing in return but a mythical heaven surrounded by a dark world of torment, from which the wailing of lost friends could reach the souls within, only these souls were to be so happy in their own salvation as not to mind their brothers' doom. But now in that wild ride across the prairie she could look up and feel that perhaps beyond that sky there was somebody that cared and who would help her if she prayed and prayed, so she began to utter disconnected sentences of the Lord's prayer, mingled with supplications of her own.

"Oh, God, keep the mule up! Our Father in heaven, hallow'd—Oh, God, hold Clint Burnes a little while longer. I'll be so good, God, if you'll do this for me. I'll never dance again. I'll join the church next Sunday. Oh, help me, help me!" breaking into tender little moans as she recalled the Sheriff's fearful intimation of her lover's probable fate at the hands of the mob. Cattle stealing was the gravest offense in the code of this region. Murder was always "self-defense," but to be caught red-handed with another's cattle was not pardonable. And they hated him for his Mexican blood already. As she drove that made life without a moment's rest for him or herself all at once the thought that she was saving this man to be another woman's husband smote her to the soul. Involuntarily she checked old Bob, and her eyes hardened again, and her firm set lips curved into a cruel smile, but the next instant, though she ground her white teeth together, she was urging the mule forward.

She could see its steep banks showing dark in contrast to the green about. Just beyond was Bernardo's home. Would she find him there? Had her ride been all in vain? On, old Bob, on! A roll of distant thunder broke on her ear, and she saw the detached clouds close into one like scattered hordes of menacing soldiery uniting into one body to sweep all before it. She turned her head to look behind her as she reached the narrow wooden bridge that crossed the river at this point, the only bridge for many miles, and what was that coming fast and faster from the direction she had just traversed? It was the Sheriff and his men! She flung her arms about old Bob's neck and besought him by every affectionate name she could frame to hurry to hurry. He caught the infection of her spirit and thundered over the bridge as though he had been three years old instead of over twenty.

She gained the little house, little more than a cabin, and without waiting to knock ran in at the door. Bernardo

stood before a fragment of mirror twirling his black moustache with a dreamy smile on his face. Jessica was in his mind at the moment, and he wondered who would be the first to tell the poor little girl and how she would take the news of his marriage. His mother, wrinkled and sallow, with eager hands was on her knees beside him arranging his sash of heavy crimson silk and smoothing the velvet of his full trousers. His jacket was short and of blue satin fringed with gold, as were his sleeves, while the shirt beneath showed white and fine.

IV

He turned quickly as Jessica entered, blushing in spite of himself, for this was his wedding dress that he had just donned, and the thought passed through his mind that she had just heard of his marriage and that she had come to stop it by imploring him to remember his many vows to her or to threaten him. But one glance at her face told him that there was something seriously wrong. The woman kneeling beside him looked up at the girl with a scowl and a sneer. She had always hated her and feared that she was to be her daughter instead of the rich and high-born Mexican across the Rio Grande. That Senor Gutierrez had begun life as a herder she did not choose to remember. He had ten thousand head of cattle now and that was enough to give his daughter blood or anything else she wanted. And now here, just as she had arranged for Bernardo to settle down in life, when he had actually on his wedding dress, for this girl to come upsetting all! It was too much.

But her face changed as though she had with drawn a mask when Jessica cried: "Save yourself, Bernardo! quick quick, for the love of God! The Sheriff is coming, and he says they will hang you if old Lancaster's and Jim Bellow's cattle is found with yours. Run, run; make for the big river. The—the people there—your friends will give you shelter. Quick, quick, I say!"

He caught up his pistols and thrust them into his sash, and then not waiting for his hat with the gold cord about it, in which he had just now rejoiced, ran out of the house. His horse, gayly caparisoned as himself, with a splendid saddle of wrought Mexican work, stood ready at the door. The man untied him and then turned to the girl who was assisting him, and, true to his treacherous nature, bent down his handsome head to kiss her. But the fair face burnt with indignation, and before he could defend himself a small brown hand smote him across his smiling mouth. In all the years that Bernardo lives he will have an uncomfortable memory of that blow with the back of a woman's hand, and still into his soul will burn the contempt and hatred of his treachery that flamed in those glorious eyes.

He turned without a word and flung himself into the saddle and with a cruel lash at the horse dashed away over the prairie. Jessica's eye swept the horizon on the other side of the river and saw the Sheriff riding hard in advance of his men, spurring his horse on savagely as he caught sight of the scurrying figure beyond. The girl ran to the end of the bridge nearest her and waited the coming of the officer and posse, with her gun covering the approach. They rode on confidently, not noticing that she held, but as the Sheriff's horse touched the bridge with his forefeet there was a cry of "Halt! halt! right where you are! You don't come a step further! Halt, I say!"

The click of the trigger told them that she meant the words and they paused disconcerted. To be held up by a woman—was unheard of. Clint Burnes had been a soldier and faced fire bravely and, after a moment's hesitation, he resolved to make an attempt taking the bridge at any rate. He gathered up his reins and the horse moved his feet, but that was all, for as the gun swerved ever so little from its original position to cover his breast, he read in the girl's eyes that which made him check the animal as suddenly as if death itself had struck him in the side. Afar off he could see Bernardo's lying form rapidly becoming a mere speck in the distance, and though there was yet time to overtake him ere he could cross the river to the south and reach Mexico and liberty, as long as that grim weapon spoke of the girl's deadly purpose, there was no following the trail. One of the men now rode to his side.

"I say, Sheriff, haven't we the right to shoot that girl down. She's aiding the escape of a fugitive from justice resisting us in his capture?"

The officer was not clear by any means as to the law on this point. Such a thing had never occurred before in his holding of his position, but he did know one thing.

"No, we can't shoot that thar girl, law or no law, Hank."

"Why not her in particular?" asked the other. He had not been long a resident in the State.

The Sheriff paused to throw away the quid he had in his mouth and to adjust his leg over the pommel of his saddle.

"Why, 'cause she's a Vanvechten, and if we hurt her a mite we'd have to fight the whole of Val Verde county, or fight them all, for most everybody round hyar's kin to her on her pa's side or on her ma's. And I kin tell you, old Pap Vanvechten himself is a whole team. No, sir, I ain't hunting up wuss than twenty Indian massacres, not to-day, least-ways."

His last words were drowned by a burst of thunder that lived again and again in sullen reverberations, while across the darkening sky ran a fiery serpent of blue light.

"About face there, all of you. I'm going back to Simpkinsville. Thar ain't nothing to be done to-night, anyhow, and there's going to be a hell of a time of a storm along hyar pretty soon."

Then, with no chagrin in his voice, he stood up in his stirrups, and called

good-humoredly to the girl who had foiled him: "You had better come along home, Jessicy. There's going to be a storm pretty soon. I'll gin you a mount behind me."

Then, as she shook her head, he went on, "I'll gin you a square by you. You've beat me, I'll own, but I don't bear you no ill-will." She shook her head once more, and offended by her evident suspicion of his good faith, he said no more, but rode on with the others.

V

"You don't fool me, Clint Burnes," she said, addressing his unconscious back. "Do you suppose I don't remember the old tree flung across the river at that narrow place? A man kin cross on that if a horse can't and you're bold enough to try it."

She stood watching the cavalcade as it wound along, not daring to leave the bridge for fear they might double on her and ride back, and yet fearful that they would dismount and attempt the passage of the river on the fallen tree. But it was fortuitous that the officer did not know of the other crossing, or that he had forgotten it, for the train presently vanished in the direction of the town. She was weary with her long ride and the varying emotion that had swayed her, and she sat down close to the bank of the stream for a moment, taking no heed of the brooding storm in her agitated thoughts. If she went back to Simpkinsville it would be to face a cruel curiosity, a thousand insulating queries, and the girl's soul shrank within her as she thought of that taunt that she had done a bold and improper thing for the sake of a man that had put her to shame by jilting her. Again the heavens seemed cleft by a sword of flame, and the earth shook beneath the shock of thunder that broke right over her head.

Alive to its threat she at last sprang to her feet. In a few moments the river might be raging under a cloudburst common in these parts, so given to sudden caprices of weather and the blood of men, and she could not ask hospitality of the home of Bernardo. No, never! She turned and went back to where the mule had been grazing quietly until the terror of the storm had sent him trembling and whinnying close to the house. The Mexican woman came forth now, and smilingly, but with an effort to appear grateful, professed her an invitation to enter, but Jessica shook her head with a shudder. It was his home and all was ended between them forever. Even now he might be vowing fidelity to his bride!

She caught the mule sternly by his bridle and led him toward the bridge, where she could mount. But what was that sound? A roaring, a foaming of angry waters, and as she neared the stream she was nearly shaken from her feet by the rush of a black wall that struck the bridge and swept it before its tide as if it had been a straw. The mule broke from her hand and ran back, dripping with the sweat of terror. The girl ran along the bank for several hundred yards in blind excitement. Ah! here was still the fallen tree that spanned the stream, which, lying as it did, from point to point of a higher bluff than the rest of the bank, had only been wet by the spray of the rushing torrent.

She must cross, for her hot brain knew but one impulse, which was to put as much space as possible between her and her whilom lover and all that belonged to him. She shut her eyes to the swirling waters beneath her and felt for the tree with her bare feet. She could cross best by feeling her way. There was no fear in her heart. She only knew that she was weary unto death and that she was ready to accept anything that might happen to her. Foot by foot she crept on, cautiously moving forward inch by inch. She had made two-thirds of the perilous journey when her bare feet came in contact with a cold, slimy body. She opened her eyes to see lying before her a dead snake, left there, no doubt, by the torrent as it swept by. She caught her breath with a stifled cry of horror, saw the foaming, hurrying flood almost within reach of her, a swimming of the brain seized her and with a cry of involuntary alarm she flung up her arms and the next moment the angry river received her in its greedy grasp.

Casper Lane met the Sheriff and his baffled and swearing posse as they rode into the little town, and, as he listened to their story, untied his horse that stood saddled with those of the loungers about the store. He must find his sweetheart, none the less so that the great broad-shouldered fellow had never found the courage to tell her so. He had only the vaguest idea now of what assistance he could render her, but he thought of her being alone on the prairie with a storm coming on was intolerable to him; so, mousing his mustang, he rode swiftly for the river. His keen eyes sought the bridge, but it was gone, and further up a woman was crossing the stream, apparently on empty air. The old tree! Was she saying that? He galloped on, each moment seeming one long throbbing anguish, and as he reached the banks of the river he saw the little figure on its aerial span lose its balance, and with a thrill of horror saw it disappear.

He threw himself from his horse, crying aloud to something he knew not, and jumped out as far into the stream as possible. She was just ahead of him. He could see her scarlet skirt as the eddying water in sport caught it and threw it here and there. Now do your best, strong arm; fall not muscle and nerve. He gains on her, puts out his hand to grasp her streaming hair, when the mischievous spirit that dances on this dark tide tantalizingly sends her beyond his reach. Once more put the waves back, strain on with renewed determination and ah, he has her! But has the river but given her to him that they may die together? He must make the bank, but the current opposes him with the fury of a demon. The girl lies motionless on his arm, her

white face imploring him not to leave her Heavens, to die thus!

Suddenly to Casp Lane the world seemed so sweet; life, if he might always hold that face on his arm, such a goodly thing, that he renews his fight. His battling arm comes in contact with something stationary, and he grasps it desperately. It is one of the supports of the bridge still standing, and there he clings, exhausted, until from the bank is heard old Vanvechten's voice, and a dozen eager hands cast him a rope.

He slips the noose about the girl, and with glad eyes sees them draw her to where they stoop and lift her from the tide. Then everything seems to reel before his vision, and it is the Sheriff himself that has to swim out to him with a second rope secured about his body, and to bring him to shore, where insensibility claims him for its own. When he opens his eyes again it is to see Jessica's face above him, and with his hands he draws it down to his own until her eyes meet his, and in their gray depths he reads a promise of hope fulfilled.

Tea Growing in Japan.

In the twelfth century Kyoto was the centre of life in Japan, and the district of Uji, between that city and Nara, has always kept its reputation for producing the finest tea. The most valuable leaves are those on the young spring shoots, and when I passed through on the 19th of May these were just being gathered and dried. Most of the shrubs grow in the open air without any protection, evergreen bushes from two to three feet high, and among them the women and children were at work. As they squatted by the plants filling their baskets very little of them was visible, but their big grass hats shone in the sun, looking like a crop of gigantic mushrooms. The Japanese "kasa" is made of various light materials—straw, split bamboo, rushes, or shavings of deal; it is used, like an umbrella tied to the head, as a protection against sun and rain; in the evening or on cloudy days it is laid aside, and the laborers wear only their cotton kerchiefs, spread out like a hood, or tied in a band round their brows. Though it cannot be called the "vast that the Graces made," it is never-the-less, very effective in the landscape, and the variations of its outline in different positions indicate happily the action of its wearer. The plants which produce the most expensive teas, costing from six to eight dollars a pound, are carefully protected by mats stretched on a framework of bamboo, so that the tender leaves may neither be scorched by the sun nor torn by the heavy rains, and there are acres of them so enclosed. It was a curious thing to look down from a little hill-top on a sea of matting which filled the whole valley from one pine-clad hill to another, its surface only broken by the ends of the supporting poles and by the thatched roofs of the drying-houses which stuck up here and there like little islands. Underneath the mats women were picking, and in every way-side cottage those who are not in the fields were busily sorting and cleaning the leaves. There are no large factories or firing-houses; each family makes its own brand of tea, labelling it with some fanciful or poetic name—From "Early Summer in Japan," by Alfred Parsons, in *Harper's Magazine* for September.

Slowly Bleeding to Death.

The Result of Being Struck in the Nose During a Ball Game.

The directors of Manhattan Hospital and several physicians are greatly puzzled over the case of Edward Wood, aged 18, who is slowly bleeding to death in spite of all efforts to save him. Wood attended a baseball game between amateur nines Wednesday and was struck on the nose by a foul ball. His nose bled, but Wood was too much interested in the game to notice it, except to press his handkerchief to his face. When he went home he tried some simple remedies, but all night long the blood came, drop by drop. In the morning he was quite weak and a doctor was called in. He tried scientific remedies, but the blood still trickled forth.

He called in other physicians, but their united wisdom did not prevail. Wood grew weaker and weaker. On Saturday he went to bed and remained there until 5 p. m. to-day, when the doctors, having exhausted all their remedies and given up the case, he was removed to the hospital. There Drs. Wittson and Volio tried to stop the dripping of blood, but to no avail. Wood's nose is not broken, and no particular injury can be discovered. He was very much emaciated last night. He had not been able to take any nourishment for two days, and it was considered doubtful if he could live until morning.

As there promises to be a somewhat heated discussion over the wages of window glass workers, the manufacturers insisting on a reduction of 30 to 40 per cent in view of a reduction of the tariff duties, would it not be proper, to satisfy a pardonable public curiosity to put forth some exact information on the earnings of the glass workers with duties ranging from 48 to 124 per cent? Also, what have been the dividends of operators under such a rate of duties. Window glass is one of the necessities of life. The producers are in small proportion to the consumers. There are stories of almost fabulous wages and dividends. What are the facts?

"Papa," said a little boy, "ought the teacher to whip me for what I did not do?"

"Certainly, not, my boy," replied the father.

"Well," replied the little fellow, "he did to-day when I didn't do my sum."

—First—"There is one sign that should be placed over every letter-box in the city."

Second—"What is that?"

First—"Post no bills."—*Yale Record*.