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Clever at Trading.

A South Carolinian's Yarn About a Horse Deal.

"You don't have any fun swappin' and sellin' horses up here," remarked a South Carolinian the other day in an uptown horse exchange.

"We don't, eh?" was the response. "Why, you folks down there never sell a mare for \$3,000—like the one that was handed over just now. And \$3,000 is cheap here."

"It's not the money that makes the sport," answered the other. "Did you ever know a man to buy a plug for \$2.50? Well, I did. And did you ever know the man to sell the same plug for \$5.75? No? Nearly \$3 profit! Think of it! When folks get to chargin' these fancy prices, as you do here, then all the fun's out of it. Give me my old market town for real good sport in the horse tradin' business."

"Let me tell you about a deal I made last year. I wouldn't have missed that deal for all your thousand dollar fillys. No, sir! I had a sorrel mare, a big, lumbering old thing. She'd been a good horse in her day, but that was some eighteen years ago, and when last fall came round she'd been fallin' away for two or three seasons, till she was badly off. I reckon she was 'bout the worst horse in the county, but somehow she'd been about the farm so long that I hated to swap her off. However, seem' she was likely to die any day, my wife and I concluded it was best, and, as I was always rather much on a swap, I didn't have any doubt but what 'twould turn out O. K."

"You know we farmers have to ride a long way to get to market town down south. Well, I wanted to take the old mare to town for swappin', but I knew 'twould half finish her up to walk there, seem' it was some twenty miles off. She hadn't been out of the stable for a long bit, and, to tell the truth, she was hardly able to get her forefeet over the log at the bottom of the stall door. So she'd been slow a day ahead of time, so she'd look kind of fresh when time came to swap."

"The night before market day—I was Saturday we went to town generally—I got on another horse and rode in, leadin' the old mare by the halter. We didn't get out of a walk, but she was clean winded when we reached the edge of town. I gave her a lot of oats out of a bag I'd brought to bolster her up. Then I tied her and the other nag to a tree, and the three of us slept till mornin'. After which we started into town just as though we'd come straight from home."

"Not a word, a first man I met was a fellow from my neighborhood. We said how'd'ye do to each other, and he looked at the bags."

"Gee!" he said. "I didn't know that old thing could travel to town and keep goin' so good."

"Gut off!" said I. "She's as good as she was ten years ago." "He seemed mighty surprised. We rode to the main street and stopped at the grocery store, and pretty soon horse swappin' began. One fellow said he'd take my mare for an old cow he had at home; another 'lowed he'd give a cow and a bird dog together for her; another said he'd go better and make it two bird dogs. Everybody seemed swarin' to buy my mare, but I said I couldn't part with her."

"She's worth at least \$12," I said to 'em, and she would be worth fifteen, but age takes down prices on horses." "Toward evenin', though, I took up an offer. A fellow named Smith—a cheery young fellow—thought nobody could teach him things about me. He said he'd give me a cow, a big sow and eight little pigs for the mare. 'It's a go,' I said, and he took off the sorrel, leadin' her by the halter."

"Well, the youngster took the mare home. When he got there—I heard after-ward—he said nice things about me. But he couldn't go back on the swap. Half the farmers in the county had heard of the bargain, so he just had to cough up that cow and the big sow and the eight little pigs. He was so mad that he didn't bring 'em over to my place himself, but sent a man with 'em. It was the man that told me how mad Smith was. He said Smith was ravin' all over-mad enough to chew up tenpenny nails and not feel 'em. He didn't say, though, that the cow—a fine lookin' beast—was goin' to die in two hours, and he didn't say the sow and the pigs were goin' to die, either."

"It was a fine sight, the man left that the cow fell on the ground and never got up and moaned. Then she died. Before the day was gone the sow was dead, too, and all of the pigs—except one. By the way, I never did understand why that last pig didn't go out. He must have had a cast from stomach."

"What was the matter with all of them?" asked an old habitue of the exchange.

"Now, didn't I tell you how you folks up here didn't know anything about horse swappin'?" answered the South Carolinian. "What was the matter with 'em? Why, Smith had poisoned the whole bunch to get 'em. I knew it when I saw 'em dyin'." As soon as they were dead I sent to the doctor's, two miles away, and told him to come over and make an autopsy. He found enough rat poison in that cow and them pigs to have killed Jumbo. Then I got him to swear he'd found the poison and sign a paper to that effect. A few months later I went to law. Smith was in court. He hadn't got over his madness yet, and the looks he gave me would have froze you fellows, because you ain't used to the discomforts of genuine, orthodox horse swappin'."

"And the outcome of it all was that the jury made Smith give me \$10 damages and the old mare into the bargain. She's livin' yet, and I don't know but I'll swap her off again."—New York Times.

Living Rooms.

The proper temperature for living rooms for adults in good health is 68 to 70 degrees. Invalids and aged people may require more heat, sometimes as much as 80 degrees, but children and infants should not be kept in an atmosphere above 70 degrees. Sleeping room temperatures should not rise above 65 degrees, preferably 60 degrees, except where illness or special causes require a modification of the rule.

Among the Burmese football is as popular as it is in English speaking countries. But the Burman does not wear boots. He kicks and shoots goals with his bare feet.

A Discriminating Apprehension.

"Surely you are not afraid of the dark?" "No," said the small boy, "but I am a little scared of the things that might be in it that I can't see."—Washington Star.

Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Gold Hoarded by Misers.

The world is full of millions and millions of lost sovereigns. A competent authority has just completed some investigations which, he declares, show that in three years the Bank of England has lost trace of no fewer than 20,000,000 golden coins of the realm. This wholesale disappearance of the elusive sovereign has been going on for years. A river of gold has flowed unceasingly from Threadneedle street to all parts of the world, but it has come back only as a tiny yellow streamlet. What has become of the surplus in its wanderings? "Misers" is the unpoetical explanation for a great part of this disappearance. There still exist in this and other countries people who are unbusinesslike enough to hoard up gold and keep it lying idle by them for the sole pleasure of knowing it is there and occasionally counting it.

The people of India appear to be particularly addicted to a habit that is more reminiscent of mediæval times than of an age when money is generally saved so that more can be made with it. In the regency of Bombay it is estimated that 12,000,000 golden sovereigns are hoarded. If that is the record of Bombay alone, what is the full tale for the whole country? China, too, absorbs a vast amount of gold that never sees the light again. As a matter of fact, while the whole world is searching for and trying to acquire gold, a goodly part of it appears to be engaged in the less thrilling pastime of hiding it away.

The people of India are not guiltless of this commercial sin. Dotted all over the kingdom are graveyards of gold which if discovered and opened might restore to circulation a vast amount of wealth at present absolutely useless. At a spot about two miles from Herefordshire beacon a treasure chest is recorded in the district history as having been buried by a great family once resident in the district. But the money cannot be found. There is a similar record in connection with Hulme castle, formerly a seat of a branch of the Prestwich family. Somewhere near Stokesay castle, Shropshire, there is believed to be hidden a great oaken chest filled with gold coins, but up to the present all efforts to find it have ended in failure.—London Mail.

Generalship of a Cat.

The mastery of herself which a cat can show when, having been caught in a position from which there is no escape, she calmly sits down to face out the threats of a dog is a marvelous thing, says a writer in the Boston Transcript. Everybody has seen a kitten on a street doorstep, attacked by a dog ten times her size, as apparently self possessed as if she were in her mistress' lap. If she turns tail and runs down the street, she is lost; the dog will have a sure advantage of her. Even as it is, if he could get up courage enough to seize her on the spot, he would be able to make short work of her.

"You dare not touch me, and you know it!" is what her position tells the dog. But she is intensely on her guard in spite of the air of perfect contentment. Her legs, concealed under her fur, are ready for a spring. Her claws are unsheathed. Her eyes never move for an instant from the dog. As he bounds wildly from side to side, barking with comical fury, those glittering eyes of hers follow him with the keenest scrutiny. If he plunges up his courage, she is ready; she will sell her life dearly.

She is watching her chance, and she does not miss it. The dog tries Fabian tactics and withdraws a few feet, settling down upon his forepaws. Just then the sound of a dog's bark in the next street attracts his eyes and ears for a moment, and when he looks back ward—the kitten is gone! He looks down the street and starts wildly in that direction and reaches a high board fence just as a cat's tail—a monstrous tail for such a little cat—is vanishing over the top of it. He is beaten.

The cat showed not only more courage than he had, but a great deal more generalship.

A Legal Wreck.

William A. Sutherland of Rochester told this story at his own expense: When he was a candidate for attorney general of New York, special attention was given to getting a big vote in the City of Flowers. Large placards were displayed reading:

Vote for WILLIAM A. SUTHERLAND for Attorney General.

During one week of the campaign a theatrical company played "A Legal Wreck" in Rochester. In some way Mr. Sutherland's posters and the theatrical posters got so mixed up that one of them read:

Vote for WILLIAM A. SUTHERLAND, "A Legal Wreck."

—New York Times.

He Got the Pin.

Something glittered in the mud in the city's crowded street. It was a pin. "See a pin and pick it up, and all day long you'll have good luck," muttered Jephson as he started out to get the pin. He had learned that old saying when quite a child. As he bent down to reach the pin his hat fell off and rolled under a cab wheel. His eyeglasses also fell and broke on the hard road. A bus caught him on one side and a baker's van on the other, the two nearly squeezing the life out of him. In making a dash for the pavement he upset a cyclist who at that moment was wheeling round the far side of a car. Altogether it was a great adventure, but he had got the pin.—London Answers.

Dodging the Torture.

Jones—"Why haven't you been around? You've been promising to call for more than a year. Come, now, say when you will come."

Johnson—"Fact is I'm so busy that I can't say when."

Jones—"Nonsense! By the way, my daughter is going to take piano lessons; going to begin next week."

Johnson—"I'll call tonight."—Boston Transcript.

The oldest bonnet was found upon an Egyptian mummy, that of a princess who was interred about 2,000 years before Christ.

Ireland sends annually 44,000 tons of eggs, some 640,000,000 in round numbers, to England alone.

We have noticed that when refreshments are circulating around that the boy in the room keeps busy trying to get in the path of the plate.—Acheson Globe.

Law Points.

Creditors of a partner cannot by levying attachments upon the partnership property acquire priority over partnership creditors or over their debtor's copartner.

It will be presumed in an action for breach of warranty, when there is no evidence to the contrary, that the price for which the article was sold was its represented value.

Classifications of townships by density rather than by bulk of population is held in Com. ex rel. Jones versus Blackley (Pa.), 52 L. A. R. 367, not to constitute special legislation.

An agreement to give a person employment at stipulated wages if he will give up his business and enter the service of the other party in a similar business in a certain town is valid, as the prohibited territory covered by the contract is reasonable.

Failure to provide a suitable dwelling place, with the consequent exposure to cold, and to provide sufficient food and clothing is held in an Illinois decision not to be within the meaning of a statute allowing a divorce for extreme and repeated cruelty.

The terms "cash surrender value" and "full cash surrender value," as used in a life insurance policy, are held by the United States circuit court of appeals, in the case of Bryant versus Mutual Benefit Life Insurance company (100 Fed. Rep. 748), to mean the same amount.

Pickings From Friction.

The price of existence with some people must be an eternal silence.—"Two Men."

You don't know the ferocity of a dull woman under a grievance.—"Serious Wooing."

The bidding in the world and the leaving of it are both tiresome enough at times.—"Seven Houses."

Nonsense? It is when a girl talks about her lover or proposes one to her friend.—"The Morgesons."

Dogs scent danger sooner than men, and their fidelity is more reliable.—"The King's Messenger."

"A man, Philpotts, is never beaten till he has said in his heart, 'I am beaten.'"

—"Sir Christopher."

One way or other, belief is a frightful thing. It assassinates everything except itself.—"Temple House."

You cannot paddle in sin and go with white feet before the throne of God.—"Karadac, Count of Gersay."

Children are like jam—all very well in the proper place, but you can't stand them all over the shop.—"The Woodbe-goods."

Culture is accessible to every one, but there are people who not only do not need it, but whom it is liable to spoil.—"Fome Gordyreef."

The attempt to produce ideas by rubbing pen and paper together is much like trying to evoke fire from the friction of a couple of sticks. It is a thing not entirely impossible, but it is always a tedious and generally an ineffectual process.—"Talks on Writine English."

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