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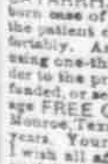

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(Continued from last week.)

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(To be Continued.)

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THE MODERN FARMER.

The pipe of the quail in the stubble field;
The scent of the new-mown hay:
And all day long the shout and the song
Of the reapers so far away.

The restless racket amid the grain,
The noise of the reaping machine;
And ever again the howl of pain
Comes over the meadow green.

Oh! sweet is the field where the meadow-lark flies
And sings, as it soars and dives;
Where the granger sits, and yells as he gets
His fingers among the knives.

With forebodings and tears his good wife hears
The man of the house say good-bye;
To return, in sooth, with a horse-rake tooth
Sticking four inches out of his eye.

When the threshers come in with halloo and din,
How burdened with sorrow the hour,
When they pause to scan what is left of the man
Chawed up by an eight-horse power.

Oh! lithe and listen! From over the hills,
What voice for the doctor begs?
Tis the stoker who fell, and, awful to tell,
The steam-harrow ran over his legs.

Thus all day long with mirth and song,
They laugh at the dread alarms;
Though the waving field shall its harvest yield
Of fingers and legs and arms.

Then pity the sorrows of a poor old granger,
Whose mangled limbs have borne him to fence;
Who braved with reckless courage, untold danger
And run his farm with modern implements.
—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE WEDDING RING.

A heavy band of yellow gold
Around a finger brown and old—
Engraved, yet smooth, half worn away—
This halo of a wedding day.

To her it is no secret thing,
This circlet called a wedding ring;
But ever does it seem to me
Prophetic of some mystery.

Its sacred mission I adore,
It crowned her queen in days of yore,
Gave emphasis to lover's vow,
A trusted secret even now.

It seems encased with magic spell;
Within its portals memories dwell
From which the world must stand apart,
Nor know the throbbings of her heart.

Then why should I, though unaware
To her, its secret ask to share?
These are not mine, for on her hand
She holds them clasped with golden band

This token, then, shall ever be
Enwrapt in silent mystery;
This hand and ring shall keep untold
The story of the band of gold.
—*L. A. Alderman.*

LOVE'S VICTORY.

The clouds were massed in crimson glory in the west, and on them were fixed the large, beautiful eyes of Lady Florence Hammersley, who stood looking from one of the many windows of her new home.

It was the eve of her wedding day.—Scarcely eight hours previously she had sworn to love, honor and obey Hugh Hammersley, the wealthy manufacturer, until death did them part.

He it was who now occupied her thoughts and shut out the splendid landscape, glinted with the glory of the dying day. Natural enough for the husband to fill heart and mind alike of his bride, yet a frown contracts the low, white brow, an ominous glitter shines in the wonderful gray eyes, and a scornful smile plays about the exquisitely curved lips, while the little hand, grasping the curtain, is tightly clenched. A sound breaks her revery. She quietly turns, as the door of the room is softly opened, and the figure of a tall, powerful man darkens the threshold.

'You find all to your liking, Florence?' he asks, and voice and eyes alike are tender as he puts the question.

'A moment ago—yes,' she replied. 'I was alone.'

A shade darkened his face.

'Alone, Florence? Is my presence really so distateful to you?'

She shrugged her shoulders, and turned her face once more toward the open window.

With one stride he had reached her side, and laid his hand upon her arm.

'Answer me!' he said; and his tone was a command. 'To-day you swore to make my happiness. I knew that the daughter of one of England's proudest, if poorest, peers would not have stooped to the plebeian hand of the rich manufacturers son, had it not been that the fortunes of her house had sadly fallen; I knew she was no hypocrite, to feign a love she did not feel. But I did not know she gave scorn for love, or hatred for courtesy. She was a woman, I a man. She bridged the social gulf between us when she became my wife. Florence, do you already regret the step?'

'Bitterly! madly!' she cried, raising her eyes to his, and letting him see all the scorn and anger in their depths. 'You say I was no hypocrite. I was, but I will be so no longer. You need not talk alone of my ambition. What of yours? You had money, not rank, social position. The latter I give you in exchange for your wealth. The bargain is an even one—let us cry quits, but let us have no talk of love or heart, or sentiment; let us bury these in a mutual grave, and on it uprear a monument of distant courtesy. Do not make me hate you by forcing upon me the rights you have assumed. Leave me my solitude, unless when the world demands it otherwise. I will not intrude upon yours.'

The young man's face was of an almost ghastly pallor as she finished speaking. His hand dropped from her arm.

'Though I may boast no title, my lady,' he said very slowly, 'I claim nobility's truest rank—the rank of a gentleman, to whom the wishes of the woman he has made his wife are law. You have not spared me in expressing yours. Allow me to offer you my deepest sympathy for the cruel fate which tempted you to make the sacrifice on which the church this morning set its seal, and which I, for the first time appreciate. Happily, madam, the home to which I have brought you is not a cottage. When you wish for me, command me. Otherwise I beg you will consider your apartments a castle, at whose gate Hugh Hammersley will never knock, either as suppliant or intruder.'

He bowed low as he ceased speaking and slowly recrossed the room. On its threshold he paused. Did he expect her to call him back, or at least to soften her cruel words? If so, he was wrong. His hesitation was scarcely perceptible. The door closed behind him—the young and beautiful woman was again alone.

An expression of surprise, of almost admiration swept over her face, then the old scorn blazoned there.

'At least he understands me now,' she murmured, 'but for a plebeian, he did it well.'

Rank for money. It had been a fair exchange, the world decreed; and many a house, hitherto unknown land to the young inheritor both of his father's fortune and the great workshops which covered acres of space in the very heart of the great city, now welcomed him to its *fetes* and its tables. Fair women smiled upon him, and men who once would turn their backs, listened to his opinions with attention which grew into respect.

If the young bride expected to be ashamed of her husband, the expectation was destined to disappointment. On every side she heard praise, and the frown vanished from her brow and the scorn from her lip.

Never did he fail in courtesy toward her; never did she express a wish left unfilled.—A cheque-book, with blank cheques signed by his signature to be filled up as she wished, lay on her toilet table. Hitherto her life had been one of almost penury, spite of her exalted rank. A *marriage de convenance* had been the sole resort left her and she had unhesitatingly availed herself of it.

Her beauty unrivaled even with the old shabby setting, was now enchanced by exquisite toilets and priceless jewels. She had all that her fondest dreams had pictured, yet day by day a restless, unsatisfied longing gnawing at her heart, and she looked about in vain for the unknown something which should satisfy it.

Once as she and her husband were driving home together from some brilliant *fete,* remembering some remarks concerning him which had reached her ear, she glanced toward him.

'A wonderfully handsome man,' a woman high in rank had said, and his wife was compelled to confirm the verdict.

'Hugh, are you not well?' she said, and laid her gloved hand on his arm.

He shivered at her touch and drew himself hastily away.

At that moment the carriage stopped and the footman threw open the door. For the first time he permitted the man to assist his wife to alight, he following her up the stairs and disappearing within his rooms.

She mounted the steps slowly, and when within her own apartments stood still.

'He has learned to hate me,' she said to herself, 'to hate me! and I—'

The rest of the sentence was left unfinished.

There was great excitement in the town. The men belonging to Hugh Hammersley's factories had struck for higher wages, and he had refused their demand.

It was a principle of right with him. He was both just and generous in the prices paid them, and he determined not to be coerced into a step his judgment told him was but the first toward proving that his workmen, not himself, might hold the mastery.

The immense buildings were closed; the heavy looms were still; the drinking places throughout the city were constantly filled with groups of sullen men, who had already lost what the advance would gain them in a year.

Days merged into weeks, and sullenness found voice, and voice merged into threats, and the threats directed themselves against one man, the master of the works.

'It's all very well for him to ride in his carriage while we starve,' they said. 'Let him look to himself. Hungry men are desperate.'

At last these threats reached his ears. For the first time since that memorable day, almost a year before he presented himself at his wife's apartments. As a voice, in answer to his knock, bade him enter, he opened the door.

By a strange coincidence she was standing in the self-same spot, but a deep crimson flush mounted to her forehead, and betrayed her surprise at this most unlooked for visit. She took a step forward to meet him, but paused. He was the calm, self-possessed one of the two.

'I would apologize for my intrusion,' he said, 'but that when I make known its object you will understand its necessity. I hear this morning that the men are banding themselves into rioters. My house will be the first point of attack. I deem it best that you send your jewels and valuables to the bank, and seek some place of safety with any of your friends whom you may prefer.'

'And you?'

'I shall remain here.'

'But there is danger.'

'True; but no man hitherto, I think has suspected me of cowardice, and as my post is here, here I will remain. I shall take all measures for my safety, then meet whatever comes. In case of the worst—and doubtless at this juncture my life is threatened—I have left all my affairs in shape, and need hardly assure you, madam, that my wife's future has been my first concern.'

'Thanks,' she murmured, and bent her head.

He could not see the tear that glistened on the lashes sweeping the lovely cheek.

'I have thought of Lady Ripley,' he continued. 'She, I am sure, will be delighted to welcome you. Will you chose her house?'

'No.'

'Whose, then?'

'I shall remain here.'

'It is impossible.'

'And why? You stay. A wife's place is beside her husband.'

He smiled bitterly.

'This is scarcely the time, madam, to remember your vows. Forget them, I pray you, in this, as in all else. I must insist upon your choosing some other shelter.'

She shook her head.

'I cannot,' she murmured, in a voice so low that he could scarcely catch the words.

'You cannot? Is there some reason, then, I do not know?'

'Perhaps, but one I cannot confess. Respect it, however, I beseech you, and let me remain.'

'I could scarcely hope, madam, to be esteemed worthy of your confidence, neither can I use force in compelling you to leave this house, but I must exercise a husband's rights in demanding your obedience. The danger is too obvious to permit you to share it.'

'Be it so, then. Within an hour my apartments will be vacant.'

'Shall I escort you to your friend's house?'

'No, I will go alone.' She hesitated a moment. 'You will promise me not to run any unnecessary risk?'

'No man should trifle with his life—it is Heaven's gift,' he answered, and abruptly left her standing with clasped hands and heaving bosom.

'What care he took to tell me why his life was precious!' she murmured. 'Yet, do I not deserve it?' Yes, but not that it should be taken from me. Oh, Heaven spare him! spare him!' And she fell in bitter weeping on her knees.

It was midnight when the mob attacked the house. There were loud cries for the master.

'Let him speak to us, and we will listen!' they shouted.

Within the barricaded windows Hugh Hammersley heard and understood. He advanced toward one of the windows, and began unfastening the barriers. The foreman of the works hastily seized his arm.

'You are mad!' he said. 'I have despatched a messenger for assistance. Show yourself, and your life will not be worth a moment's ransom. It is a trick to make you show yourself.'

'The master! the master!' came the loud cry.

'They are right,' said Hugh. 'They respect—they used to care for me. I will talk to them. If they kill me, a man cannot die in a better cause than in doing his duty. My duty lies in proving my cause right.—Let me go.'

But at this instant a dress rustled at the door. Hugh turned. His wife, pale and beautiful, stood upon the threshold of the room. Ere his surprise could find words, she was kneeling at his feet, her arms clasped about him.

'My love, my husband!' she cried. 'You shall not go! Despise me, hate me, as you will. I deserve it all. But, oh, do not cast away the life without which mine could not exist!'

He looked at her as in a dream, then motioned for the others to withdraw, before he lifted her from where she knelt.

'How came you here?' he questioned.

'Poor child! the terror has turned your brain.'

'No, Hugh; no! I could not leave you.—I said that I would go, only that I might stay. I stayed because I love you—because I have loved you from the very day I became your wife, though I scorned and refused to acknowledge the passion which has mastered me. I know that I may never hope to win that which I might once have won; but let me know that you live—let me but see you, hear your voice, and even though you hate me, yet I may be able to glean some happiness.'

'Hate you!' he whispered. 'My love, my wife! You have indeed made my life a precious boon. But listen, they are calling me, I must go.'

'Then I will go with you,' she hastily replied.

As the fastenings fell at the touch of his hand, she stepped out on the balance by his side.

A long, low murmur ran through the crowd below. No weapon, no armor could have protected Hugh Hammersley as did the presence of that young, beautiful woman, who stood with hands clasped tightly about his arm.

Silence fell as he spoke a few earnest words. Ere he had finished the tramp was heard of approaching soldiers but they were not needed. The strike was ended. Calm had taken the place of passion and reason of anger. But far, far deeper than the external peace between master and men, and that which had stolen into Hugh Hammerly's heart—the heart where lay pillowed the fair, haughty head, which like the restless dove sent from the ark, had found at last shelter and sweet rest.

IRON IN EGYPT.—It has been much questioned whether iron was employed at all by the Egyptians until the time of the Greek conquest. The weapons, implements, and ornaments of iron which have been found on the sites are so few, while those of bronze are so numerous, and the date of the few iron objects discovered is so uncertain, that there is a strong temptation to embrace the simple theory that iron was first introduced into Egypt by the Ptolemies. Difficulties, however, stand in the way of the complete adoption of this view. A fragment of a thin plate of iron was found by Col. Vyse imbedded in the masonry of the great pyramid.—Some iron implements and ornaments have been found in the tombs, with nothing about them indicative of their belonging to a late period. The paucity of such instances is partially, if not wholly accounted for by the rapid decay of iron in the nitrous earth of Egypt, or when oxidized by exposure to the air. It seems, moreover, very improbable that the Hebrews and Canaanites should for centuries have been well acquainted with the use of iron, and their neighbors of Egypt whose civilization was far more advanced, have been ignorant of it. On these grounds the most judicious of modern Egyptologists seem to hold that, while the use of iron by the Egyptians in Pharaonic times was at the best rare and occasional, it was still not wholly unknown, although less appreciated than we should have expected. Iron spear heads, iron sickles, iron gimlets, iron bracelets, iron keys and iron wire, were occasionally made use of; but the Egyptians, on the whole, were contented with their bronze implements and weapons, which were more easily produced.

HEAVY DEFALCATION.—'I understand,' said a man to an acquaintance, 'that you are no longer postmaster at Hornville.'

'That's a fact.'

'Did you resign?'

'No; they shoved me out.'

'What for?'

'Misappropriation of funds, they said.'

'But you are not guilty, are you?'

'Well, I came out fifty cents short.'

'That all? They should have made no complaint about so small an amount. Only fifty cents?'

'That's all.'

'That's strange. What was the total amount of receipts during the entire year?'

'Seventy-five cents.'—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A YOUNG man becoming engaged recently was desirous of presenting his intended with a ring appropriately inscribed, but being at a loss what to have engraved on it, called upon his father for advice. 'Well,' said the old man, "put on 'When this you see, remember me.'" The young lady was much surprised a few days after at receiving a beautiful ring with this inscription: 'When this you see, remember father!'—*Chicago Tribune.*

LIKE flakes of snow that fall unperceived on the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed to one another. As the snow gathers so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

JOHN L. Sullivan doesn't like to hear 'Die Wacht am Ryan.' It awakens unpleasant memories.—*Texas Siftings.*

BIG ESCAPE.

A professional conjurer not long since related to the writer the following story of his escape from roughs and outlaws in the mountains of Missouri. It shows very vividly how in frontier life where the restraints of civil law are not felt, men take the law into their hands and resort to violent methods, losing all regard for the sanctity of human life. We give the story very much in the narrator's words:

"I had been giving entertainments at Huntsville, near the headwaters of the White river in Arkansas, and concluded I would cross over into Southwest Missouri, and try my luck among the new towns that were springing up along the road that had just been built there. To get to that locality I found that I must either go round by way of the 'Nation,' or else take my wagon and apparatus over two long, deep spurs of the Ozarks.

'Over the mountains was the shortest way and the road, though rough, was used by teams. It was an old military and freight route, but not much traveled at that time, and there was just one objection to it; the habitants all through the region were a lawless set—illicit distillers, horse thieves and all sorts of roughs, who were up to all sorts of mischief to accomplish their own purposes. Of course, all the people were not of that sort, but large numbers of such fellows were scattered all through the mountains.

'Then, too, it was only a little while after Pinkerton's detectives had arrested the James and Younger boys and their friends; so every nest of these wretches was stirred up, and the men were suspicious of every stranger who made his appearance. They watched all newcomers like natural born Apaches and made trouble at once if they saw one of them looking into things a little too closely or asking too many questions.

'Of course I had warning enough, but I was more headstrong in those days than I am now; and I concluded I would venture to take the shortest way to my destination, as it semed to me that I carried the evidence of my profession as conjurer and magician, with me, you know.

'Well, I did get over the first spur of the mountains without any trouble, and rather enjoyed my ride. I did not meet many people, and those I did meet were very shy and suspicious; but I managed to make friends with them when I had time enough to talk awhile.

'Every now and then the trail would lead me into one of the close mountain 'pockets' that passed a little clearing and a squatter's dirt roofed cabin, and where I always found that my company was not wanted.

'There was generally a lot of children out on the open, who would scurry away, and try to hide among the nearest bushes, like a bunch of flushed quail, and then the face of some old woman would be turned on me from the half-open door of the cabin, and would stand and glower till I'd passed on and out of sight.

'But, as I was saying, I got up into the spur of the mountains without any serious trouble, though I found without any serious trouble, though I found the trail very rough and stony. Well, I hadn't traveled these hills more than twenty-four hours when my horse became lame, and I found I must go into camp at least for a day.

'So I halted about ten o'clock the second morning on the side of a steep mountain, in a deep pocket, where there was a clear spring gushing out of the rocks and running down into the valley below. I stayed there all that day, and doctored my horse with some liniment that I carried.

'But old Begums, as I called him, did not get much better, and so the next day I still remained in camp. During that time I did not see a human being and had no idea that anybody in that region had noticed or thought of me. But just about an hour before sun down I heard the clatter of hoofs below on the trail and a moment after up galloped five big mountaineers, dashing recklessly against my wagon.

'Gentlemen, I was scared the moment I saw them, and I was very much more frightened when the two leaders drew their pistols, and, without another word, yelled:

'Hands up!' Hands up!'

'All right,' said I, and lifted them meekly as you please.

'We're goin' through your wagon,' said a big, whiskered fellow, who seemed to be the leader of the gang.

'Very well,' said I. 'You'll find a gunny sack full of twenty-dollar gold pieces, two chests of silver and three hundred thousand in Government bonds.'

That pleased them and they laughed as though they enjoyed the joke.

'We ain't on the scoop, stranger,' said the big one. 'It's you we're lookin' after.'

'I reckon,' I answered, rather dry-like.—'Go ahead, gentlemen; you'll find the evidence of my profession of honesty in that wagon.'

'All this time the captain and one of his mates sat in their saddles, pointing their six shooters at me, while the rest of the gang got off, tied their horses, disarmed me of my only weapon, a Colt pistol, and then began rummaging my wagon.

'They seemed rather surprised at the things they turned out.

'On the wrong scent this time; he's a peddler feller, I reckon,' said one of them.

'I began to feel easier. But presently he drew out a small wooden chest that contained some of my most valuable conjuring apparatus, and burst it open. He rummaged a minute, then seized something he saw and pulled it out with an oath. Then he turned to me with his face white with rage and shook in my face, two pairs of handcuffs and a pair of ankle-irons that had been stowed away in the very bottom of the box.

'You see, I'd bought them with some other apparatus from a showman two years before, who had given up business. The irons locked with a key, as do the common ones, but with secret springs in them. These springs were touched by bending over the middle finger; and presto! they'd open as if they were bewitched. If a secret spring in the ankle-irons was also touched they would spring open also. They were nothing but trick irons, but they played me a sad trick then. These men took me for a revenue detective at once, and there wasn't any use in my trying to explain matters.

'This is sufficient evidence what his profession is,' yelled the leader; 'all we want now is to hang him to the next tree. Put his own irons on him, boys.' I submitted quietly enough, and in less than five minutes I was sitting on the ground, ironed hands and feet. At a word from their leader all of them but one, who sat on the log near me, went behind the wagon and held some sort of a council together. It ended in three of them riding off up the trail in the direction I had come, and the other two squatted on a log to keep guard over me.

'Going to gather a crowd before they do their hanging,' I said to myself! Well, that's better than I expected.

'You see I had feared that they would do their fiendish work at once after they had held their meeting behind the wagon, and I hoped now to have a chance to show them the trick of the irons and other performances.

'I breathed a little freer when I saw the three ride off, and as soon as they were out of sight, I commenced talking to my guards. They weren't inclined to say much at first, though I talked on all sorts of subjects; in fact, I tried to get into an argument with them, and not succeeding in that, I told them stories; but they sat there without opening their lips, and grinned, and watched me suspiciously.

'Finally I began to boast extravagantly, telling them what I had done and could do in the way of tricks and feats of strength.—At this one of them became indignant and declared with an oath that I lied when I said that I could lift the log they were sitting on and hold it at arms' length above my head.

'I'll wager you a hundred dollars in greenbacks I can do it, if you'll unlock these irons,' I said.

'They looked at each other and then laughed.

'Show up your papers,' said one of them with a slow grin.

'They are in my breast pocket,' said I, glancing down, 'and I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll wager you a hundred dollars against twenty-five that both of you can't lift that log above your head and hold it at arms' length.'

'We'd accept yer bet if we had the money with us, stranger,' said one of them, a young, square-shouldered fellow, who was always laughing, and seemed rather good natured.

'Well, I'll wager it against your weapons, I said in a breath.

'You're pretty wide awake, stranger,' said the good-natured one; 'don't you know ye ain't got three hours to live?'

'That don't make any difference,' said I; 'I must have something to take up my mind, and this will do as well as anything I know of.'

'With that the old fellow nudged the young one with his elbow, and whispered something to him. His companion listened and his eyes sparkled.

'I watched them almost breathlessly.—They talked for a moment or two in tones too low for me to hear, and the young fellow turned to me.'

'Stranger,' said he, 'will ye give us yer oath not to tell the boys ef we takes yer bet and wins yer money? We'll be square, though, and tell ye that ef ye wins the pistols, ye won't git 'em now, but we'll send 'em ter anywhares you says.'

'That is fair,' said I, 'and reasonable, and if I win, you are to send the money and pistols to my brother, R. H. Macquie, 753 Dash street, St. Louis.'

'Well, you will hardly believe it, but those fellows exchanged solemn oaths with me that they would do what they said.

'They then pulled out my pocketbook, took out the one hundred dollars—all I had—laid them on the ground, laid their pistols and belts on top of them, and then took hold of the log.

They raised it somewhat. It made them stagger from its great weight, for a minute, but they gripped it with tremendous strength, and finally worked it on top of their heads where they steadied it with their hands, for a breath. Then they turned their eyes up and began to raise it, so as to hold it at arms' length. It took them a few seconds to accomplish this, but they did it; held it there a moment and then dropped it and turned to claim the wager.

But they found themselves looking into the muzzles of their own pistols, with me standing behind them.

'If it had not been so serious a situation for me, I could almost have laughed at the expression of their faces. They turned white, their eyes bulged out and their jaws actually dropped. There they stood with their mouths open, not able to speak a word, they were so surprised and terrified.'

'Gentlemen,' I said, as quietly and steadily as my nerves would allow, 'it isn't necessary for you to say a word. Do as I tell you. Sit down on the ground, side by side, and stretch out your legs.' They did as I told them as meekly as lambs.

'Then I kicked the irons that I'd just sprung off from my ankles in front of the young fellow. He was the one who had put them on me, and he had the key.

'Put those ankle irons on your mate, and lock them,' said I. He did it without a moment's hesitation.

'Now put the handcuffs on him, I said in a more commanding way, to the other, for he was a different kind of a man. He reached out and took them and did as he was told.

'I then put the pistols in my belt, backed up the wagon and got one of my trick ropes and then went around behind the older man and pulled his hands back of him and tied them as securely as I knew how; then I cut the rope and tied the young fellow's feet; and then, fearing they might find the secret springs, I tied each of them where they were ironed.

'They did not say a word during all this time, but sat there glum and angry. I took their best horse and untied him as quickly as I could, for I knew that time was precious, and after picking up my money, just as I was jumping into the saddle, I said:

'Gentlemen, I shall have to take this horse, but I shall leave my own horse and wagon and other property that will more than pay for him, and settle the wager besides.'

'All right,' growled the young fellow.—'Better be gitten', though.' It was evident that the men were inclined to respect the pluck I had shown—and this respect for courage I have seen manifested many times among the roughs of the frontier.

'Well, I did 'git,' I kept to the trail and the same direction I had been going, and rode like Jehu all night long, for I knew well I should be hotly pursued.

The next morning I came down out of the mountains and put up at a little town in the valley; and I am happy to say I did not see any of my moutaineer acquaintances again.

'That professional trip was a serious loss to me pecuniarily; but I was only too happy to lose the money and get back to civilization safely. I have often thought I should like know how the affair turned out with the two men I left behind, and what they said to their comrades, when they came back with a gang to hang me; but I have never heard a word from that locality since I left it.