Many a friend smiles to scatter Sorrow's dark clouds that descend; So, then, take care and remember, Never go back on a friend." Many a friend has uplifted

Us from dark poverty's ways; Many a one has but started Us to good fortune's bright days: Many a friend will come to aid us, Often when no man will lend Help to our struggles; be sure, then, 'Never go back on a friend."

Many a friend gives us shelter, Often a morsel of bread; Many a one will remember Us when we lie cold and dead; Many a friend will speak kindly, And our sweet memory defend; This be the motto of friendship— "Never go back on a friend."

Cherish the friendship forever, Joy to your life it will lend; This be your motto, to never, "Never go back on a friend."

ISABEL'S REVENGE.

"Have any of you girls done this?" Miss Adams said bursting into the school-room at Madame Linsey's Hollies, where a dozen girls were gatheredround the fire chattering merrily. "But I need not ask; of course it was Isabel Wyld.

"Was it, Isabel?" Julia Gray whispered, going over to the window where girl stood alone reading eagerly, though the twilight had fallen. "Did you really do this, dear?" holding up a caricature in colored crayons of Miss Adams, the governess.

"Miss Adams says so, and I suppose she knows," Isabel replied, after a brief glance at the portrait-a truthful, though by no means a flattering one.

"It's disgraceful!" Miss Adams continued, addressing the group around and read till Jane appeared with the the fire, "how that girl"-with an angry glance toward the window-"insults and annoys me. She never misses an opportunity of being rude and disrespectful"-she was going to say disobedient, but that would not have been quite accurate, for Isabel never rebelled, however unjust she might consider some of Miss Adams' mandates. "I have long suspeted that she was given to ridiculing me, and this confirms it."

The joke on Miss Adams was rather ill-timed. The day before breaking up for the summer holidays the girls usually had a picnic to Croton Abbey, a glorious old ruin ten miles away. The keen delight, and madame always invi- good-bye." ted a few friends to meet them at the abbey, and return to the Hollies for a late dinner, a repast to which the senior pupils were usually invited.

That anything should occur to grieve madame, exclude any one from the ex- colored crayons to one of the juniors, with a warm welcome, and she was imcursion, or otherwise mar the day's pleasure, was a real trouble to the girls, and that Isabel Wyld would perhaps be kept at home, was sufficient to dampen the spirits of at least half a dozen of the

home, she usnally kept her a week as her own guest, and once took her to the

"I am sorry madame should be worstood up from the tea table, having received a message that she was wanted in the drawing room, "If she asks me any questions I shall tell her as much of the truth as I can."

"Tell her that you didn't do it. That you," Nurse Morris replied. will be quite enough," Julia Gray said. 'Madame will not doubt you!"

"I hope you won't be punished, Beile," another smiled. "Come straight back here and tell us all about it."

In a few minutes Isabel rejoined them. She was very pale and her mouth was shut; and those who knew her best saw that she was in a passion. But she had early learned to master a hot temper, and her voice was steady as she said she was not going to the abbey ner join them in the evening.

"I was to apologize to Miss Adams. say good night to you all and go to my own room-that is all."

"But, Belle, you did not do it!" Julia Gray said. "Surely you were not to proud to defend yourself to madame!" 'She did not accuse me, or ask a single question; she simply took my guilt for granted," Isabel replied. "Good night, and good bye, for perhaps I shall not see some of you again before you leave on Thursday. Madame said I was not to leave my room without her

permission," When Isabel had gone there was a general burst of indignation and a buzz of angry murmers against Miss Adams, caricature.

The excursion took place, but without Isabel. The occasion, however, was marred by a sad accident. Miss Adams fell down a flight of steps and injured herself severely. The news was brought to Isabel next day by Jane, the housemaid.

'And, miss," she continued, when this much had been told, "her eyes are bandaged up, and she is moaning the whole time. She can't stir an inch, and what she's to do to-morrow, with madame and all the young ladies and me gone, and no one to wait on her but that crusty Susan, who can't bear waiting on any one, is more than I know; and she's to be here all the holidays, which is a thing Susan cannot endure. I'm downright glad I'm going away and shan't have to wait on her. Goodnight, Miss Isabel; its very late and you

Isabel lay awake for hours thinking of the events of the day, and it was late the next morning when Jane entered the room, looking very sleepy and cross. "I've brought your breakfast miss; it

was no use waiting for you to come down. Ali the young ladies are gone." "And madame—is she gone?" Isabel

"Yes, miss, hours ago. And I have to stay and take care of Miss Adams; and I think it's too bad," Jane grum-

shall be here for a few days and I'll help you all I can. Is she very ill

"She is very cross any way, Miss Isabel, and finding fault with every thing I do for her. She didn't let me sleep a

wink. Just at first it seemed terrible being alone in the honse, the stillness was so tics were an unmistakable city air and impressive, and after wandering from room to room, and vainly trying to read and draw, Isabel determined to go and see Miss Adams. She had already for- in it again, for the New Jersey town gotten all about the caricature and punishment she had undergone, and only thought of the poor governess' suffer-

Her timid knock at the door was answered by a fretful "Come in," and she entered quietly. Lying on a couch, her right arm in a sling, and her head swathed in bandages, was Miss Adams, utterly unable to move a limb.

"I thought you were never coming, Jane," she said crossly. "Here, shake up this plllow; my head is cramped, and I'm parched with thirst!"

"It is not Jane, Miss Adams; it's I.
I hope you are better to-day," Isabel said, crossing over to the sofa. "Please let me arrange your cushions," "Thanks; but if you will kindly ring for Jane, I needn't trouble you," was

the ungracious reply. "I thought you had gone away." "No; I am to remain for a few days, until my nurse comes for me. It must

be very dull for you, Miss Adams. May I read to you?" "Thank you, Isabel; it's very kind of I am dull and in great pain, and I feel it, being here quite alone," Miss

ess burst into a wild fit of sobbing. For a moment Isabel felt inclined to run away; then she sat down by the couch and tried to comfort the enemy as best she knew how. When Miss Adams grew calmer she took up a book

dinner-tray. The next day passed in much the same way; Isabel spent nearly all her time with Miss Adams, either reading and her friend was requested to walk or chatting. When bidding her good night the governess sighed deeply.

'If I could go on like this, Isabel, I should not feel my loneliness, and friendlessness so much," she said sadly. "It has been very pleasant yesterday and to-day, but what shall I do when

you are gone away?" The next day Nurse Morris arrived, and Isabel told her the story of the caricature and Miss Adams' accident and how madame had not only punished her, day was always looked forward to with but had gone away without even saying this; but the whole room was a study.

"I didn't do it, nurse, and she might have known I wouldn't." "Then who did do it, dearie?" nurse

inquired gravely. meaning any harm. But she went count of herself. home a week ago, and I-I don't like to

Isabel looked grave for a few mo-

ments. dearly, nurse; but I think I ought to first reduction to be made was in rent,

holidays I have nothing to say; only if you get tired and homesick let me to the expenses yer know, dearie, and I'll send Ned for

"You're a dear old thing," Isabel with me, nurse," "Maybe not, dearie; I'm very pa-

tient. And the old lady turned aside that Isabel might not see how sadly disappointed she was, although she was filled with admiration for the child's unselfish

When Miss Adams learned that Isa- greenbouse. bel had given up her pleasant holidays went to the farm and enjoyed being there-and decided to remain at the dumb from sheer surprise and grati- tions that promised abundant bloom stars-they give nothing." tude. But as the days passed by Isabel had her reward.

At the end of three weeks Miss Adams was able to leave her room, and they both went to the farm for the remainder of the holidays.

the part she had played about the cari- I fortunately appeared just at the right cature, though not a word was said time. about it, and Isabel found a new side tion she could be kind and affectionate too; and it was only her friendlessness

that made her cross and miserable. Isabel felt rather nervous about going back to school and meeting Madame Linsey, but when she felt her hands clasped and madame kissing her warmly all her doubts vanished, and she through this greenhouse problem. concluded the affair of the caricature was forgotten. But the next day, before the whole school, madame read a rejoined her hostess, "for both require

apologizing fully. Every face grew brighter for having

"Not that I think you bear malice, my dear," Mrs. Linsey added, with a windows of a city florist who has agreed glance from Miss Adams to Isabel, to take from me all that I can raise, at for I believe that you have had your

—An enterprising stage manager in London has had his stage grass manufactured of feathers dyed and then sewn into mats, the whole having a most realistic effect.

-A bill introduced in the Michigan Legislature provides that the occupation and politics of each candidate shall appear on a voting paper giving the names of all candidates,

Our life: a little gleam of time between two eteraties, no second chance

From one of the trains that came roaring and tearing into Blithedale several times a day, a lady alighted one November morning, whose characterisa general aspect of never having been in Blithedale before. She was not sure. so far, that she would care ever to be did not impress her picturesquely. She objected both to the redness of the soil and the matter-of-fact expression of the

Yet Blithedale was always described as "a place of resort" in summer and early autumn, and "within easy access of the city;" but the last of November is an unfavorable season for such settlements, when the green, leafy glamour of summer has vanished and the bridal veil of winter has not yet been thrown over the scene.

Mrs Rapson was making an experimental and unheralded visit to her friend Mrs. Gates, who about three months ago had been obliged, by unexpected losses, to go into exile on the line of the New Jersey Central Railroad, and having some friends in the place she chose Blithedale. What she was doing with herself there, and in what way she was able to live on next

to nothing, remained to be seen. It was not difficult to find the house, the street being given, but, when found, it was something of a shock to a person fresh from New York. It was of wood, dingy white in hue, and the two-storied Adams said in a low voice. "You see, front slanted to a point over the win-I have no friends to go to and none to dows, giving the impression that by come here and nurse me, and the doc- some accident, which could scarcely tor says it will be a month before I can be called a happy one, the sides of the get about;" and the harsh stern govern- dwelling had got turned to the front. The door and windows were small and and severely plain; there was ground on both sides of the house, and a flagged walk led from the low wooden gate to

the steps. A door bell was a rather unexpected plece of civilization, and the visitor's ring was quickly answered by a neat, smiling hand-maiden with a very German face. Mrs. Gates was at home, into the sitting room, which appeared to cross the entire house.

It was fairly tapestried with vines, and in the windows were blooming plants. An open Franklin stove, the next best thing to a grate, had a cheerful fire in it, and there was a general look of warmth and brightness about the large low room that impressed the visitor very pleasantly. Perhaps the lounge and easy chair, covered with Turkey red, had something to do with 'Alice's flat in --- street was a perfect poem, to be sure," mused the lady, 'but who would expect her to make a hut like this habitable looking?"

"Alice" herself had now appeared "I'm not sure. I lent my case of from some mysterious back precinct and she might have done it without mediately called upon to give an ac-

"There is not very much to give," say anything about it in her absence. she began, smilingly. "You were so Besides, they never asked but took it late this year at your beloved moun-Both of Isabel's parents were abroad, and she spent her holidays with her nurse at a quiet farmhouse many miles away, though when madame was at have not much time to spare."

To granted that I was the culpin."

tains that my fitting had to be done awaited her, she suddenly noticed a while you were away. "No, I didn't shooting star, and then another, and right in the end," nurse said, with a right in the end," nurse said, with a right in the end, "Now get on your things; we lit I am very fond, you know, of the hat if one makes a wish at such a mo-away, though when madame was at late that my fitting had to be done awaited her, she suddenly noticed a while you were away. "No, I didn't shooting star, and then another, and right in the end," nurse said, with a right in the end, "Now get on your things; we late that my fitting had to be done awaited her, she suddenly noticed a while you were away. "No, I didn't shooting star, and then another, and right in the end," nurse said, with a right in the end, "Now get on your things; we late that my fitting had to be done awaited her, she suddenly noticed a while you were away. "No, I didn't shooting star, and then another, and right in the end," nurse said, with a right in the end," she are the culpin."

The property of here, and I mean to make the best of When more than half of my little It. "I should like to go home with you capital was swept away, I felt that the ried." Isabel said that evening, as she stay, if you will let me," she replied and I get this ugly, comfortable little house for twenty dollars a month, while "If you are willing to give up your my fourth-story, 'cabinet-finished' flat

"But are net other expenses very much the same?" "By no means," was the reply. "Provisions are one-third cheaper than said, "not to be cross with me for stay- in New York, for Blithedale has quite

ing here instead of going back with you. | a reputation in this respect; and Louisa, But then I think, you never were cross my German maiden, a prize among servants, is absolutely contented with eight dollars a month." Well," said the astonished visitor, "this is certainly Arcadia in one way,

if not in another." "I must show you the house," continued Mrs. Gates. "It is better than it looks; but first you shall see my

Her friend restrained her surprise as -and she knew how joyfully she always she was conducted through a doorway into an unpretending "lean-to," sloping glass roof and glass front and Hollies to keep her company, she was sides, quite filled with callas and carna- tleman, "all superstitions and shooting shortly. Every plant looked green and

seemed perfect. "This and the steam-pipes for heating were all in readiness when I took the house, having been put in by the Every day they became closer friends. owner for his own use. But the doctors | tleman, who had traveled and under-Miss Adams felt heartily ashamed of ordered him South for his health, and

"It is very nice." murmured her perwhile a few even ventured to question to the poor governness' character. Un-madame's justice, if Isabel did do the der the influence of kindness and affec-fond of flowers!"

"Yes, and you remember how I always had something in bloom in my New York flat? It was that circumstance which made me bold enough to

venture on the greenhouse,' "And you have no roses?" asked Mrs. Rapson, who did not quite see her way 'Nothing but callas and carnations?'

"NotLing but callas and carnations," letter from Jane Seville, confessing it the same temperature and moisture, was she who drew the portrait and both are easy to raice, and both make generous returns in the way of bloom. Within a fortnight I shall begin to cut, the mystery cleared up, especially as and keep steadily at it all through the madame gave a holiday in honor of the winter. I see from your puzzled face, winter. I see from your puzzled face, occasion, to make up to Isabel for the that you do not understand me. You one she had been unjustly deprived must know, then, that my greenhouse is altogether a commercial venture; and the expected blossoms are to adorn the

> a very remunerative price. "What ever made you think of it?" gasped the amazed visitor. . "Poverty, my dear," laughed Mrs. Gates; "it sharpens ones faculties won-derfully. I knew that something must

be done to increase the pittance that remains to me, and flower-raising presented a more attractive field than anything else that seemed practicable. So I consulted florists and successful gardeners, read a little, and determined to venture with my two varieties. The great fault with beginners is that they attempt too much at once. It was just the right season for my experiment, and passage through which the gentleman

purchases at great advantage. The stooping was something which he never every leaf that puts forth, and when | child, "I can see through the cracks." the flowers come I shall scarcely be able to contain myself."

to happen upon a house at a small renginning."

"Very true; but I should not hesitate | for a surprise to Susie. lars would build and stock it, and the first season's returns should more than

women to try it," ly," pursued Mrs. Rapson; "would it not have been more agreeable and quite

as profitable to stick to your pen?" For answer her hostess pointed to the little writing desk in the sitting-room, which had been saved from the wreck ready to mail now," she said. "One occupation does not interfere with the other, and I think that I write all the better for my new experience."

"You are a wonderful woman, Alice," was the reply, "and this is a charming lunch to which we are sitting down."

Everything was good of its kind, though simple, and the visitor are with | has happened. This is the holy Christan appetite. She even promised to mas eve, and you must go with me and mas, after a sight of the quaint upstairs | kissed his little niece. "Leave cares else. rooms, furnished characteristically; and and poverty behind you; we go now to Blithedale was a very sensible one.

On Mrs. Rapson's second visit she fully packed in wet moss and dispatchencouraging check that was received in return, and she no longer doubted the success of Mrs. Gates' experiment.

Shooting Stars.

It was Christmas eve. The stars sparkled very brightly, for the heavens, seeing so many lights on earth, in palace, cottage and hovel, did not wish to be so niggardly, and lighted twice as many stars as usual.

A poor little girl of eleven winters was trudging homeward through the streets of Hamburg. Her frock was thin and the wind was icy, but the child was cheerful, for Frau Senatorin had given her a bright eight-shilling paration for the Christmas feast at the

rich man's mansion. home thinking of her poor mother and when another star fell she cried as quickly as she could: "Luck and blessing! Luck and blessing for my poor

mother." Just at this moment, while she was looking at the stars, she ran against something, and when she looked for- 300 pounds. ward she saw before her a big fat man, who held his pands before his stomach and cried: "Mercy on me! What be-

havior for the public street!" The gentleman had just come out from a fine dinner at the hotel above. He was a bachelor, and always a good liver, but to-day he had given himself more liberty than usual, for it was Christmas time. "Why don't you look out, you dumb girl? Why do you run against my stomach?" said the man crossly, and grasped her arm so tightly that it pained her.

The poor child wept with fright, and in broken sentences tried to explain how she had been watching the shooting stars and wishing blessings for her mother, and had thus neglected to notice her way.

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" said the gen-Just then a great meteor shot through glossy; and the temperature of the place the sky, with a loud report and a light

which was reflected with brilliancy from the ice-covered river near which the man and the child were standing. "Sapristi!" cried the frightened genstood many strange languages; "one would think that that forebodes some-

thing!" Then he looked curiously into the pale, sweet face of the girl, and the moon, which was just peeping over the top of the neighboring palace, helped him to see more clearly. His heart became moved, for the features of the child awakened memories of his own childhood, of merry Christmas and a

long-forgotten paradise. In every human heart there is a spot where hope, love and pity thrive. In some hearts the spot is large, in some smaller, and in many it has become unfruitful ground. This was the case with the gentleman. But when he looked into the eyes of the child he began to feel some returning touches of emotion, and after a little time the than it had been for many years.

asked with mild voice, "and where do Then the child told him that she was

called Susie, and that her mother was a washerwoman and lived beside a neighboring alley where the sun never shone, even in summer. "Come," said the gentleman, "I will take you home, and if all that you have

told me is true, then shall the promise of the shooting stars be true also; come!' Then they went through the goose market and straight ahead until they reached the narrow streets where the poor people live, then on until they reached an alley full of miserable

"Here is the place," said the little

I was fortunate enough to make my could not pass without stooping-and excitement, even at this stage, is dedid willingly. "Mother is in there and lightful, I am intensely interested in has a fire in the stove, continued the

And so it was. The poor woman who had washed and scrubbed for the "I am very much interested too," re- rich people during the livelong day. in plied her friend, 'and I have no doubt order to make the houses bright and that you will be successful. I only wish | clean for Christmas, was now celebrathat two or three other impecunious ting the holy eve herself. She sat upon women of my acquaintance had your a low stool before the little stove, courage. It must be remembered, pleased with the fire she had kindledthough, that it is not an everyday affair and the stove was pleased, too, for this was the first fire which it had felt for a tal with a greenhouse attached. This long time. Upon the rickety table lay has saved you quite an outlay at the be- a tiny sprig of evergreen, a few apples and nuts, and a little yellow wax taper

to make the outlay, with my present knowledge; I would even borrow the money to do it, for two hundred dolgreet him she put her hands suddenly to her face and began to weep bitterly. pay for it. Tell the impecunious And the gentleman also seemed much surprised and a dark flush overspread "But you used to write very clever- his face. His conscience was now fully awake, the little tender spot in his man. heart began to bear blossoms, and the tears of the poor woman acted upon

their growth like a warm May shower. They had recognized each other as brother and sister, meeting now for of the flat, "I have a story there just | the first time after a separation of many years. He had become a rich man, but the sister had lost everything - first her an old fellow. inheritance through the fault of her husband, and then lost the latter. The proud brother had withheld all aid. 'Why did she marry the knave?" thought he, and forgot her entirely.

"Susan," said he, "has it come to this? But now we shall forget what when she returned to the train was into the large old house in Groninger guite persuaded that her friend's move street, where we played together; let all unhappy things be forgetten.

They went away with him, the sister saw boxes of callas and carnations care- on his arm and the child holding his hand, and to the latter it was the haped by rail to the city; she saw also the | piest night of her little life. Oh, blessed Christmas.

Hunting the Terrapin.

A late paper has an account of a terrapin hunt on Galapagos island, in the Pacific ocean, some years ago, by a party of whalemen. The following is an extract: Every harpoon, lance and spade was raised for the slaughter, when "Hold! you lubbers; don't you know a terrapin when you see it?" interrupted us. The cry came from the mate in our rear, whom we now followed round to the other side of the rock, and there, sure enough, was a terrapin; a monster "male" chap, weighing, we judged, nearly 300 pounds. After capturing piece for sweeping paths and perform-ing various other little services in pre-to the beach. Bringing three oars from the boats, we lashed these across his back and six of us then undertook to And as the little one was returning carry him. But the ground was so rough and rocky that we found the of the cold and cheerless room which task impracticable, and there was then for granted that I was the culprit." tains that my flitting had to be done awaited her, she suddenly noticed a no other course left but to kill him and cut him up, which we did.

At dark, sent one boat to the ship with forty terrapin. Boat returned at

Tuesday, 14th, all boats returned to the ship taking 36 terrapin, making 76 in all, weighing from 15 to 150 pounds each. The large one weighing-upon conjecture, as I have said-from 250 to

The terrapin I speak of are not the foundation of that much prized dish with which they are fortunately so familiar, but of the species which, though called "elephant" tortoise, is generally known to whale men as terrapin. On these islands of which I speak-the Galapagos group, some ten or twelve in number-they are found in great mantities, and are in high esteem with he sailors as an article of food. When freshly caught they are very savory eating, but after the animal has been a prisoner for a few months the flesh becomes slimy and loses its delicate flavor.

The islands of the group most prolific of these terrapin are the Charles-on which is a small Spanish settlement, and the James and Albemarle; the two latter being uninhabited because of the scarcity of water.

The terrapin are found in the lowest parts of the land, and are of all sizes, ranging from half a pound in weight up to three bundred pounds or more. Their chief food is the cabbage tree a species of palm, that grows to the height of ten or fifteen feet. The body or stem of this tree is about as hard as the stalk of a cabbage, very juicy as well as refreshing and palatable, not only to the terrapin, but to the seamen. who make use of it as a substitue for water.

An Anecdote of Lyman Beecher.

There are many amusing anecdotes of the late Dr. Lyman Beecher's peculiarities. One of the latest and best is the following : Dr. Beecher was noted for his absence of mind and forgetfulness, Mrs. Beecher once received a sum of money, and it was the occasion of great rejoicing that it would enable them to pay a bill for a carpet, so she committed the money to her husband, charging him to attend to the matter mmediately. In the evening the doctor returned from the city in high spirits. He described to us a missionary meetspot in his heart became more green ing he had attended. "Doctor," said Mrs. Beecher 'did you pay for that "What is your name, little one?" he carpet to-day?" "Carpet! What carpet?" responded the doctor. "Why, the one I gave you the money to pay for this morning." "There," said the doctor, "that accounts for it. At the missionary meeting they took up a contribution. When they came to me I said I had no money to give themwished I had-at the same time feeling in my pocket, where, to my surprise, I found a roll of bills; so I pulled out and put it in the box, wondering where it had come from, but thinking the Lord had somehow provided,"

> Though psychologists make no mention of the fact, yet it has been unde-niably proven, from past history, as well as from present experience, that men are as fully slaves to certain whims nd fancies as the weakest woman ever

A Model Grand Jury.

A history of the criminal practice of Arkansas would not only be a volume of bloody tragedy but would contribute largely to humorous literature. Years ago, when Colonel W. P. Grace was prosecuting attorney of a southern circuit, he was determined, in view of the inexcusable lemency which prevailed, to effect a reform by enforcing on the minds of grand jurors the necessity of punishing criminals. On one occasion when court met at Arkansas Post, the Colonel was particularly desirous of making a good record. The grand jury, described as an "onery lookin' set o' fellers," occupied a negro cabin, near the court house. "Now, gentlemen," said named Jacquins was elected foreman. "Now," said the Colonel, "who will act as clerk? Won't you? addressing the most intelligent looking member. "Kain't read nor write," replied the

"Well, won't you?" addressing an-

other. "Would if it wa'n't fur one thing."

"What's that?" "I ken read, but I kain't write worth a cuss. Wush I could, but I kain't."

"I am certain you will," addressing "No, I b'leve not to-day. I kain't spell nuthin' nohow."

"Oh, go on an' sarve, Uncle Caleb," said the man who could not write worth a cuss. "Go on an' sarve, I say. You don't haf to be able to spell. All you've got to do is to read an' write a little." "Well, gentlemen," remarked the Colonel, "to expedite matters, I will come for a week's stay before Christ- live with me henceforth." And he act as clerk until you can get some one

He wrote down their names and called the roll, requesting each man when his name was called, to state whether or not he knew of any violations of the

They answered "no," until Grace's

patience became sore: "Why, gentlemen," said he, "you know very well that several men have been killed in this county since the last term of court. One man was killed down here at a saw-mill. Do you know

anything about that?" "Wall, drawled a long, dyspepticlooking fellow, "I did see a man t'uther day what 'lowed that a feller had been laid out down thar, but I wuz sorter busy at the time an' didn't 'vestigate. but I reckon he's dead, fur afterwards I seed 'em diggin' a hole out in the or-chard whar his folks does all thar

plantin'.' "Is that all you know about it?" "Wall," with another long drawl, "bout all I can think uv right now. Mout think of more though, if you'd gimme time. Lemme see. Wall, reckon, in reason they must've killed him, fur I seed a wagin with a long box in it drive up to the house, an', yes, airterwards I seed 'em drive to the orchard. Reckon the feller must've

been killed?" "I don't doubt that," replied the Colonel. "What we want to get at is the manner and circumstances of the killing. Do you know by whom and

how he was killed?" "Wail, a short time before I seed the box in the wagin, the man Blythe, what I have every reason to believe wus in the box, had a 'spute with a feller named Miller."

"Did Miller kill him?" "Wall, Miller he said, that the first time he seed him he 'lowed to shoot

"Miller killed him, then?" 'Wall, I don't know, but Miller is a powerful truthful feller. Never heerd nobody 'spute his word. A mighty apt hand with a fuzee, too. Miller is. Mouter not killed him, fur it ain't fur me to say. Blythe didn't owe me

nuthin', " "It is for you to find out though, for you are here to see the law enforced." "Yas, that's whut the boys was jes" tellin' me, an' I reckon' it's so. Whar is Miller now, boys?"

"He's left the country," some one "Wall, Colonel, I reckon he's the man what done the killin'. In fact, I

"No, he ain't left the country," said some one else, "fur I seed him day afore yistidy." "Wall, Colonel," continued the evasive grand juror, "I ain't so certain, sence I come to think about it. Don't want to put the matter too strong.'

"There's another case," declared the

Colonel. "An infernal scoundrel, that

ought to be hanged, killed his brother over on White River the other day, Do any of you know anything about that?" An old brown 'jeansed', fellow, who had said nothing, arose and replied: "Yes, an' I'm the man that done it." "Mr. Foreman," said the Colonel,adjourn the jury until to-morrow morn-

ing. This is the worst crowd I ever That night every member of the grand jury, with the exception of the foreman, were found engaged in a game of poker. The following morning they were marched into court and indicted, When Colonel Grace had completed his business he went to the Sheriff and

spoke to him concerning his fees. "What fees?" "The fees for convictions. Don't you understand your business?" "I don't know anything about fees," "Where are those men that were ar-

rested the other day?" "Gone home, I reckon." "Why didn't you put them in jail?" "Jail, they've got no business there."

"Why?" "I've dun rented it out to a feller fur a livery stable. Folks in this country don't want no jail. "Well, sir, I shall sue you on your

The Sheriff laughed. He had never heard of a bond. "Don't you think I have a good face for the stage?" asked a young lady with histrionic sepirations. "I don't know

about the stage," replied her gallant companion, "but you have a lovely face for a 'busl" When the average man laughs he gets fat. When the printer gets fat he