

FARM AND GARDEN NEWS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Large Rye Crops—The Pruning of Grapes—First Food of Bees in Spring—Skinning Pastures—Etc., Etc.

LARGE RYE CROPS.

Few farmers appreciate as they should the possibilities of rye when grown for grain. It almost always yields less than wheat, but we are satisfied that this is mainly because it is often the poor land where wheat could not be grown at all that is sown with rye. It is the fact, however, that rye can be grown on the same land in succession without falling off in yield that shows its great advantage so far as exhausting fertility is concerned. We once knew a field of rye, only two acres, that yielded eighty bushels. But it was fertilized with phosphate. Just as wheat would have been. Its straw was tall and firm, and the heads were the longest rye heads we ever saw. Rye straw is in many places saleable at as high prices as hay, or sometimes higher than this. If grown with mineral fertilizer rye straw can be used in many branches of manufacture. The softer rye straw grown with nitrogenous fertilizers is much less valuable.

THE PRUNING OF GRAPES.

Nothing but the pinching back of the leading shoots is needed for grape vines in summer. It is best not to begin this until the fruit is well set, and the shoot has grown eight or ten or more leaves beyond the last fruit set. If the pinching back is begun sooner than this the effect will be to start too many laterals. It may even cause if the pinching back is too severe, the starting of the bud for next year's fruit. This is what usually happens when the lateral that starts at the base of the leaf is destroyed. The effect of this pinching back should be to accumulate near the clusters of grapes a much larger amount of foliage than would otherwise grow there. Even the small leaves on the laterals will grow quite large, and if they are where the sun can reach them, will have an important effect in ripening the grapes. It is the sun shining on grapevine leaves that is needed, and not its shining on the grapes themselves. Grape vines pinched back now will ripen their wood much farther from the root than they will if growth is to be extended until frost checks it.

FIRST FOOD OF BEES IN SPRING.

After bees have been safely wintered they first gather propolis, a reddish substance which they procure from the buds of trees, and whose use is not clearly known, though part of it seems to be to close up the cracks which the winter has made in their dwelling. Then they set to work to gather pollen, the fecundating dust from the stigmas of flowers. They get a great deal of this from the blossom of the maple, and it is this rather than sweet sap that the bees frequent maple trees in bloom to obtain. Of course there is no sweetness in maple sap after the trees have leaved out. The taste is rather bitter than sweet. Nature is an expert chemist, and can change in a week's time all sugar in a maple tree into the material for depositing fibre in the branches and the new foliage that the tree then puts on. A good substitute for this pollen of flowers is found in very fine rye or wheat flour, kept where it will be sheltered from rain, and where the bees can readily get at it. Hundreds of bees in early spring will visit a dish that has a little rye flour sprinkled on its bottom and exposed to the sun. The bees use this pollen for feed for young bees when newly hatched. Therefore the queen bee does not begin laying until a supply of pollen has been obtained. The earlier the queen bee begins work the sooner the hive fills with bees, and the new swarms are ready to issue.—American Cultivator.

REASONS FOR STIRRING THE SOIL.

The last two springs in this part of the country, at least, were rather wet and cold; so much so that crops, especially cultivated ones, were tardy in getting a start; but where proper and timely cultivation could be and was given they grew fairly well. When such weather terminates extreme heat and dryness usually follow; hence the importance of cultivating as soon as the soil approaches a proper condition for stirring, so that it may be put in fairly good condition ere it becomes dry and hard.

When the spring is thus backward and rainy, the sun and atmosphere do not dry and warm up the ground very rapidly; we find the best means to aid evaporation of the surplus moisture and warming the soil is a ridge method of cultivation, using a turn plow to throw the soil up in the balks; this serves to drain the hill, and exposes more of the ground to the action of the sun and atmosphere, thus rendering it warmer and drier. But this ridged cultivation should be discontinued as soon as the soil approaches a fairly good condition, which requires but a few weeks, if the weather is favorable.

Some think it better to follow this ridged cultivation by using the harrow to level the ground. This does very well, but we prefer a cultivator, which stirs the soil more effectually. Plow young corn moderately deep, but after it gets a foot in height and the roots expand beyond the hill, shallow cultivating must be practiced to prevent root pruning.

After warm weather sets in, and the surplus moisture is gone, our object then is to hold the rest of the

moisture in the soil for the use of the plants; hence, aside from destroying weeds and admitting atmospheric action, we stir the soil to prevent evaporation of the atmosphere arising from that stirred below.

So altogether we find that the process of stirring the soil is very important, doubtless far more so than the majority of cultivators of the soil themselves are aware.

For this reason we are led to add a few words on one of the most important reasons for stirring the soil; this is, to continue the elaboration of the plant food in the soil. A growing crop takes up rapidly the supply of available plant food in the soil and, to secure a good crop, it is important that it be replenished as fast as consumed. The soil contains a great deal of food material in the shape of vegetable matter and fragments of minerals, but it is not available. Air and moisture are the active agents in titting this material for the growth of the plants; and hence stirring the soil stimulates the action of these agents. And not only this, but the freshly stirred soil absorbs much valuable material from the atmosphere, thus adding to its store.—J. I. Baird, Greenville, Ky., in Agricultural Epitomist.

SKINNING PASTURES.

A fresh cow giving twenty-five pounds of milk daily, for five months, takes from a pasture, unsupported by grain feeding, in milk, 15 1-2 pounds of nitrogen, 6 2-3 pounds of phosphoric acid and about 6 pounds of potash. But this is far from being the worst of it. The cow spends her nights at the barn and leaves a heavy ratio of her voidings there. If we assume that one-third of the food taken in during the day is voided in the barn, approximately 21 pounds of nitrogen, 4 pounds phosphoric acid and 25 pounds of potash, are withdrawn annually.

In view of the fact that soil decomposition goes on at a slow rate, and it is at its minimum under dense pasture grasses, it can readily be seen that dairy cows are, when unfed at the barn, destructive to pasture. They have no equal, to use a slangy phrase, in "doing up" a pasture. In view of such data, it is surprising that there are old dairy sections going, and even gone to seed, dragging pitifully behind the march of civilization? Men who are resting their hopes on these twice skinned pastures find themselves sliding down the same decline as the pasture. It is pitiful, but a just retribution of Nature upon those who misuse her, and Nature's only method of compelling intelligent and active care of her. Nature is the world's best schoolmaster when we come to understand her.

How shall we feed the pastures and thus feed our cows? There is no more important problem on the farm, as I view it.—J. W. Sanborn, in Hoard's Dairyman.

BURNING STUMPS.

The months of August and September are the best for the eradication of old stumps. Nothing connected with farming is more aggravating than those "thorns of the ground." How often do my thoughts wander back to the time when I had to plow and harrow and cradle and harvest in these stumpy fields. But my father was a fighter against stumps, and year in and year out scores and scores of stumps were cut and dug and grubbed out. Of course it is tedious and laborious work to dig and chop these stumps of trees, and it is too costly to blast them.

There is no better way than to burn them out, and this may be done by a simple and cheap method. A sheet iron cylinder large enough to slip down over the large stumps is used. This cylinder tapers into a cone-shaped figure the size of a stovepipe. Several joints of stovepipe are then added to this and the whole apparatus is placed over the stump. Previous to this the soil is dug away from around the stump and a fire is kindled; then the cylinder is added, the smoke evolves from the pipe, and you have a good working stove, principle complete. The stump will be burned up as completely as if it were put in a stove manufactured for the purpose. At this season of the year the dryness of the stumps will render them in good condition to burn. There is more profit derived from the destruction of stumps than many suppose. More work can be done in a day in a field free from stumps, and a larger yield will also be the result. Spare nothing to rid yourself of every stump on your farm.—American Agriculturist.

Ivanhoe's Rebecca's Portrait.

Miss Wilhelmine Loos, daughter of the Rev. Louis Loos, of Lexington, Ky., formerly President of Kentucky University, has completed for the Foster Jewish Home and Orphan Asylum of Philadelphia, a picture of Rebecca Gratz.

When Arsanna Gratz Clay, a grandniece of Rebecca Gratz, was asked by the managers of the home to have painted a copy of the famous picture of Rebecca that hangs in the Clay homestead and which was painted by the immortal Sully, she commissioned Miss Loos to do the work. It is well done, and the members of the Gratz family agree that it is a perfect likeness of the distinguished original.

The picture was sent to Philadelphia in time for the unveiling on August 29, the anniversary of the death of Rebecca Gratz, the founder of the Foster Home. Rebecca Gratz was the lady who inspired Scott's character of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe."—Richmond Dispatch.

The Italians always carry their money together with their passports, in long tin tubes.

BLIND BUT A GOOD FARMER

Remarkable Skill by a Vermont Man of Three Score and Ten.

Lafayette Stearns, of Rutland, Vt., is a man who has mastered one of the most trying of physical infirmities, and made his life useful when others would have given way in despair. Mr. Stearns is a farmer, seventy years old, who, though blind for eighteen years, has, during all but two of those years, carried on the cultivation of ten acres of land. For two years after he became blind Mr. Stearns was obliged to lay aside all labor, though brawny, and physically as able and anxious to work as ever.

During this period he tried many times to plant portions of his garden by kneeling and trying to perfect measurements with his implements. One morning the idea came to him that he would take two stakes and a string, and suspending the latter from the stakes could construct a satisfactory guide.

Mrs. Stearns set the stakes for the first row to be planted across the garden. With this assistance he planted his first acre, setting the stakes over for each new row, obtaining measurements with the short hoe handle which he carried, while on his hended knees he opened the hill, planted the seed, and covered it over.

Before he could do much gardening he earned money churning for neighbors. In this way he earned enough to purchase covering for the addition to his house, and afterward built the stabling himself and laid half the covering.

Mr. Stearns mows, rakes, and prepares enough hay to keep three cows and a horse. For mowing the stakes are set at the outer edge of the field by Mrs. Stearns, with the string suspended at such a height that with each swing of the scythe the blind man's forearm just touches it. When he has mowed a swath across the field he sets the stake over the width of a swath, which he measures with his scythe; then, guided by the string, he makes his way back across the field. In this way, when once started, he mows an entire meadow, and neighbors allege that even at seventy years of age he is a brisk man to follow with a scythe.

Working entirely on this principle, the blind farmer plants, hoes, weeds, and harvests all kinds of farm products, and with the aid of a faithful wife the crops are gathered in the barn.

The Long Coast of Chile.

My voyage down the coast of Chile gave me some idea of the enormous length of that country. I spent five days in coming by steamer from the straits fields to Valparaiso, and the German ship on which I shall sail within a few weeks for Tierra del Fuego will require nine days to reach Punta Arenas, on the Straits of Magellan. Chile is more like a long-drawn-out sausage or a worm than any other country of the world. The only land that compares with it is Egypt, which drags its weary length for more than a thousand miles between deserts along the valley of the Nile. Chile begins in a desert and continues in it for more than a thousand miles. Later on it bursts out into a green valley between high mountains and ends in the grassy islands of the southernmost part of this hemisphere. It is nowhere over 200 miles wide, and in some places it is not more than fifty, but it is so long that if it were laid upon the face of the United States, beginning at New York, it would make a wide track across it to far beyond Salt Lake, and if it could be stretched from south to north with Tierra del Fuego at the lowermost edge of Florida, its upper provinces would be found in Hudson Bay almost even with the top of Labrador. Chile is 2,600 miles long. It embraces all of the land between the tops of the Andes and the Pacific ocean south of the river Sama, which divides it from Peru, and it has, in addition, most of the islands of the Magellan.—Frank G. Carpenter in Atlantic Constitution.

Dying in China.

A missionary in China given an example of what he calls Chinese humanity. When passing along a street of a city he came upon a crowd, and found that a man about fifty years of age had fallen in the street to die—no uncommon occurrence there. The crowd stood around the poor man, shouting and cursing, when one person called out, "Haul the fellow into the gutter and do not let him die in the middle of the street, blocking up the way!"

The missionary was obliged to pass on, but returning an hour later, he found the man in the gutter dead, a fan over his face, and two candles burning at his feet, with the design of lighting the soul—whether they did not know. There the body lay until night, and the people passed by unaffected by the sorrowful sight.—Missionary Herald.

Muzzling for Babies.

The muzzling farce is never played out: when a department is reduced to publishing statistics so worthless and inconclusive as those presented to Parliament by Mr. Long, the cause it advocates must be in a bad way. He claims by his muzzling order to have reduced rabies, taking the first half year, from 413 cases in 1895, to 12 in 1898, but he neglects to state that the method of diagnosing rabies has been radically changed in the interval. A certificate from a veterinary surgeon on the basis of an examination of the dead body was held to be sufficient in the former group of cases; later on this was found to be worthless, and

has, in consequence, been abandoned. Furthermore, in previous years, with out a muzzling order, quite as remarkable fluctuations in the returns have been recorded. Muzzling, in fact, is unscientific and arbitrary, maddening to the dogs, and of very doubtful utility to anybody. Worse than this, it is an absurdity, and an injustice so long as only domestic and farm dogs are penalized while the sporting dogs of Mr. Long and his friends are left uninterfered with. All these things have been pointed out repeatedly, but they produce no effect on the department. Intelligent people throughout the country are growing irritated, as is shown by the increasing part played by the question in contested elections, and this is an argument likely to appeal to Mr. Long and his colleagues.—Saturday Review.

ABOUT AMERICAN HUMOR.

The Britishers Are Beginning to Understand and Imitate It.

"American humor is very rapidly forging to the front in England," said a newspaper man who recently returned to Washington from London, according to the Washington Star. "The greatest proof of this is that the Britishers are beginning to understand our idea of humor, and to give it the laugh it calls for immediately and on the spot, without revolving it in their minds for a few hours and then exploding over it in the middle of the night. The English people have always been aware that there was something in American humor, but the humor of our people is so meaningful that they have not, up to quite recently, been able to penetrate its significance. Now they are roaring over it. There are now several American burlesque and extravaganza shows running with tremendous prosperity in London. These shows are jammed full of gags of an essentially American character—many of them even purely local New York digs—and yet I noticed that the Londoners caught the point almost every time, and laughed vociferously. If the same shows had been presented in London, say, ten years ago, I am positive they would have been dreary failures, and not one of the American gags would have got so much as a smile from the erstwhile stolid Britisher. The English comic papers are largely responsible for this comparatively new appreciation of American humor on the part of Englishmen. They exchange with all of the American comic publications and 'swipe' stuff liberally from them, without ever so much as dreaming of giving the American humorists credit. The readers of these English comic papers, reading this American-clipped stuff constantly, have gradually come to understand it, but few of them know that it is essentially American humor. Most of them believe that the snappy stuff reprinted in the English comic publications from American humorists' writings simply indicates a change in the style of English humorous matter."

Enormous Pendulums.

The only structures in Japan which seem to be earthquake proof are the pagodas which are erected before the temples. There are many which are 700 or 800 years old and as solid as when first built. There is a reason for this, and it lies in their construction. A pagoda is practically a framework of heavy timbers which starts from a wide base and is in itself a substantial structure, but is rendered still more stable by a peculiar device. Inside the framework and suspended from the apex is a long, heavy beam of timber two feet thick or more. This hangs from one end, and to the other end are bolted at each of the four sides four more heavy timbers, and if the pagoda be very lofty still more timbers are added to these.

The whole forms an enormous pendulum which reaches within six inches of the ground. When the shock of an earthquake rocks the pagoda, the pendulum swings in unison and keeps the center of gravity always at the base of the framework. Consequently the equilibrium of the pagoda is never disturbed, and this is the explanation of the great age of many of them, when from their height one would suppose them to be peculiarly susceptible to the effects of an earthquake.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

The Safety of Fast Trains.

Thirty years ago, when the average speed of passenger trains was very much less than at the present day, accidents were of such frequent occurrence, that people declared that, to insure greater safety, it had become necessary to "hang a director." In 1865, out of upward of 1,000,000,000 passengers carried on the lines of the United Kingdom, only five were killed—one in 200,000,000—whereas the number of persons run over and killed in the streets of London in a single year was 25, or about one in 1,000,000 of the population of the metropolis. Supposing that each individual of the 5,500,000 of Londoners walked abroad each day in the year, that would give a total of 2,207,500,000 walkers against 1,000,000,000 travelers by railway, and produces the remarkable inference that, for every mortal risk incurred by a railway passenger, the walker in the streets has to encounter twelve chances of violent death.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A strange grave contains the body of Charles Carter, of Russell, Kan. He was cleaning out an old well when the quicksand caved in on him, covering him up to the neck. He lived fifty-eight hours. As it was found impossible to remove his body, the well was filled in, and thus became his grave.

HAWAIIAN BLACK ART.

NATIVES OF OUR NEW POSSESSIONS ARE VERY SUPERSTITIOUS.

Their Belief in the 'Anana'—People Supposed to be Prayed to Death—The Outburst of Volcanoes Ascribed to Angry Gods.

The inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands are all superstitious, from the late occupant of the throne to the humblest inhabitant in the remote regions of the desolate island of Molo-kai, the home of the outcast lepers.

The late King Kalakaua was a superstitious person. His end was undoubtedly hastened by the knowledge that previous to his departure from Honolulu several kahunas or witch doctors were engaged in the cheerful occupation of "praying him to death," under sanction from the adherents of the ex-Queen Liliuokalani, who wished to place her on the throne of Kamahameha. Another fact contributed toward the King's death—namely: that just previous to his departure for San Francisco, where he died a few weeks later, there appeared in the harbor of Honolulu a school of small red fish, called by the natives "kai ululu," which, as they aver, have heralded the deaths of all the members of the royal family from time immemorial. Whether these deaths occurred by mere chance or whether the members of the royal family were so accommodating as to shuffle off the mortal coil in order to perpetuate a time-honored belief I leave others to decide; but it is a well-known fact that the deaths of King Lunalilo, Princess Likilihi, Queen Emma, Princess Ruth and the late King Kalakaua have all followed the arrival of these tiny harbingers of woe.

The Hawaiians are the most imaginative as well as superstitious of people, and when a native once becomes convinced that his death has been decreed by the gods there is small chance of saving his life, and he usually dies of fear within an incredibly short time after the decree has gone forth that he must die.

The husband of the ex-Queen, John Dominis, was an American gentleman of more than ordinary intelligence and education, and, therefore, took small stock in the native superstitions. Shortly before his death, when he was but slightly indisposed, invitations for a grand ball at the palace were issued. The following day the Queen was informed that a school of red fish had entered the harbor. Frantic with terror, she caused the invitations to be withdrawn, although the Prince Consort was no worse than usual. That night he died. No power on earth could change the belief of the natives that the "kai ululu" were the harbingers of death, and they cling to the superstition with a persistency not to be eradicated.

The superstition that the natives hold most dear is that of the "anana," which means that the kahunas have the power of removing their enemies by praying them to death. A man may have an enemy removed by paying the kahuna a certain sum of money proportionate to his means, or by entering his service for a stipulated period. When the victim is informed that he is being prayed to death he engages the services of a kahuna of higher rank, which is settled by age, and by paying a larger sum of money has the ban removed. But if the services of a kahuna of higher rank are not to be had, the victim lies down and proceeds to die gracefully.

A peculiarly interesting exemplification of the power of the "anana" came under my observation on the island of Hawaii. Two laborers on a sugar plantation became enamored of the same dainty "wahina," a pretty half-cast girl, who smiled on Kihia, the handsome of the two love-sick swains. Kihia, the rival, determined that the wedding should never take place, and he engaged the services of the oldest kahuna in the district to remove his opponent. Kihia was informed that the gods had decreed his death and the threats and entreaties of the manager of the plantation were unavailing; the lash of the overseer failed to arouse in him the slightest protest, and the physic of the plantation doctor might, with much better profit, have been thrown to the dogs. As a last resort the big kanaka was placed in a wagon and taken into town to his mother's house, where he lay for a week, surrounded by his weeping family and friends. At noon on the tenth day, after the fatal spell began to work, he took his amulet from his neck and gave it to his mother, bade farewell to his family and friends, consigned his soul to the gods of his forefathers, and gracefully gave up the ghost. A week later the victorious Kihia led the pretty half-cast girl to the altar.

Like all primitive people, the Hawaiians attribute the various phenomena of nature to supernatural agencies. And the periodical activity of the volcano Kilauea is supposed to be due to the outbursts of wrath of the goddess Pele, who dwells in the fiery caverns of the "house of everlasting fire." She is the vestal virgin who keeps aglow the fires by her breath, and is so beautiful in face and form that no man can look upon her and live. When her anger is aroused, she sends forth hot lava and stones to destroy all who refuse to do her homage. From time immemorial it has been the custom to appease her wrath by libations and propitiatory offerings, which were thrown into the crater and placed on the altars with great ceremony.

In 1822 the village of Hilo, on the island of Hawaii, was threatened with total destruction by a flow of lava from the crater of Mauna Loa, twenty miles distant. The lava was slowly approaching the town, and when within half a mile a public recognition

of the power of the goddess Pele took place. The Princess Ruth, sister of the two previous Kings, Kamehameha IV. and V., was entreated to come from Honolulu and appease the fury of the terrible Pele. She chartered a steamer in all haste and went to Hilo, where she caused an altar to be erected, after the fashion of the olden times, and there publicly made supplication to Pele, after which she placed offerings in front to the advancing lava. The intervention of the Princess was timely, for the lava, which had practically ceased to flow before her arrival, stopped a few days later, and this coincidence had the effect on the imaginative native mind of reviving the ancient faith in the powers of the gods to a great degree.

Though the practices of the kahunas are strictly forbidden by law, they secretly ply their trade and retain a wonderful influence over the minds of the simple and childish natives.—Chicago Tribune.

IN A PORTO RICAN FOREST.

The Wealth of Tropical Fruits and Nuts That Are to be Found.

A war correspondent's adventures are set forth by Edwin Emerson, Jr., in the Century in an article entitled "Alone in Porto Rico." Mr. Emerson says:

By nightfall, after I had ridden up and down some of the most unprepossessing hills, and had got tangled in no end of chaparral, cactus, and other thorny undergrowth, which changed a new pongee coat I had bought in San Juan into an old rag, I found myself on a high range of sierra. From a jibaro negress I learned that I was half-way between the towns of Quemados and Jaguas, and that I would find a better trail for my horse below. So I rode down a lovely green valley, where plantations of coffee and tobacco lay side by side. As it grew darker, bats flew all about me, and I heard the evening cries of birds which sounded like our whippoorwills and mocking-birds. At last I struck the trail that the woman had mentioned. I rode on a little way, and took the horse into a clearing, where there was a spring well hidden from view, and there I hobbled his feet to the halter-ropes, dung myself on the ground, and went fast asleep. The last thing I heard was the beautiful song of the holtaira singing in a copse above me.

I was awakened early the next morning by the screeching of green parrots, quarreling with other birds in the top of a cocoanut-palm. I was drenched with dew, but forgot all as I thought of my horse. To my great relief, I found him standing behind a bit of oleander-bush red with flowers, crunching the juicy stalk of a prickly-pear. I watched him with interest as he took the stalk and with his teeth ripped off the skin with all its thorns. He whinnied as if we were old friends. After bridling and watering him, I found the trail, and rode off southward. On the way I ate everything I could find, from green cherries and guava plums to juicy mangoes, which stained the front of my coat and belied the meat of which I suggested midday. There were also custard-apples, a large green fruit not unlike cream-puffs inside.

The most astonishing and the best of all was a fruit called palmo—in our language, sour-sap. It is about as large as a quart bowl, and so nourishing and full that a single fruit was enough for a good meal, although that did not deter my horse from eating four. Later I found that they are also relished by dogs. Of springs and streams there were so many that I had no fear of dying of thirst. If water was not handy, I could always climb a cocoanut-tree, and throw down the green nuts, which were filled with an abundance of watery milk, more than I could drink at one time. Other nuts there were in plenty; but many were more curious than edible, even to my willing appetite. One had a delicious odor. I tasted a little, and thought it ideal for flavoring candy. But it soon dissolving in my mouth in a fine dust, absorbing all the moisture, so that I had to blow it out like flour. Nothing ever made me so thirsty in my life, and even after rinsing out my mouth I felt for a long time as if I were chewing punk or cotton. The fruit of the tamarind only added to my torments by setting all my teeth on edge. When we reached the next spring, I fell off my horse for fear he would get all the water. Only after I had satisfied my thirst would I let him drink.

Criminals in Uruguay.

Here is one of Robert Crawford's stories about Uruguay: "Two men surprised a farmer and his wife in their little hut while it was broad daylight. The man was seized and bound and the two villains proceeded to torture him to make him disclose the hiding place of his hoard. The wife begged and pleaded as the horrors increased, the man proving obdurate. Finally she said she would tell them where the treasure was if they would follow her. One of the two accordingly went over to the chest in the corner with her. She opened it, fumbled about inside of it for a moment until she found what she was looking for. In another moment the thief at her side was dead and his fellow covered by a large revolver in the hands of a small but eager woman of the people. He got away before she could quite make up her mind to shoot him, too. Then the husband was released and the neighbors, some miles away, called in. Word was finally taken to the central police authority of the state; the officers came, viewed the dead thief—and identified him as their Attorney-General. It is not unlikely," Mr. Crawford adds, "that his accomplice was the Judge of the Criminal Court."