

Peter and His Wife.

There was a sharp-nosed, red-headed woman there who wanted to see if "a man by the name of Peter had been locked up." Bijah went up and down the corridor crying.

"Peter! Peter! pumpkin-eater, Had a wife and he did beat her!" "It's a blamed lie!" growled a voice in cell No. 2, and Bijah returned and replied that Peter was there and apparently in the best of health.

"Then I want to see him."
"What for?"
"For none of your business!"
"But you can't."
"But I will!"

There was an appalling silence during which both sat down. Then there was a breeze during which both stood up.

"I tell ye, I must see Peter!" she exclaimed, as she fanned herself at the rate of 154 revolutions per minute.

"State your reasons in an open-hearted manner," replied the old man.

"I want to tell him not to own up."

"To what?"

"To throwing me down-stairs."

Bijah took off his coat, tightened his suspenders, and began to deliver his opinion on the female sex, but before he was half way through his honor came in and prepared to open court.

Peter was the first man out. His face was badly scratched, his hair sticking in every direction, and his eyes looked as anxious as porcelain casters as he came before the bar.

"Please, sir, he was only in fun when he threw me down-stairs," said the sharp-nosed woman, as she rose up.

"Only in fun—only in fun," growled Peter, as he gave her a loving wink.

"Then this man is your husband?" queried his honor.

"My own darling husband, and there's not a better man in America," she answered.

"You whoop, yell, scream, smash furniture and pound each other."

"Yes, sir, but it's all in fun, for we love each other, don't we, Peter?"

"Yes, we love," sighed the husband.

"Maybe you do, but that's a curious way of showing it. I am convinced that about thirty days in the cooler would do Peter worlds of good."

"Then let me go with him, sir. It would break my heart to know that he was boosted up and I was left to keep house with no one but the cat, and him away half the time."

The court chewed up two inches of a penholder and arrived at the conclusion that the people of the State of Michigan could stand it if Peter's wife could, and he was allowed to depart.

Bijah said he would wager a dozen California plums against a railroad fan that they would have a fight before they had gone two blocks. He was right. They had not arrived 200 feet from the station-house door before she struck him in the back with both fists at once, and he laid his hand on her mouth with a force that sent an echo up to the third-story windows.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Stone Lamb.

A German clergyman tells a story in a very interesting book of his about things which have really happened to him, or which he has met with on his travels. In 1865 he stood, with a little band of travelers, before a beautiful chapel of Wercen an der Ruhr, in Germany, waiting for the key to be brought that the door might be unlocked for them to enter. While they waited they saw something on the ledge of the roof, which they found to be a carved stone lamb, and began to wonder what it meant up there. So they asked an old woman who was hobbling along a little way off if she could tell them about it, and she replied "Yes;" and related what it had been placed in that strange place.

"Many, many years ago," she said, "where that lamb now stands, a man was busy repairing the roof of the chapel, who had to sit in a basket fastened by a rope as he worked. Well, he was working in this manner one day when suddenly the rope which held the basket gave way and he fell down, down from the great height to the ground below. Of course every one who saw the dreadful accident expected that the man would be killed; especially as the ground just there was covered with sharp stones and rocks which the workmen were using for building. But, to their great astonishment, he rose from the ground and stood up quite uninjured! And this was how it happened: A poor lamb had wandered quite up to the side of the chapel in search of the sweet young grass which sprang up among the stones, and the man had fallen exactly on the soft body of this lamb—it had saved his life; for he had escaped with the mere fright and with not so much as a finger broken. But the poor lamb was killed by his heavy fall upon it. So, out of pure gratitude, the man had the stone lamb carved and set up for a lasting memento of his escape from so fearful a death, and of what he owed to the poor lamb."

Ingenious Sparrows.

A man in Indiana recently had a chance to observe the ingenuity of sparrows which were seeking a drink of clear water. The clear water was too far away from the swampy margin of the bank of a stream to allow them to reach it readily, but weeds grew thickly along the edge. Four sparrows settled on one of these weeds, one above the other, and their weight bent it over half-way to the water. A fifth lighted further up and bent it further down. Then a sixth settled near the end and the whole stalk came down level with the surface, and they drank their fill without any difficulty or having to wade through the muddy margin of the pond.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

A True Wife.

There are wives and—wives. Some stimulate, but do not guide, their husbands. Others are the husband's monitor, and his conscience also. Said a distinguished lawyer of Massachusetts, when pressed to accept a nomination to Congress, which, in his case, would have been equivalent to an election:

"Gentlemen, I am not rich enough to live in Washington with my wife and children, and God knows I am not strong enough to live there without them."

The old Hebrew eulogy belonged to that wife: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

There are wives so ambitious that their husbands should gain political honor, as to risk their domestic happiness in order to enjoy it. Of course, their own social triumph is expected to follow the husband's political honors.

And yet, singular as the assertion may seem, there are wives who would regard the elevation of their husbands to the office of the President of the United States as a domestic misfortune. An incident in the life of the late President Pierce illustrates and endorses our assertion.

While the Democratic convention which nominated him was in session, Mr. Pierce was stopping with his wife at the Tremont house, in Boston. It was not until the thirty-fifth ballot that his name came before the convention.

At first it was not received in a way to indicate that he would be the candidate. But the moment Mrs. Pierce heard that her husband's name had been brought forward, she became nervously alarmed lest he should be nominated. Years before she had persuaded him to resign his seat in the United States Senate, because he had formed the habit of using intoxicating stimulants. She feared that if elected President he might relapse into the same habit.

While the balloting was going on, Mr. Pierce and his wife drove out to Mount Auburn. Handing her a newspaper, he pointed to a telegram which predicted that the chances were in favor of one of his competitors.

Her mind being set at ease by the good news, she enjoyed the drive until a mounted messenger overtook them within the cemetery. He handed Mr. Pierce a telegram announcing that he had been nominated on the forty-fifth ballot.

Mrs. Pierce fainted. To her the telegram announced a possible disaster. She preferred to live with the self-controlled temperate citizen in their modest New Hampshire home, rather than to be the mistress of the White House and her husband exposed to the temptations of public life.

God be praised! there are hundreds of wives who would endorse her preference. Such are the conservators of American public life.—*Youth's Companion.*

Fashion Notes.

Repped sashes are out of fashion.

Orange tinted blonde is to come next.

Moire antique is coming into use once more.

Gimps vary in price from ten cents to \$40 a yard.

An excess of shirring still appears upon gowns.

Egg-shaped dots are to follow the polka spots.

"Women are gimp crazy," says a leading dealer.

Violet and pink is the new combination of colors.

A new color called moonbeam is a soft silver green.

Gilt pins for bonnets are now made with pearl heads.

Belts with ribbon bows are more popular than sashes.

The figured velvets have a satin ground this year.

Jacket collars grow wider and many of them are double.

Tartan tweeds are coming again in waterproof cloths.

Bright yellow is used in winter goods instead of old gold.

Fringe must contain some chenille or it is not fashionable.

Fine white tarlatan is the best material for widows' caps.

Pansies and very little poppy buds are made into necklaces.

Fine checked woolen goods are imported for the winter.

Fall straws are made up without either lining or binding.

Flower wreaths for bonnets are either all leaves or all flowers.

Coarse straw bonnets will be worn through the fall this year.

Pongee is liked for children's gowns because it washes perfectly.

Fayal straw hats retain their stiffness and shape in the densest fogs.

Cherries and currants are used to trim autumn hats for little girls.

Grayish and yellowish browns will be preferred to seal brown next winter.

Five feathers and a bird's head on one hat will be no unusual sight this winter.

The heads of women grow smaller and smaller in the barbers' show cards.

Tucks and tucked ruffles are the only trimming for thin dresses worn as mourning.

Cardinal capes are made with hoods and richly embroidered in silver and colored chenille.

The very lightest of puffs and braids are the only ones which hairdressers find it possible to sell.

Large, widespread, deeply-notched

Directoire collars of silk, plush, satin and velvet are edged with ruffles of Languedoc lace and worn with any costume.

Handkerchief Dresses.

French manufacturers have given great variety to the mouchoir or handkerchief patterns so popular during the summer for gingham dresses, and have introduced them for autumn and winter.

They have woven the finest wool and silk mixtures into squares, like handkerchiefs, with the center plain or in small checks, while the border is of the gayest Madras plaids; or, to be more exact, the border is formed of lines or stripes of many bright colors, which cross each other at the four corners of the square, and these corners form the plaids which are the stylish feature of the new mouchoir wool goods.

Plum, peacock blue, bronze and myrtle green are the quiet colors most used for the centers of these thick wool handkerchiefs, while brilliant hues are in the borders. A great deal of red and yellow is in these borders, but instead of being the glaring red and yellow of bandana handkerchiefs, these colors are toned down into what is called old red and old gold.

Twilled plaids, like Surah, armure good in bird's-eye patterns, plain woven homespuns, and cloths of good weight are brought out in these designs. Ladies who prefer black dresses to those with colors will wear mouchoir dresses that are entirely black; the center of each square is black armure wool, and the striped border is silk with satin ster.—*Bazar.*

An Ex-Convict's Good Work.

"Good-by, Mike. You've worked faithfully in the laundry, and we'll keep the place open for you for six weeks. You're sure to come back by that time."

The speaker was Warden Clark, of Sing Sing prison. He and Keeper Conant were liberating Michael Dunn, who had served, up to that time, thirty-five years in American and English prisons. This was on February 25, 1878.

Dunn, to the surprise of the prison officials, failed to return to Sing Sing, and it was conjectured that he had left the country. Such, however, was not the case. When he reached New York, friends and with only the few dollars that had been given him by the State Prison Association, he visited Jerry McAuley's meeting, in Water street.

He was soon interested in the work going on there, and he became convinced that he could ameliorate the condition of released criminals like himself who were suddenly thrown upon the world without recommendation or friends.

Assisted by Mr. A. S. Hatch of Messrs. Hatch & Foote, bankers, he opened a House of Industry, at 305 Water street. He knew how to deal with convicts. He ascertained when the terms of his fellow prisoners would expire, and on their arrival in New York he invited them to his place. There they were at once set at work shoemaking or shawl making.

In case they could do neither, he found other employment for them.

"Every morning," he said, "I took the *Sun* and read carefully the labor columns. As soon as I found something that one of my friends could do I gave him his breakfast and sent him out to apply for the place."

In this manner he has found employment, he says, for nearly 300 now during the last thirty months. Besides this he has found ships for over 200 sailors, who, having spent all their money, had been cast into the streets by the keepers of sailor boarding-houses. The sailor, as soon as he gets ashore after a long cruise, is sure to become the prey of the land sharks. Notoriously imprudent, he soon gets rid of his hard-earned money. Then if the boarding-house keeper can get a ship for him, he draws two or three months' pay in advance, to pay for clothes and what are too often Barmecide repasts. Intoxicated and ragged, Jack is hoisted up the side of the ship, together with many more in the same condition, and the anchor is weighed. This is the class of sailors that Dunn gets hold of before it is too late. Only three nights ago, a sailor crazy with delirium tremens, who had been ejected from a boarding-house near by, was picked up in the street by Dunn and his wife. They dragged him into the Home and put him to bed. Yesterday the man seemed so well pleased with his new quarters that he was afraid to go into the street lest he should fall into one of the many pits laid by and sharks; for these are to the sailor what the barnacle is to the ship, and no complete cure has yet been found for either pest.

Over the door of 305 Water street is the legend, "Michael Dunn, Shoemaker." Within, several ex-convicts were at work yesterday making shoes, while others were knitting shawls.

Near the door a solemn-faced young man, with palette and brush, was painting fancy scrolls to be hung on the walls. On one of these is pictured a prisoner in his cell weeping over the figure of his mother who is kneeling on the stone floor beside him.

Dunn is sustained in his work by W. R. Bliss, of West Eleventh street and Olive Harper, as well as by Mr. Hatch. Notwithstanding this assistance, he is very poor. He exhibited yesterday a pawn ticket showing that last week he had raised \$3.25 on his coat.

"You see," he said, "as soon as I get a man whose time has expired in the penitentiary I try to find work for him. Sometimes it takes a week and sometimes more. If he earns only two dollars a week I charge him fifty cents on board. If he earns three dollars, I charge him one dollar, and if he earns four dollars a week I charge him \$1.50 or board.—*New York Sun.*

Modern Gettysburg.

Sight-seers are well rewarded in coming here, and if there were no other attractions, the pure air, bright skies, a lovely landscape and an immunity from dust and dirt must prove a compensation and be potent to draw and retain.

The battle-field at this season is, in the vernacular of the guide, "Most glorious, I assure you!" It has lost much of the grim effects of the war; the shell-riddled trees are fast disappearing, and the shattered buildings have been replaced, and the breastworks and cannon pits covered with yellow loam are painfully reminding of the artificial; but the glories of Round Top and Culp's Hill are undiminished. No hand of man can unpile that huge boulders which formed natural ramparts, or take away the wildness of the ravines of Devil's Den, or change the courses of the streams that wind among the rocks like silver serpents—streams that in '63 were rivulets of blood, and are forevermore sacred.

Standing on a commanding point, I viewed the magnificent panorama of the battle ground and valley. There are no traces of war in the fertile fields, dotted with white farm-houses, stretching with graceful undulations to the blue mountains which encircle the whole like a wall, and the fact might be forgotten entirely were it not for the green graves and glistening monument in the national cemetery. Meanwhile a guide close by, a loquacious parrot, is repeating his story, more or less correct, of the positions of the troops during the engagement, and pointing out with visible pride the special objects of interest. It was amusing to hear him aver, with all seeming sincerity, that he remembered well the days of the great battle, the marching troops, flying banners, the conformation of the citizens, the booming of the cannon, the bursting of the shells, the shrieks of the dying and the wounded and the rising of the sun on the fourth day, like a ball of fire, to look upon a scattered army and a gory field, while the sound of battle died like distant thunder beyond the mountains—while I knew too well that in 1863 he was a child in short clothes needing the attention of his mother. But let him talk as he would, he could not make less green the trees or grass, nor could he rob the scene of its historic glory, or make one whit less pure the memories engendered there.

During the course of the morning, the tree under which General John F. Reynolds fell, upon the first day of the battle, was pointed out. I do not like to spoil a good story, but the truth is, it was not the historic oak, but the second of its kind which has served the purpose, its predecessor having fallen before the ravages of the relic hunters. I was well acquainted with No. 1, and felt grieved that an old friend should have been succeeded by a less noble brother, one whose branches are not nearly so widespread or thrifty.

The relic hunters for years have been selling innumerable buttons shot off the coats of Generals Meade and Reynolds, and chairs which had been used in headquarters by the commanding generals but of late the public has opened its eyes to the fact that, however brave, the officers were not clad solely in brass buttons, and that it was doubtful if the great orders had been dictated from half a hundred chairs, so the button and chair trade became almost stagnant, and starvation looked in at the door.—*Letter to Cincinnati Commercial.*

Butter.

Butter is mentioned several times in the Old Testament, but it is now generally believed by the best authorities that the article there alluded to was not butter in our sense of the word, but only cream or sour milk. It is highly probable that butter was not known in that early age of the world. The oldest mention of real butter is by Herodotus. Plutarch tells a story of two noble ladies, one of whom smelled so strongly of sweet ointment and the other of butter that they could not endure each other's presence! It is said that butter was scarcely known to the Greeks and Romans during the second century.

The Greeks learned its use from Thraee, Scythia and some of the regions of Asia Minor. The Romans obtained their knowledge of it from the Germans. Pliny and others say that the Germans used a great deal of milk, and also made it into butter and cheese. Butter was used, however, among the Romans more as a medicinal ointment than as an article of food. They used olive oil more as we use butter, and this is still largely the case in the countries of Southern Europe.

In our own day the manufacture of butter has become a thriving industry in many countries, and busy dairies with their golden products girdle the world. As a general thing butter is made from cow's milk, though the milk of sheep, goats and asses is used in some countries. That obtained from cow's milk is considered the best, and that from asses milk the poorest. The butter-making capacity of milk varies, inasmuch as some cows give a richer article than others, and even the milk of any given cow will vary in excellence from time to time according to the season and food. The total amount of butter made in the United States in 1870 was somewhat in excess of 257,000 tons. Of this amount New York State made more than one-fifth—a much larger quantity than any other State in the Union. The six largest butter-producing States in the year above mentioned were as follows: New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, and Michigan.—*Troy Times.*

VERY OLD PEOPLE.

Many of Them Showing Remarkable Preservation of Both Body and Mind.

James Stone is a Louisville, Ky. man, 103 years of age, who has had eleven wives.

Mrs. Thomas Adams, of Bloomington, Ill., has descendants to the fifth generation, and is ninety-seven years of age.

Joseph Muncy died at Little Washington, Pa., just as he had completed a century a life.

Mrs. Lillie Peabody, of Quincy, Ill., was ninety-one when she died, and Benjamin Rickey of Ten Mile, Pa., 101.

In 1793 Julia Wilson was a slave in Philadelphia, and thirteen years of age. She is therefore one hundred years of age.

Near Saratoga, in Corinth, N. Y., Abigail Bramer recently met her death by an accident at the age of ninety-eight years.

Mrs. Joanna Bouiger died recently in Chillicothe, Ohio, aged ninety-two, and Abraham Stewart at Indianapolis aged 101.

Tucson, Arizona, has two centenarians, Mexicans, born in Sonora—Basual Cruz, 110 years old, and Jesus Ohledo, 100 years old.

Mrs. Margaret Dodson, of Houston county, Texas, glories in the fact that she has fifty-one great grandchildren living.

After living ninety-three years, Andrew Shafer of Allegheny, Pa., was strangled to death by robbers, who entered his dwelling in the night for plunder.

Mrs. Margaret Kale, of Reading, Pa., was 107 years of age on a recent Wednesday.

The sixth ward, of Saginaw City, Mich., claims a French woman of 110 years of age, who, planted, cultivated and dug two acres of potatoes last season.

Mrs. Sarah Moseley, of Madison, Ind., is enjoying a visit from her son, whom she has not seen in forty-seven years. Mrs. Moseley is 111 years old.

Sixteen soldiers met in Paris, Ky., recently, whose united ages were 1,390 years, or an average of eighty-six and seven-eighths years. The oldest was ninety-six, and the youngest eighty-two.

"I'm not at all tired," said Alio, of Tyersburg, Pa., as she sat down in her son's house, after a walk of seven and a half miles—and she is in her 107th year.

Mrs. Eaglin, a Kentucky lady of Carroll county, was always a great lover of the circus. She is ninety-eight years of age, but recently walked two miles to attend one.

Mrs. Hannah Cox, of Helderness, N. H., has celebrated her 104th birthday. She goes all about the house without assistance, and reads without glasses.

Mrs. Rebecca Frost, of Hart county, Ga., tells stories of the Revolutionary war. She is 107 years of age and still in splendid health, retaining all her faculties.

When the grandmother of N. B. Doak of Stockton, Cal., was a century old she made him a pair of woolen socks. She died recently at Wytne county, Va., aged 103 years.

With only a servant as companion, old Mrs. Hatsfield lives in her quiet home in Philadelphia. She has passed a century in years, is very feeble and almost helpless, and likes seclusion.

Miss Mary Walker, of Phillipsburg, N. J., claims to be 107 years of age, and says it is all owing to her remaining an old maid. Family cares, she says, are the ruin of the health of thousands.

Muskegon, Mich., is proud of Mrs. Honora Hogan, who is as lively as the youngest, reads, knits and sews without glasses, has a splendid appetite, and walks to church regularly each Sunday, at the age of ninety-five.

Benjamin Fish, of Trenton, N. J., although ninety-four years of age, was an active business man to the day of his death. He died recently while eating breakfast. He was the first man to burn stove coal in Trenton.

Troy, N. Y., is the home of Mrs. Elvira Crabb, who although over eighty years of age, is still teaching a private school, over which she has presided for the last fifty years. She has taught four generations of one family.

Marsac, the old French trader, died in Bay City, Mich., aged 100 years. He was an old stager, knew the trails of the Northwest when they ran through an almost unbroken wilderness, and fought on the staff of General Lewis Cass.

George Heisey, of Harrisburg, Pa. died recently in his ninety-first year. He, with his brother, was drafted in the war of 1812, and marched to Baltimore to defend that city. He was an active business man, and the last surviving soldier of the war of 1812 in Harrisburg.

The railroad monopolies do not have it all their own way after all. A lady in Chicago sued the Central Pacific for seventy-five dollars damages for allowing a locomotive to scald her hair off a valuable dog expressed her from this city. She obtained judgment and collected the money before the company found out that it was a Japanese dog, and never had any hair.—*San Francisco Post.*

Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, works chiefly in the department of birds and fishes, and the interest in these things is so widespread as to make it necessary for him to employ two stenographers to conduct his correspondence.

Stories About Animals.

A hen belonging to a gentleman of Raleigh, N. C., had been missing for days; when she made her appearance it was with twelve little terrapins. It was found that a terrapin that laid the eggs deserted them, and the fowl converted them to her own use and sat on them.

A candy-eating horse is the property of Dr. Pratt, of Albany, N. Y. Every morning he is driven to the banking house of Henry R. Pierson, and as soon as his master leaves him he bolts across the street, and from the woman keeping a stand gets a stick of candy, eats it, and awaits the arrival of his master, who pays the vendor.

A Colchester (Conn.) woman was awakened at eight o'clock at night by her cat, which had forced its way into her room and was crying lustily. She got up, turned the animal out, and again laid down and slept; but soon the cries of the cat were worse than ever. Her son, who was in an adjoining room, opened a door to turn the cat out, when flames burst in upon him. He closed the door and screamed to his mother to escape. She and her four children had barely time to jump out of the second story windows in their night clothes before the whole upper story of the large farmhouse was in flames.

In a tree at Mayor Forwood's dwelling in Chester, Pa., a sparrow hatched four pretty birds. While a storm was raging one evening, and the wind whistling through every branch of the trees, the mother bird carried the little sparrows from the nest to the corner of a window sill, away from the severe weather, and then carried the nest down, put the little ones in it, and rested safely from the storm all night. She and her young were well cared for. If this had not been done, the young sparrows would, no doubt, have been drowned.

A box containing two monkeys was brought to San Francisco from Petaluma, and, as there was no one to receive them, the box was stored away and the animals forgotten. When the owner called and the box was opened it was found that one of the monkeys had died of starvation and thirst, and the other sat hugging the body closely. At intervals it would lay the corpse down, dance around it and paw it as if to awaken it, and failing in that would again clasp the dead monkey in its arms and give vent to piercing whines and shrieks. Again it would chatter furiously, as if expostulating with its senseless companion for its quietness. Evidently death was an unknown condition to the puzzled, bewildered and grief-stricken jockey, who fought furiously when the corpse was taken from him.

Hannibal Roe, of Helena, Montana, went cheerily over the mountains with his gun. On turning a sharp point of rocks he was suddenly and without warning prostrated by a huge sea bear, which reached for him from the bushes, in which she was nursing two cubs. She struck Roe on the top of the head, taking the scalp with it, and drawing it down over his eyes. As he fell the beast clinched him, and in the struggle they both tumbled over a precipice, where the bear bit and tore her victim, and would have killed him outright but for the crying of the cubs, which called the mother off. Roe seeing the coast clear, and with one arm torn from its socket, blinded with his scalp hanging over his eyes and his back nearly broken, one ear off and otherwise bitten, scratched and torn, got up and walked to the stage road, where he was found and taken to shelter.

A blind beggar was in the habit of frequenting the Pont des Sts. Peres, France, where he used to station himself with a clarinet and a very intelligent poodle. Contributions poured freely into the little wooden bowl which the dog held in his mouth. One day the blind man, who had reached an advanced age was not to be seen. He had fallen ill. His companion, however, continued to frequent the accustomed spot, and the passers-by, to whom he was familiar, understood that his master was unwell, and, touched by his fidelity, dropped their pence in his bowl in increased numbers. The beggar went the way of all flesh, an event which the wily poodle carefully kept to himself until he also became an absentee from the Pont des Sts. Peres. The poor animal was found lying dead in a cellar near his former master's abode, a sum of 90,000 francs in bonds of the Orleans railway being discovered under the litter on which he was stretched.

An' Throw Yourself In.

The Sioux city and Pacific train stopped at Onawa, and the smart man on the train leaned out of the window and shouted to a native:

"What is the name of this town?"

"Onawa," replied the native.

"On a what?" queried the smart man.

Patently the native repeated the name of the hamlet.

"Do you want to sell it?" asked the smart man.

The patient native "didn't know; 'lowed maybe they'd sell if anybody wanted to buy it twenty-eight."

"I'll give you twenty-eight cents for it," bid the smart man.

The native turned his head thoughtfully on one side and considered the proposition in silence. Finally he raised his head with the air of a man who had about made up his mind to trade.

"An' throw yourself in!" he asked.

The window came down with a slam, and as the train pulled out, there was laughter in the car, but the smart man couldn't tell whether it was meant for himself or the native, although he was inclined to think it was.