

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00. One Square, one inch, one month, \$2.00. One Square, one inch, three months, \$5.00. One Square, one inch, one year, \$10.00. Two Squares, one year, \$15.00. Quarter Column, one year, \$3.00. Full Column, one year, \$5.00. One Column, one year, \$10.00. Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

Bread riots have occurred recently in several sections of India.

North Carolina has 800,000 acres of swamp land to sell for the benefit of the education fund.

Dom Pedro has definitely refused to accept a large sum of money which has been offered to him by the Revolutionary Government as a retiring pension. He declines to accept any sum beyond that authorized by the laws of Brazil.

It is said that at least six novels by popular writers of fiction are to be written this year, based, like General Lew Wallace's 'Ben Hur,' on scenes and incidents of the Bible. Joshua, David, St. John, St. Paul, and other Bible worthies are to figure in these novels.

The Sisseton Indians of South Dakota have signed, by a handsome majority, an agreement to sell about 650,000 acres of their surplus lands to the Federal Government. Such agreement will become a law as soon as it is approved by Congress. The terms of sale by acre are \$2.50.

The press of Italy is discussing the question of capital punishment, which is at present illegal, confinement at hard labor for life being the maximum punishment bestowed by the Italian laws. It is contended by many influential papers that a return to death sentences is necessary in view of the great increase in murder since the existing laws went into operation.

The growth of the export of rice from Japan is one of the features of Asiatic trade. It has increased so rapidly that it is now one of the three main staples of the export trade, tea and silk being the other two. Up to August 31, 1889, the export amounted to 170,000 tons, or 84,000 tons more than the total export of the previous year. At the same time the price has gone up, so that in value the export of 1889 was more than double that of the year before.

In the tributes paid to Stanley the world should not forget, as the Washington Star thinks it seems likely to do, earlier laborers in the same African field, and especially Captain Speke, who found the sources of the Nile, and David Livingstone, who, in the purity of his life, in his justice in dealing with the natives, and in the true moral elevation of his aims as a traveler, was the most remarkable man who ever trod the wilds of a strange continent.

The railroad mileage of the South has been increased by the addition of nearly 21,000 miles since 1880. Since that year over \$800,000,000 have been spent in the building of new roads and the improvement of old ones. The assessed value of property has increased over \$1,300,000,000, and the true valuation over \$3,000,000,000. In 1880 the South made 397,301 tons of pig iron; in 1888, 1,132,000, and in 1889 the output will probably be about 1,600,000 to 1,700,000 tons.

Portugal and Spain talk of following the example of Brazil, but in the opinion of the New York Judge, it is all talk. Spain tried the experiment and had a first-rate Republican Government for some time, but it first borrowed a King in order to have one, and afterward made a King of the son of ex-Queen Isabella, whom it deposed more than any other woman in the world. Republics do not wage from that kind of material; and every man in Spain looking to a Republic means the shedding of blood, and foolishness without the slightest hope of good resulting therefrom.

A peculiarity about the blind is that there is seldom one of them who smokes. Soldiers and sailors accustomed to smoking, and who have lost their sight in battle, continue to smoke for a short while, but soon give up the habit. They say they give them no pleasure when they cannot see the smoke, and some have said that they cannot taste the smoke unless they see it. This almost demonstrates the theory that if you blindfold a man in a room full of smoke, and put a lighted and an unlighted cigar in his mouth alternately, he will not be able to tell the difference.

The speaker who told the Evangelical Alliance in Boston that he did not believe the world is growing worse must be, says the Philadelphia Enquirer, a reader of the newspapers and a student of human nature. It is plain to every unprejudiced observer that the world is not growing worse, but better. Vice remains here and there in placid spots of great intensity, but those who look only at such places depravely that causes them to despair for the future of humanity; but those whose vision takes a wider range and includes a comparison of the general state of society now with that of a hundred, or fifty, or even twenty years ago, see such manifest improvement in public morals that it seems to them as if the millennium might come almost any day.

A MESSAGE.

How little the left hand knoweth The deeds that are done by the right, How little the night time knoweth Its sorrowful shades to the light! How few of the hearts that are broken Betray to the breaker their grief; How many harsh words that are spoken Are the crushed soul's only relief: Alas! for the childlike gladness We never may know again; And alas, and alas, for the sadness That broods like a spirit of pain! Like some spirit of pain, that will hover Still nearer when sunlight is fled, Until youth, and youth's last change of love, Grow old, and grow cold as the dead: It is strange that the hands that might lead us To heaven, refuse us their hold: That the dear lips that whisper 'God speed us,' Are the lips that are first to grow cold! But love, we are nearer the dawning, Just there is the heavenly light, And how little the glorious morning Knows the sorrowful shades of the night! -Lola M. Dean, in Atlanta Constitution.

TWO LESSONS.

BY S. D. BARNES.

'It won't do to bet on another man's game,' remarked one of the group gathered around the fire in Dutch John's grocery. 'I learned that years ago, and the fellow that cut my eye-teeth for me, was the same Ab Skinner who was elected to the last Legislature from Rawhide County.' We sat and smoked in silence. We were all old acquaintances of the speaker, and knew that there was a story forthcoming, and it would be related without any urging from us. 'I met Ab first the winter I came down from the North,' continued the narrator, after a slight pause. 'We were both young fellows, then—I was visiting at Uncle Dick Scofield's ranch, and Ab was one of the cowboys—and we two were together a good deal, hunting and knocking around, and all our spare time we put in playing cards and shaking dice. 'Ab was a fair player, but I was fresh from Chicago, and up to all the dodges of a professional; and gradually I pocketed all the loose change that he could rake and scrape; until finally, I got him down to bedrock, and had to hold up until Uncle Dick paid him his next quarter's salary. I fully intended to wade in and gobble the entire hundred and fifty, and pull back for civilization. 'It was a pretty scheme, but somehow it failed to work. Ab Skinner was doing a little scheming at the same time, and his brain was clearer than mine. 'A week before pay-day, he went over to the 'circle bar' ranch, and when he came back I saw that he had been drinking, and was as happy as a wolf in a sheep-skin; but he simmered down again, and so things rocked on for a few days longer. 'We had just moved our cattle in from the upper range and thrown 'em in on a little valley west of the shanty, where not a blade of grass had been nipped all summer long, and there they were feeding—four thousand head of 'em; and as wild a lot as ever waded a horn in a stampede. One day, about noon, as Uncle Dick was coming in from town, the whole herd lit out after him, crippled his horse, and nearly scared the old man to death. 'Them cattle are terrors,' he said, as he slid off his horse, and spread himself out on the veranda, when Ab and I were talking to the Deputy Sheriff, who was down looking up some stolen stock. 'I thought of Dick was a gone coon, sure.' 'They didn't like your looks,' said Ab with a laugh. 'You couldn't git 'em to run a genuine cowboy. I'll bet I could walk clean across to that knot yander,' and he indicated a little hill entirely beyond the herd; 'walk over, understand, afoot, and alone, and never get a scratch from a horn or hoof.' 'I would like to bet you something on that,' said I; and I had hardly spoken the words before Ab drew a buckskin bag from his pocket, and shook out a pile of silver and gold. 'The fifty dollars,' said he. 'If you want to make some money easy here's your change. The Sheriff will hold the stakes.' 'Fifty dollars was just the size of my pile, and he knew it. I was positive that if Skinner made a break out in that prairie, one of them old Spanish steers would run him down in three minutes; but still I hesitated. 'Stick him, Charley,' said Uncle Dick; 'the dad-blamed fool will be killed, but that ain't your lookout. If you don't bet, I will!' 'I bet over, and handed Sheriff Smith the money, and as he put it in his hat along with Ab's fifty, the old man clipped in again. 'Behn' as you're throwin' away your money, Ab, why not give me some of it? That's that hundred and fifty I was goin' to pay you to-night—suppose I put it in the hat with as much more, an' if you get through to the knot, Smith kin ride over an' give you the hull wad.' 'Good enuff,' replied Ab, and in three minutes the Sheriff's old sombrero was looking like a second edition of the national treasury. 'Let's understand this thing,' said Smith. 'Ab lights out afoot, right now, and goes straight to the knot, and if he gits thru' the dust is his; is that right?' 'Ab' if he gits the hull side of his head horned off, or anything like that happens here, he don't git it,' said uncle. 'Shake hands, Ab, before you go. You've bin a mighty good hand with the cattle, but I'll be pow'rful glad to assist at your funeral.' 'Give me a good one, old man,' grinned Ab, as he jumped off the veranda and started for the knot. 'Come back,' said Uncle Dick. 'If you'll forfeit one-third, and own you're a fool, we'll let you off.' 'But Ab went ahead as though he had never heard him. 'The wind was blowing straight to the herd, and though the nearest steer

was three hundred yards away, he seemed to scent the fun at once; for he threw up his head with a snort, walked out a few yards meeting Ab, and then, as he saw that his victim was coming directly toward him, the long-horn traced himself, and waited for his arrival. In two seconds, another big, red fellow trotted up, and took his position alongside; and then another, and another, until there was a wall of white horns, fifty yards long, barring Ab's road to the mound, and hundreds of cattle coming in every direction to take a hand in the frolic. A man afoot was a curiosity to them, with which they were evidently bound to become acquainted, if possible. 'They'll kill him in a holy minute!' muttered Uncle Dick Scofield. 'I'll be another sad gatherin' of friends around the cigar box that holds his remains. I tell ye, Smith, human life is ter'ble un-sartin'.

'Ab Skinner's bait,' replied the Sheriff. 'He's the luckiest feller in forty-three States. I don't see how he's going to make it, but he'll come out somehow.' 'Just then we saw Skinner stop and put his hand in his pocket. He had approached within sixty yards of the herd, and every hoof was watching him, with a general head shaking, and bellowing, that would have frightened a common man into fits. 'He's gittin' his gun,' said uncle. 'Mebby he thinks he kin bluff 'em with a little shootin', but he'll miss it, an' if he kin kill two hundred dollars worth at six dollars a head, I'll try ter stand it.'

'But Ab did not intend to shoot. He had dropped down out of sight in the tall grass, and as we were wondering what it all meant, we saw a tongue of flame leap up in the air, and rapidly spread, with the wind fanning it in the direction of the cattle at race-horse speed. Then the bellowing and scraping ceased; the wall of gleaming horns fronted in the other direction, and the whole herd made a break for the bare hills, while Ab stepped in behind the blaze and followed. 'The smoke settled in the little valley and hid everything from view, and I, for one, was quite satisfied that it should be so. There was no danger to be apprehended from the fire—for the ranch was protected by a stream that the blaze could not cross with the wind against it—but I knew that my fifty dollars was gone, and I felt as sour as vinegar. 'Uncle was feeling no better. He seemed to be paralyzed, and never made a kick about the fire ruining his range; and when three pistol shots from the knot notified us that Skinner had got through, he looked as though he had been sentenced to the 'pen' for life. 'The money is Ab Skinner's,' said Smith, and we knew if we kicked we would have the Sheriff to kill, and not only him, but all four of his brothers; and they were all bad men. 'Tell him not to come back,' said uncle, savagely, as Smith got on his horse, to deliver the stakes according to agreement. 'Ab is a good fellow, but he is too all-fired smart. He would own the ranch in less'n a week.' 'So! Dot vos der way of it,' put in Dutch John, soberly. 'He gets your money, already, eh? Dot vos goot—I vos glad of dot.' 'And that wasn't the worst of it,' went on Charley. 'If the matter had stopped there I wouldn't have minded it so much. But, you see, uncle and I tried to get even, and that made the business worse. 'I sent home for some money and only got a twenty; but by hustling pretty lively, and striking all the boys for loans, I managed to raise twenty more, and laid my plans to start north at once. Then, just about that time Uncle Dick sold a bunch of beef cattle to a drover, and I went with him to deliver them at Rawhide City, and there we met Ab Skinner once more. 'If any of you fellows were in Rawhide City in '79, you know what sort of a place it was then. For general all-around meanness, I don't believe the little burg was ever equalled. The worst men in the southwest flocked there by the dozens, and gambling and shooting was the order of the day. The 'Golden Spur Saloon' was the headquarters of the very worst citizens, and got a day passed without a knife or six-shooter being used on some of its customers. There had been a fight there the morning we got into town, and an unoffending spectator killed with a stray bullet. The next day the proprietor knocked a Mexican in the head with a wine bottle, and that night two cowboys stood on opposite ends of a billiard table, and exchanged shots with army revolvers. 'It's the worst hole in the Union,' said Uncle Dick to Ab and me. 'A man's life would be in danger here if he had on a suit of biller iron. I agreed with him, but Ab turned up his nose and laughed. 'They know who to fool with down there,' he said. 'They're the worst kind of bluff—the hull crowd of 'em. Why, I'll bet I could go down an' cut the hull crowd, and get away without a scratch.' 'Uncle Dick nudged me with his elbow and grinned. 'You're gasin', Ab,' he said. 'Tut! a cheap, but it takes money to back it.' 'I've got it,' replied Skinner. 'Put it up then,' said Uncle, 'or else hush.' 'I saw Sheriff Smith in town,' said I. 'Suppose we get him to hold the money.' 'The proposition suited the others, and we found our man and stated the case. Ab was to go to the 'Golden Spur,' and deliberately insult the whole crowd that might be there, from the bar-keeper down. If he got away unharmed, the money was his; if he was killed, or wounded in the least, the whole sum went to uncle and me. I invested every dollar I had, and the old man covered the rest of Ab's money, some two hundred dollars. 'Smith took a steady seat door to the saloon where he could see the fun; and uncle and I went inside, and getting behind some whisky barrels, out of range of the door, waited for Ab to show up. There was a big crowd in the 'Golden Spur'—forty at least; and all of them howling drunk. Every man sported a re-

volver, and some of them, two, and there was a half-dozen Winchesters stacked in the corner. 'I reckon we'll get even with Skinner this time,' said I, and Uncle Dick was so tickled with the prospect that he set up the drinks all around. 'Just as the glasses was filled, I heard the tramp of hoofs outside, and a horse's head was stuck in at the door; and over it and beyond, I caught a glimpse of Ab Skinner and a big double-barrelled shotgun. 'You know me,' he yelled. 'I am Ab Skinner—a white man and a gentleman—and too good to mix with the drunken, cowardly cut-throats that hang around this ranch. Do you hear me?' 'Yes, they heard him. Six-shooters gleamed all over the room. The proprietor leaped over the bar with a Sharp's carbine in his hand, and Uncle and I hugged the whisky barrel closer than ever. 'Then two shots were fired—the two barrels of Ab's shot gun—in quick succession, and, as the smoke filled the room, it seemed to me that my eyes had been torn from my head, and I had swallowed a bushel of fire. In the midst of my agony I listened for more shooting, but failed to hear it. Instead the air was filled with coughs and sneezes mixed with loud but broken bursts of profanity. I did not know then, but I learned afterward, that Ab's gun contained, in lieu of shot, about sixteen ounces of snuff and Cayenne pepper, with enough powder behind it to blow it into the room, and scatter it well through the atmosphere. It was a devilish, cruel scheme to work on a fellow, and if the men of Rawhide City could have caught Skinner that day they would have burnt him at the stake without a dissenting voice. 'A half-hour later Uncle Dick and I were down on Rawhide Creek, with about forty more tough-looking citizens, washing the snuff and pepper from our eyes, and breaking for the bare hills, while Ab stepped in behind the blaze and followed. 'The smoke settled in the little valley and hid everything from view, and I, for one, was quite satisfied that it should be so. There was no danger to be apprehended from the fire—for the ranch was protected by a stream that the blaze could not cross with the wind against it—but I knew that my fifty dollars was gone, and I felt as sour as vinegar. 'Uncle was feeling no better. He seemed to be paralyzed, and never made a kick about the fire ruining his range; and when three pistol shots from the knot notified us that Skinner had got through, he looked as though he had been sentenced to the 'pen' for life. 'The money is Ab Skinner's,' said Smith, and we knew if we kicked we would have the Sheriff to kill, and not only him, but all four of his brothers; and they were all bad men. 'Tell him not to come back,' said uncle, savagely, as Smith got on his horse, to deliver the stakes according to agreement. 'Ab is a good fellow, but he is too all-fired smart. He would own the ranch in less'n a week.' 'So! Dot vos der way of it,' put in Dutch John, soberly. 'He gets your money, already, eh? Dot vos goot—I vos glad of dot.' 'And that wasn't the worst of it,' went on Charley. 'If the matter had stopped there I wouldn't have minded it so much. But, you see, uncle and I tried to get even, and that made the business worse. 'I sent home for some money and only got a twenty; but by hustling pretty lively, and striking all the boys for loans, I managed to raise twenty more, and laid my plans to start north at once. Then, just about that time Uncle Dick sold a bunch of beef cattle to a drover, and I went with him to deliver them at Rawhide City, and there we met Ab Skinner once more. 'If any of you fellows were in Rawhide City in '79, you know what sort of a place it was then. For general all-around meanness, I don't believe the little burg was ever equalled. The worst men in the southwest flocked there by the dozens, and gambling and shooting was the order of the day. The 'Golden Spur Saloon' was the headquarters of the very worst citizens, and got a day passed without a knife or six-shooter being used on some of its customers. There had been a fight there the morning we got into town, and an unoffending spectator killed with a stray bullet. The next day the proprietor knocked a Mexican in the head with a wine bottle, and that night two cowboys stood on opposite ends of a billiard table, and exchanged shots with army revolvers. 'It's the worst hole in the Union,' said Uncle Dick to Ab and me. 'A man's life would be in danger here if he had on a suit of biller iron. I agreed with him, but Ab turned up his nose and laughed. 'They know who to fool with down there,' he said. 'They're the worst kind of bluff—the hull crowd of 'em. Why, I'll bet I could go down an' cut the hull crowd, and get away without a scratch.' 'Uncle Dick nudged me with his elbow and grinned. 'You're gasin', Ab,' he said. 'Tut! a cheap, but it takes money to back it.' 'I've got it,' replied Skinner. 'Put it up then,' said Uncle, 'or else hush.' 'I saw Sheriff Smith in town,' said I. 'Suppose we get him to hold the money.' 'The proposition suited the others, and we found our man and stated the case. Ab was to go to the 'Golden Spur,' and deliberately insult the whole crowd that might be there, from the bar-keeper down. If he got away unharmed, the money was his; if he was killed, or wounded in the least, the whole sum went to uncle and me. I invested every dollar I had, and the old man covered the rest of Ab's money, some two hundred dollars. 'Smith took a steady seat door to the saloon where he could see the fun; and uncle and I went inside, and getting behind some whisky barrels, out of range of the door, waited for Ab to show up. There was a big crowd in the 'Golden Spur'—forty at least; and all of them howling drunk. Every man sported a re-

volver, and some of them, two, and there was a half-dozen Winchesters stacked in the corner. 'I reckon we'll get even with Skinner this time,' said I, and Uncle Dick was so tickled with the prospect that he set up the drinks all around. 'Just as the glasses was filled, I heard the tramp of hoofs outside, and a horse's head was stuck in at the door; and over it and beyond, I caught a glimpse of Ab Skinner and a big double-barrelled shotgun. 'You know me,' he yelled. 'I am Ab Skinner—a white man and a gentleman—and too good to mix with the drunken, cowardly cut-throats that hang around this ranch. Do you hear me?' 'Yes, they heard him. Six-shooters gleamed all over the room. The proprietor leaped over the bar with a Sharp's carbine in his hand, and Uncle and I hugged the whisky barrel closer than ever. 'Then two shots were fired—the two barrels of Ab's shot gun—in quick succession, and, as the smoke filled the room, it seemed to me that my eyes had been torn from my head, and I had swallowed a bushel of fire. In the midst of my agony I listened for more shooting, but failed to hear it. Instead the air was filled with coughs and sneezes mixed with loud but broken bursts of profanity. I did not know then, but I learned afterward, that Ab's gun contained, in lieu of shot, about sixteen ounces of snuff and Cayenne pepper, with enough powder behind it to blow it into the room, and scatter it well through the atmosphere. It was a devilish, cruel scheme to work on a fellow, and if the men of Rawhide City could have caught Skinner that day they would have burnt him at the stake without a dissenting voice. 'A half-hour later Uncle Dick and I were down on Rawhide Creek, with about forty more tough-looking citizens, washing the snuff and pepper from our eyes, and breaking for the bare hills, while Ab stepped in behind the blaze and followed. 'The smoke settled in the little valley and hid everything from view, and I, for one, was quite satisfied that it should be so. There was no danger to be apprehended from the fire—for the ranch was protected by a stream that the blaze could not cross with the wind against it—but I knew that my fifty dollars was gone, and I felt as sour as vinegar. 'Uncle was feeling no better. He seemed to be paralyzed, and never made a kick about the fire ruining his range; and when three pistol shots from the knot notified us that Skinner had got through, he looked as though he had been sentenced to the 'pen' for life. 'The money is Ab Skinner's,' said Smith, and we knew if we kicked we would have the Sheriff to kill, and not only him, but all four of his brothers; and they were all bad men. 'Tell him not to come back,' said uncle, savagely, as Smith got on his horse, to deliver the stakes according to agreement. 'Ab is a good fellow, but he is too all-fired smart. He would own the ranch in less'n a week.' 'So! Dot vos der way of it,' put in Dutch John, soberly. 'He gets your money, already, eh? Dot vos goot—I vos glad of dot.' 'And that wasn't the worst of it,' went on Charley. 'If the matter had stopped there I wouldn't have minded it so much. But, you see, uncle and I tried to get even, and that made the business worse. 'I sent home for some money and only got a twenty; but by hustling pretty lively, and striking all the boys for loans, I managed to raise twenty more, and laid my plans to start north at once. Then, just about that time Uncle Dick sold a bunch of beef cattle to a drover, and I went with him to deliver them at Rawhide City, and there we met Ab Skinner once more. 'If any of you fellows were in Rawhide City in '79, you know what sort of a place it was then. For general all-around meanness, I don't believe the little burg was ever equalled. The worst men in the southwest flocked there by the dozens, and gambling and shooting was the order of the day. The 'Golden Spur Saloon' was the headquarters of the very worst citizens, and got a day passed without a knife or six-shooter being used on some of its customers. There had been a fight there the morning we got into town, and an unoffending spectator killed with a stray bullet. The next day the proprietor knocked a Mexican in the head with a wine bottle, and that night two cowboys stood on opposite ends of a billiard table, and exchanged shots with army revolvers. 'It's the worst hole in the Union,' said Uncle Dick to Ab and me. 'A man's life would be in danger here if he had on a suit of biller iron. I agreed with him, but Ab turned up his nose and laughed. 'They know who to fool with down there,' he said. 'They're the worst kind of bluff—the hull crowd of 'em. Why, I'll bet I could go down an' cut the hull crowd, and get away without a scratch.' 'Uncle Dick nudged me with his elbow and grinned. 'You're gasin', Ab,' he said. 'Tut! a cheap, but it takes money to back it.' 'I've got it,' replied Skinner. 'Put it up then,' said Uncle, 'or else hush.' 'I saw Sheriff Smith in town,' said I. 'Suppose we get him to hold the money.' 'The proposition suited the others, and we found our man and stated the case. Ab was to go to the 'Golden Spur,' and deliberately insult the whole crowd that might be there, from the bar-keeper down. If he got away unharmed, the money was his; if he was killed, or wounded in the least, the whole sum went to uncle and me. I invested every dollar I had, and the old man covered the rest of Ab's money, some two hundred dollars. 'Smith took a steady seat door to the saloon where he could see the fun; and uncle and I went inside, and getting behind some whisky barrels, out of range of the door, waited for Ab to show up. There was a big crowd in the 'Golden Spur'—forty at least; and all of them howling drunk. Every man sported a re-

volver, and some of them, two, and there was a half-dozen Winchesters stacked in the corner. 'I reckon we'll get even with Skinner this time,' said I, and Uncle Dick was so tickled with the prospect that he set up the drinks all around. 'Just as the glasses was filled, I heard the tramp of hoofs outside, and a horse's head was stuck in at the door; and over it and beyond, I caught a glimpse of Ab Skinner and a big double-barrelled shotgun. 'You know me,' he yelled. 'I am Ab Skinner—a white man and a gentleman—and too good to mix with the drunken, cowardly cut-throats that hang around this ranch. Do you hear me?' 'Yes, they heard him. Six-shooters gleamed all over the room. The proprietor leaped over the bar with a Sharp's carbine in his hand, and Uncle and I hugged the whisky barrel closer than ever. 'Then two shots were fired—the two barrels of Ab's shot gun—in quick succession, and, as the smoke filled the room, it seemed to me that my eyes had been torn from my head, and I had swallowed a bushel of fire. In the midst of my agony I listened for more shooting, but failed to hear it. Instead the air was filled with coughs and sneezes mixed with loud but broken bursts of profanity. I did not know then, but I learned afterward, that Ab's gun contained, in lieu of shot, about sixteen ounces of snuff and Cayenne pepper, with enough powder behind it to blow it into the room, and scatter it well through the atmosphere. It was a devilish, cruel scheme to work on a fellow, and if the men of Rawhide City could have caught Skinner that day they would have burnt him at the stake without a dissenting voice. 'A half-hour later Uncle Dick and I were down on Rawhide Creek, with about forty more tough-looking citizens, washing the snuff and pepper from our eyes, and breaking for the bare hills, while Ab stepped in behind the blaze and followed. 'The smoke settled in the little valley and hid everything from view, and I, for one, was quite satisfied that it should be so. There was no danger to be apprehended from the fire—for the ranch was protected by a stream that the blaze could not cross with the wind against it—but I knew that my fifty dollars was gone, and I felt as sour as vinegar. 'Uncle was feeling no better. He seemed to be paralyzed, and never made a kick about the fire ruining his range; and when three pistol shots from the knot notified us that Skinner had got through, he looked as though he had been sentenced to the 'pen' for life. 'The money is Ab Skinner's,' said Smith, and we knew if we kicked we would have the Sheriff to kill, and not only him, but all four of his brothers; and they were all bad men. 'Tell him not to come back,' said uncle, savagely, as Smith got on his horse, to deliver the stakes according to agreement. 'Ab is a good fellow, but he is too all-fired smart. He would own the ranch in less'n a week.' 'So! Dot vos der way of it,' put in Dutch John, soberly. 'He gets your money, already, eh? Dot vos goot—I vos glad of dot.' 'And that wasn't the worst of it,' went on Charley. 'If the matter had stopped there I wouldn't have minded it so much. But, you see, uncle and I tried to get even, and that made the business worse. 'I sent home for some money and only got a twenty; but by hustling pretty lively, and striking all the boys for loans, I managed to raise twenty more, and laid my plans to start north at once. Then, just about that time Uncle Dick sold a bunch of beef cattle to a drover, and I went with him to deliver them at Rawhide City, and there we met Ab Skinner once more. 'If any of you fellows were in Rawhide City in '79, you know what sort of a place it was then. For general all-around meanness, I don't believe the little burg was ever equalled. The worst men in the southwest flocked there by the dozens, and gambling and shooting was the order of the day. The 'Golden Spur Saloon' was the headquarters of the very worst citizens, and got a day passed without a knife or six-shooter being used on some of its customers. There had been a fight there the morning we got into town, and an unoffending spectator killed with a stray bullet. The next day the proprietor knocked a Mexican in the head with a wine bottle, and that night two cowboys stood on opposite ends of a billiard table, and exchanged shots with army revolvers. 'It's the worst hole in the Union,' said Uncle Dick to Ab and me. 'A man's life would be in danger here if he had on a suit of biller iron. I agreed with him, but Ab turned up his nose and laughed. 'They know who to fool with down there,' he said. 'They're the worst kind of bluff—the hull crowd of 'em. Why, I'll bet I could go down an' cut the hull crowd, and get away without a scratch.' 'Uncle Dick nudged me with his elbow and grinned. 'You're gasin', Ab,' he said. 'Tut! a cheap, but it takes money to back it.' 'I've got it,' replied Skinner. 'Put it up then,' said Uncle, 'or else hush.' 'I saw Sheriff Smith in town,' said I. 'Suppose we get him to hold the money.' 'The proposition suited the others, and we found our man and stated the case. Ab was to go to the 'Golden Spur,' and deliberately insult the whole crowd that might be there, from the bar-keeper down. If he got away unharmed, the money was his; if he was killed, or wounded in the least, the whole sum went to uncle and me. I invested every dollar I had, and the old man covered the rest of Ab's money, some two hundred dollars. 'Smith took a steady seat door to the saloon where he could see the fun; and uncle and I went inside, and getting behind some whisky barrels, out of range of the door, waited for Ab to show up. There was a big crowd in the 'Golden Spur'—forty at least; and all of them howling drunk. Every man sported a re-

Worth More After It Was Broken.

'The mending of china in this city is increasing in proportion to the amount of fine china being introduced into the houses of the wealthy,' said Harry Forester, a reporter for the Washington Post. 'In Europe the art of mending china is one that occupies a great many people and that calls forth the greatest degree of skill. This is so from the fact that heirlooms in a family cannot be replaced, and every effort is made to preserve them after being broken when they are in the form of china. You would think that the breaking of a bowl would reduce its value a great deal, but there are pieces of such china in Europe that have been broken into a dozen pieces, put together again and are then worth more than before the calamity. 'Of course such cases have arisen only when the breaking was connected with some historic event that created a relic of the broken piece. There was a punch bowl, I remember, for sale in a china store of Berlin some years ago. The present Emperor, then a Prince, visited the store and in looking over the goods accidentally broke one of the handsomest pieces of chinaware there. He at once offered to pay for it at any price the dealer should name, but the latter being called to the occasion insisted that he could not take money for it, but said that if the Prince would but write a line saying that he had accidentally broken the bowl it would cause no loss. The note was written and without the Prince's knowledge was attached on the mended china. The price that had formerly been set was increased four-fold, the bowl was sold, and after the Prince became Emperor it was worth many times what it had brought at the last sale.'

A Detective's Detective.

In one of the well-known jewelry stores on Broadway there is a most accomplished floor walker, whose never failing urbanity and courtesy have won him no end of friends among the patrons of the establishment. By no one, either in the store or out of it, except his employer, is it suspected that his occupation is other than the one it seems. Yet the man's profession is that of a detective, and his real services to the establishment are quite apart from those of an usher. The firm also constantly employs a dozen other detectives, not one of whom knows the real calling of the man, and it is a part of his duty to exercise as close a scrutiny over the detectives as they do over the customers of the store. He is the detective's detective, in fact, though to their credit it is to be said, that he has never had a case even of suspicion against one of them. The jeweler does not depend wholly upon his battalion of Hawkshaws to protect his property. For instance, take the trays in which the rings are displayed. Each tray is so constructed that a ring cannot be removed until a spring has been pressed and a catch released it. The spring is at the end of the tray toward the clerk, and it is part of his business to press it so that the customer cannot see the action. The reason for this is obvious. Many customers like to lift the rings from the tray, and if they were permitted to do it there would be a general displacement and many embarrassing situations might follow. The invention is as much a protection to the customer as it is to the clerk and the proprietor. -New York Sun.

Not This Year.

'What is your favorite flower?' she sighed. 'Is it narcissus, lily, or red, red rose?' And that was an iron nerve-repeller. 'My favorite flower is a barrel grower.' (The marriage is off.)

A BLOOD-SUCKING PLANT.

A HORRIBLE VEGETABLE GROWTH OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

Subsisting on Animal Blood—Its voracious Appetite—Devouring Ten Pounds of Flesh in Five Minutes. Leroy Dunstan, the well-known naturalist of Philadelphia, says the Times of that city, who has recently returned from Central America, where he had spent nearly two years in the study of the flora and fauna of the country, relates the finding of a singular growth in one of the swamps which surround the great lake of Nicaragua. He was engaged in hunting for botanical and entomological specimens in this swamp, which is known as San Sebastian's, when he heard his dog cry out as if in agony from a distance. Running to the spot from which the animal's cries came, Mr. Dunstan found him enveloped in a perfect network of what seemed to be a fine, rope-like tissue of roots or fibres, the nature of which was unknown to him. The plant or vine seemed composed entirely of bare, interlacing stems, resembling more than anything else the branches of the weeping willow denuded of all foliage, but of a dark, nearly black hue, and covered with a thick, viscid gum that exuded from the pores. Drawing his knife, Mr. Dunstan endeavored to cut the animal free, but it was only with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in severing the fleshy, muscular fibre. To his horror and amazement the naturalist then saw that the dog's body was covered with blood, while his hairless skin appeared to have been actually sucked or puckered in spots, and the animal staggered as if from weakness and exhaustion. 'In cutting the vine the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about Mr. Dunstan's hand, and it required no slight force to free the member from its clinging clasp, which left the flesh red and blistered. The gum exuding from the vine was of a grayish dark green, remarkably adhesive and of a disagreeable animal odor, very powerful and nauseating to inhale. The native servants who accompanied Mr. Dunstan manifested the greatest horror of the vine which they call 'as agenas de diablo,' the devil's net, or snare, and were full of stories of its death-dealing powers. One of these was of an Englishman residing in Managua, who, while hunting in the swamps a few years before, lay down beneath a tree where a large and powerful specimen of this singular plant was growing, and, inadvertently falling asleep, awoke to find himself enveloped in its web, and in spite of every effort made to extricate him, perished in its deadly embrace. Another story was of an escaped convict who was hidden in the swamp, and whose bones had been found in the folds of the agenas only a short time before Mr. Dunstan's visit. These stories, remarkable as they may seem, are firmly believed in by the people, but the only three specimens which Mr. Dunstan was able to find were all small ones, though the meshes of the largest would probably, if extended in a straight line, measure nearly, if not quite, one hundred feet. He was able to discover very little about the nature of the plant, owing to the difficulty of handling it, for its grasp can only be torn away with loss of skin and even of flesh, but, as near as Mr. Dunstan could ascertain, its power of suction is contained in a number of infinitesimal mouths or little suckers, which, ordinarily closed, open for the reception of food. The trunk exuded seems to serve the two-fold purpose of increasing its tenacity and of overcoming a victim by its sickening odor. The plant is found only in low, wet places, and usually beneath a large tree, and while dormant seems only a network of dry, dead vines covering the black earth for several feet, but coming into contact with anything will instantly begin to twist and twine upward in a horrible, life-like manner, breaking out before, and envelop the object with a certainty that is almost incredible. If the substance is animal the blood is drawn off and the carcass or refuse then dropped. A lump of raw meat being thrown into the blood will be thoroughly drunk off and the mass thrown aside. Its voracity is almost beyond belief, it devouring at one time over ten pounds of meat, though it may be deprived of all food for weeks without apparent loss of vitality. Mr. Dunstan attempted to bring away a root of the agenas, but it died during his return voyage, growing so foul with a strong odor of real animal corruption that he was obliged to get rid of it.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A PRETTY BREAKFAST DISH.

Cut cold toast into squares or rounds. If it is buttered toast, so much the better; if not, butter it with cooking butter. Lay a ring of tomato on this, and some flakes of cold, cooked codfish on the top, cover with a plentiful supply of parsley sauce, put it into the oven to warm, and serve hot. The dish is very economical, and serves to use up any stale bread, toast or fish and sauce which may not be sufficient to present at table a second time. Garnish with parsley and lemon rings.

CREAMED CHICKEN.

This is usually a made dish, and, like many others, is often superior to the original. Cut the remnants of cold boiled or roasted chicken in small pieces; make a sauce of one pint of cream or milk, a tablespoonful of butter, the well beaten yolk of one egg, and a tablespoonful of flour; season with salt, pepper, a half teaspoonful of sugar and a sprig of parsley. Let the chicken simmer in this for an hour. Boil half a teaspoonful of rice in a farina boiler; season with salt. Serve the chicken surrounded with the rice. -New York News.

BOILED PUDDING.

Half a pint of chopped beef suet, same amount of bread, same quantity of washed currents; mix with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a teaspoonful of grated lemon peel, a salt-spoonful of salt, and same of nutmeg, and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; whip up two eggs with half a pint of milk; work the mixture to a light paste. Scald a few small pudding cloths; wring them out, flour them, and tie a small portion of the mixture in each. Put them into hot water and boil quickly half an hour. Turn them out on a hot dish; dust sugar over them and serve with some sauce.

BREAD SAUCE.

Measure out about a third of a cup of fine sifted bread crumbs. Stir them into a pint of rich milk. Add two slices of onion, and put the whole in a double boiler to cook from ten to twenty minutes. When the bread crumbs seem to have swelled out and thickened, add salt and pepper and two tablespoonfuls of butter and set back where it will keep warm. Take a large cup of coarse, unsifted bread crumbs which have been well dried, and fry them in butter till they are brown and crisp. Lay the roast birds on a hot game platter; pour the white bread sauce around them, removing the onion, and sprinkle the fried crumbs over their breasts and a few on the sauce. Decorate the dish with a few sprigs of parsley, and serve hot. Game should be eaten the moment it is cooked. When served in course at a large dinner it must be cooked while the preceding course is being served, as it cannot be allowed to wait, or be 'kept warm' for even ten minutes without being spoiled. -New York Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To remove sewing machine oil, wet the spots with turpentine and wash out with cold water and toilet soap. One teaspoonful of ammonia to a teaspoonful of water applied with a rag will clean silver and gold jewelry. An egg well beaten in a glass of milk and sweetened makes a nice strengthening drink for a teething child. A gargle of salt and water used before retiring at night will strengthen the throat and keep off bronchial attacks. Plaster of Paris is an excellent material for sealing catsup and fruit bottles and jars, and is more easily applied than sealing wax. White dishes can be marked with one's name on the back, with a common pen and ink, and it will not wash off for a long