

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1857.

VOL. XXII. NO. 24.

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Queer Bits.

A NODE TO SPRING.

BY AN ENLIGHTENED FARMER.

Well, spring, you've cum at last hev you! The poet sez you've been a sittin' in old Winter's Lap. Now aint you ashamed of yourself? I s'pose the old feller's bin a bussin you. I should think he had from your broth. A bein so cold—but that's the way them old fellers have a doin.

Well, as I was sain, You've cum at last, with your bammy Breth a blowin from the Nor-west—Westconstant or Newbrasky I s'pose, Grate Kuntrees for cum, I reckon!

Now you've cum, wen Everybody's fede, an Korn, an things, Hev all bin fed out! Now luk at Our Kritters, will ye! See our Katil On the lift, a hev in to be studied by Thur tales when the gits up a mornin! Luk at our hosses wats all rejucied To skellinties, a weepin over a troff—A hull troff full of kobs!

A hull troff full of bitter rekalekahuns. Luk at them sheep a lien in The fens kournurs a waitin for grass! Yis! an they bin a waitin sum ov Them for weex!—Ae of the wasnt Pold they'd a bin shakin their lox At yu and sed "Un dan it!" (that thur is from Hamlet, wen ov Shakspeurs plais.) As another poet sez—"Gras diffured maks The stumak ake"—so these sheeps will Never open their izo onto grass agin—No! Nor onto fodur.

Now luk at them hogs, as has bin A follerin them Katil wot hav bin Stuf on ha! Se em, will ye, a crepin Round az if they tetcht with Korn—Luk at thur iz will ye—biger than Enny cabtlich lefe.

Se them shotes A lein onto the fens to squeal! Luk at them eres a hangin pendint Onto sich little hogs! Se a hundred G'd shoats rejucied down to a even Korn basketful! Yes, that thurs of your autos, v Terly, laterin Spring! A hangin bak Az you bin a duin.

But now you've cum, We tele yer cherin presenz wen we Git round onto the south side of the barn; We hear the hens a cacklin wen theyve Laid a eg! We se the horsedredish A starin up alongside the garding Fens. The wimin is a lukin into The old teapot, arter garding sedes! All these things make think your cum, Ef so be I've rided

Ye, Spring, a shoin up of yer short cummins Jest set it down to havin a poit's lissens, (Tho I haint taken wun out yet, I low tu.)

Position in Sleeping. Hall's Journal of Health has an article upon this subject, upon which it is argued that it is better to sleep on the right side than on the left, and says, after going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the backbone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent or hearty, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it arouses us, that sends on the stagnating blood, and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling of exhaustion, according to the degrees of stagnation and the length and strength of the effort to escape the danger. But when we are not able to escape the danger, when we do fall over the precipice, when the trembling building crushes us—what then? That is death! That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in their bed in the morning: "They were as well as ever they were, the day before;" and it is often added, "and ate heartier than common." This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed well, to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhoea, or cholera, or bilious cholera, ending in death in a very short time, is properly traceable to a large meal.

Lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the singing of birds is come, and the turtle is heard in the land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell.

The net of heaven is immense; its meshes are wide, and yet nobody escapes.

A Good Story.

Squire Longbow's Second Marriage.

Squire Longbow sincerely mourned the loss of his wife—internally and externally. Externally he was one of the strongest mourners I ever saw. He wore a weed floating from his hat, nearly a foot long. It was the longest weed that had ever been mounted at Puddleford; but our readers must not forget who Squire Longbow was—a magistrate and leading man in the community. And while the reader is about it he may also recollect that the Squire is not the only man, east or west, who has ventured upon a little ostentation over the grave of the departed—nor woman either.

Who was to be the next Mrs. Longbow? That was the question. The public, indeed, asked it long before the Squire. Who was to have the honor of presiding at the Squire's table. What woman was to be placed at the head society in Puddleford? The Swipeses and Beagles, Aunt Sonora, Aunt Graves, and Sister Abigail, and scores of others, all began to speculate upon this important subject. Even Turtle and Barnes indulged in a few general remarks.

Aunt Sonora gave it as her mind that "the Squire ought to be pretty skerry how he married anybody, kase if he got one of them fliper-for-giblet sort of wimmen, she would turn the whole house inside out, and he'd be one of the most miserablest of all men." She said, "if he know'd what was good for himself, he'd just keep clear of all the young gals that were fussing and fidgeting about him, and go right for some old stand by of a woman, that know'd how to take the brunt of things—but lora a me," continued Aunt Sonora, "there's no doing nothing with these old widowers—they're all like my Uncle Joe, who married in a hurry and repented afterwards—and the poor dear old soul arn't had a minute's peace since."

The Swipes and Beagles, whom it will be recollected, belonged to a clique that had in times past warred against Longbow & Co., "tho't it would be shameful for the Squire to marry at all—it would be an insult agin the memory of poor old Mrs. Longbow who was dead and gone." (Some people, you know, reader, abuse the living, but defend the dead.) "And if the Squire should marry, they should think for their part, that she'd rise up out of her grave and haunt them! She could never sleep easy, if she know'd the Squire had got some other woman, who was eating her preserves, and wearing out her clothes, and lordin it over the house like all possessed."

Other opinions were expressed by other persons—in fact, the Squire's widowhood was the great concern of Puddleford. "He was so well on to do," as Aunt Sonora used to call it, that he was considered a great "catch."

"After a few weeks of sorrow, the Squire himself began to entertain notions of matrimony. It is true he had passed the age of sixty, and it required a great effort to get up a sufficient amount of romance to carry on such an enterprise. Symptoms began however to wax strong. The first alarming indication was his attendance at church. The Squire had always been a kind of heathen, in this respect, and had, for many years set a poor example; but people who want to marry, will go to church. Whether this is done to get up a reputation, or simply to take a survey of the unappropriated female stock yet remaining on hand, I cannot say.

The Squire was "fixed up" amazingly, the first time I saw him at church. His hair had been cut and thoroughly greased. His shirt collar covered his ears; and his boots shone like a mirror. Aunt Sonora said he looked enymost as good as new." Aunt Graves was in the choir that day, and she sang as she never sang before. She blew all the heavy strains of music—strains that lifted her on her toes—directly into Squire Longbow's face. Whether she had any design in this, is more than I noticed; but I can say some twinges about the Squire's lips, and a sleepy wink of the eye looked a little like magnatism. It was ridiculous, too, that such an old castle should be stormed by music.

But the Squire exhibited other symptoms of matrimony. He grew more pompous in his decisions, disposed of cases most summarily, and quoted law-latin more frequently. It was about this time that he talked about the "aux vomica" instead of the "vox Populi." He used to "squash" proceedings before the case was half presented; and, in the language of Turtle, "he tore around at a great rate." Turtle said "the old Squire was getting to be an old fool, and he was goin' to have him mar-

ried or dismissed from office—that warn't no livin' with him."

There were a great many anxious mothers about Puddleford, who were very desirous of forming an alliance with the Longbow family. Even Mrs. Swipes, as much as she openly opposed the Squire's marriage in general, secretly hoed that a spark might be struck up between him and her daughter, Mary Jane Arabella Swipes; and Mrs. Swipes was in the habit of sending her daughter over to the Squire's house to inquire of him "to know if she couldn't do sunthin' for him in his melancholy condition." and Sister Abigail went down several times to "put things to rights," and was as kind and obliging, and attentive to all the Squire's wants, as ever Mrs. Longbow was in her palmest days. On these occasions, Sister Abigail used frequently to remind the Squire of this great bereavement, and what an angel of a wife he had lost; and the things didn't look as they used to do when she was around, and she did not wonder he took on so, when the poor thing died.

But, reader, Ike Turtle had ordered things otherwise. He was determined to strike up a match between the Squire and Aunt Graves. So he made a special visit to Aunt Graves one evening, for the purpose of surveying and sounding along the coast to see how the water laid, and how 'the old soul' would take it, to use his language.

I have already given an outline of Aunt Graves; but I will now say farther, that she never had an offer of matrimony in her whole life. She was what is termed a "touchy" old maid. She professed to hate men, and affecting great distrest of mind when thrown into their society. Aunt Graves was just ironing down the seams of a coat she had finished, when Ike called. Ike opened the conversation by reminding Aunt Graves that "she was living along kinder lonely like."

"Lonely 'nough, s'pose," she replied, snappishly.

"Don't you never have the oues, you get sorter obstreperous?" Aunt Graves didn't know as she did. "Why in the name of old Babylon, don't you marry?"

"Marry, Me marry—marry a man—a great awful man! and the iron flew thro' the seams like lightning.

"Yes," continued Ike, "marry—marry a man—why, women you are gettin' as old and yellow as autumn leaves. What have you been livin' for—you've broke up all of the laws of Serpiter inter pieces—and keep on breakin' on 'em—adding sin unto sin, and the thing's gottin' be stopped. Now, Aunt Graves, what do you think—there's Squire Longbow, as desolate as sodom, and he's gottin' have a woman, or the old man'll run as crazy as a loon a thinkin' 'bout his household affairs, and you know how to cook and to wash, and to iron, and to make pickles and sump; and then you're a proper agin—what say?"

Aunt Graves ran to the fire, plunged her goose into the ashes, and gave the coals a smart stir. She then dropped down into her large rocking chair, leaned her cheek upon her elbow, fixed her eyes on the floor, and came near going off in hysterics.

Ike dashed a little water into Aunt Graves's face, and she revived. After having gained strength, she replied in substance to Ike's in a very languishing, diavay air:

"She couldn't say—she didn't know—if it was a duty—if she could really believe it was a duty—if she was called on to fill the poor old dead and gone Mrs. Longbow's place—folks were born inter the world to do good, and she had so far been one of the most unprofitablest of servants; but she could never marry on her own account."

"In other words," exclaimed Ike, cutting her short, "you'll go it."

Aunt Graves agreed to "reflect on't." It was not long after this consultation that Mrs. Swipes began to "smell a rat," as she said. She commanded Mary Jane Arabella never to darken the doors of that old hog, Longbow, agin; and as for that female critter, Graves, she'd got a husband livin' down at the east'ard, and they'd all get into prison for life, the first thing they know'd.

Sister Abigail declared, 'she'd have Aunt Graves turned out of church, if she took a man who warn't a member.' This was a great deal for sister Abigail to say, for she had been the bosom friend of Aunt Graves 'people in the church and people out of the church, shouldn't order jine themselves together—it was agin Scripiter and would get everything inter a twist."

But Ike Turtle had desired that the marriage should go on. He even went so far as to indicate the first letter of the

Squire's to Aunt Graves. This letter, which Ike exhibited to his friends, as one of the best literary specimens, was indeed a curiosity. I presume there is nothing like it in the face of the globe. It opened by informing Aunt Graves that since the loss of his woman, he had felt very grievous like, and couldn't fix his mind on to anything—that the world didn't seem at all as it used to do—that he and his woman had lived in peace for thirty years, and the married state was natural to him—that he had always liked Aunt Graves since the very first time he had seen her, and so did his woman too, and many more declarations of similar import, and it was signed "J. Longbow, Justice of the Peace," and sealed too, that his dignity might command even if his person did not win, the affections of this elderly damsel.

Aunt Graves surrendered—all this within two months after the death of Mrs. Longbow. The Squire cast off his weeds, and made violent preparations for matrimony, and on a certain night—I shall never forget it—the affair came off.

There was a gathering at the Squire's—a sort of general invitation had been extended far and near—the Swipeses and Beagles, Aunt Sonora and all. Great preparations had been made in the way of eatables. The Squire was rigged in a suit of home-made, (made by Mrs. Longbow, too, in her life,) a white vest, and he wore a cotton bandanna neck handkerchiefs, with heavy bows, that buried his chin, and a pair of pumps, and clouded blue stockings. Aunt Graves' dress cannot be described. She was a mass of fluttering ribbons, and she looked as though she would take wings and fly away. Bigelow Van Slych and Ike Turtle conducted the ceremony—the one took the ecclesiastical, the other the civil management. When the couple were ready, Turtle sat down in front of them with the statutes under his arm, with Bigelow at his right hand.

Turtle examined the statutes amid profound silence, for some time, turned down some never stood in her shoes. For she looks as if she'd break in two if she tried to lift a pot of potatoes. I suppose her fingers were made to play the pianne.

"Now, it's my notion, when a woman gives a man her hand, it ought to be big enough to hold her heart at the same time. Such a hand as mine is worth giving, for I can stop a bung hole with my thumb and I've done it too.

"I went into Fletcher's this morning and true as I'm a virtuous woman, he was 'busin on her like a dog-for lendin his receipt book to Miss Brown, who's fond of reading. I s'pose he did n't kear for the receipts that he written in the book; but it was the receipts that was n't there, and ought to be, that stuck into his crop. And Mrs. Fletcher hung down her head, and looked for all the world like a duck in a thunder storm. I jest put my arms agin my sides, and looked her man right in the eye 'ill he looked as white as a corpse—It's always a way every body's got when I fixes my eyes on 'em. And the way my looks white washed his brazen face, was better than sacked lime!" There says I to Mrs. Fletcher, says I, your husband had ought to had me for a wife. When my man was alive, he'd no more think of sayin' nothin' impudent to me, than he'd take the black sow by the tail when she's nursing her pigs; and you must learn to stick up to your man jest like a new hair brush.

"I never found my debility in managing these her critters, for I always teach 'em what's sarce for the gander.—There's no two ways with me; I'm all of size, stub-tvisied, and made of horse shoe nails.—I'm chock full of grit and a rough post for any one to rub their backs agin; any gal like me, what can take a bag of meal on her shoulder and tote it to the mill, ought to be able to shake any man of her herf. Some thinks I ought to get married and two or three has tried to spark it with me, but I never listens to none of their flattery. Though there was Blarney Bod, come flatterin' me like a tub of new butter. For I've no notion of being trampled up in their halters of hymens. I likes liberty, and wants no halters or bridles put upon me.

"San Mooney was shinin' up to me too; and then there was Jim Sweetbred, the butcher; but he didn't find me half enough for his market. It isn't everything that sticks its legs in broadcloth that's going to carry off a gal of my spirit. My charms ain't to be had for the bare axing.

"Gettin' married is a serious thing, as I telled my old man when I was wollopin' him with a lag of mutton, because he took my shoe brush to clean his teeth with. Wherever there is a nose, there is a mouth not far off, and that proves that nater has given women her rights as well as man."

"I do that very thing," responded the Squire, "And you, on your part," continued Bigelow, turning to Aunt Graves, "promise

to behave yourself, and obey the Squire in all things!"

Aunt Graves said 'she would Providence permitting.'

This marriage ceremony, I believe, is nearly word for word.

"Then," said Turtle, "wheel yourselves into line, and let's have a dance," and drawing out his fiddle, the whole crowd; in five minutes were tearing down at a most furious rate; and when I departed, at about midnight, the storm was raging still higher, the whiskey and hot water circulated freely, Turtle looked quite abstracted about his eyes and his foot-steps were growing more and more uncertain. Bullphant face shone like drummond-light the voices of the females, a little stimulated, as noisy and confused as those of Babe, and your humble servant—why, he walked home as straight as a gun—of course he did—and was able to distinguish a haystack from a meeting house anywhere along the road.

Miscellany.

SALLY MAGUS.

HOW SHE MANAGED THE MEN.

"Well, here I be, waken, snakes, the day's abreakin' now I se set my eyes on a good many strange things in my day, but this gettin' married business beats every thing I ever did see. It goes a head of Sam Fling, when he wanted to buy one of my cheese to make a grindsun.—When I had a husband—Devil's Whiskers!—if he only said beans to me, I made him jump round like a stump-tail cow in flytime.

"But there's Mrs. Fletcher, she's three parts a natural born fool, and t'other part is as soft as boiled cabbage. A woman that don't stand up for her rights is a disgrace to my set. How any man should ever want to marry such a molasses candy critter as she is one of the secrets of business never stood in her shoes. For she looks as if she'd break in two if she tried to lift a pot of potatoes. I suppose her fingers were made to play the pianne.

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Snakes.

Snakes are much abused animals. As supposed types of the first deceiver, a sort of religious creed has ever attached to them, among Christian people; and a few of the species being really venomous and others possessing imaginary attributes, far transcending the actual powers of any of its class, it is not very wonderful that all the sons and daughters of Eve should inherit a hearty hatred of snakes.

First—What are the venomous snakes? In the United States we have the Rattlesnakes, Copperheads, and Moccasins. No others—and, in fact, there are no other poisonous reptiles in our country.

The Moccasin is a southern species; and so is the great Diamond Rattlesnake—the worst of the species. The Copperhead is a very bad snake; fortunately quite rare now. Kennicott, who is collecting specimens in the region of Jonesboro, Cairo, writes that he has just secured a genuine Copperhead in Illinois. The Banded Rattlesnake is also found in that region, and he is not to be despised; as his bite is truly dangerous, though rarely fatal to man.

But the snake about cures for whose bite so much has been said in this paper is quite a different customer—not a very agreeable inmate of one's house, (though we have killed two found in ours,) and quite sufficiently venomous for the snake's own purpose. Still, that our prairie Rattlesnake has ever caused the death of a single human being—whether "doctored" or not—we have yet to learn.

And this brings us to the second question. Is there any specific antidote for snake poison? Possibly. But who knows it? Not we; and we studied medicine, practiced medicine, and believed in medicine for nearly thirty years.

Our first experience with snake bites was in the State of Mississippi, where children, and especially careless negroes, were occasionally bitten by the "ground rattlesnake"—a small species of *Orotolophorus*—we do not remember a case of bite from any other species; nor did we know of a death from snake bite there, or in the State of Louisiana, where we tarried several years.

Since then, a residence of over twenty-one years in Illinois—with as extensive a country practice as any other physician—and in a region and during a time where and when rattlesnakes abounded, no death from their bite has ever come to our knowledge. That is, no death of man, woman, or child—a few small animals, usually bitten in the nose, have died; and deaths among large animals have been reported to us, but we never saw a case.—Of human subjects, we have treated many cases, and known many that had no treatment at all, or were treated in all ways; and the result was always the same—all recovered; though some suffered horribly for a little while.

We have but a word to add to this hasty dissertation on snakes. Let every farmer bear in mind the whole tribe of serpents, are insect eaters, and the benefactors of their human persecutors. Rip up the stomach of one, and you will find it stuffed with insects, or enlarged by the bodies of meadow mice. Except in killing an occasional frog or bird, nearly all our snakes are as useful to vegetation as they are harmless to mankind and it is not only an act of wicked barbarity, but a species of suicidal folly to destroy them. Far better aid in determining the species and their dissemination, as urged in the circular issued by Robert Kennicott, and show that you are above the vulgar prejudice against these persecuted creatures of the Great Author of all animal life, who made these for our good.—*Prairie Farmer May 21.*

Bodily Carriage.

Instead of giving all sorts of rules about turning out your toes and straightening up the body, and holding the shoulders back, all of which are impracticable to many, because soon forgotten, or a feeling of awkwardness and discomfort which procures a willing omission, all that is necessary to secure the object is to hold up the head and move on, letting the shoulders and toes take care of themselves. Walk with the chin but slightly above a horizontal line, or with your eyes directed to things a little higher than your head. In this way you walk properly, pleasantly, and without any fear of restraint or awkwardness. If any one wishes to be aided in securing this habitual carriage of body, accustom yourselves to carry your hands behind you, one hand grasping the opposite wrist. Englishmen are admired the world over for their full chests and broad shoulders, and sturdy frames and manly bearing. This position of body is a favorite with them, in the simple promenade in a garden or gallery, in attending ladies along a crowded street, or in standing on the street or in public worship.

Many persons spend a large portion of their walking existence in the sitting position. A single rule, well attended to, in this connection, would be of incalculable value to multitudes. Use chairs with the old-fashioned straight backs, inclining back ward, and sit with the lower portion of the body close against the back of the chair at the seat; any one who tries it will observe in a moment a grateful support of the whole spine. And we see no reason why children should not be taught from the beginning to write, and sew, and knit in a position requiring the lower portion of the body and shoulders to touch the back of the chair all the time.

A very common position in sitting, especially among men, is with the shoulders against the chair back and the lower portion of the spine, giving the body the shape of a half hoop. It is the instantaneous, instructive and almost universal position assumed by any consumptive on sitting down unless counteracted by an effort of the will; hence parents should regard such a position in their children with apprehension, and should rectify it at once.

The best position after eating a regular meal is to have the hands behind the back the head erect, in moderate locomotion, and in the open air, if the weather is not chilly. Half an hour spent in this way after meals, at least after breakfast and dinner, would add health and length of days to women in early life and to all sedentary men. It is a thought which merits attention.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

New Mode of Obtaining Provisions.

The following story of Mike Fink, the great head and founder of the tribe of Mississippi flat-boaters, is given by the Louisville Democrat:

Passing slowly down the river, Mike observed a very large and beautiful flock of wild geese, and he was so desirous to buy them, hit upon the following expedient. He noticed there was an eddy near the shore, and as it was about dusk, he landed his boat in the eddy, and tied her fast. In his cargo there were some bladders of Scotch snuff. Mike opened one of these, and taking out a handful of the contents, went ashore, and catching five or six of the sheep, rubbed their faces very thoroughly with the snuff. He then returned to his boat, and sent one of his men in a great hurry to the sheep owner's to tell him that "he had better come down and see what was the matter with his sheep."

Upon coming down hastily in answer to Mike's summons, the gentleman saw a portion of his flock very singularly affected—leaping bleating, rubbing their noses on the ground, and against each other, and performing all manner of undignified and unsheeplike antics. The gentleman was sorely puzzled, and demanded if he knew what was the matter with the sheep?

"You don't know?" answered Mike, very seriously.

"I do not," replied the gentleman.

"Did you ever hear of the black murrain?" asked Mike, in a confidential whisper.

"Yes," said the sheep-owner, in a terrified tone.

"Well, that's it," said Mike. "All the sheep up the river's got it dreadful. Dyin' like rotten dogs—hundreds a day."

"You don't say so," answered the victim, "and is there no cure for it?"

"Only one, as I knows on," was the reply. "You see the murrain's dreadful catchin', and if you don't git them away as is got it, they'll kill the whole flock. Better shoot 'em right off; they have to die, anyway."

"But no man could single out the infected sheep and shoot them from among the flock," said the gentleman.

"My name's Mike Fink," was the curt reply; and it was answer enough.

The gentleman begged Mike to shoot the infected sheep and throw them into the river. This was exactly what Mike wanted, but he pretended to resist.

"It might be a mistake," he said, "they will maybe git well. He didn't like to shoot so many sheep on his own say so. He'd better go and ask some of the neighbors of it was the murrain, sure 'nuf."

The gentleman insisted, and Mike modestly resisted, until finally he was promised a couple of gallons of old peach brandy if he would comply. His scruples, finally overcome, Mike shot the sheep, threw them into the eddy, and got the brandy. After dark the men jumped in the water, hauled the sheep aboard, and by daylight had them packed away, and were gliding merrily down the stream.