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LYRIC OF THE BUCK-SAW.

Ur-r rick, ur-r raw. Ur-r rick, ur-r raw Have you buckled your back to an old buck-saw?

Have you doubled your knee on a knotty And bobbed to the tune of ur-raw-ur-

Have you sawed till your eyeballs goggled and popped. Till your heart seemed lead and your breath was stopped? Have you yeaked her up and yawked her

down,

-As doleful a lad as there was in town? If so we can talk of the back-bent wee That followed the youngsters of long ago. Ah, urban chap with your anthracite Pass on, for you cannot fathom, quite, The talk that I made with this other chap Who got no cuddling in comfort's lap. 'll scarcely follow me when I sing the rasping buck-saw's dancing

spring. For the rugged rhythm is fashioned for The ear that remembers ur-r rick, ur-r raw

Ur-r raw, ur-r rick

Ur-r raw, ur-r rick! We pecked at our mountain stick by stick Our dad was a man who was mighty good in getting the women folks lots of w And as soon as sledding came on to stay Jack got all work and he got no play. For daily the ox-sleds creaked and crawked Till the yard was full and the buck-saws

'Twas rugged toil and we humped our But we scarce kept pace with dad's big

ax, e were bitter mornings of "ten be-There were days of bluster and days of

snow, But with double mittens, a big wool scar And coonskin earlaps we used to laugh At the fussiest blast old Boreas shricked And the nippingest pinches Jack Frost

We were warm as the blade of the yanking *aw That steamed to the tune of ur-r rick, ur-

Ur-raw, ur-r rick,

Ur-r raw, ur-r rick! Ho, men at the desks, there, dull and sick! You slap your hands to your stiff old backs At thought of the days of the saw and the ax.

And you press your palms to an aching

brow And shiver to think of a saw-buck now: Bug, nh, old fellows, you can't deny You hanker a bit for the times gone by,

Made bright by contrast our bits of play O, grateful the hour at set of sun When the tea was hot and the biscuits "done,"
When checking his ax in the chopping

block Dad sung: "Knock off, boys; five o'clock." Now tell me truly, ye wearled men, Are you ever as happy as you were then, When you straightened your toil-bent,

weary backs
At the welcome plop of dad's old ax? And tell me truly can you forget The sight of the table that mother set, When dropping the saws in the twilight

We trooped to the cheer of the dear fore and there in the red shade's mellow ligh Made feast with a grand, good appeste?

-Made feast at the sweet, old homespun

On the plum preserves and the cran' jell stored For demands like there; and made great

In the heaps of the cream o' tartar rolls;
Ah. sugged fickle and faint above.
The nav@fy viands you used to love,
What wouldn't you give for the sharp-set

tang That followed those days when the steel teeth sang? -For sest was as keen as the bright, swift

When you humped to the tune of ur-r rick, ur-r raw. -Holman F. Day, in Lewiston Journal.

Lee Hall, Fighting Man

By N. A. Jennings.

THERE is one fighting man who has gone with Uncle Sam's army to the Philippines of whom the great American public knows little or nothing, but whose name throughout the state of Texas stands as a synonym for desperate courage and fighting qualities of the highest order. He is Lee Hall, now a lieutenant in the Thirty-third United States infantry, but he earned the rank of captain in the Texas rangers by years of the hardest kind of service on the border.

Lee Hall succeeded Capt. L. H. Mc-Nelly, in 1878, to the command of the Texas ranger company that had more to do with ridding Texas of her no-torious "bad men," and with putting a stop to the wholesale cattle-raiding on the lower Rio Grande frontier, than any other agency. With these rangers Hall did some magnificent work and t became renowned for his fearlessness as to present as small a target as posin a country where brave men are the rule. With but 17 of his men, one stormy night in December, 1876, he arrested over 70 armed desperadoes in DeWitt county, Tex., members of the Sutton faction of the Taylor-Sutton feud, which had raged in that county for nearly 20 years, and had caused the killing of hundreds of men on both sides. On the night in question all the Sutton following had gathered at the wedding of one of their number. a man who, with six others, had been indicted for a cold-blooded murder. Hall took his men to the place, surrounded the house, and then boldly entered and stated that he had come to arrest the murderers. The desperadoes drew their six shooters and said

they would die before giving up.
"Very well," answered Hall. "Move out your women and children and we'll give you all the fight you want. My men expected a fight when they came here, and I don't want to disappoint them. I'll give you five minutes to get the women and children outthen we'll turn loose."

The outlaws knew their man and that he meant every word he said, and they began to parley. Hall saw his opportunity, and called two of the rangers to his side. Then he told the Suttonites to give up their arms quickly if they would avoid being killed. In a few minutes the desperadoes were disarmed, and the next morning the accused murderers were landed safely in jail. Nothing but supreme courage and coolness could have accomlished such a remarkable feat, but that is just what Lee Hall had.

Hall personally arrested Ham White, the most dreaded and successful "road agent" Texas ever knew, a man who invariably "worked alone," and who, single-handed, robbed many a stage coach. Hall trailed White from the scene of one of his exploits, caught him in a livery stable in a town 50 miles away, and arrested him. White was armed with two six-shooters and showed fight, but Hall sprang at him, knocked him down, and overpowered Lim after a desperate struggle.

Hall was in at the killing of the notorious Sam Bass and his gong of bank robbers and cutthroats, and in dozens of other noted encounters with the outlaws who gave to Texas such a terrible reputation in the years gone by.

But it was before he became a ranger that Hall won his spurs as a fighting man in Texas. He was born in Lexington, N. C., in October, 1849, and came of old revolutionary stock by both his parents. Among his ancestors were the famous Gen. Giles Melane and Gov. Stanford, of North Carolina. Lee went to Texas in search of adventure when he was 20 years old, sheriff in Grayson county, just south of the line of the Indian territory.

In a little less than two years the young deputy sheriff made 1,060 arrests, killed seven men, and was wounded five times. His fame as an officer of the law spread far and wide; it was a foregone conclusion that any man Hall undertook to arrest would be made a prisoner or would be a subject for the coroner.

There was one desperado, however, a man named Wilkinson, who had managed to clude Hall for months and who had sworn he would never be taken alive. He was wanted for cattle stealing and murder. Many a long, weary day and night had the young deputy sheriff hunted for this man, and Wilkinson at last grew tired of being sought so persistently. He sent a message to Hall, who was in Dennison, in which he said that if the deputy sheriff wanted him so badly he could come and get him on a certain day. Wilkinson said that he would be on a little prairie about 18 miles from Dennison at four o'clock on the afternoon of that day and would meet Hall there, provided the latter came after him alone. The outlaw pledged his word that he, also, would be alone. If Hall could arrest him under those circumstances he said he was welcome to do it.

And Lee Hall accepted the invitation and the terms.

Early on the morning of the appointed day he mounted his horse, and with a breech-loading shotgun and a sixshooter for arms rode out from Dennison to keep the appointment. The sheriff tried in vain to dissuade his deputy from the undertaking, and begged him at least to take a posse with him to surround Wilkinson and surprise him into giving up, but Hall would not listen to him.

"No." he said: "Wilkinson has made a fair, square offer, and I believe he'll keep his word and be there alone. If a desperado can keep a promise, I think I ought to be man enough to do the same, and I'll meet him on his own terms. And," he added, "if I come back he'll be with me."

The place of meeting was a clear rounded on all sides by mesquit, chaparral and live oak woods. At precisely four o'clock Hall rode out from the southern edge of the chaparral on to the prairie, and a minute later Wilkinson rode into view from the north end. He, too, was armed with shotgun and revolver. The men were within plain sight of each other, but too far away to exchange shots. At the same instant they urged their ponies into a gallop and made straight for each other, both holding their shotguns ready for action.

No more evenly matched men, perhaps, had ever met in a duel to the death, for such they knew their meeting must be. Each was a perfect horseman and a fine marksman. Neither knew the meaning of fear.

They approached each other rapidly and were soon within hailing distance, but not a sound escaped their lips; they were there for action, not words. Just before they got close enough to each other to use their shotguns effectively both men dropped their bodies Indian fashion to the sides of their horses, so sible, their guns being pointed over their horses' necks.

They fired at the same instant. Hall wore an overcoat with a cape attached to it, and the buckshot from the single discharge of Wilkinson's gun almost cut this cape from its fastenings, but not a shot hit the deputy. Hall also fired one barrel of his shotgun, and the charge entered the neck of Wilkinson's horse, knocking him down. Wilkinson sprang off and landed on his knees as his horse went crashing to the ground. His shotgun fell from his hands and the horse fell on the weapon.

"I've got you!" yelled Hall, wheeling his horse about, straightening up in the saddle and pointing his gun straight at the outlaw's head. "Give up now or I'll kill you!"

"You've got the drop on me, all right." "but if you're such a brave man as you'd have folks think you are, get down of your horse and fight it out with me with (Me.) Journal. six-shooters."

No sane man would have accepted such an absurd proposition, but Lee Hall was not sane at that moment. He was fighting a duel, and his sense of fair play was uppermost in his mind. His adversary was a brave man and he should have a show for his life.

"All right," said Hall, "I'll do that. but you must promise not to pull your six-shooter until I'm down." "That's fair," said Wilkinson; "I'll

wait till you're ready." Hall deliberately shoved his shotgun

from his horse, jerking his six-shooter from his holster at his bett.

The revolvers cracked with one report, and a bullet went through Hall's left shoulder, while another bored a hole through Wilkinson's breast. Neither man fell, and again the revolvers cracked. This time Hall was wounded in the left side and Wilkinson was shot through the heart. The desperado pitched forward and fell on his face and Hall sank to the ground.

A few minutes later two cowboys, who had been attracted by the shooting, rode on to the scene. They found Hall unconscious and his horse standing with drooping head over him. The cowboys managed to get the officer to a ranch not far distant, where his wounds received attention. In a month he was on duty again and arresting men as vigorously as before

The only time Lee Hall ran from a man was when he went after John Wesley Hardin, the most noted "man-killer" ever known in Texas. Hardin had murdered over a score of men, and there was a reward on his head of \$4,000. Hall wanted the reward and determined land found it when he became deputy to get it. He learned of Hardin's whereabouts and started for the place. Before arriving there he was told that Hardin had five or six men with him and that they were all encamped at the edge of a lake. Their camp could be approached from only one direction, and that was over an open space sev eral hundred feet wide.

Hall summoned a posse of six men and started for the camp. When he arrived at the edge of the open space he and his men dismounted and tied their horses in the brush.

"Now," said Hall, "we'll run right in on them. We don't want any longdistance shooting. The only way to get these men is to rush them. Follow right after me and we'll have them before they know it."

The posse agreed to this, and Hall started on a run across the open space straight for the desperadoes' camp, carbine in hand. Suddenly the desperadoes opened fire on his advancing figure. Hall stopped and blazed away with his carbine. Then he glanced be hind him and discovered that he was alone. The firing in front grew hotter, and he turned and ran for his life. The desperadoes yelled and laughed and shot at him. They cried to him to come back and called him a coward and many other unpleasant things, but he was too wise to attempt to fight half a dozen of the worst men in Texas single-handed, and he made straight for his horse. It was where he had tied it, but the other horses were gone. He had a bullet-hole in his hat and three in his clothing. Hall spent the rest of the day hunting down his posse and "cursing them out," a process they submitted to with becoming meekness, for the deputy sheriff was in a danger-

ous mood. Long afterward John B. Armstrong, at that time second in command of Lee Hall's company of rangers, captured John Wesley Hardin in Florida and brought him to Texas, where he served a long term in jail. Hall visited Hardin in the prison and congratulated him upon being the only man who had ever made him run. Hardinwas killed a few months after he was pardoned out of jail. He was shot in a space about half a mile square, sur- barroom in El Paso by a man whom he had sworn to kill on sight.

It was my privilege to serve in the Texas rangers under Hall in the late seventies, and I know he can win the love and admiration of those under him as well as he can fight. If he has the luck to get on the firing-line in the Philippines, Jesse Lee Hall wi'l make another Funston, or all Texas will be mightily surprised .- Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia.

NOTHING SLOW ABOUT HIM.

An Aged Lover Who Belleved in the Maxim, "Make Hay While the Sun Shines."

A novel courtship which has the flavor of the olden times took place recently in Androscoggin town. An old gentleman who had been very dependent upon his wife, and who seemed hardly able to do anything without her. was suddenly bereft of her by death The daughter was full of gentle sympathy and took her father home with her. Everything possible was done for his comfort. When he was at home into from the store he was not left alone a moment, for fear he would be lonesome.

Six months after his wife's death he coolly announced that he was going to marry "Jane" in a week. In vain the daughter expostulated, only gaining a little longer time. Then she went to see Jane, a distant neighbor, who owned a farm, to find out if it was really so. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, she ventured to ask another question: "When did my father ask you? He has hardly been left alone a moment!"

The intended of the aged lover, whose years were almost fourscore and ten, smiled. "He did make the most of his opportunity," she replied. "He came here to get my firkin of butter, and as he was driving off asked me to marry him. I said I could not decide so quickanswered Wilkinson, as he looked ly. 'Tell me when I come again next coolly into the muzzle of the shotgun. week to bring back your empty firkin,' was his reply. So I told him 'yes' when he came with the firkin."-Augusta

Coincidence of the Revolution. In one of the historical volumes of John F. Magginness is recounted a most remarkable coincidence. On the very day that the Declaration of Independence was promulgated and old liberty bell proclaimed the joyful news in Philadelphia a little band of Scotch-Irish settlers, without any knowledge, of course, of what was occurring elsewhere, assembled at a certain place on the banks of Pine creek, about 14 miles above where now stands the city of Williamsport, and declared themselves back into its scabbard under his right- free from the yoke of British rule .hand stirrup leather. Then he sprang Chicago Chroniele.





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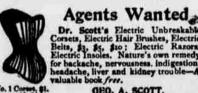
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