



## HOW BESS AND BRANDY SAVED THE FRUIT.

It seems most as big as a real river," said Bess, who was sitting on top of the heaped-up earth beside the big, new irrigation ditch, hugging her knees in a fashion. "If the water only didn't roll so awful fast we could most ride a canoe in it, eh, Teddy?"

Teddy was not at all handsome. His hair was red and his nose turned up, and he was much freckled. But there was a great deal of sympathy in his greenish eyes as he looked up at his sister.

"You do miss Canada and the lake and boating and everything, don't ye, Bess?" he said. "I was such a little fellow when the folks came west, an' I can't remember much about it. But, gee! it must ur been jolly fun swimmin' in a real big lake. An' pa said he would take us all back when the fruit trees bore."

"Yes," said Bess, starting thoughtfully at the yellow, rolling water. "But it seems an awful long time to wait, somehow. Last year it was frost, and a year before worms, and year before that the blight, and it does seem as tho' pa would lose most everything he had before the ranch paid. And to think one good bearing would make us rich! Rich, Ted! Just think!"

Teddy crawled up to the top of the bank of earth and looked far down the valley. He saw long rows of trees, hardly twice as tall as himself, and he was only a 10-year-old boy. But the slender little branches of the trees were covered thickly with little green bunches, and these bunches meant thousands of bushels of luscious fruit.

Bess could remember when she first saw the trees. They were then only



HE FOUND A SMALL "CAVE-IN."

long lines of little bare sticks in the sandy and dry-looking earth, and she could remember how her mother broke down and cried because she was homesick for the big shady trees and green grass and bushes at "home."

Idaho did not seem like home. They lived there six years, and the sixth year was the "bearing year" for Western fruit ranches. But, as Bess said, the frost and the worms and the blight had kept the fruit back, and three years longer they had waited. And the father had grown to look old and anxious and the little mother more and more wistful. And they now watched the green promise of fruit with anxious eyes. Would anything happen this year? Or would the rich promise at last not disappoint them?

"The new ditch helped mighty this year," said Bess. "The trees never bore so heavily. And all the fruit is perfect—the prunes and peaches and cherries and everything. Oh, Teddy, I believe we will really see Canada next year!"

She sprang to her feet and threw her arms around the neck of a little broncho that had been nosing at the back of her head while she talked to Teddy. She kissed the horse's shaggy head and hugged him lovingly. Then she put her foot in the stirrup and swung herself lightly into the saddle.

"Home, Teddy!" she cried. "Catch Soda!"

Soda, another sturdy little broncho, capered gleefully around her mate, Brandy, a few moments, then permitted Teddy to mount, and soon the lively little hoofs were beating a quick rattat-tat down the white alkali path toward the ranch home, far down the valley. The sun was bright and the sky cloudless, as it had been for all the long summer months. The clouds would sail toward the mountain tops, but there they would stop and dissolve over the peaks, where the snow gleamed white almost till fall. And no rain fell in the valley. The alkali dust lay thick in the alfalfa, the rich grass that grew so strangely green out of the hard, dry earth, and the dust lay thick in the trees and on the prickly cacti and gray sagebrush that grew on the lonely foothills.

"Father will irrigate," said Bess, looking at the water in the ditch.

"I heard pa talkin' to the man, and they was sayin' that there was signs of frost. The fruit is ripenin' bully, but there may come a nipper, an' ef they irrigated it—we'll, it would mean another year, that's all."

Bess looked soberly at the baked-looking earth. It looked so thirsty, and the great ditch rolling along beside them seemed anxious to turn its rich torrent into the little ditches that ran like veins up and down between the trees.

"Well, I suppose it would be risky," she said. "But, my! the trees do want a drink!"

Keeper was waiting for them, and they father called gayly to them as they approached up to the door.

"Hello, Bess! Hello, Wright at the store

tomorrow and spend the day with her," he said, as they sat down to supper.

"Oh, may I go, mother?" cried Bess. They were great friends—"Jess and Bess," as they were called by the ranch and village people—and the fruit farm wound down the valley very close to the sheep ranch of Jessie's father.

"Why, yes, you may," said Mrs. Harris, Bess's mother. "Did Jessie want her to stay all night, John?"

"Of course—as usual," replied Mr. Harris.

"But I guess you can spare her that long, eh, mother?"

"No, I need you, dearie. But you can have a long day together and come home in the evening," said Mrs. Harris.

So next morning Bess shouted a gay shout as Brandy danced around the mounting block, and she whirled the long thong of her quilt merrily around the flocks, which Brandy promptly recognized by bringing his four little hoofs together, rising in the air and coming down on his sturdy little legs with a jar that nearly sent Bess out of the saddle.

"Oh, you'll buck, will you?" she cried, while the rest cheered Brandy. "Wait till you want some sugar!"

Brandy reared and stretched himself into a swinging, rocking-chair lunge that carried him swiftly down the trail. The air was sharp and clear and tingled through Bess's veins, while the cold turned her cheeks rosy.

"Frost to-night, Brandy," she cried to the broncho, whose ears twitched back at the sound of her voice. And the frost came.

The girls had a long, merry day, and as the moon rose in a clear purple sky Bess turned Brandy's willing nose homeward. She turned up the collar of her heavy little coat and pulled on her buckskin gloves, for the cold was already growing sharp. And, calling cheerily to Brandy, she flew along the trail toward home. It was cold and clear and still, and she rode along a little sleepily, while Brandy's hoofs made the only sound that broke the stillness. But soon another sound startled her into wakefulness. She had reached the water gate on the big ditch, and through the stillness came a low tinkling and gurgling that sounded like fairy music. But the fairy music sent all the color out of the girl's cheeks, and with a frightened cry to Brandy she slipped out of the saddle and ran to the ditch.

Brandy meandered along after her with lazy curiosity and found her kneeling beside the gate with her arms plunged down into the cold water. And when she stood up her pretty bright face had grown still whiter. For she had found a small "cave-in" near the gate, and the water was trickling through in a steady little stream that was steadily and quickly growing larger as the earth broke and crumbled and gave way around it. In a very short time that cave-in would send a volume of water rushing and leaping along all the ditches through the ranch, and by morning—what?

"Oh, the fruit, the fruit, Brandy!" Bess sobbed, wildly. "It will be killed and mother's heart will break!"

She wrung her hands as she looked down the long road gleaming white and lonely in the moonlight. Too late for that. Before she could go a mile toward help the ranch would be flooded and the ruin complete. Again she plunged her arm into the water. If she could only stop up that hole! She looked on all sides helplessly, and Brandy moved closer with a sympathetic and inquiring whinny. She looked at him despairingly, then suddenly sprang forward. In a moment she was tearing wildy at buckles and straps, and then, to Brandy's profound surprise, she dragged the heavy pigskin saddle from his back and rushed with it to the ditch. There she went down on her knees and plunged the saddle beneath the water. She fumbled with it a minute or so, then listened breathlessly.

The water gurgled and tinkled uncertainly, then slowly, very slowly, it grew fainter. And soon there was only a faint whisper and drip from one or two tiny waterfalls that slipped and slid down the bank. The weight of the water had sucked the saddle closely against the earth and the hole was stopped.

So much. But the night was colder, her arms already ached and pained cruelly, and she did not dare leave the saddle lest it slip. Would they search for her? Or would they think she had stayed all night with Jess? If she could only get word home.

Again she looked at Brandy. Then she called him to her, slipped the loop of her skirt from the pommel of the saddle, and raising her arm out of the water, she turned Brandy toward home and then brought down the lashes with stinging force on his flank.

"Home, Brandy!" she called. And Brandy, outraged and indignant, kicked up his heels, bucked three times, then tore down the trail toward home, resolved to tell Soda that his young mistress had gone crazy.

Fainter and fainter sounded the hoof-beats along the trail. And soon she could hear them no longer. Her arms ached cruelly, and sharp pains began to shoot through her body from the cold. Now and then she would take her arms out of the water and swing them and beat her hands together till they stung; but only for a moment, then the saddle had to be held in place. The time seemed horribly long, but

louder, and she sprang to her feet with a gasping little cheer as four horses galloped madly to the ditch gate, and all in a minute four men had dragged her up from the water, torn off her wet jacket and asked twenty questions. Brandy had reached home riderless and was now galloping back with Teddy, white and frightened, clinging to his bare back.

The fruit was saved, thanks to Bess and Brandy. The frost did very little damage that night, and at last the yield was rich and plentiful. And the following summer, in far-off Canada, Teddy and Bess splashed in the waves to their hearts' content, while "mother" looked on happily and Mr. Harris told old friends all about fruit ranching "out West."

"It was a close call," he would say, "but Bess and Brandy saved the fruit. If the ditch had burst through that night and flooded the roots it would have meant ruin."

And Bess, fully recovered from the heavy cold that followed her little adventure, was surprised to find herself a heroine.—Chicago Record.

### LONG LIFE.

Sought by Members of New York's Hundred-Year Club.

To discover the secret of long life about a hundred professional and scientific men and women of New York City have organized what they term the Hundred-Year Club. These people believe that under present conditions life should be prolonged for a century. They do not seek to keep man alive merely as an exhibit, but to make him a useful member of society up to the day of his death.

They have not pledged themselves to live in accordance with any particular set of rules or to apply the secret of longevity to themselves if it is discovered. Neither are they vegetarians, Christian Scientists or Balanites. They do not pretend to say they will live to be centenarians, but they hope they may.

Prominent among the members of the Hundred-Year Club are Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Theodore Sutor, Dr. Carleton Simons, Dr. H. W. Wiley, Director of the United States pure food display at the Paris exposition; G. W. Smith, Albert Turner, Mrs. May Banks Stacey, John De Witt Warner, Dr. John R. Hayes, of the United States Pension Bureau, Washington, and Col. E. P. Vollum, U. S. A., retired.

Dr. Simons, chairman of the Committee on Statistics, has secured the names of twelve citizens of New York City who are over 100.

Incidentally, the club has learned that in Ireland there are 575 centenarians; in Germany, with its vastly greater population, but 75, while Servia has fully 900 over 100, 120 over 125 and three over 135. Dr. Simons is trying to discover whether these figures can be attributed to the difference in the diets of these people. China is the only nation, so far known to the club, that sets a premium on old age, granting special honors to persons who are 90 or over.

Albert Turner, in discussing the mental phase of longevity, said:

"One of the elements in long life is a conviction that it is our duty to live; that it is not right in itself, aside from other motives, for us to shuffle off this mortal coil until we have filled out a long term. It will, I think, be seen that the importance of this instinctive love of life cannot be overestimated in its relation to health, disease and long life."

### SUPERSTITIOUS WOMEN.

They Place a Great Deal of Confidence in Dreams.

It doesn't seem possible that in this enlightened age superstition could be rife among the educated, but there are nevertheless a number of young women who converse fluently, if not eloquently, in three languages, and who read Spencer and Browning and Emerson, but who place a dreambook with their Bible on the table beside the bed and consult it in the morning the first thing.

With a credulity worth a dark mammy, if their sleep has been visited with unusual visions, they seize this volume as soon as their eyes are fairly opened and look for an explanation. If misfortune is foretold by it, the seeker after knowledge assumes a bravado she is far from feeling.

"I don't care," she says to herself, by way of bolstering up her courage. "I'm not superstitious anyway, and I don't believe in such arrant nonsense." But she's nervous just the same, for a couple of days, until other troubles have driven this mythical one out of her mind.

There's one young woman known to the writer who never dreams of consulting a dreambook on a waking day, but after a few of some dreadful thing happens to her. She has not consulted a dreambook on the subject, and so she doesn't know how infants and bad luck became connected in her mind, but, nevertheless, after she's had a visitant of this sort while sleeping, she says prayers of unusual length and then makes up her mind to be patient under afflictions sore.

She's an intelligent woman, mind you, but she doesn't attempt to explain the terror that besets her at this particular dream.

She doesn't call herself superstitious, of course no woman does, not even the one who won't walk under a ladder, but her friends do, and make light of her until she exposes some fetish of theirs, when the subject is carefully avoided afterward.—Baltimore News.

### Potatoes as Penwipers.

A certain New York hotel uses a bushel of potatoes a year for penwipers on the tables in the writing-rooms. Every morning a large potato is put in a compartment of the pen box, and after 24 hours the potato is removed and another put in. Pens in pen holders are stuck into the potato half a dozen at a time, giving it the appearance of a porcupine. It is claimed that a potato penwiper is the best preservative against rust and mildew that can be secured for the pens.

The women believe a man should face every misfortune with cheerfulness, except the death of his wife.

Every one in love has a right to

## INDUSTRIES OF CUBA.

### AGRICULTURAL HISTORY OF THE ISLAND REVIEWED.

Land Owners, Formerly Cattle Grazers, Are Now Successful Planters—Fruits and Vegetables Are Fine—Sugar and Tobacco.

Agriculture, which is the main industry of Cuba, has been given the most careful attention in the United States census report, which has but recently been issued. There are several chapters in the bulky volume which have been devoted to the subject of agriculture with interesting and valuable results. Special schedules were prepared for the taking of census statistics from the plantations. Even so the greatest difficulty was experienced in procuring accurate statements, since the majority of the farms had been abandoned throughout the war and were still unsettled. Traveling over miles of rough country the census enumerators found everywhere devastation and ruined homes, still deserted and uncared for. Tending to complicate matters also was the fact that many of the plantations had been divided into small patches of ground in order to avoid the taxes levied even on the smallest subdivision of ground at the rate of \$5. The majority of the tenants resulting were but of temporary residence and were able to give almost no information concerning the land and its productive-ness. The schedules which were after much work returned therefore are somewhat defective. Previous to the last war there were in Cuba 60,000 plantations, farms, orchards and cattle ranges, which were valued at \$200,000,000, or about \$200,000,000. The only manufacturing were those produc-



CUBAN NATIVES AND PLANTATION EQUIPMENT.

ing cigars and the sugar mills producing raw sugar, molasses and rum.

Cattle-Raising Formerly General.

In the early days of the island cattle-raising was the principal industry, agriculture being very generally disregarded. The land was held in great open ranges, privately owned but unfenced and almost unguarded, like one great wild country. The chief agricultural products of Cuba are now tobacco and sugar, with some fruit-raising, which of late years has depreciated owing to the almost universal fruit-growing of California. At present there is scarcely more coffee raised than is required for home use, although the soil and climate of the eastern provinces are particularly adapted to coffee-raising, and it is believed that the industry will again be revived. It is likewise believed that the growth of fruit for exportation will receive a new stimulus and that Cuba will rival California in the raising of limes, lemons, oranges, olives, pineapples and many other



AGRICULTURE IN CUBA.

fruits and vegetables. Oranges will grow in any part of the island and are unrivaled for their delicacy of flavor and amount of juice. The largest of the banana farms are in Porto Principe and Santiago, from where they were shipped in large quantities to the United States before the war. The growing and preparation of sugar and tobacco for the foreign market are the largest and richest of Cuba's industries. Statistics for the years from 1893 to 1899 for the production of sugar are as follows:

1893	815,894	1896	225,221
1894	1,054,214	1897	212,051
1895	1,094,204	1898	300,000
Exported to Nassau	83		
Exported to Spain	1,337		
Local consumption, whole year	38,000		
Tons of 2,240 pounds.			

For many years the tobacco trade of Cuba was a crown monopoly, with a royal office and warehouse at Havana and branch houses throughout the provinces. In these storehouses the planters could store their tobacco, receiving such prices as might be established by the crown for each crop. In later years the tobacco monopoly was sold to private companies and was again resumed by the crown in 1760. Finally in 1817 by a royal decree the trade and cultivation of tobacco were declared free on payment of a tax by each planter equivalent to one-twentieth of the product. Since that date the taxes have varied, but have usually been very high.

The average production of tobacco, in bales, in 1894-5 was in the neighborhood of 500,000 bales of fifty kilos, or

\$22,000,000. Of this amount nearly 60 per cent was retained for home consumption and used in the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes, and this is about the proportion with normal crops. Since 1895 the crop has been as follows:

1897	375,000	1898	220,000
1898	88,000	1900	400,000

The amount of the exports to the United States during those years is thus given:

	Pounds.	Value.
1897	4,410,078	\$2,308,067
1898	4,931,450	4,354,078
1899	8,102,974	6,916,360
1900	11,815,451	9,704,331

Except for cigars and cigarettes the numerous forms in which tobacco is used are not manufactured in Cuba. Tobacco is raised as an article of commerce in but four of the six provinces of Cuba, Pinar del Rio, Habana, Santa Clara and Santiago de Cuba, although there is no question but that it could be advantageously raised in the other two. One of the industries which is now practically dead, but which was formerly the source of wealth and fame to the island, is coffee raising. It is one of the industries for which a great future is promised, since it is known that for richness, favor and the productive capacity of the trees the coffee of Cuba is not surpassed by that of any other West India island or by South America.

History of Coffee Production.

In the years 1843 and 1840 violent hurricanes visited Cuba and seriously damaged the coffee crop. Owing to these disasters the increased coffee trade of the East Indies and South America and the larger and more certain profits of sugar cultivation, the coffee industry of Cuba rapidly declined and by 1850 the amount exported was but 192,000 arrobas. The coffee plantations were converted to other uses and the trade in coffee practically disappeared. The world's estimated

about four miles from New Market, in the Stetson highway. When a correspondent called at the farm "Uncle Noah," as he is familiarly called, was in his accustomed place in the sitting room, quietly doing in a large high-backed rocker, where he always sleeps. He never goes to bed, fearing a rush of blood to his head might prove fatal. He is almost totally blind, but is in full possession of his other faculties and seems to enjoy life.

"Uncle Noah" smokes almost incessantly. On pleasant days in the summer months he gropes his way about the dooryard and mingles with the male inmates. His thin, gray, almost snow-white hair and his bent figure denote his great age, though his muscles are firm and he appears quite active.

He has a remarkably clear intellect and his mind is retentive on nearly all subjects. The most noticeable thing about the old man is his slight frame. He is quite thin, weighing less than 100 pounds.

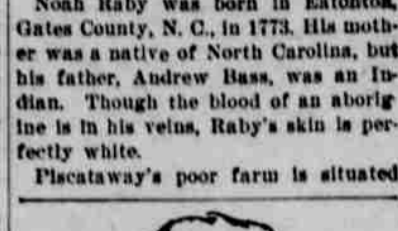
## OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Weak Baby Has Lived One Hundred and Twenty-eight Years.

In the possession of all his faculties, practically unimpaired, there lives a man in the poorhouse at Plainfield, N. J., who has seen 128 winters come and go. "Uncle" Noah Raby enjoys the distinction of being the oldest man in the United States. Not far behind him in point of years is Mrs. Nancy Hollifield of Ellenboro, N. C., who has reached the age of 117. Mr. Raby is said to be the oldest man in America, if not in the world. He has been for thirty years an inmate of the New Jersey institution, and seems contented with his lot.

Noah Raby was born in Eatonon, Gates County, N. C., in 1773. His mother was a native of North Carolina, but his father, Andrew Bass, was an Indian. Though the blood of an aborigine is in his veins, Raby's skin is perfectly white.

Placataway's poor farm is situated



UNCLE NOAH RABY.

which occurred on a railroad train, which, stopping a short time later at a station, the lawyer suggested to the judge that they stretch their legs on the platform. They had not got ten feet from the train when the lawyer suddenly lurched himself upon the judge and at the same time cried aloud for help. A half dozen bystanders rushed to the lawyer's aid, and before the judge realized what had happened he was held by a dozen hands. "All right, thank you," said the lawyer to the men who had come to his aid. "He has hands behind his back, for he's dangerous." This was too much for the judge. "I'm Judge So-and-so," he began with dignity, "and this outrage— Just then he felt a rope on his wrist and his self-possession deserted him and he fairly raved at the indignities that were being heaped upon him. He resorted to language not usually heard from the bench or employed by the judiciary. But the more he said the less effect it seemed to have on his captors.

"Finally he paused for breath and the lawyer in a quiet voice said: 'Are you satisfied now that I was right in the argument?' 'Satisfied' began the judge, hysterically, 'satisfied!' But he got no further. 'Yes, d-n you!' was the manner in which he lowered his colors.

"A few words and judiciously distributed coils among his captors by the lawyer released the judge and enabled him to get upon the train just as the conductor called 'All aboard!'

"In the town where they had stopped was the State lunatic asylum and the advent of lunatics was a part of the town's daily routine. Hence the alacrity with which the judge was seized. 'But it was a pretty rough object lesson,' he complained when he had recovered sufficient equanimity to enter into conversation with his companion. 'Perhaps, but it proved what I said,' was the reply, 'and who knows but that some day it may prove of great value to you and enable you from that experience to prevent or else to right a great wrong.' The judge made no reply, but lost himself in thought.

## QUER STOPS.

The population of the earth doubles itself in 250 years.

Prof. Lloyd Morgan, in a recent address, stated that he had found that young chickens, taken straight from the incubator, could swim very well, the power of swimming being perfectly instinctive.

As seen from the moon, the earth would appear four times greater in diameter and thirteen times wider in surface than the moon does to us. The illumination of the earth is fourteen times greater on the moon than that of the moon on the earth.

The oldest public building in New York City is St. Paul's Chapel, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street. It was built in 1766, ten years before the Declaration of Independence. For some years Gen. Washington was a regular attendant of the church, and his pew is still pointed out to visitors.

The people of the Southern Appalachian mountains number about two million, their descent being from the Scotch Irish, French Huguenots, English and German. They have been in these mountains since long before the revolution. They love their homes and mangle but little with the outside world.

A frequent cause of the oiliness on the outside of lamps is that the wick is kept too high when unlighted. It should be remembered that the wick draws the oil to the surface, and if it projects too far above the burner, it will soon accumulate oil there, which will find its way slowly over the outside.

Saxon makers of needles drove England out of Brazil by wrapping their goods in pink paper instead of black. Other Germans are catering to the fondness of Russians for red in their dress. France recently learned how distasteful green is to a Chinaman, but it cost a good deal of money to make the discovery.

### Friday Superstition.

A row of pattern's houses, very neat" designed, has just been erected at Annapolis, Md. by a certain architect, having advanced a considerable sum for building purposes to the parish council on easy terms. Accommodation is provided for ten persons. A few days ago H. MacPherson, inspector of poor, visited Annapolis in order to superintend the removal of the ten selected female paupers to the new cottages. They all occupied houses which were in a wretched state of disrepair, yet each of them resolutely and preemptorily refused to "fit." In vain did the inspector dilate on the increased comfort and conveniences to be enjoyed in the new dwellings. The aged dames were invincibly proof against all argument—nor did threats of compulsion and sheriff's warrants have any terror for them.

At length it was elicited that the disinclination to remove was based simply on superstition. The day of the week happened to be Friday; and it appears that to change quarters on that particular day constitutes a gross and wanton violation of all the canons governing highland "fitting." On discovering that the perversity manifested by the old women was mainly attributable to "conscientious scruples," the inspector at once agreed to humor them, and the removals were postponed until the following day, when they were accomplished without any opposition or demur.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

The real proof of the pudding is in the possession thereof.

### A Thoughtful Professor.

"Johnny found a half-dollar to-day and bought a pound of chocolates. Wasn't he lucky?" asked the wife of the cranky, analytical professor.

"Lucky?" answered the professor, slowly. "Let us see. He has now created an appetite for chocolates. There is not one chance in a million that he will again find enough money to purchase another pound. His former appetite for gumdrops and cheap candies is now gone. He will turn from them with scorn, yet will not possess enough money to buy chocolates. Would you call him lucky? Always remember, madam, that we are happy with the simple things until we taste the rich and grand. Tell the cook, when you go down, to not serve any more health foods to-day, as I am feeling unwell and need a change of diet."—Indianapolis Sun.

### Two Creeds in One Church.

In the city of Heidelberg, Germany, there is a church called the Church of the Holy Ghost, which is unique in its way, being the only church in the world in which the Protestant and Catholic services are held at the same time, a partition wall through the center separating the two congregations.

### Doctors in China.

A Chinese doctor's fee is perhaps the smallest in the world, ranging from 2d to 5d, but this can be accounted for by the fact that any one can practice as doctor or physician.

## MAD A ROUGH EXPERIENCE.

Is Convinced the Judge that Some Men Might Be Sent to an Asylum.

M. H. Chetwynd, of Philadelphia, in commenting on a recent case where a sane person was released by the courts from an asylum where he had been illegally confined, told the following story: "About twenty years ago a lawyer of prominence got into a controversy on this very point with an equally well-known judge. The lawyer maintained that it was the easiest thing in the world to get a sane person confined in an asylum. The judge, while admitting that it might be possible, held that it would be very difficult and that the difficulties would increase in proportion to the position in society of the intended victim. 'A person's standing in the community presents no obstacle,' said the lawyer. 'Why,' turning suddenly to his companion, 'I could even get you locked up in an asylum if I wanted to.' 'Nonsense,' answered the judge, and then he laughed aloud at the absurdity of the idea and the discussion for the nonce was dropped.

"It occurred on a railroad train, which, stopping a short time later at a station, the lawyer suggested to the judge that they stretch their legs on the platform. They had not got ten feet from the train when the lawyer suddenly lurched himself upon the judge and at the same time cried aloud for help. A half dozen bystanders rushed to the lawyer's aid, and before the judge realized what had happened he was held by a dozen hands. 'All right, thank you,' said the lawyer to the men who had come to his aid. 'He has hands behind his back, for he's dangerous.' This was too much for the judge. 'I'm Judge So-and-so,' he began with dignity, 'and this outrage— Just then he felt a rope on his wrist and his self-possession deserted him and he fairly raved at the indignities that were being heaped upon him. He resorted to language not usually heard from the bench or employed by the judiciary. But the more he said the less effect it seemed to have on his captors.

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