OLD MITCHELL'S LAST VICTIMS.

The Dangers That Environ Men Who Meddle

with a Swamp Angel. One of the worst men in the world, so far as reputation goes, is old Martin Mitchell, who lives in the swamp just back of here, writes a Blackfish, Ark., correspondent to The New York Sun. He a terror to the hard men for hundreds of miles around, and yet personally he is one of the most affable old fellows that ever lived. Not one person in a thousand who tells with prodigious adjectives and expletives of the "swamp angel's" ferocity ever saw him. His reputatation has grown by degrees, until the old colored people have come to look upon him as in partnership with Satan, and many a black mother and nurse scares her little ones by telling them that "dat ole debbil what swums aroun' in de mashes is arter ye!"

Now, the fact is that old man Mitch-

ell, according to his own story and the common judgment of his fellow-men in this vicinity, is a harmless and law-abiding citizen. He has a hut of some kind in the swamp, where he makes his headquarters, but when the weather is good he is just as likely to camp twenty or thirty miles away, wherever nightfall may find him, as he is to be at home. He is a hunter and fisher, and it is probably true that if nobody had ever bothered him he would not have hurt anybody. He has been in the swamp for thirty years or more, killing a man now and then, as occasion seemed to warrant, and making no fuss about it. Heretofore, when these difficulties have occurred, the old man has not thought it worth while to come in and explain matters, or even pay much attention to his victims. If no one claimed them he has buried them in the bullrushes and gone on about his business. The other y, however, he found that he had to kill three men in a bunch, and as this was something unusual, he came to Blackfish to apologize, and eventually went over to Memphis and communisated with the sheriff there on the point. This was the first real glimpse of civilization that the "swamp angel" has had in many years, and he enjoyed Two men named Cummings and

Bryson, living at Memphis, came over into the swamps a short time ago fishng and hunting, and knowing old Mitchell only by reputation they fired several shots at him, one of them inflicting a painful wound. The old man lay low for a while, then arming himself he got a canoe and made pursuit. He found the trail a difficult one, but being thoroughly acquainted with every nook in the great river, he knew that unless they took to land he would eventually overtake them. He followed them seventy-five miles down stream and then lost them. He waited there three or four days without finding a trace of them, but at length he was informed that they had gone north, and he started after them. During all this long chase he passed almost his entire time in his dugout, and only went ashere as he tound it necessary in order to lay in provis-

At length he found them, near his own swamp. He had gone ashore in the brush in order to cook a little coffee, and, hearing voices, peered out on the river. There was a boat, with Cummings, Bryson, and an unknown man in it. Seizing his rifles, the old man made for a tree and opened fire. the men in the boat standing up and next brought down Bryson, who also fell out of the boat. The stranger was then left standing alone, with a revolver in each hand, with which he was making the bark on the old man's tree fly. Mitchell took careful aim and fired, and the stranger dropped in the boat, which was drifting slowly down stream. Satisfying himself that the job had been well-done, the old man got into his canoe and came up to his hut, where he rested a day or two, and then, with the idea of telling how it happened, he came to town and reported.

In conversation Mitchell is very agreeable. He said to the sheriff here: "This here last little difficulty of mine was on a bigger scale than anything that I've ever been in before, and You that's what troubled me a little. see, I know a white man's rights every time, and I wouldn't bother you at all with this matter only I wanted the thing all straight. If it ain't all straight just put your clamps on me, If it is I want to be getting back to business. I've had shooting before, but only one at a time, and everyone of them was of some cuss who wanted to murder me. I'm a harmless man, and yet I never shoot without hitting something. It's been my luck always to be on the defensive. Every man that I've been compelled to kill has come at me wrong, and I wouldn't harm anybody if everybody would let been in before is because you were busy, and I knew there w'an't any case against me. If this last thing is all right I'll get back to the swamp."

As no complaint has been filed, the swamp angel is evidently to be left undisturbed by the authorites. With a little better understanding between him and the fellows that prowl around his headquarters and take him for a wild man there might be less blood-

Lord Dudley's Heavy Bets.

Those sporting papers which have alluded to the sensational wages with which the late Earl of Dudley used from time to time to astonish the racing world have somehow omitted to record the last bet which he ever made, and which consisted in laying £10,000 to £4,000 on Petrarch, at Ascot, for the twenty-third Triennial, when Morning Star won. Into the circumstances of that memorable race we have no wish to inquire. Lord Dudley, it is well known, refused to settle the bet for some weeks afterward, and did not engage in any subsequent turf transactions. He had not, indeed, paid a visit to any race-course of recent years, and had long since ceased to take any interest in the "sport of kings." His wagers, as a rule, were very successful ones-were

chiefly negotiated on the classic races. He had £9,000 to £2,000 about Reine for the Oaks of 1872, and in a later year netted an equally large amount by the successes of Marie Stewart, Apology and Spinaway. With many racing men the story of his having offered to bet £20,000 to £10,000 on Macgregor for the Derby of 1870 is very familiar. The late Mr. J. B. Morris was the bookmaker who on that occasion declined the sensational wager, only to see Macgregor beaten a quarter of an hour afterward. His feelings may be imagined.-Whitchall

Disposal of the Dead.

"A statement made by the counsel for the Greenwood cemetery association at the recent investigation into the management of the cemetery's af-fairs is one to make people think more of cremation than ever before," said a gentleman who was present at the investigation to a Mail and Express reporter. "This was, that it was most injudicious to allow relatives or friends to be present when remains which had long been in a grave were taken out to be transferred to some other place, because the coffin was likely to have become decayed and the remains had to be taken up with a shovel. Just think of that! I actually believe I'd rather have the urn idea adopted in place of the present burial system, odd as it seems,'

An officer of a cremation company, when asked by a reporter for particulars regarding the mode of disposing of the dead suggested by the above remark, said that from all observations cremation is destined at no distant day to supersede the practice of grave burials because it had none of their offensive features. "As now conducted at Gotha, Milan, and other points of Europe," he added, "cremation is not for a moment to be confounded with the offensive custom of burning on the open pyre, as practiced by the ancients. It is effected in a superheated air chamber, which allows no contact of flame or fuel with the body, while all the gases and volatile products of combustion are completely regenerated and rendered innocuous and odorless before being liberated. Why, an approved modern crematory might be erected in Madison square, and but for transporting the dead bodies thither, could not be an offense to any one. The process is accompanied with no repulsive sight, sound, smell, noise

"What is this process?" was asked. "The body, covered with a pail, is placed on a catafalque in the chapel or reception hall, whence it descends noiselessly by means of an elevator to the incinerating chamber. This, by means of superheated air, has been raised to a white heat at a temperature of about 2,000 degrees fahrenheit. When opened to receive the body the in-rushing cold air cools this chamber to a delicate rose tint, and the body, after remaining an hour in this bath of rosy light, is completely decomposed. Nothing remains but a few pounds (about 4 per cent of the original weight) of clean, pure, pearly ashes. These are then taken out and put in an urn of terra cotta, marble, or other suitable material, and placed in a niche of the columbarium or delivered to the friends of the deceased. "What is the usual cost of crema-

tion?" "The cost of such a disposal of the human body, after it reaches the crematory, is from \$10 to \$25, according returning it with great spirit. At Mitchell's second shot Cummings added, if desired, \$5 for an urn and \$10 each for a niche in the columbarium, where the urn may be kept. with an inscribed tablet placed in the wall below the niche commemorative of the deceased. Thus the entire expense would not be over \$50 .- New York Mail and Express.

The Publisher Crushed.

"I am, indeed, glad to hear that you are prospering in your newspaper ven-ture," said a gentleman to the editor. "Thanks," responded the quill

"Yes, I am indeed, glad to hear that you are doing so well. A man who has struggled along so bravely as you have, deserves to be successful. Close application and persistant work demands recognition. See how I have labored, long and most industriously, and can look back to the time when a dollar was as big as a cart wheel, but, by preservance and hard work, I have been enabled to count my wealth by the thousands.

"Fortune has, indeed, favored you." "It has for a fact, and the heroic efforts of every man should be fully appreciated by those who have a soul within him, and is financially able to

do so."
"True, every word of it," said the editor, who was now assured that a two dollar subscription was almost within his grasp, and another honored name would find itself on the "annointed list" of his subscribers. But me alone. The reason that I've never you know us publishers experience great difficulty in collecting our subscription money, we are put off with various excuses, and wear out our souls in our frantic efforts to collect what is due us."

"What is the subscription price to your paper?" asked the gentleman as

he put his hand in his pocket.
"Only two dollars," replied the editor. "Only two dollars a year, post-age paid."
"Let me see," said the gentleman,

'that's only five cents a week, cheap enough. You may send it to me for a vear. The editor smiled a beautiful smile,

which was instantaneously transmogrified into a scowl that was a cross between the laugh of a frightened dude, and the snarl of a subdued carion, when the gentleman concluded

by saying:
"Here's five cents for the next issue, and you can send your boy to the house every Saturday and collect the same amount. I like to encourage home talent."-Pretzel's Weekly.

American carpet-makers are excelling their English competitors in artistic achievements American artisans and artists have so ofte shown that they can, if properly encouraged come off triumphantly in any field of rivalry, that it behooves American buyers to wholl abandon their unnatural worship of European Pade marks. - The Current.

PENCILINGS FROM LIFE.

·HAVE you anything to say in mitigation of your crime?

"Can't say as I have." "Have you anything to say before sentence is passed, why the full penalty of the law should not be exacted?"

either. 'Well, what is it?"

"I never writ any spring poetry." "It is enough The penalty shall be as light as the law allows. Ten days; and you shall have turkey every meal at my expense, for I used to run a newspaper myself."

"I CANNOT marry him, mamma, so please do not urge me further."

"But, my dear child, he is-"I know what you would say, mamma, but it cannot be. I will not be his wife." "Foolish girl! Why will you be so blind to your own interests? He is all

that could be wished, and has no bad abits. "You do not know him, mamma?"

"What do you mean?" "He eats onions. "But Cupid is blind."

"That may be, but he can smell, and se can I, and I'll never throw myself away on a man that goes around smelling like a bologna factory half the time, if I have to be an old

"Hello, Duffy; I heard you was out

West."
"Yes I have been, but I got back Saturday.

"How did you like it?" "Well, I was a good deal disappointed. Things have been misrepresented like the mischief."

"You don't tell me." "You can't believe anything you hear. Why, bless you, I was even disappointed about the wind. You know what whopping big sto-ries they tell about the wind out there?"

"Yes." "Well, don't you believe them. heard about the tall blowing in the prairie countries I went out west expecting to see a good share of the people laying down and holding on to the grass to keep from being blowed away, but I didn't see anything of the kind. You may stand a board straight up against the house, and the wind will hold it there three weeks at a stretch, but when it comes to blowing the hair from a dog slick and clean, why it just can't do it, that's all."

"I'll own that I love you, but-"Blessed gir!! And you will be my wife? "I say I love you --- "

"Of course you do, and you are a darling for doing it. But when shall we be married, my love?" "It can not be.

"What! Not be! But you said you oved me-"Yes; too true; but I can not be

"But why, my darling? Do your folks forbid?"

"No. On the contrary, my mother tavors your suit, and has urged me to

"Then where's the hitch?" "Alas! I can not tell you."

accept you.

Ledger.

"But you must." "I can not bring myself to do it."

And why not? "I would not wound your feelings." "Fudge on my feelings! Out with What's wrong?"
"Please do not insist."

"But I do insist. Come, what's the trouble?" "I could never respect you—I saw you kick the dog. Oh, Harry! how could you—boo-hoo!"

"And is that all? Ha-ha! My! what a fright you gave me. I thought it was something serious. There's no drawback about that, and we'll be married as soon as you can get ready. You poor little goose! If every woman had to respect her husband there'd be precious few weddings."-Chicago

A Fair Distiller.

Miss Bettie Smith, of Fentress county, Tenn., has been arrested on a charge of illicit distilling and has been taken to Nashville. She is said to be handsome and accomplished, and is supposed to have written that wild and stirring romance "The Blue Headed Sap-Sucker or The Rock Where the Juice Ran cut." Col. Harvey Mathes, editor of the Memphis Ledger says that Miss Smith is undoubtedly the author of the story. This is a start-ling revelation in Tennessee. At one time Colonel Mathes offered three thousand dollars for the discovery of

When Miss Smith was arraigned before the United States court, she conducted herself with such grace and dignity, that the polite old judge, deeply impressed, arose and made her a profound bow.
"Miss Smith," said the judge, "to

ee you in this awful predicament seriously touches me."

of illicit distilling?"

"It does me too, judge."
"How old are you?"
"Judge, you should not ask such a question, but I will tell you. Iam two years older than my married sister, who was married before she was as old as I am. She has been married eighteen months and still speaks well

of her husband. Now how old am I?" "I am not to blame for your mathematical inefficiency." "Why did you go into the business

Because I wanted to make whis-"I suppose so. How long have you been a distiller?"

"Ever since I was sixteen years "When were you sixteen years old?" "The year my father died." "What year was that?"

"The year my Uncle Henry moved Texas. this awful charge, you will be sent to Boston Budget.

the penitentiary. What did you do with the whisky you made?'

"Who bought it?" "Well, judge, it would be rather hard to tell who bought it all. Some time ago a party of gentlemen came out into my neighborhood to hunt "Well, no; I reckon not."
"You have nothing then, to offer in extenuation of your misconduct?"
"Hold on a minute, Judge; I believe there is one little thing; but I don't know as it will count for much, full of whisky. He did so."

"Would you know the man?" "Oh, yes, sir, I recognized him in a moment. You are the man, judge." Arkansaw Traveler.

Successful Drummer. The Sun has always maintained that the traveling men, the "drummers," had more enterprise and vinegar in their composition than any class of men in the known world. The idea has been illustrated the past few weeks by the drummer Howard, traveling for the Colt firearms company, of Hartford. The company desired to bring the merits of their Gatling gun before the people. It was a gun that they prided themselves on, and all they wanted was a chance to show it. The reaper manufacturers send reapers to Texas early in the season, with experts to work them on the ripening grain, and why should not the gun men go where the rebels were ripe for cutting down. Howard took his sample case of gun and checked it to Winnipeg. He called on Gen. Middleton and asked for permission to show his goods, and the general told him to pack up and come along to where the crop of rebel half breeds was waiting for the harvest. Howard took his gun and a package of circulars and went to the front, and when the battle was going on, he unpacked his machine and opened on the enemy. He mowed them down right and left, and the Canadian troops stopped firing and watched the Yankee with his pepper box. There was no use in their fooling away time firing their single guns, when Howard could throw a basket full of balls right into the ranks of the half breeds by simply turning a crank. It was the greatest success that any did, and I got fooled. From what I'd drummer ever met with since the agent for a cathartic pill visited a bilious neighborhood years ago and gave away pills to all who would take them. As the farmers of Texas gather around a successful reaper at a trial, and order machines for their own use, so the Canadian soldiers gathered around Howard, complimented him, and shook his hand, and said they would have to have some of those guns. The modest drummer admitted that the slain were not his enemies at all, but he had simply killed them in the way of business, and he hoped there would be no hard feeling. He felt like asking the pardon of the widows and orphans that he had made by his experiments, but business was business, and he hoped they would recognize the necessity of a man earning an honest living, though it became necessary to depopulate a country in doing so. All he asked was a trial of his goods and he would guarantee satisfaction, or it should not cost a cent. To make the affair complete, there should have been drummers present from an embalming establishment, to demonstrate how easily and cheaply bodies could be embalmed, so they would retain the natural appearance until the remairs could be taken home. Dealers in coffins at wholesale might ave been with Middleton with ples of goods, and the Rochester man who sells those beautiful hearses might have been present with a few hearses to sell to the half breeds. War is a peculiar science, and it is necessary, probably, to kill people, but it is not necessary and it is not right for business men to murder human beings in order to sell goods. This case may be overlooked because the rebels who were killed were poor and friendless, but as Howard was not an enlisted Canadian soldier, he had a narrow escape from being a premeditated murderer. If that Gatling gun had been used as an advertisement on the rioters at Joliet, and the drummer had killed anybody, not being an enlisted soldier of the State of Illinois, he would have been murdered. or tried for murder, and his employers, the Colt Arms Co., would very likely have been mulcted in damages for millions of dollars. It is possible they may now. If the families of those killed by Howard can prove that he killed them, as an authorized agent of the millionaires of Connecticut, and they can get justice in the courts, there is no dead sure thing that the experiment of selling guns by killing people for fun, as the ferret kills rats, may not prove the most expensive piece of business ever indulged in by a Yankee rustler. The Colts may be made bankrupt by that one experiment, and few would regret it if they There is such a thing as car-"business" too far .- Peck's

A Small Boy's Ingenuity.

The invention of the valve motion to a steam engine was made by a mere boy. Newcomen's engine was in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that there was no way to open or close the valves except by means of levers operated by hand. He set up a large engine at one end of the mines. and a boy (Humphrey Potter) was hired to work these valve levers. Although this is not hard work, yet it required his constant attention. As he was working the levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the same time he had

to open and close the valves. He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine and the other end to the valve-lever, and the boy had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion. A short time after the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the en-gine, he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of his invention. The idea suggested by the boy's "Miss Smith, you are a woman, but inventive genuis was put into practicinsist that you shall answer my ques- al form, and made the steam engine ions. Remember that if convicted of an automatic working machine .-

EVIDENCES OF EVOLUTION.

Birds Are Lineal Descendants of Reptiles the Most Hideous Type. Evolution is a bugbear at which a great many minds take fright, thinkng that it attempts to wrest from the Supreme Being one of His attributes, that of a creator. Those partly informed regarding the theory, and from the nature of the case it can be only a theory, think evolution teaches that man descended from a baboon or a chimpanzee, or was actually one of these animals. The theory, of course, does not teach this at all, but only that every form of life existing at present is developed or perfected from some earlier form—as, for instance,

probably very unlike either. In the absence of light on the subject, it requires no more assurance to say that this reasonable way was God's way than to affirm that it was any other way. The fact that some other manner has been accepted for a long time as the right one does not make it right. As the Scriptures do not enlighten us one way or another as to the method of creation, then it seems just as presuming in us mortals to say that it was by special acts of creation as that evolution was Go'ds plan.

that man and the gorrilla are both de-

scendants of some common progenitor

LINEAL DESCENDANTS OF REPTILES. That the birds as we now have them are direct descendants of or modifications of the early reptiles every one who has studied the subject believes not descendants of any reptile existing at present, perhaps, but of some pre-existing species from which both our birds and our reptiles have descended.

In fact, the account of creation given in Genesis nearly says so. It says: "And God said, 'Let the water bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven."

The beaks of many early birds whose remains are found in the rocks were of a lizard-like character and bore true teeth. In our birds they are greatly modified, and so diverse that it formed the basis of a classification now nearly gone out of use, the only true and safe classifiction being known as the morphological one, or that based upon the form of the bird, especially of its

The bill classification is very faulty, as for instance all of the long, thinbilled birds were put into the same class. This included the humming bird in the same class as the nut hatch, birds differing so materially in form, habits and skeleton that a mere tyro would not think of placing them in the same order.

Although not a characteristic sufficiently distintive for a classification, still the terms used are of value in describing birds, and one looking at a collection with this in view will be surprised at the great variation in shape. Each bird has that form of bill best suited to its habits and mode of obtaining a livelihood.

WHY THEY DIFFER. Every one knows the difference be-tween a hard and soft bill; the former for cracking seeds, and the latter for eating insects. A glance at the robin sparrow or finch bill will show the distinction. There is also a similarity between the long bill of the robin and that of the woodcock or snipe, both of which bore into the ground for insects. The woodcock, however, depends entirely upon this method; consequently its bill is longer, thinner, and provided with a coverthat it can not bore into any but very soft earth, and it is by the presence of these holes, or "borings," as hunters call them, that their presence is de-tected. The bill of the meadow lark is for the same use, but they also eat berries and fruit, hence they are provided with the angle in the beak, which enables them to swallow quite

large substances. In Florida and other states where vegetables are raised in winter, the meadow larks spending the winter there make such havoc upon the peas and beans that considerable loss is sustained. They can open a pea pod and scoup out the row of peas in short order. A gentleman in Florida who suffered loss through them, in answer to the query what hird he liked hest there, answered, "I like the turkey buzzard, because he won't eat any-thing but meat." If he had considered, however, that the larks also eat the insects which destroy his vegetables and orange trees, while the buzzards only eats carrion and an occasional chicken, he would find the bal-

ance of good on the side of the lark. This same planter heard from a neighbor that if he would feed his chickens strychnia beans it would not hurt the fowls, but would poison any bird of prey which would happen to steal the chicken. He tried it, and found next to his surprise-what? Dead chickens? No, but dead hawks, and the chickens as gay and happy as ever. The reason probably is that, being grain eaters, the fowls were unaffected, but as the hawks ate the entrails confaining the poison, and being meat eaters, their digestive systems took in the strychnine, resulting in death.

MADE TO ORDER.

Among the odd modifications of bills is the cross-bill. This bird seemingly would be utterly unable to get any food whatever, and when first noticed was thought to have a deformity. but observation of its habits showed that it lives upon the seeds of pine cones, and with its crooked bill it can flirt the seeds out in a way that must be a source of envy to other birds.

The hook at the end of the bee bird's bill enables it to snap insects while on the wing and hold them securely. The bill is flattened and very wide at the base, which also enables it to secure its prey. This family very seldom pick up an insect, but fly through the air, seize the beetle or fly, and re-turn to the same limb. Swallows have the same habits of capturing prey on the wing, as also does the whippoorwill. The size of the latter's mouth is marvelous, and besides being a good bug-trap it makes a use of its mouth which probably no other bird does. It lays one or two eggs, never more, on the bare ground, and, when suddenly surprised, gathers from small vermin.

them up in its wide mouth and flies to

to a place of safety.

Bills called dentirostral are toothed. This tooth may occur any place from the tip back to the rictus or angle of the mouth. So many birds are so provided that it was folly for the old classifiers to put them all in the same order. With equal reason might parrots and eagles be classed together because both have hooked beaks. The hook serves quite different purposes in these families. In birds of prey the hook is used in tearing pieces from the food, while in the parrot tribe it is used for very little else than as a hand to grasp branches as the bird makes his way among tree tops. It is with the under bill and tongue that the parrot breaks into nuts or chews his food, as anyone who has a parrot can easily notice.

The blunt, strong bill of the woodpecker family, shown in the smallest of the family, the downy woodpecker, is most admirably adapted to the pecking and drilling which he loves to practice in uncovering a nest of ants or boring beetle; and as no other bird can get at these lurkers the larder of this family is always full and safe from intruders. Some writers have sympathized with them because they work so hard for a living, but they like to do it, and no happier bird lives in the wood than the woodpecker. With his drill he can secure his food and dig a hole where his young is safe, and where he can retire himself in times of danger or inclement weather.

The stumpy bill of the tit family serves them well in seed eating, cracking the shells of beetles or nipping off tender and juicy buds. In fact no in-ventor could fashion for a family a better shaped tool than each possesses in his peculiar beak which the circumstances of thousands of years and the guidance of an Allwise Being have evolved for him .- Tom Lyon, in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Fruit Eaters Need No Doctors.

We were struck recently by the re-

marks of a doctor friend of ours, who said no one thing will do so much to make people independent of the medical profession as the daily free use of fruit. He had noticed that those farmers in whose families fruit was regularly and largely consumed seldom needed his services. We thought what a pity that every farmer in the land could not be convinced of these truths. It is a deplorable fact that farmers' families do not enjoy that robust health that country air and outdoor life, with plenty of exercise, should give. It is also a fact that liv-, ing on farms whose rich acres are aching to produce abundant crops of the varied fruits, but very few have plenty, and many never have any fruit, except it may be an occasional apple. The standard food in a majority of farmers' houses consist largely of bread, butter and meat (mostly pork) fried in grease, and where pastry or cake is used, it has lard in large proportions in its composition; and this food is eaten at least twice, and in many families, three times a day, year in and year out. Is it any wonder that they are not more healthy, and that their prevailing diseases are such as indicate an over-consumption of greasy food? If fruits were expensive or difficult to raise, there would be some excuse; but there is no part of the country without plenty of varieties adapted to its soil and climate, and just such as are fitted by nature to both nourish and cleanse the body, and no more skill is ing which is very sensitive, so much so required to grow them than to grow corn or wheat.

Why is it that so few farmers make any attempt to provide an adequate supply of what would add much to their pleasure, and save many times its cost in doctors' bills, to say nothing of the sufferings and loss of their dear ones. We entreat you, decide just now not to let the spring pass without planting a fruit yard. Surely it is better to grow fruit than to be continually dosing with medicine!-Rural New Yorker.

A Female Gambler.

"See that pretty girl over there,

"Yes. She's pretty, ain't she?" "I should say so. Looks modest don't she?"

"I never saw a more modest girl in my life. "Well she is modest, but would you think that she could make the most

successful female gambler in Evansville, and not half try?" "No. How could she?" "Well, you see, I saw her on the street the other day and mistook her for my sister, and I walked up behind

her and put my hand on her shoulder, only once mind you, and gave her a little pat, and she turned around and I never saw such a flush on a girl's face in my life." "I don't see anything relative to

gambling in her action.' "You can't see anything. Didn't I tell you I only put my hand on her once?

"Yes. What of it?" "Why, don't you see she had a 'pat flush the first hand." He saw .- Evansville Argus.

How to Cultivate Fruit Trees.

1. Instead of "trimming up" trees according to the old fashion, to make them long-legged and long-armed, trim them down, so as to make them even, snug and symmetrical.

2. Instead of manuring heavily in a small circle at the foot of the tree, spread the manure, if needed at all, broadcast over the whole surface, where the ends of the roots can get it. 3. Instead of spading a small cir-

ele about the stem, cultivate the whole surface broad cast. 4. Prefer a well pulverized, clean surface in an orchard, with a moderately rich soil, to heavy manuring and

a surface covered with a hard crust and weeds and grass. 5. Remember that it is better to set out ten trees with all the necessary. care to make them live and flourish, than to set out a hundred trees and

have them all die from carelessness. 6. Remember that tobacco is a poison, and will kill insects rapidly if properly applied to them, and is one of the best drugs freeing fruit trees