

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, near Blackfish, Ark. correspondent to The New York Sun.

Now, the fact is that old man Mitchell, according to his own story and the common judgment of his fellow-men in this vicinity, is a harmless and law-abiding citizen.

Two men named Cummings and Bryson, living at Memphis, came over into the swamps a short time ago fishing and hunting, and knowing old Mitchell only by reputation they fired several shots at him.

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.

Lord Dudley's Heavy Bets. Those sporting papers which have allied 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.

chiefly negotiated on the classic races. He had £3,000 to £2,000 about to 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.

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 affairs 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.

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.

"What is this process?" was asked. "The body, covered with a pall, 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.

"The cost of such a disposal of the human body, after it reaches the crematory, is from \$10 to \$25, according to circumstances. To this may be 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.

The Publisher Crushed. "I am, indeed, glad to hear that you are prospering in your newspaper venture," said a gentleman to the editor.

"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 persistent 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 perseverance and hard work, I have been enabled to count my wealth by the thousands."

"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 "announced list" of his subscribers. But 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."

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:

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

FENCIBLES FROM LIFE.

"HAVE you anything to say in mitigation of your crime?" "Can't say a word."

"I CANNOT marry him, mamma, so please do not urge me further." "But, my dear child, he is—"

"HELLO, Duffy; I heard you was out West." "Yes I have been, but I got back Saturday."

"I did, and I got fooled. From what I'd 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 blown away, but I didn't see anything of the kind."

"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 Ledger.

A Fair Distiller. Miss Bettie Smith, of Pentress 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 out." Col. Harvey Mathes, editor of the Memphis Ledger says that Miss Smith is undoubtedly the author of the story. This is a startling revelation in Tennessee. At one time Colonel Mathes offered three thousand dollars for the discovery of the author.

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 see you in this awful predicament seriously touches me." "It does me too, judge." "How old are you?" "Judge, you should not ask such a question, but I will tell you. I am 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 cannot tell." "I am not to blame for your mathematical inefficiency." "Why did you go into the business of illicit distilling?" "Because I wanted to make whiskey." "I suppose so. How long have you been a distiller?" "Ever since I was sixteen years old." "When were you sixteen years old?" "The year my father died." "What year was that?" "The year my Uncle Henry moved to Texas." "Miss Smith, you are a woman, but I insist that you shall answer my questions. Remember that if convicted of this awful charge, you will be sent to

EVIDENCES OF EVOLUTION.

Birds Are Lineal Descendants of Reptiles of the Most Hideous Type. Evolution is a bugbear at which a great many minds take fright, thinking 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 bill classification is very faulty, as for instance all of the long, thin-billed birds were put into the same class. This included the hummingbird in the same class as the nut hatch, birds differing so materially in form, habits and skeleton that a mere try would not think of placing them in the same order.

Every one knows the difference between a hard and soft bill; the former for cracking seeds, and the latter for eating insects. A glance at the robin and sparrow or inch 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 covering which is very sensitive, so much so that 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 detected. 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 lark, spending the winter there, makes such havoc upon the peas and beans that considerable loss is sustained. They can open a pea pod and scoop out the row of peas in short order. A gentleman in Florida who suffered loss through them, in answer to the query what bird he liked best there, answered, "I like the turkey buzzard, because he won't eat anything 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 eat carrion and an occasional chicken, he would find the balance 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—that? 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 containing 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 flit 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 return 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

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 engine, he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of his invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put into practical form, and made the steam engine an automatic working machine.—Boston Budget.

FRUIT EATERS NEED NO DOCTORS.

We were struck recently by the remarks 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 life and outdoor life, with plenty of exercise, should give. It is also a fact that lying on farms whose rich acres are abounding 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 had 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 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, Jim?" "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 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 circle about the stem, cultivate the whole surface broad cast.