#### A THRENODY ON GARFIELD.

The following threnody has been written by Mrs. Ellen Key Blunt, a daughter of Francis S. Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner." and has just been received from her by Bishop Huntington of this city. Mrs. Blutt was well known twenty years ago in Baltimore, New York, Buston and in Europe, as a public reader of lyrical poetry, and is now resting in Wales.

GABTIELD.

How benutiful it was to die as he has died, Making a calm around him by the force Of his great soul, commanding peace from strik And changing all the discord into rest-A heavenly music heard as life departs !

How wonderful it was that the accured hate Which smote him brought forth only loyal love Like some holy bell that being struck Resounds with wondrous sweetness, sounding on Through all the spaces to etarnity.

How noble was his dauntless tortitude Which, as he lay expiring, day by day, Made him almast control his destiny, And look upon his forture with a smile.

His life wasted in great patience, wonderingly, His watchers watched him. They were no alone

his own people, but his watchers were the

From far off abores and seas with pitiful, Bad yearnings toward him as his star we down.

Nine times ten million souls in his own tongo Proved to the Almighty for his single life; But he had risen too near heaven in his gro

flight To stoop again to earth, and so God took him, Like a star folded in more perfect light.

And he is dead, and multiples have come To his dead presence, and, with solemn care, Moving in alence to the measured strain He level, in mournful aweet monotony Repeated, as they here him step by step Through harvest fields of ripening trodden grai The They laid him reverently, gently down Where all the sheaves of earth are garnered the lost.

Upon his pulseless form are richly pilod Wreaths, garlands of the late yet lavish bloom Of the period summer, with the exquisite thrill Of life so fresh upon their shining leaves. ners are furied around him, and the flag We love droops mourning o'er the mourn

And from afar beyond our land and takes, From the great world that watched him wor

deringly Come kind farewells and tender sympathies. Pity has told hef tale in every tongue. And Kings have claimed him courade, hand in hand.

Panas has recorded him Love has rewarded him. Mether, wife, children and people west over him England accounted him Kindred by blood. All that are great and good, Have as his mourners stood While he lay, day by day, passing away.

A Queen sends comfort in words of cheer,

al flowers to fade on his bloody hier. God save the Qosen when her last hour is next

The North was his by birth, The South is his by death 1 He conquered by suffering grandly borne Our long charished strifes ; they are gone, and

Standing together we look on his pale dead face. To whom we had given, the elected, a power

more great Than any King's. Together we revere The majesty with which he laid it down At fied a command. Fogether we shall love His memory, and each other for his sake. And for the heart so high that he "could hate no man."

God rest him? He has rected him! Nothing can "burt" him more,

"Did he say anything as you come along?

"No; can't say as he did. That is, not about the shootin' scrape. We was quite sociable, though; got along splen-

The quiet man with the gentle voice was Jack Martin, a self-appointed Sheriff of Battlesnake Gulch, and the Jim alluded to was Jim Blake. To put it mildly, Jim Blake was a prominent member of the Society of Tough Citizens. His career prior to the time he put in an appearance at the Gulch was to a certain extent shrouded in mystery, and it was the opinion of those who knew him that he had some objection to fur oncet. having his past alluded to, ever since the time he hinted as much to Black Sandy Macpherson by shooting at him for asking, "What was your name, Jim, There was a afore you come here !" rumor affoat, how started no one knew, to the effect that Jim Blake was identical with a well-known character in Southern Texas, who was known to have contributed heavily to local gravevards in various localities; but as the Texas desperado had been a man who had no objection to "taking his man in" from behind a fence with the aid of a double-barreled shot-gun, and as Jim,

whatever his faults might be, always fought fair, this story was probably slanderons in character. It did not need, however, any Texas record to establish Jim Blake's reputa-

tion. A matchless shot with a revolver, wit a mind keenly alive to insult from those who, for reasons he best knew himself, had provoked him, a heart which did not shrink from murder, Jim was about as dangerous an individual as one would meet in a long day. And yet he unquestionably had qualities which were very attractive. He was generous with that showy generosity which always attracts men so much, and a pleasanter fellow, when he was in a good temper, it was hard to find. And it may be said with truth that Jim was generally goodtempered when he was sober. Let him take two or three glasses of whisky, how-

ever, and he was about as ugly as a man could be. The cause of his arrest by by Jack Martin was a shooting scrape which had occurred but a few days before, in which he had shot an inoffensive

individual called Bill Johnston. The offence given was a remark by the deceased to the effect that he considered

Jim's famous sorrel horse, "little mor'n a cayuse;" a term which, when applied to horseflesh, is about the most oppro brious one which can be used, in the mind of a Western man. Shortly after saying this Mr. Johnston's acquaintanceship with horses terminated suddenly. It was the first murder which had been

committed by Jim, and would probably have been passed by and condoned had it not been that but a few days before he had spoken very disrespectfully of "606" -the popular name for the court of Judge Lynch. The shooting coming while the community was still smarting under the remarks applied by Jim to an institution which was looked upon at the time-57-as being a kind of judicial fetish, it was resolved that if the murderer could be brought back Judge Lynch should sit upon the case. Jack Martin, a partner of the deceased, promptly volunteered to induce Jim to

WAS.

against a post Fuller, with his

judge, as he approached.

You know that yourself, Judge.

Seems as how must on us is here.

"Don't mind if I do, seein' it's you.

While the barkeeper was mixing the

attentive group, and began to speak:

Jim Blake ought to be tried for his

erime. / It's mostly the custom in such cases, and provided for, to have a court,

and to allow the prisoner the benefit of

counsel; leastwise if he can find any one

as don't believe he's guilty, to take the

planks in the shape of a V was soon made.

upon the only chair in the temporary

court. Certain men in the crowd moved

naturally to the front and sat on the

been there before. Opposite the "judge"

clear and bright, and from where the

behind them the hills towering high into

What is your pleasure in the

a smile. "Suppose 606'll kinder show

what they kin do now; won't they

"Shouldn't wonder. You hadn't ought

feet away.

Judge?

mences?

office.

jury.

premises, gentlemen?"

Gimme a sour.'

of a shot-gun, and the result of his mis- Jim's critter-" sion has already been announced to the

"Got any objection to him, Jim?" asked shot. But being as it's different, it's

the 'judge." "None as J knows on." "Very well. Who'll volunteer for the defense?" asked his honor, glancing, as he spok but I think in this camp, and plead licker as he spoke, around the circle. There was a dead silence.

some one must defend "Gentlemen, the prisoner." Again silence, broken at last by Phil

Belcher. "I ain't very much on the talk, but I won't stand by and see a man hung without saying one word for him, anyway. So ef you, Jedge, will take me an'ef Jim ain't got no objection, I'll be li'yer tors gathered themselves into

"I'll take you, old man, an' glad to do " was Jim's remark. The "judge" nodded, and Phil. walked

into the open space.

a minute, an' ef this court 'll adjourn an' his hand, while the half-smoked eigar take a drink, I'll be all ready when they gets back."

"Well, it ain't exactly regular, but dunno but what it might be done. What does the counsel for the people say? I mean you, Jack."

"Me ?" said Jack. "I ain't got no ob jection."

"This court stands adjourned for long enough time to liquor. Hank and Rhody, you can let Jim talk to Phil, but you're 'sponsible for all that. Your drinks will be brought out to you."

drinks will be brought out to yon." "Jim," said the judge, "you have And so saying the "judge" rose from the bench, and taking the arm of the the bench, and taking the arm of the foreman, of the jury led the way into the store, followed by the crowd.

In about twenty minutes they all returned and once more took their seats. The "judge," after lighting a cigar, and settling himself in his chair, nodded to Jack Martin, and said: "Fire away."

"May it please the court," said Jack, sing, "on Thursday last the prisoner, rising, 'on Thursday last the prisoner, Jim Blake, laid out my partner, Bill Johnston, and we had to bury poor Bill on Friday in consekence. There weren't no reason for the shootin' as I can see. 1 were there, an' all I hearn were Bill say somethin' 'bout a caynse; an' for sayin' that he got shot, an' buried out in the woods. It's my opinion that Jim Blake ought to be hung.

"Gentlemen of the jury, the case is before you. Phil, ef yon've got anything to say, say it now, or forever after hold your tongue."

"In course I've got something to say, Judge; that's what I'm here for. Gentlemen, I don't deny as how Jim shot Billy, but I must say as he had some excuse. Jim had lickered up consider-'ble, and when Bill 'lowed that ar sorrel hoss weren't no mor'n a cayuse, Jim fired. It don't seem much for a man to say a hoss is a cayuse, but you all knows that callin' a critter such a name as that sin't no compliment, no way you can look at it. An' we all knows Jim's critter is rare Eastern stock, and no mistake. I leaves it to you whether you'd stand by an'hear your stock insulted. I don't believe you would. I'm sure you wouldn't. I wants you all to know what I mean. I ain't defendin' the shootin' not one mite; but I'm savin' that Jim had some excuse for gettin' mad. Besides, Jim were drunk, at the time, an' you know, an' I know, that it takes a site less to aggravate a man what's drunk return through the persuasive argument | than it does a man what's sober. Now,

"Have you got witnesses, Phil?"

aint no excuse. Gentlemen of the jury, the case is in your hands. I'd suggest if you want to consult, that you might as well adjourn to the street, as that's empty just now, and I'll commit any man for contempt as follows you."

The jury rose, and, headed by their gaunt foreman, climbed the little fence and walked up the street. The spectalittle groups, and talked in low tones to each other, while Hank and Rhody strode carelessly up and took their positions on each side of the prisoner. The setting sun cast long pencils of light through The setting "Jedge" said the connsel for the de-fence, "I'd like to talk to Jim for 'bout back in his seat, and rested his head on dropped from his listless fingers. Five minutes-ten minutes-a quarter of an hour passed, and then the jury were seen coming back, marching in orderly fashion, two and two. As they entered the yard from the store the "judge" called the court to order, and when they had taken their seats said:

"What is the verdict?"

"Our verdict is," said the foreman, rising, "that Jim Blake be strung up for the killing of Billy Johnston."

"Nothing, judge. The keards is stocked an' I'll pass I reckon."

"In that case I sentence you to death an' may God have mercy on your soul, Where would you like to be amen. hung?

"I aint noways particular 'bout that, Judge."

"Seems to me," said Jack, "we might as well hang him in the woods where Billy is buried."

"I don't see no necessity for that. There's a tree out by Benson's blacksmith shop as 'll do," suggested the judge. "Boys, you untie him an' we'll mosey down there an' get this thing through with right away.

Hank and Rhody untied the prisoner, and each taking him by the arm, led the way through the store. When they got to the door leading to the porch, Jim suddenly gave a wrench which loosed his left arm. Striking Hank with the free hand full in the face, in a second he was free and running down the street at full speed. It was a gallant effort for liberty and it would have succeeded had it hot been for one man, Jack Martin, who, instead of going through the store to the street, had climbed the fence and was sitting on the top rail when Jim broke away. Throwing himself clear of the fence and beyond the edge of the porch, he drew his revolver. For a second his hand holding the leveled weapon seemed to hesitate, and then-a loud explosion and Jim Blake gave a bound into the air, ran a few steps and fell over on one side, shot through the heart. Jack had been destined, apparently, to avenge the death of his partner with his ony. own hand.

#### Thought in a Dog and a Wasp.

A small-sized but fleet running dog chased a large raccoon from a wheat field. and overtook him on the bank of a creek, about a rod from the water. The raccoon faced the dog and sat upon his haunches for battle. The dog seized him just below the fore legs in front and tried to shake him, but could not, for he was heavier than the dog. The animal immediately set his long, sharp teeth in the side of the dog's head and clusped him in his claws. The dog, whining with pain, tried to pull away and shake off the raccoon, but was held fast, when he turned to the creek and dragged the raccoon, which still elung to him into the creek, where he held him under water, adroitly keeping his own nose out, till the raccoon became so exhausted that the dog shook him off, and then seized him by the throat and mastered him. The occupant of a room with the door open into the street was startled one day by the entrance with a buzzing noise, of a large bluish wasp of the kind which captures spiders to place in their nests for their growing waspe to feed upon. After flying around the wasp went to a corner of the room where a large house spider had made a broad web near the ceiling, with a long close hiding-place extending down in the corner. The wasp flew under the web and examined this hiding-place closely, apparently to see if the spider was at home, and then, as if satisfied of that fact, flew out into the room and returning, dropped down on the center of the of the web, buzzing and fluttering like a Thereupon the spider caught fly. rushed out in great haste to capture his prey, and as soon as he came within reach the wasp picked him up and flew away with him. Was it reason or instinct that caused the action of these wo animals under the circumstances?-Rochester Democrat.

# GILLS OBSET'S FATE.

The spice of romance lingers around the reedy shores of Delaware Bay, and the flat, broad beaches of Cape May and Cape Henlopen. In the days of yore the same sun and sea that now charms the eye of thousands of the civilized world then had none to view it but the Indians that time and progress have swept into eternity. Children of the sun and air, ocean's tale until the white man came and ruined the happy picture that nature had wrought.

Where there was strength and health he brought drunkenness and disease. Truth and veneration for the Creator he overthrew, and falsehood, dishonesty, murder and implety were taught by the stranger, whose evil deeds planted the seeds of that dissolution which overwhelmed the Indian race.

Of the truth of this the following tale is an instance, showing to what extreme the savage nature runs when once the simple mind is corrupted.

In the summer of 1631 the Dutch West | into the fort. India Company founded, through their agent, De Vries, a settlement near the mouth of what is now called Lewis creek, near Cape Henlopen. De Vries' ed he gave the war-whoop, and hurled first step was like that of all the other his tomahawk at the head of settlers who had preceded him on the He then turned to run to his camp for shores of the Delaware. He built a fort his warriors, but his whoop was answered and surrounded it with a palisade, in by one of the two parties of Indians that order to "trade" more effectually with he had sent out to seek his daughter, the Indians. In the autumn he re. They were on their way back to the camp turned to Holland, leaving the colony, which consisted of about thirty persons, well supplied with stock and all that pertained to agriculture. He appointed as director of the settlement during his absence one Giles Osset, a stout, swarthy Hollander, whose natural energy qualified him for the position. Giles had a flery and ungovernable temper, and this, it was told, had led him into difficulties at his native town, and had compelled his departure to more roomy climes. Nevertheless he had, notwith standing the greed of gain that classed him among the adventurous settlers of his day, a certain sense of justice and an unbounded patriotism that won for him the respect of his fellows.

After the departure of De Vries, the colony continued its operations among the Indians, and soon a thriving trade flourished in peltries of every description the curency, of course, rum, which circulated widely among the red men, and with the usual result. Every new moon the Indians gathered in large numbers at Fort Oplandt, as it was called, bringing with them their squaws and children, and, the trading over, they scattered along the beach, watching the rolling surf or rending the air with their cries as they swam, with naked bodies, among the breakers. These peaceful reunions, however, were not destined to last long, and not more than three months had passed before the events happened that we are about to relate, and which ended with the destruction of the whole col-

Among the visitors to the fort was beautiful Indian girl about eighteen years of age, the daughter of Sakimas, one of the chiefs. She was beloved by a young brave of a neighboring tribe, and was accompanied by him on every occasion that the tribes visited the fort. His ffection for her was evidently unb ed, and she was not slow in returning it as he lavished upon her all the barbariz, gifts that his ingeniuty could suggest. The day's work over, he would come to where she was sitting with her friends, among the trees, and together they would walk among the beach, renewing their vows and forming their future plans. "Not long shall the daughter of Sakimas wait," he would say. "In five moons her warcior will take his seat among the conneils of his tribe, and then she will come to the lodge of plenty that will be built for us. Alas for the course of true love. The beauty of the Indian maiden had also captivated the heart of burly Giles Osset, who found means, from time to time, to speak to her, in spite of the jealous care of Minkas, the young lover. Osset loaded her with presents of beads, cloth and glass, and soon the simple mind of the young girl was turned by the glittering picture of the home in Holland to which he promised to take her if he would consent to marry him. She began to receive the attentions of Minkas with coolness, and finally discarded him altogether. Pride kept Minkas from betraying his jealousy and anger, and he said nothing to Sakimas, the latter imagining that the presents his daughter received from Osset were on the 28th of October, 1881, from which intended as a compliment to him as chief, and was pleased accordingly. Revenge, however, rankled in the young Indian's heart, and a grim smile crossed his features as a passing runner one morning brought him the news that the daughter of the chief, Sakimas, had disappeared from her father's lodge the In a few minutes after, the whale caught night before, and could nowhere be found. "Now," said he, "shall the white chief meet his doom. From me he has taken the moon of my life, and from him shall I take his power and riches." With these words he hastened to the lodge of Sakimas, and found the chief meditating gloomily as he awaited the return of those he had sent out to search for the missing girl. Near him sat the mother, her face hardened in expression. but neither of these impassable children of the forest showed by any sign the it from a distance with guns. sorrow that was consuming them. "About this time he received held "Why grieves my father?" said Minfrom a ship called the Milton, which set kas, bending his fiery eyes on the chief. two boats to the rescue, for we were in "his daughter is near him still. In the very weak condition. Before you could hardly think it possible, however, the Milton's boats were both mashed and fort of the paleface she has her abode, and will return to her father as soon as the white chief has cast her off." their crews swimming in the water With an exclamation Sakimas leaped They were soon rescued by our boats to his feet, and, grasping his tomahawk, The boats hung about the whale nn advanced threateningly toward Minkas, dark, when we cut the line and let th who stood with folded arms. "Wretch, huge monster go. The next mornin cried he, "come with me to the white however, we saw him again and to man's fort, and if I find not my daughter another hold of him, and about 5 o'cl there, this day is thy last!" in the afternoon we succeeded in He then strode away towards the fort, patching him. It was the largest whi followed by the willing Minkas, but as taken in this section for many years, a made us 150 barrels of oil. Its lens they arrived near the building they saw a sentinel, with his musket, pacing back and forth before the door in the palisades. was sixty feet and jaws nineteen feet.

his were punished among the Indians, otherwise the fort would have been strongly guarded.

As it was, the presence of the sentinel was proof enough for the old chief, who enraged, turned to Minkas and pointed to a large post that stood before the building, and to which was attached a building, and the glittering tin bearing the large sheet of glittering tin bearing the Dutch coat of arms. "See," said he, "the charm that the paleface has put up to guard himself against us, go and tear theirs was a fit companionship for the it off, that we may have the spell with us ocean's magnificence, and in their simple at our war council." Minkas obeyed life there was nothing to sadden old and bounded toward the shield, which he hacked off with a few well directed blows of his tomahawk. As the metal fell rattling to the ground Osset himself appeared in the doorway, with the Indian girl close beside him. A cry of anger broke from his lips as he beheld

this unintended insplt to his native land. Drawing a pistol from his belt, he ordered the soldier to fire at the offend. ing Indian. At the same moment the two reports rang out, and Minkas, without a sound, fell dead. Osset then turned to the girl, who wild with terror and grief at the death of her lover, had sunk to the ground, and dragged her

In the meantime Sakimas had remained as if petrified while these events were transpiring, but as Osset disappearthe soldier. after their unsuccessful search when they were attracted to the edge of the woods by the reports of the guns, and came bounding across the open ground as they saw the dead body of Minkas lying by the fort. In an instant a terrible scene began. The Indians discharged flight after flight of arrows at the settlers who came running up from their work in the fields. Only a few of these were armed, and all fell easy victims to the ferocity of the Indians, who left them dead and dying upon the field, and then turned their attention to the fort, from which Osset and a few of his men had kept up a steady fire from the beginning. The Indians, reinforced, advanced to the palisade and crouched close beside its walls in order to escape the bullets,

while their chief, with his own hand, applied fire to the posts. In a short time the palisade was burn-

ing at several points, and as one portion after another fell, the Indians ran in with pieces of burning wood and threw them on the roof of the fort itself, or placed them against its walls. As the flames crept up Osset and his companions tried to extinguish them with buckets of water thrown from the upper stories, but each attempt was met with a shower of arrows, that drove the men back. They then saw that their only chance for escape from certain death was to make a bold sally from the building, as a large quantity of powder was stored on the first floor. Opening suddenly the heavy door, they rushed out, followed by the girl, but although the men used their muskets with good effect as they retreated, they were overpowered in numbers and their bodies shot full of arrows, One of these missiles pierced the head of the girl, and she fell with the rest. She feared the terrible death by torture that awaited her if she were

an excuse for what they do.

"Nothing can touch him further

More than a King he lies With the strong blaze of the world's homage Full on his closed eyes.

American, born in the forest, The great lake for him sighs. Add England, crowned and sceptered, Loves him so he dies.

He fought in the deathly valies From morn till the set of san, Till eighty days had run, Then he folded his arms, And his day was done.

Oh; the bloom is off the pairie, The butterfly's change is begun, The pine cone flowers eternal, The engle has soared to the sun ! --- (Sy racuse Journal.

#### THE COURT OF JUDGE LYNCH.

TANG ! TANG ! TANG ! TANG ! TANG TANG ! TANG ! TANG ! TANG ! Nine slow, heavy strokes, each one allowed to die away before the next was struck, on the great gong hanging on the porch of the hotel. The harsh, clanging sound was heard from one end of the Gulch to the other.

The men in the streets, if streets they could be called, stopped, counted the

strokes, and then, turning, hurried to the hotel. A curious change was produced in them by the sounds. Scotty, who was telling an excrutiatingly funny story to Phil Belcher and the major, about the way in which his pet bull dog had put an end to the career of a captive cayote, became suddenly grave, and to this day the end of that story remains it's the 'pinion of most of us as how Inform

"I reckon they've ketched him," said Phil, as he finished counting the strokes of the goug.

"Spose so," said the gentleman ad-dressed. "Let's go up thar." Colonel Cardover, who had been speak-

ing to "Judge" Blakeston and Bill Morse, the Superintendent of the "Giant of the West," on the subject of the effect of a stringer of ore discovered that morning glass the barkeeper held to his lips. upon the price of the stock, ceased his remarks upon "Buyer 90," and with a over this court," said a voice in the meaning glance at his companions, crowd, and an affirmative murmur testiwalked with them in silence down the fied the general assent. street.

In a few minutes the greater part of the men in the Gulch were gathered on here, and some of you boys put them the porch of the hotel. The centre of interest seemed to be a slight, quiet-looking man, with gray and steady eyes, thin lips and a gentle voice. Him the Judge addressed when he went up the steps and the "judge" took his seat at the apex

with the simple query, "Well, Jack?" "I ketched him, Jedge, over'n Tu-clumne. I nearly killed the two critters ridin' after him, but when he come round the bend, I covered him with the shootin' iron an' said, 'I guess I'll call the ne, Jim,' an' he threw up his hands. He hadn't no chance, you know, for the keards were stocked on him and he knowed it. I took his weapons and kinder tool him up an' then fetched him over.

Where is he now, Jack ?" asked the the blue sky.

Judge. "Staked in the back yard with Hank and Rhody coverin' him with their "Guess I'll do for that," said Jack Martin.

reader in Jack's speech to the judge asked the court.

From the porch the party, with Jack "Bout every one here is a witness, I guess," responded the counsel for the accused. "I'm going to ask Jack some leading the way, adjourned to the yard, and there, upon an upturned nail keg, sat Jim, his wrists bound to two posts questions, though.

"You can't make the attorney for the about five feet apart. Lazily leaning people a witness," said the Judge. Hank "What's the reason I can't?" asked his revolver in

Phil, "Wern't he there an' as he says his hand, talking to the prisoner, while himself, didn't he see it all?" Rhody walked up and down but a few "In course I see it," remarked Jack

"Got back, Jim, have ye?" began the Martin; "an' that's the reason why I want Jim hung." "Reckon I have," answered Jim with

"I objects to his making them kind of remarks to the jury. Tends to kinder prejudice their minds," said Phil, with great gravity.

"That objecticus seems to be fair, an to have shot Billy, Jim. A quieter critter never stepped on two feet." I rule that the counsel dry up on that kind of talk," said the court.

"Look here, Judge. If I aint to say "Wal, I were drunk at the time, and what I think 'bout this thing I might as no man as is full is goin' to stand by and hear a rale eastern hoss called no cayuse. well be down on the Bay," urged the counsel in question.

"Seems to me," broke in the prisoner, "The jury 'll have to 'cide that, Jim "that Jacob's 'pinion on getting me hung might as well be said as thought. Every and I guess we'll have the court right off. Will you take suthin', Jim, 'fore the trial comone knows what he thinks."

"Is this a court or not?"said the judge. with some emphasis. "If it is, I'm going to rule as I choose, an' I don't propose to let no li'yer dictate to me. Gentlemen of the jury, ain't I right?"

drink the "judge" turned to the quietly "Waal," drawled the foreman, "ef a jedge is a jedge, he ought to be a jedge. "Gentlemen, there ain't any need for Shuttin' you up, Jack, don't hurt the case a bit." me to tell you that the pris'ner, Jim Blake, him as you see staked out afore

ye, has been guilty of the unlawful shootin' of Bill Johnston against the 'Seems to me," said the counsel for the presecution, "that we're kinder wanpeace of the State of Californy in general, dering from the subject. The question is, is Jim Blake guilty, and shall he sufand this here gulch in particular. Nor it ain't necessary for me to say that fer for his crime?

"That's true," remarked the Judge 'Phil, have you anything more to say. "Nothing more than what I've said. It ems kinder hard to hang a man for de

endin' his hoss when he's drunk. "Yeu're out old man," put in Jack Martin; "we're not tryin' Jim for defendin his hoss, but we're tryin him for shootin my partner Bill, as was buried in the woods Friday. But I've said all I

"Good speech, Judge. Hore's luck to want to 'bout the case.' you," said the prisoner, as he drained the "Gentlemen of the jury," began the "I move Judge Blakeston presides court with great solemnity, "you've heard what counsel have to say 'bout this case. There ain't been any testimony introduced to speak of, but I donno as that's "I'm willing," said the "judge," "Bar necessary, seeing as how we all know Jim shot Billy. And there ain't any disbeeper, if you'll bring some kegs out pute about the cause of the shooting. planks on 'em, we'll have seats for the Now, I'll allow that Billy, the deceased hadn't no cause to speak as he did, an' The arrangements of two rows.

I'll allow that what he said was calculated to make Jim mad, 'specially as Jim was drunk at the time. Still, it seems to me that nobody but Jim made Jim drunk. Suppose he had gone out while drunk, an' tell into a shaft and broke his boards with the air of those who had leg? Do you s'pose the company would have paid him anything for his leg? Not sat the prisoner, and on either side of a cent. Why? Because he would not him were the two guard'ans, each with have fallen into the shaft if sober, for his revolver in his hand. The day was Jim has got too much sense to do anything of the sort. Similarly, if he shoots prisoner sat he could see the irregular a man when he's drunk, he aint going outline of the houses in the camp and to get off. His drunk don't excuse him in one case any more'n in another. An' you've got to take the drink Jim put

# A Witty Answer Turneth Away Bores.

The man who travels on a railroad and sits down by the side of lone females while laboring under the impression that he recognizes a likeness in their faces to his wife's aunt's cousin met his match on one of the roads in this vicinity lately He sat down in the half of a seat the other half of which was occupied by a pleasant-faced young lady. His first question was:

"Pardon me, miss, but is your name James? I have a cousin of that name whom you greatly resemble."

'No, sir," was the reply, "my name is not James. But, pardon me, is your name Zinc or Copper?

"Zine or Copper? No ma'am," said the astonished man. "What led you to suppose I had such names?" "Excuse me," was the quiet reply,

But I thought you must be first cousin o a brass foundry.'

The man fell over two seats and kicked bird cage half way down the car in his haste to get to the smoker, while the coung lady smiled a gentle smile behind ter handkerchief. It was proof of the the old adage that a witty answer turneth away bores,

"Gentleman of the jury," said a blundering counsel in a suit about a lot of "there were just thirty-six in the hogs, into himself, as being in its effects a part of Jim. If Billy, the deceased, had made Jim drunk, then Billy would have had to stand the racket as get The counsel didn't gain his case. of the severity with which offenses like ing

This the Indians had never seen before, as it was a precaution the guilty Osset.

The Institute boys who marched the Globe theater in a body, Mond who feared some retaliation on the part of the Indian lover, and did not wish to night, deserve praise for their quiet havior. There were eighteen policem be taken unawares. He did not know, however, the terrible consequences that present, whom the boys could very easi have put to considerable trouble, b his conduct would have nor did he know they courteously refrained from so

## aptured. In the meantime a number of the

Indians had entered the fort and were busy in throwing out the valuable bales of peltries and other stores piled within it, and these were so intent upon their work that they did not notice nor think of the narrow tongues of flame that began to creep along the barrels of powder. As nearly all of the Indians were thus engaged when the explosion took place,a large number of them were killed by the flying timbers. Nevertheless, Sakimas, as he led the remnant of his band back to his lodges, thought of nothing but the revenge he had sated, and he gazed with grim satisfaction upon the scalp of Osset that he held in his hand, when he thought of the dishonor that had befallen his child.

Thus ended the first and only settlement of the Dutch at Cape Henlopen, and De Vries, on his visit to the place in 1632, found the bones of his slaughtered comrades whitening the ground at the same spot where they had fallen.-Philadelphia Star.

### Fighting With a Whale.

Mr. Jos. W. Mead, of this city, is now on board the bark Hercules on a whaling voyage. His ship was off St.Helena place he sends very interesting letters to one of his relatives in Poughkeepsie. From it we make the following extracts:

"On the 6th of June last we raised whales and got them all in favorite positions, when we lowered our boats, and in a short time our second mate struck one. the boat about in the quarter and completely chewed it up. Mr. Luce, the chief mate, when he saw our signal from the ship, sent a boat and had the crew picked up, took the line, and still had the whale fast. The third mate also came up and went on the whale three times. The fourth time the whilae caught and smashed his bost into firewood. The steerer was killed but the rest of the crew were saved. In the meantime the boats did not dare t go near the wounded whale, but fired a