PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Judge William T. Crow, of Carnesville, Ga., has all his six children and forty-seven grandchildren living within a mile of the old homestead.

—Harry McCarthy, known as the Arkansas comedian, was an upholsterer before he went on the stage. He is the author of the "Bonnie Blue Flag."

—Joe Murphy is said to be the richest man on the stage. He is worth a cool half million. He was a poor Irish boy, and started as a variety singer.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Mrs. Victoria Claflin Woodhull now holds a high place in English society. Her husband, Mr. John Biddulph Martin, is the wealthy banker of 68 Lombard street.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Horace Porter in *Harper's Monthly* says: An oath never passed Grant's lips. His nearest approach to an imprecation was "Confound it." He himself said: "I never learned to swear."

—The new United States Government agent for the Cherokee Indians is of Cherokee blood, a great-grandson of White Plume, the great chief slain in the battle with the whites many years ago.—*Chicago Herald.*

—In the matter of the English Cabinet the Premier alone is the direct choice of the Crown, the other members of the Cabinet being selected by the Premier. They and they alone are "the Government" of the country.

—A Swedish missionary, who has been laboring for many years in equatorial Africa, has recently translated the Gospel of St. John into the Congo language, and has had it printed for the use of the natives. Sweden thus gains the honor of printing the first book in Congo.

—Mr. Waldo Thompson, of Lynn, Mass., in his "Historical Sketches of the Town of Swampscott" traces the lineage of John Brown, of Ossawatomie, to Lieutenant-Governor John Humphrey, who settled on the shore between Black Will's Cliff and Forest River two and a half centuries ago.—*Boston Journal.*

—A Russian friend of mine who was in frequent attendance on the Emperor Nicholas told me that this savage monarch was so thoroughly imbued with the idea of personal power that in speaking of Russia he used to say: "*My* climate, *my* snow, *my* thunder-storm of last autumn." One morning as he was looking out of the window he said: "*My clouds* hang very low this morning."—*Aurelien Scholl.*

—Rev. G. Grenfell, of the English Baptist Missionary Society, and connected with the Congo Mission, has made some important explorations in the steamer Peace. He has established the fact that the Mobangi River, which enters the Congo near the Equator Station, is probably the largest tributary of that great stream. At a point fifty miles from its mouth it was a third of a mile wide and this was its narrowest point. Its main depth is twenty-five feet. He thinks it is the lower part of the Watlo River, as to which geographers are so much puzzled.—*N. Y. Independent.*

HUMOROUS.

—A little girl fitly described nervousness as "just being in a hurry all over."

—Grocer—Half a pound of tea? Which will you have, black or green? Servant—Shure aythur will do. It's for an ould woman that's nearly bloind. *Chicago Times.*

—New Cook—An' please, ma'am, how shall I cook the clams? Mistress—Why, how have you cooked them in other places? New Cook—Sure, I allers made oyster soup wid 'em.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Sal Soda: If your communication is a chess problem, we don't want it. If it is a crochet pattern, we don't want it, either. If it is anything else, we don't want it. We don't want it, anyway.—*Puck.*

—No sooner did a recent Boston girl remove to Chicago than she dated her letters from "Chicago-by-the-Lake." A Chicago girl went to the Hub and wrote from "Boston-by-the-beans."—*N. Y. Independent.*

—In an Egg-shell.—

The eggs found in the cities
Are far away from home.
They mind me of those ditties,
The "Lays of Ancient Rome."

—What is the difference between the ancient Romans and modern Americans? Give it up? Why, the Romans used to urn their dead, while the Americans have to earn their living. See?—*Chicago Journal.*

—An agricultural exchange says that horse collars should be washed with carbolic acid. Very little starch should be used, however, in doing them up, as it annoys the horse to have his collars too stiff.—*The Judge.*

—The people of Portland, Ore., must be highly pleased with a description of them given by the leading newspaper, which says: "Our people are divided into two classes. One class is too tired to do anything, and the other class hasn't time."

—They had come in from way-back, in a wagon. He was tall and agricultural. She was short and rural. He had been buying some cloves at retail, and at the depot made some remarks while his meek wife prevented the children from getting mixed up with immigrants. "I ain't afeerd of the biggest man that walks," he remarked. This sentence seemed to please him, and he repeated it. At last the wife arose and said: "Pete!" "Eh?" "You know me?" "You bet." "Squat and shut up." And he did.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

She Took One.

"Are the fall styles of wall paper in yet?" she anxiously inquired.

"Yes'm."

That was at ten o'clock in the morning. At one o'clock in the afternoon, after having 284 samples displayed before her on the rack, she tenderly inquired:

"Have you any more?"

"No'm."

"Are you sure these are the very latest fall styles?"

"Yes'm."

"Then—then I guess I'll take a roll—one for two shillings. I want to paper a trunk!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

FUN IN THE MARKET.

An Eel That Couldn't Be Held Even as Well as an Ordinary Eel.

"Any one who lifts that eel out of the tank may have it," said Eugene Blackford yesterday to a crowd of persons who stood in Fulton Market before an open aquarium watching a large eel moving gracefully about in the water. It attracted attention because it was not a common-looking eel, such as may be bobbed for any day at low tide in Newtown Creek. A hardy-looking fisherman, who had probably caught many eels in his time, asked Mr. Blackford if he was in earnest, and being assured that the offer was made in good faith he tucked up the sleeves of his pilot-jacket and after briefly explaining to the crowd the precise manner in which an eel should be grasped to prevent it gliding through the fingers he plunged his hands into the water to practically illustrate how the thing was done. He seized the eel very artistically, but, with a sharp explosion of blasphemy, he let it go again before he had brought it to the surface. The eel swam around indifferently. It had evidently grown accustomed to such experience. The fisherman followed it with his eyes. "It stung me bad," was the only explanation he cared to offer to the wondering spectators. Just then a whistling boy came up, and looked at the eel because the others were looking at it.

"I don't see anything uncommon in him," he said, contemptuously. "I've ketched bigger ones than that."

"Say, Bob," said the fisherman, struck with an idea, "pick that eel out of the tank and follow me down to South street with it, and I'll give you a quarter."

Without stopping to make any inquiries as to the legitimacy of the offer, the independent lad grasped the eel. He liberated it immediately and uttered a yell that brought in the policeman who twirls his club just outside the fish market to see what the matter was.

Later in the day many persons touched the eel and tested its curious powers. After the contact some shrieked, some laughed and some looked frightened, but none essayed to meddle with it a second time. New comers continued to touch it, until Mr. Blackford, fearful that its vitality might be exhausted, put it into a high closed tank, and pasted this legend upon the glass: "Gymnotus, or Electric Eel." The tank contained several "hell-benders," and the eel shocked them very much and caused them to spring around in the liveliest manner. It was given to Fish Commissioner Blackford by Mr. Donald Burns, who received it early yesterday morning from the Amazon River. Captain Bears brought it with him in the steamship Finance. He is rather a handsome creature, and a great point in its favor is that it keeps its mouth always shut, except at meal times, and seems to breathe through two rows of holes on its head and neck. It is about two and one-half feet long, and rather disproportionately thick. It has a heavy fin, like the keel of a boat, running along the belly the entire length of the body. The throat is of orange color, and the head, though short and clumsy, is ornamented with two little flaps that look like ears. It can administer an electric shock as powerful as that of a small battery. A man yesterday touched it with a steel fish-knife, and he felt the shock as forcibly as if he had touched it with his bare fingers.—*N. Y. Sun.*

BILL NYE.

An Amusing Incident Which Occurred When He Was Wearing the Ermine.

I was once a Justice of the Peace, and a good many funny little incidents occurred while I held that office. I do not allude to my official life here in order to call attention to my glowing career, for thousands of others no doubt could have administered the affairs of the office as well as I did, but rather to speak of one incident which took place while I was a J. P.

One night after I had retired and gone to sleep, a milkman called Bill Dunning rang the bell and got me out of bed. Then he told me that a man who owed him a milk bill of thirty-five dollars was all loaded up and prepared to slip across the line overland into Colorado, there to grow up with the country and acquire other indebtedness, no doubt. Bill desired an attachment for the whole wagon-load of goods, and said he had an officer at hand to serve the writ.

"But," said I, as I wrapped a "welcome" husk door-mat around my glorious proportions, "how do you know while we converse together he is not winging his way down the valley of the Pardee?"

"Never mind that, Jedge," says William; "you just fix the dockyments and I'll tend to the defendant."

In an hour Bill returned with thirty-five dollars in cash for himself and the entire costs of the court, and as we settled up and fixed the docket I asked Bill Dunning how he detained the defendant while we made out the affidavit bond and writ of attachment.

"You reckollect, Jedge," says William, "that the waggin-wheel is held onto the axle with a big nut. No waggin kin go any length of time without that there nut onto the axle. Well, when I diskivered that what's his name was packed up and the waggin loaded, I took the liberty to borrow one o' them there nuts fur a kind of memento, as it were, and I kept that in my pocket till we served the writ and he paid my bill and came to his milk, if you'll allow me that expression, and then I said to him: 'Partner,' says I, 'you are going far, far away, where I may never see you again. Take this here nut,' says I, 'and put it onto the axle of the off hind wheel of your waggin, and whenever you look at it hereafter, think of poor old Bill Dunning, the milkman.'"—*N. Y. Mercury.*

—Minnie Hauk, has a castle in Switzerland, and she never lets a day pass, rain or shine, without the stars and stripes above her doors. That is the kind of an American girl Minnie is.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Should Governor Rusk or Governor Bunn take the cake? Leave it to Governor Eaton?—*Chicago Current.*

CALIFORNIA OSTRICHES.

Characteristics of the Birds—How They Are Corraled and Plucked.

The sight of a dog is sufficient to frighten an ostrich badly. At such vision, if permitted so to do, the ostriches in the corrals would immediately be speeding over the sandy plain, through a waste of tall wild sunflowers, at a gait which would astonish a horse-trainer. Dr. Sketchley has three dogs on his farm, but they are all kept behind the buildings out of sight of the ostriches. When a keeper approaches them to annoy them they emit a hissing noise like a goose, and try to bite the intruder. They have no strength in their bills, however, and are harmless unless they get a chance to kick. Unlike the emu, which is exhibited often as an African ostrich, they have but one toe on each foot. This is a terrible weapon. The bird kicks forward. The force is shown by the exploit of one bird, which kicked a stout board on the side of its corral and broke it in two at one blow. The toe is pointed and will cut like a knife. The bird which was killed with one kick had its breast laid open with an ugly wound. Of the young birds all are perfectly shaped, except one which has a club foot and which walks on the back of the clubbed foot, the toe turning up. The gait of even this bird is elastic. All the birds walk precisely after the fashion adopted by many young ladies in San Francisco of late, whose gait may therefore, perhaps, be correctly described in the future as the "ostrich walk." It is as if the birds stepped on hot gridirons. The feet are taken briskly up and raised high and the body and head oscillate. This style was learned in South Africa and not in San Francisco, and is as old as the race of desert birds.

Silly fear and ferocity are the characteristics of ostriches everywhere. Some are more ill-tempered, but all are dangerous if not approached with care. No method has been discovered by which they can be plucked except that of drawing a stocking over the head, leaving a hole that the bird may breathe. To accomplish this the bird is lured close to the fence of the corral by a delicacy like corn, and is then seized by the neck. Just as soon as it is hooded in this way it is comparatively helpless, for it will not kick unless it can see what it is kicking at. One way to pluck them is to have a small corral the back of which is movable. By pushing this up they could be pinioned. The feathers are taken from the breast, wings and tail, all above the dreaded kicking apparatus. At present the ostrich keepers press upon the bird from behind, and as long as they keep behind they are safe. The man who plucks proceeds with dispatch. An adult bird is plucked every seven months, and fields about twenty-five long feathers and several "tips." The tips are taken from the wings. The feathers on the back are left for the protection of the bird. During this plucking operation men have been kicked by the birds, but not to be hurt. Had the birds had a fair forward kick, the result could hardly have been other than fatal to the person kicked. The young ostrich which for some time went about on one wooden and one natural leg was injured through fear. The boards on the corral were outside of the posts. The bird was frightened at something and ran against a post, something which could not have been foreseen, and one leg was broken. A wooden leg was made, or a sort of a stilt, to take the place of this, but after a little the bird died. It was an object of interest to all visitors.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

TO DRESS CHICKENS.

How Fowls Should Be Killed and Picked—Valuable Hints.

Kill by bleeding in the mouth or opening the veins of the neck; hang by the feet until properly bled. Leave head and feet on and do not remove intestines or crop. Scalded chickens sell best to home trade, and dry-picked best to shippers, so that either manner of dressing will do, if properly executed. For scalding chickens, the water should be as near the boiling point as possible without boiling; pick the legs dry before scalding; hold by the head and legs and immerse, and lift up and down three times; if the head is immersed it turns the color of the comb and gives the eyes a shrinking appearance, which leads buyers to think the fowl has been sick; the feathers and pin feathers should then be removed immediately, very cleanly, and without breaking the skin; then "plump," by dipping ten seconds in water nearly or quite boiling hot, and then immediately into cold water; hang in a cool place until the animal heat is entirely out. To dry-pick chickens properly, the work should be done while the chickens are bleeding; do not wait and let the bodies get cold. Dry picking is much more easily done while the bodies are warm. Be careful, and do not break and tear the skin.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

A NINE-MILLION BOOK.

Book Agents Who Earn from Ten to Twenty Thousand Dollars a Year.

By this sketch I see that the Appletons have made nine million dollars out of their Cyclopedia alone; nine millions in gross, of course, this means; but there is a good margin for profit. Out of their "Picturesque America" they have made four million dollars. So if they only published those two books, they would do well. "Webster's Primer," which they still publish, sells at the rate of one million a year regularly, sometimes a few more but never less. I said to Mr. Appleton one day that the publisher of three such books ought to be satisfied. Yes, he said, but unfortunately they publish other books, the success of which, or the non-success of which, make an inroad into the profits of the other publications. However, the house of Appleton is rich enough and the most of its wealth comes through its subscription department. You can imagine that the subscription department does a big business when some of its agents make from ten thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars a year out of it. This is a good income for a book agent.—*Philadelphia Press.*

TYPHOID FEVER.

Causes of Its Existence and Methods of Dissemination.

The causation of typhoid or enteric fever is involved in great obscurity. Some of the best authorities believe it may originate *de novo*; in other words, as the great exponent of this theory, Dr. Murchison, states it: "The poison of enteric fever is contained in the emanations from certain forms of putrefying organic matter," and "is often generated by fœcal fermentation." Other authorities, equally good, hold that the appearance of typhoid fever cases necessarily presupposes the existence of a case which stands to the later ones in the relation of cause to effect, and that, if this case is not discovered, it is simply because the evidence is obscure, or the investigator inexperienced. Unfortunately the identification of the typhoid germ has not yet been satisfactorily determined, and until it is we can hardly expect the mystery now surrounding the production of the disease to be cleared away. In regard to the means by which the fever spreads, there is more unanimity of opinion. The water of wells which has become impure from the leaking of vaults and cesspools has been shown over and over again to have caused typhoid epidemics. Notable instances of this have occurred in our country, as in Syracuse in 1876, and the more recent epidemic at Plymouth, Pa.

Milk has also many times been the medium through which the typhoid poison has been disseminated. Impure water has been used to wash out the milk cans, if, indeed, it has not served other purposes, and the milk has thus become infected. A striking example of this medium of contagion was the outbreak of typhoid at Marylebone, London. Within a few weeks one hundred and twenty-three families were attacked. Mr. Radcliffe traced the cause of this to milk which came from a particular farm on which "water used for dairy purposes contained excremental matters from a patient suffering from enteric fever immediately before and at the time of the outbreak." Epidemics occurring at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Bristol and Dublin have also been traced to milk. These facts should stir up all health officials to the vital importance of the most rigid scrutiny of the milk supplied to the people under their charge, and should lead our judges to inflict the severest penalties upon those detected in the adulteration of this most essential food. That this disease may be contracted by those who nurse the sick is possible, but if this ever occurs it is extremely rare. The discharges from the intestines are believed to contain the infective material; and in the present state of our knowledge, to bury these discharges in the ground or to cast them into the sewer without previous disinfection, must be looked upon as criminal. It is not difficult to understand that the infective material of such undisinfected discharges may cling to the interior of drain tiles and sewers, and through defective plumbing find admission to the dwelling and sleeping rooms of the well. This is doubtless the explanation of the origin of those cases which are ascribed to sewer gas.

Typhoid fever is eminently a disease of the autumn, and its greater prevalence at this season of the year is attributed by some to the decay of vegetation; others have found its prevalence to depend upon the rise and fall of the ground water. Just how far these conditions affect the prevalence of the fever is a matter of conjecture, and as they are entirely beyond our control we must in our endeavor toward prevention and restriction pay strict attention to cleanliness in all its forms, and especially to the thorough disinfection of discharges from patients. For this purpose the committee on disinfectants of the American Public Health Association recommend solutions of chloride of lime, of chlorinated soda, or of bi-chloride of mercury.

In our cities the typhoid patients are largely recruited from the ranks of those of ample means, who during the summer spend their time in the country, and often at the most fashionable watering places. It is notorious that these resorts are, as a rule, unsanitary in their appointments. The crowding of human beings in such places, with the consequent accumulation of human waste, would, it would seem, help to account for the large representation of typhoid fever victims in the ranks of their patrons. A study of typhoid cases with reference to this point would be interesting and doubtless instructive.—*Science.*

How to Prevent Rusting of Plows.

A plowman says there are several easy ways to prevent rusting of plows and cultivators and to keep the teeth bright. One is to give them a coat of thick limewash as soon as they are brought in from the field. Another is to dissolve an ounce of resin in four ounces of linseed oil, and while hot mix this with a quart of kerosene and stir well. This is laid on the smooth iron with a paint brush. Another way is to dissolve an ounce of camphor in some turpentine and add to this four ounces of lard and one ounce of pulverized black lead or stove polish and mix well. This may be rubbed on with a rag. To remove rust from tools or plows nothing is better than a mixture of half a pint of oil of vitriol poured slowly into a quart of water, and apply this to the rusted metal. Wash off with water.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—A singular accident occurred to Mrs. Wallace, daughter of Mr. John L. Carncross, a few days ago. During the summer she resided at Ardmore, where the lady and her daughter were afflicted with the whooping cough. They returned to the city. Recently Mrs. Wallace was seized with a severe coughing fit, during which she fractured a limb.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—A Nevada lady recently took unfair advantage of her husband's indulgence in a bath to elope with another man. The bereaved one expressed the conviction that she had been waiting for the opportunity for months.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

HOW TYPE IS MADE.

What a Reporter Saw in a Walk Through a Type Foundry.

"It may not be generally known," said the type-founder, "that the first quarto Bible printed in America was the work of Christopher Sauer, of Germantown who there, in 1735, established a type foundry; but it is to see how type is made that you come.

"Let us begin with the metal room." About the place where the amalgam of which type is made were piled hundreds of bars of the metal. At the curther end of the room, a master-workman threw into the great kettle certain proportions of copper, antimony, lead and tin. This is the amalgam, the exact proportions of which produce the useful metal that must be hard without being brittle, ductile and tough, flowing freely and hardening rapidly. A bar was broken in two, and the beautiful, sparkling grain of the metal shown. About the apartment were casks of glittering antimony, bars of yellow copper, dull bricks of lead and blocks of tin. As the composition melted, the man at the kettle stirred the molten mass and when the proper degree of heat was reached, ladled it out on the moulds that lay on the brick floor at his feet. Above the metal room the bars were fitted for the printer's use. Before a machine known as a punch cutter sat a man surrounded by a bewildering array of delicate tools and gauges. "There are very few men of note for this part of the work in the United States," whispered the reporter's companion. "It requires a delicacy of touch and perception that is not easily acquired." On the end of a piece of steel the workman at the punch-cutter was forming a letter. He worked rapidly, yet with caution, frequently testing with his gauges until the letter was complete. Then other letters of the alphabet were formed, finishing the series. One by one the dies were placed in a stamping machine, an oblong piece of copper put under them, and then the great lever was brought down. The impression was left deep in the copper. This oblong bit of copper is termed the matrix. From the punch-cutter the matrices were carried to an adjoining room, where the greatest care is exercised in their fitting in the mould. The slightest variation or irregularity was said to be fatal to the appearance of the type cast in them. Perhaps the most interesting things about the foundry are the tiny casting machines that pour out an endless stream of type as long as they are at work. "These nug little fellows," said the type-founder, parting with his hand the odd little mass of machinery before which he stood, "can throw out more type in one day than a man, working ten hours a day, can count in a month. The metal is kept fluid by a little furnace underneath the machine, and is projected into the mold by a pump. The mold is movable and at every revolution of the crank is brought to the spout, where it receives a fresh charge of the metal. A spring in front of the mould holds close to it a copper matrix, and the stamp of the letter on the matrix is directly opposite the aperture in the mould which meets the spout of the pump. In boxes, the new-made type is carried to the dressing-room, where around large stones boys are kept busy rubbing away the rough edges on the type. The lads wear glove-fingers for protection. As the types are rubbed smooth, each letter is set up in long lines. From the nimble-fingered boys the lines of type pass into the hands of the dresser, who has beside him a powerful magnifying glass. The dresser deftly slips a line of type into a long stick, similar in shape to that used by printers, face downward, screws them up tight, and with two rapid movements of a planing tool, cuts the groove in the bottom of the type. This operation is known as giving the type legs. "They must have something to stand on," said the good-natured looking dresser. After that, with the magnifying glass, the face of the type line is critically inspected, and imperfect ones thrown aside, to be returned to the melting pot. "This operation practically ends the making of the type," said the founder. "Afterward the different letters are put up in what we call 'pages,' and are all ready to be sent out." The matrice and moulds, of which the foundry has a collection numbering many thousands, are kept when not in use, in a fire-proof vault. They are very valuable, representing as they do, the collection of many years of labor.—*Philadelphia Times.*

CONCERNING FLOUR.

Difference in the Composition of Various Qualities.

Flour from wheat of different qualities will be found to differ widely in composition. While the mineral elements, such as lime, potash, phosphoric acid, etc., are quite uniform, the proximate elements, gluten, starch and albumen, vary largely in their proportions. Gluten and vegetable albumen will be found more abundant in wheat grown on a rich soil. The hard flinty wheats are also rich in these elements, which measure the nutritive quality of the flour. The large-grained, soft wheats, such as are produced in climates where the summers are cool and moist, or are grown on poor soils, abound in starch and sugar. These wheats make a fairer flour, but not so nutritious as that from hard wheat. The power to absorb water is a quality of wheat seldom taken into the account in the grade. Wheat that appears to be perfectly dry will lose from eight to twelve per cent. on being subjected to a temperature of 212 degrees for twelve hours. The softer the wheat, the greater the absorbent power. When reduced to flour the absorbed moisture is generally estimated at fifteen per cent. But if the wheat be very hard, it will scarcely reach that amount. In converting flour into bread there is a chemical change as de from the fermentation, by which about thirty per cent. of water is chemically combined with the gluten and starch, so that no mechanical process can ever convert bread into flour again. This is independent of the moisture absorbed, which is chiefly lost when the bread becomes stale. In this combined moisture lies the chief profit of the baker.—*Indiana Farmer.*

A CHARGE AND COUNTER CHARGE.

A State With Law for the Mule and Mighty Little for the Darkey.

[Opie P. Reed.]

Old Trotline Dave came to town the other day, driving a little blue-looking mule. The animal was so poor, and the hair had been rubbed off him in so many places that Dave was arrested for cruelty to animals and was arraigned before a justice of the peace.

"Old man," said the magistrate, "do you belong to the church?"

"Yes, sah."

"Did you ever preach?"

"No, sah, neber preached; but I hab zorted wid er mighty loud mouf."

"Your church teaches kindness in all things, does it not?"

"Who yer 'ludin' ter?"

"I am referring to you."

"What's I done?"

"You have been cruel to your mule."

"How so, sah?"

"By rubbing the hair off him and by not feeding him."

"Is dat de cause why da hab fotch me up heah?"

"Yes."

"Whut yer gwine ter do wid me?"

"We are going to try you, and if we find you guilty, we are going to punish you."

"Do de law gin yer dat right?"

"Yes."

"Wall, go er head an' try me."

"What have you to say in your defense?"

"Oh, I ain't pleadin'. Go on wid de trial."

"When did you feed that mule?"

"Dis mawnin'."

"What did you give him?"

"Er straw hat."

"Did he eat it?"

"Who, him?"

"Yes."

"I reckons he did, fur when I went back shortly arterwards de hat wan't dar."

"How did he lose so much of his hair?"

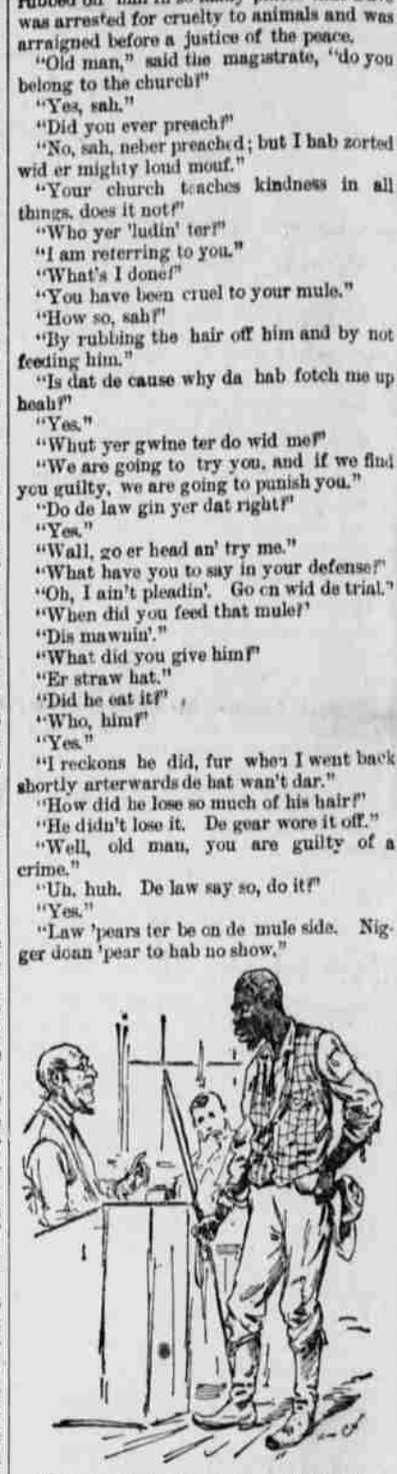
"He didn't lose it. De gear wore it off."

"Well, old man, you are guilty of a crime."

"Uh, huh. De law say so, do it?"

"Yes."

"Law 'pears ter be on de mule side. Nigger doan 'pear to hab no show."



"Law 'pears to be on de mule side."

"None that I see. I am compelled to fine you $5."

"All right, sah; heah's yer money. Now, sah," he continued when he had paid the money, "I wants yer ter make out er warrant fur de arrest o' er party."

"What is the name?"

"I calls him Dan."

"White or colored?"

"Colored."

"What is the charge?"

"'Sault wid 'tent ter kill."

"Where is the man?"

"Whut man?"

"The man you want arrested."

"I doan' want no man arrested."

"What's this warrant for, then?"

"Fur de errest o' de mule."

"Oh, go on, old man."

"No, sah, de mule hab sued me, now I'ss gwine ter sue de mule."

"Well," said the justice, who had conceived the idea of humoring the old man, "consider the defendant arraigned and proceed to state your case."

"Wall, sah, erbout er week ergo, I went down ter de stable 'fore daylight. I had gin de mule ernuff hay ter keep him chawin' all night; but, sah, when I went in an' 'gunter put de gear on him he wheeled erroun', backed me up in de corner o' de stall an' 'gunter shove his hoofs ergin me in er scan'lous manner. Talk erbout de breakbone fever, w'y it wa'n't er carcumstance. I wus all hemmed up an' couldn' do nothin' else, so I 'gunter 'sposterate wid de daim scoun'rel——"

"No swearing in court."

"'Scuse me, sah. I 'gunter reason wid him. 'Look heah, Dan,' s'I, 'dar oughtenter be no diff'rence o' erpinion twixt us, 'case we'se been good frien's. I could turn heah now an' kick de liber outen yer but I doan't wanter hurt yer. Yer know mighty well dat ef it hadn't been for me yer woulder starved ter death laung ergo, so let us not git frackshus arter so 'stended erquaintance. Now, lemme git out, like er good feller.' I tried ter pass him, but bim, bim, he let me hab it. Wall, jedge, I couldn't do nothin' but stan' right dar an' take de sicherwations ez da come, while he chawed his hay jes' like de man what gin it ter him wa'n't in awful misery. He kep' me in dar all day, sah, 'case he didn' want to go out in de hot sun an' work fur his libin'. I hollered an' whooped but nobody come. At las'—erbout night—he let me out. It wuz all I coul' do ter hobble erlaung, I wuz so badly used up. Now, jedge, dis am de reason why, since dat time, I ain' been so kereful o' dat rascal's feelin's."

"Well, old man, I will refund your money. Take the mule, go home and treat him kindly. If he assaults you again, I will have him put in jail."

"Thankee, jedge, thankee, sah. Oh, dar's some little law fur de nigger, but it takes ermighty heep o' pleadin' ter git it out. Good day, boss."

The First Snake Story of the Season.

[Hawkinsville Dispatch.]

The first snake story of the season comes to us from Henderson. It was a race between a fleet-footed dog and a black snake. The dog chased the snake three-quarters of a mile down a lane. "It is a long lane that never turns," and the snake appeared in good spirits. Just at the end of the lane the snake made a sudden turn, and found its hole under the bottom rail. The snake went down the hole head first, when the dog seized it by its tail. The snake was prepared for the emergency, and gave up its outside covering or skin, which peeled off as easily as the skin of a roasted potato.

No Time to Soothe Her Own Baby.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Nurse (to fashionable mother)—The baby is very restless, ma'am. I can't do anything with her.

F. M.—She's teething, I suppose.

N.—Yes'm. I think if you was to take her in your arms a little while it might soothe her.

F. M.—!! Impossible. I haven't time to spare. I'm just making ready to attend a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Give baby some paregoric.