### L. L. CAMPBELL, EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

TOM.

Tes. Tom's the best fellow that ever you

Waen the old mill took fire, and the flooring And I with it, helpless, there, full in my What do you think my eyes saw through the

fire,
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining! He must have comethere after

Toddled along from the cottage without Any one's missing him. Then what a shout-Oh! how I shouted: "For Heaven's sake,

men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like
a wall.
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and

"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man,

"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man,
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could; he sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully piaced by his side, and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept,
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shricking
his name

From reaching the child. But I heard it. It
came

came
Again and again—O God, what a cry?
The exes went fast I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor
minded the heat

minded the heat
That scorched them—when, suddenly, there at their feet
The great beam leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,
Down came the wall The men made a dash.

Jumped to get out of the way—and I thought "All's up with poor little Robin" and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide The sight of the coild there, when swift, at my sight,

Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came
Back with him—choking and crying, but—saved!

Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall Where I was lying, away from the fire, Should fall in and bury me.

To see Robin now, he's as bright as a dime, Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time; time; Tom, it was, saved him. Now isn't it true, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew? There's Robin now—see, he's strong as

And there comes Tom, too— Yes, Tom was our dog. Constance Fenimore Woolson.

# JOHN CRINOLINE.

The Life-Poem of a Man with a Prosaic Name.

things about John Crinoline; first, he was heartly ashamed of his name, and, rocks to disrobe for a bath. Tardy second, he had read an extraordinary blanchis euses issue from the town with number of French books. I may add heaping baskets of linen, which they that his favorite French author was Cha-spread upon the beach, and the confused teaubriand. Those whose knowledge of the rolling of the surf. A gendarme this renowned writer is derived wholly stands at the western bastion with the from a familiarity with the toothsome terra-cotta tint of the sky in his face, steak bearing his name perhaps have a and of him John inquired when it will more agreeable impression of him than his books would give them. But John dike to Grand-Bey. He has still a half-hour to wa't before he can stand by the Crinoline was such an admirer of Cha-tomb of his favorite French author. teaubriand that he had come to St. Malo, is enough time for another turn around on the coast of France, that he might the ramparts. see for himself the house in which the The day is dying. It is nearly dead, philosopher was born and stand on the and the silver light of the moon s on and where his favorite au- the water, wh thor found a lonely grave. And the everywhere el e around him, only reason why he now loiters in the naturally drops his eyes straight down Place Chateaubriand, gazing at the an- along the great grante bocks of the ties of a pair of juvenile tight-rope walk- pier, and is shocked to find them resting ers, is that the tide is in, the sea already upon Annette. Yes, there she is, her dashes against the ancient walls of the lips parted, smiling tim'dly up at him; town, and it is consequently impossible one hand against the stimy green sea-to cross over the submerged sea dike weed that chings to the wall, and the which at ebb tide connects St. Malo with other swinging a small paper parcel. the little island of Grand-Bey, on whose Of course, she is not clad in her t use outermost ledge rest the remains of Cha- and tights, only in a shabby blue dress;

moon, and John is persuaded that if he appeal in her eyes; she looks as though it as Sir Walter recommends his readers her pretty little head in that strained to view "fair Melrose." At first he sat apward position so long—indeed, after dejener smoking a eigarette unthe graceful woman on the superb black does he do? horse. Her long riding habit clings to "Be careful!" he calls to her in a graher, as that "outmost wrappage and clous tone; "you may fall in. overall" that Carlyle speaks of should stones look slippery. cling to every perfect form, and the And the next instant he is walking rap-white plume in her plush hat nods with idly away toward the beach. each capriole of the handsome beast. Now and then she dances back and way leading from the main gate the last forth attending the movements of two afterglow of sunset has faded from the children who are walking wires sky, and the moon is shining full upon stretched tant between poles perhaps the sea. He crosses the sea wall to fifty feet apart and a dozen feet high. Grand-Bey. The little island looks John can only see from his distant point rather forbidding as it lies in the of view that one of these children has shadow, sloping gently up from the still long yellowish hair, and that both are water to where it is crowned by the dressed in tinsel and tights. Some ragged ruins of the ancient chateau. Frenchmen who sit near him sipping The path, faintly defined in the grass Chartreuse have so many things to say and stones, leads past these ruins, then about the horsewoman that presently down a flight of stone steps, and sud-his curiosity is aroused and he joins the spectators gathered in a circle around the wires.

The boy and girl have ceased to act in concert, but starting out from the The boy, alert and supple, his cheeks so lonely, so simple, so grand. It is aflame with the exercise, trips lightly to only a small cylindrical cross carved the middle of his wire, and there, pois- from a granite block, and it rests upon ing himself for an instant, begins oscil-

lating to and fro. "Comme-ca, comme-ca?" he cries, in a bants ring tone to the little girl, who has traveled her wire more cautiously. She nauses at his call and casts a timid, be eech ng glance at the beetle-browed man, who responds to it with a fierce grimace, cl nch ng his tists. It is the episode of an instant and doubtless John Crinoline is the only one who observes it. At any rate the effect it has upon him is surprising. His eyes flash and he elbows his way impetuously to the

inner edge of the crowd. "Annette!" calls the handsome hor-c woman in a d ep warning tone. dr w ing roin abreat of the child. The sounof her voice works a sudden change a the g'rl's attitude. A shiver r st through the shapely lit's limbs; s darts a trembling glance at the bowho is swinging gall, on his wire, at then, with a piteous attempt at a smile begins slowly to rock herself. The b x man, taking up the words, repeats them in a menacing tone, looking up savagely into her small, pallid face. It may be that they have unnerved her; perhaps she is blinded by the tears that rather to her bright eyes; at any rate, John Crinoline sees she is falling, and, with a very wicked oath on his lips, springs forward just in time to save

"C'est damage," says the horsewoman coldly. "Merci bien, Monsieur, For answer John Crinoline, still holding the little tinsel form in his arms, glares up at the woman with such fury that she blush s. Then he turns to next Annette's blue eyes gazing with wonder into his.

"You caught me, didn't you? I'm swful much oblige. I am going to say merci bien to you, but I knew you weren't French soon's I heard you swear.

John smiles and tenderly places her on her feet. Then the beetle-browed man, who until now, for reasons best known to himself, has kept aside, approaches cap in hand, and is so profusely thankful to John and so outrageously affectionate toward the little acrobat that what else can John do but adjust his hat before all these people and then modestly slink away from them? Nevertheless, he tells himself as he passes through the great porte, that had this incident occurred in America be certainly would not have desisted in his attentions towards Annette until he had re-cued the poor child from that Amazon and brute. Here, however, in St. Malo he is a stranger in a strange land; knows absolutely nothing about the

Nonsense, interposes John Crinoline's conscience. Isn't this child I kewise a stranger in a strange land? She heard my sight,
Some one rushed by, and went right through you swear; she spoke to you in En-Humbug, says John untlinchl'sh.

But out on the long curving pier, strolling the granite docks, indeed all the afternoon until evening, when he stands on the ramparts watching the red sun sink in the sea, John thinks of Annette. He irritably insists that it is none of his business, but away over in the West the sleep of the standard the West the clouds cunningly arrange themselves in the form of a child with vellow hair, and give him the lie direct. He whistles softly and remarks to himself that this thing is very amusing; that he doesn't propose to be browbeaten into making an ass of himself, even by celestial phenomena.

A mild breeze is blowing seaward and the tide is fast ebbing. Stretches of white, clean beach lay below him, on which children are at play. Adult Frenchmen, who will never outgrow their boyhood, stand knee-deep in the quiet water of a pond left by the sea, Ten years ago there were two notable gleefully sailing their miniature ships, and a bovy of girls, chaperoned by their parents, are seeking the shelter of the murmur of their voices floats up with

but the vellow hair is there, and John Besides, this is the time of the harvest knows her by it. He can discern a mild would see the grave aright he must view she would speak to him; she has held der the awning outside the Hotel de can see her swallowing back what his France and regarding with tranquil eye beart tells him is a sob-and yet, what

When John descends the paved roadpears, surrounded by its iron railing, through which gleams the waste of sea

lighted up by the moon. He is instantly sure there is nowhere opposite end of their wires, are walking another such grave as this. Perched toward each other alone. A beetle- upon the edge of the island, here lofty browed man paces between ready to and steep, where the salt spray can render assistance in case of disester, bathe it when the waves run high, it is the tomb, which is enclosed by a rusted iron fence, the four corner posts being capped by iron pine cones. John at once begins a minute inspection of the grave. He has come to St. Malo for this express purpose, you will remember. So he walks slowly around it, and in so doing h's eye has to fall upon the sea, tranjuilly surging and silvered over with the 1 ght of the moon. When he is presently conscious of this diversion he tubbornly turns to the grave again and ries to find an inscription upon the ablet. There is none visible. He hen plue's a dead crisp flower from he mut lated wreath of immortelles that some frend or pllgrim like himself us long ago hong around the shaft of ha cross. He places this flower in his notebo A and seats bimself on the grante rock with his limbs hanging over the

What," he deliberately says aloud,

the matter with me?" What, indeed? John Crinoline is

fortunate name he possesses will always operate against his literary success that he is so sensitive on that point. His friends lament that this scribbling talent of his is not in the humorous line, where his name would really be an aid to him. 'He has said with a mournful smile: "Fancy an ode on the immortality of the soul by John Cr noline." adopt a nom de plume. He has alriver all by myself and get on the ready suid: "Suppose my work should succeed in that way—thenk of the fun "Who played Paul?" It has been useless to persuade him to there would be when I revealed myself as J. Crinoline.

So he has come here prepared to write, believing the scene should put him in a writing mood. Hence he has had the forethought to bring a candle with him in order that he may have light if necessary to jot down the creations of his fancy. Sitting thus on a desolate island by the picturesque grave of a great man, with the waves softly lapping on the sands below, and the harvest moon above shedding her ghostly light on the sea-certainly such a situation ought to provoke a firstclas poem. John is right in his premises. But he can not center h's thoughts to-night, not, at least, on Chateaubriand. When he looks up at the moon or down at its rad ance in the water, straightway h's brain is Caen ungovernable and he must think of here. Annette. Such is the weakness of human flesh-the pride of intellect, John, striving to lift himself up nto the realm of fancy, must tumble back to the common place consideration of an unknown child with yellow hair.

"Hang it!" he says indignantly. "What is the matter with me to-night." Isn't a dead gen'us of more conse quence to him than a live acrobat? Apparently not. He springs to his feet, thrusts the note-book in his pocket, flings the cand'e over the cliff, and turns to go, looking wistfully at the tomb. It is so peaceful, lying there with the waves sparkling up at it. He is loth to go, but he acknowledges to the impulse; he fee's that the sympathy for the living is s ronger upon him tonight than his interest in the dead, even Chateaubriand. The strains of mus c that are now and then wafted to his

he is irritated at sight of her. It looks feel most lonely and disconsolate. has tripped down the steps and fearless. Annette can endure it no longer.

ly approached him.
"Whose grave is that?" she asks in a

low, awe-struck voice, "Chateaubriand's." "A man?" "Did you love him?"

"I never saw him." "Why do you stay here so' long, then?" How can he answer the child? He does not try, but follows the Socratic

"Why are you here?" "Oh," she says, ingenuously, "Ididn't know there was a man buried up there.

upon one foot twisting her lithe body deed, no beath is visible, eith r. nneasily about.

"I thought because you caught me you'd help me.'

Her voice trembles: the paper parcel slips from her tingers; he can see her hides her face in her hands.

John is touched. He kneels, and, taking one of her willing hands in his, says, soothingly:
"How could I help you?"

She looks at him very earnestly, as he can see with the moonlight on her face, and eagerly tells him: "Why, please don't let them get me

again. "Let whom? That ugly man and the

woman on horseback?

"Who are they?"
"Madame de Leonelle et Monsieur

John smiles. She looks angelie with the moonbeams playing in her yellow hair; but she can bate.

"Are they very cross to you?" "Awful. Just look what he did to me to-day for falling off the wire. She bares her left arm that he may see a teeth. thick red welt crossing the flesh above

the elbow. "The brute!" cries John angrily. Annette is evidently delighted to hear him

"That's nothing," she boastingly says, "to the cut she gave me with her

cancht me. "Where's your mother, Annette?"

"She's dead." "Your father?" "He's dead, too,"

'Were they Americans?" "Mamma wasn't. She used to live at Orleans: but papa painted pictures in Paris, and when he died we were awful poor. Was you ever in Paris? Was you over in the Rue Mazet? Oh, it was a very funny little street. Papa used to take me and mamma to St. Cloud and the Bois de Boulogne on Sundays. That was the best fun of all. Mamma teased papa about his French and made him say cilleuse' and 'feullet,' and words like that, and then papa teased mamma and made her try to say things in English like "three hundred and thirty-three

him a 'Fahn-kee.' John, now reclining upon the rock with his head resting in his right hand, nois calmly up at her, quite forgetful of the grave of the great man behind him. There is a faint French accent in Annette's talk that is charming. She more than once, and each time his capering like a monkey, shouts "I'm something of a writer. As a versifier he wited plus vited plus vited and the bettle-brown is undoubtedly very clever, and it is full toward him and sideways to the

mainly due to his belief that the un- moon. At times a strain of music floats | folds of his overcoat. Annette is across the water, and Annette always pauses to listen.

"Then your mother died, too," says John, abruptly. "Yes," she repeats, in a low tone;

"then she died, too." "And then?" "Then my aunt came and took me sway to Poissy. It was awful nice at

first. I used to go out in a boat on the

I didn't have any; he wanted to, but I wouldn't let him." She emphasizes the personal pronoun with great disdain

"Who is the?"

"Why, the boy who was walking the other wire-my cousin. I hate him!" And yet she has silky vellow hair and big blue eyes. But then, John reflects, the poor little thing has lived with very hateful people; it is really no wonder she can hate,

"You then learned to walk the

wire? "Yes, but it was an awful long time before I could. I was afraid. walked all the way to Ronen, and there she met him, and after that we had a horse -that one she was on. Then we went to Havre, and Trouville, and Caen, and Granville, and Jersey, and

John lies silently gazing at her. "Now, you tell me all about your-

He laughs. "I havn't had half so many adven-tures as you. I'm only an idler."

"Don't you ever work?" "Oh, yes, sometimes. When I'm home in America I write things for newspapers and magazines; but I don't have to.

"You must have loads of money!" He feels uncomfortable at this remark

"No, not 'loads.' I have enough to live on.

"I wish I had some." "What would you do?"

"I'd go to the Conservatoire of Mu-

sique. Oh, I love music!" John lowers his eyes from her face and looks off towards a solitary light on ears from the Casino sound very entie. shore. He is quite remarkable in this ing. He is nervous; he wants to be respect-it takes him so long to make where there is life and dancing. So he up his mind. Annette, seeing him so turns from the tomb and moves away. | thoughtful and silent, is fearful of dis-As he does so his eyes rest suddenly turbing him, and quietly listens to the on a childish form standing upon the splash of the waves and the top of the flight of stone steps. The bursts of melody that come diffully moonlight is full upon her and he sees from the Casino. John ponders so it is Annette. He is not much surprised; long, however, that the moon gets dishe has been in his thoughts all day, but rectly overhead and Annette begins to so theatrical for her to appear before sides, this grave in front of her is a him in this fantastic style. He wonders very cheerless object to stare at. Every how long she has been standing up there time her eye rests upon the granite cross her young flesh creeps, and then ke a ghost, gazing down upon him. cross her young flesh creeps, and then Small wonder, however, that his brain the chilly air from the sea pierces her was intractable. Before he can act she thin clothing and she shivers. Finally

"Are you asleep?" she asks. He starts up suddenly and looks at her-then at the moon, then hastily at his watch. It is now nearer nine than eight o'clock. Perhaps the gendarme was mistaken.

"Come," he says anxiously, "we must

"Oh!" she pleads on her knees, "you won't take me back to them, will you? "No, no-you shall go with me. Come." He harries her up the steps, past the ruins of the chateau and down the grassy slope. But before they have gone balf way to the bottom he sees that the gendarme was not mistaken. There is no dike in view, Where it He asks it so couldy, almost angrily, stretched toward the beach there is now that her confidence in him and in her- only an expanse of white-capped water self is plainly weakened. She stands dancing merrily in the moonlight. Inwaves are leaping up aga nst the rock . and even the great rampacts of St. Malo.

John is very much disgusted with himself. Why d d he lie there draaming little chin working convulsively, and himself and this poor child into such a then she drops on the granite rock and predicament. He turns to her and says, penitently:

"I'm sorry, Annette, but we'll have to spend the night here; the sun's in."

"I don't care, I'm glad." John does care, but he feels resigned to see her so happy, and hand in hand they retrace their way toward the tomb. Passing the gloomy ruins Annette clings to his arm, and says, with a shudder "I thought first you'd gone and I was going to hide in that door, but it was

so awful dark it scared me. There is a bed of soft, dried grass just beyond, and here John halts. He takes off his I ght overcoat and hands it to Georges Picot-that is what they tell the her. She draws back, but he casts it on cople they are; but she's my aunt, and the grass and says in a quet tone: "! don't know who he is, only I hate want you to wrap this around you and and le down. You must try to sleep, Annette, for as soon as the tide goes out

again we will leave for England." She clasps her hands before her, and could cry out from excess of gratitude. But she only smiles joyfully and the moonlight gl stens on her white

"Are you afraid?" he asks.

"You won't go away?" "No, no."

She submissively loses herself in the arms of the great coat and cuddles upon the grass.

Now he has determined what he shall

do, and promised her, he feels relieved. riding-whip. I ran away then, too, but do, and promised her, he feels relieved, it was at Jersey. St. Heliers, and I Nevertheless, he realizes how serious couldn't get off the island; so they the affair is—he is abducting a child, one, too, who is unquestionably of considerable pecuniary value to her relatives. He smiles stubbornly, and lights a eigarette; seating him-elf under the moon on the top stone step, where he can turn a shoulder and gaze upon Annette, or look straight ahead upon the sea, and let his eyes in passing rest upon the tomb. It may be sacriligious, but there is now something so absurd

to John in the idea of his brooding over

the grave of Chateaubriand that he

At any rate, Chateaubriand has no place in his thoughts now. He is trying to dec de whether he had better run the risk of taking the morning's steamer from St. Malo to Jersey, or thousand chestnuts," and then she called take the train to Calais direct. more he thinks about it the more serious the chances of discovery on the Jersey boat appear to him, and the possibility of losing Annette is very unpleasant. Indeed, the more idea so

more anxious than he. Her eyes close quickly when they meet his, and she feigns to sleep, but her yellow head never swerves from the angle at which she has adjusted it to watch him.

So the moon floats on until the grave is in shadow. The tds follows the moon and the waves the tide. John shivers a little. but is wide awake, and he knows the bright blue eyes are peering furtively at him from the grass.

Th's all happened in the summer-time of 1878. It truly happened, for John Crinoline has told it to me. Of course he told it in much fewer words.

Wh n he had gone thus far in his story I said to him:

"Well!" "Well." said he, "I have been trying to answ.r your question. This is the reason why I sail on the Etruria next Saturday.

"Be pla'ner." "I am going over to bring Annette away from school.

"What are you going to do with

He looked me stead ly in the face, and I am sure I never gazed on an honester, manlier one than his.

"Do you really think, old fellow," sa'd, she'll object to my name? "I've a mind to change it."—Melville Phillips, in Philadelphia Press.

#### FREAKS OF NATURE.

A Philosophic Lecture on Johnny Fresh, the Dude and Mother's Boy.

Do not look down upon the fresh young man, my son, in sublime contempt or in pity. To be sure the fresh young man is a pestilential nuisance: he wearles you continually; sometimes you think it was a mistake that he ever was born. You laugh at his exuberant unsaltedness; you experience perennial shame while in his presence; you curse him mentally before his face, and overtly behind his back; and yet the fresh young man suffers nothing from your lack of appreciation. He is quite unaware that his presence is an abomination and his every act and his lightest word more terrible than a pestilence. His is not a sensitive soul and his cut ele is dense. He does not waste half his time wondering what others think of him or his actions. He goes right on. When he wants a thing, he goes and takes it. When he feels like saying any thing, out it comes. While you are looking about you, fearing that your walk or your convertation may be eriticised, he drives straight on to the goal of his desires. He is fresh, but he gets there just the same-or rather, he gets there because of his freshness.

Ten or twenty years hence, while you are peddling along in the dust of common place prosperity or the mud of obscurity, you will see him ride by in the luxur ous coach of affluence. You will find him, perchance, fresh as of old, but his freshness has stood him n in good stead, while your salineness has hardly served to helped you to salt down enough lucre to pay your funeral expenses Yes, my son, freshness is hateful to all save its possessor, but it is the stuff which helps a man amazingly in this world of ours. Therefore, my son, do not contemn the un alted youth, and think twice before you apply to him the ungrateful title of Johnny Fresh.

son, that I would have you view more leniently. I refer to the dude. In the first place the dude is scrapulously clean, and we have high authority for placing cleanliness next to godliness, and in these days, when the latter attr-bute is so very rare, we should recognize and respect whatever approaches and approximates it. Look at your hands now, begrimed with a week's account lations, and your finger nals, each with its new moon of mourning, and tell me if in these eccentricities you are superior to the despised dude.

Your collar is soiled and erumpled your trousers are baggy at the knees and of the earth earthly from the kneed awaward; your coat is surmounted with the dust of ages; your hat would blus a, were it able, at the sight of a brush your shoes are guiltless of Day & Marin; your har is in elf locks; even your face is not free from mother cart's Now look at the dude. His flesh is clean; his linen is spotless and w thout wrinkle; his hair is kempt; his raiment is perfect in fit and freedom from fill h. Look upon yourself, then look upon him, and ask yourse f if there be not something to admire and to emulate even in a dude.

And while I have your ear, my son. I have a word to say of the Loy whom your contemptuously refer to as being tied to his mother's apron string. may laugh at this toy and deride h'm, if you will; but I would give more for his chances in life than for those of the the boy who thinks his mother is a creature far beneath his consideration, and whose proudest boast is to speak of her as the "old woman." The boy who goes back on his mother, my son, will continue to go back through life until he is far behind all respectable folk in the race of humanity. Did you ever hear of a man who succeeded in I fe but had a mother in some period in his existence? I think not. And did he ever feel ashamed that he had a mother? I am sure he did not. No, my son, do not laugh at the mother's boy. boy who has been t'ed to his mother's apron-string is the boy that all rightthinking people are glad to tie to .-Boston Transcript.

## Queen Mary's Prayer-Book.

A curious and valuable prayer-book chuckles. Perhaps this powerful harvest moon has turned his head as well as the has just been sold in London. It is the little volume which the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots used at her death upon the scaffold. The prayers are the handiwork of some rare fifteenth century scribe; they are written in Latin on vellum. The pages of the missal are exquisitely illuminated with elegant borders of fruit, flowers and birds: they are also decorated with thirty-five miniatures by a Flemish artist, pieces of elaborate workmanship. The little book still rests in the original oakboards; covered with silk now much worn, in which it was originally bound. -Liverpool Mercury.

A CHEATED JUDGE

Why He Imposed a Heavy Pa-Checky Defendant.

"Judge," said a man who b summoned on a jury, "It is in for me to serve. My business that I can not leave it."

"Any man can plead busine judge replied.

"Yes, I know, but every may ness is not so pressing as mi tell you that no one but my attend to it."

"Well, I will excuse you." The man went away—west as The next day a bench warm issued for him.

"I can make no defense top except that I told the truth but myself can do my fishing one else were to do it I would a it in the least. There are times a man has to fish—got to do a and pike are striking now. Yes after trying minnows without a I tried a troll. Well, sir, a in bass nabbed it before it had the water. He was so large as so hard, that I had to play him. saw any thing like it. He late water into foam. Never in

capers. "Did you get him?" the b citedly asked. "Well, sir, he broke m

and-

"What?"

"What!" "Yes, snapped it off like age I was determined to get caught a grasshopper, studi Limerick and put it under He wouldn't even smell of it another troll, so I decided to beauty. I drew my pistol, les the water and, just as I was of pulling the trigger, the bas and grabbed the barrel of my

"Yes sir, and held on to it." "So you got him?" "Yes sir, and the prints of are in that pistol barrel now." "You don't tell me so?"
"Yes sir."

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge up a fine of one hundred dollars the defendant."

"What, a hundred dollars is because I misrepresented-"O, no," said the judge, fine you because you told 1 because you did not tell me ! were going fishing. I would be kansam Traveler.

### CARP PONDS.

How They May be Constructed Best Advantage and at Smil The cultivation of carp is def

importance to fully warrant is struction of ponds for the po But there already exist, on much ponds used for the collection of in for watering live stock, which es converted into carp pondsatan cost. There are also many b and depressions in the land to throwing up a breastwork, es made to answer the purpose at bly. It is very desirable on seve counts to have your ponfso re draw the water off any time to so the fish can be sorted and a stroying the enemies to as draining the ponds once a term truders can be removed. The vice to put in a pond to drain! cast-iron pipe (they are the cha six or more inches, according size of your pond; get it long mag go clear through your dam and ject about two or three feets end. Make a large woods drive it in the pipe on the inc the dam, and when you want to your pond, get a pole and dru plug out of the pipe. When the

is dry you can drive it in again.

stream of water flows through

cause it is liable to break your in

Never build a pond where t

wash all the spawn and smil away, when there is a great ama rainfall. Build beside such a s and let the water in at the apper of the pond, through a tile was ting over it so other kinds of for not get in with the carp or the mix and be valueless in a little In building a breast, clay sol best, but other soil will do. Also have decided where to build you get a scraper, such as you use it ing the roads. A tongue scraper best, as you can handle it better up about eighteen or twenty feel the length of your dam, and see the sod and soil to the outside plow again, and then scrape if dam is as high as you want it. keep the clay, if there is any, inside of the dam. When your done seed it down to white cla it will not freeze out as quick a kinds will, and when it is in bl beauty alone will pay you in work without the profit on in When you make an overflow pipe and put an elbow on a pipe should be large enough the waste water off. Put thele of the pipe in your pond and it end through the dam. It will a cold water from the bottom pond instead of warm water from top, as the warm water always the top of any pond or vessel thrive best in warm water. It be shallow on the out edge of in the middle, sloping gradually there are any children about the not step off into a deep hole. not step off into a deep hole If a person makes any size person have a pleasure boat on he is alone worth the cost of the P

F. H. Israel, in Ohio Farmer. -"Chambermaids" in \$ hotels are male Indians, termed They are deft and quick, and themselves to a stranger in the for three dollars per week, given employer undivided and very

-The River Sanpo, which to from the Himalaya mountains as for nearly one thousand miles the southern border of the Tube been the subject of more good controversy than any other river