THE FAMILY STORY

TWO GAMES OF FREEZE-OUT

range-rider of the Judith Gap playing freeze-out in the stage saloon. There were four players. The stakes were the drinks, and it st a round for whisky every few rs, for "red liker" was two bits ink in the days before the railroads ana. That made no difference range-rider, however. He might his monthly stipend of $50 in one but he could run "some of a bill," had an all winter's job ahead of and the profit on the goods was so hundred per cent. that the host afford to take the chances. And you know, if he got real hard up ld get a few horses to break, and as easily earned by riding someone else would. It was a risky, to be sure; but then how ould cow-punchers die if not rolled or trampled to death by some terse. So the game went on.

wind howled around the log ng, and the fine snow sifted some of the cracks where mud ng had fallen out. The box stove ed and got red in the cheeks in an ssful attempt to keep a pail of that stood in a far corner from ze. Notwithstanding its efforts, rinkle of the ice was heard as the outside increased, and penetrating racks fought back the efforts of stove.

was about 10 o'clock in the morn- but the sun was only up an hour or and the ice-laden storm from the h was making a very successful at- t to conceal the fact. A "blue fog" rolling through the gap, and the ery had all dropped into the bulb, d of trying to keep track of the ec- rieties of a climate borrowed for ccasion from the snowy wastes of ish America.

he game went on at the table in a t kind of way. Every time the e-rider moved his foot the spur s jingled on the floor. The stage- ender on the other side of the ta- was playing his best, for he knew d reached the limit of his credit e bar, but the cards were against . Two sheep-herders completed the ette, and the sneaky-looking, eyed stock-tender sized them up h a glance that boded ill if they per- ce fell asleep before the till behind bar had received their rolls, earned standing out on the hills in the rms of the six or seven months past. o wet colley dogs lay by the stove h smoking pelts, dreaming of the ll, for every once in a while one of m would give a curious "yip-yip" t suggested efforts to get a slow d of sheep into the corral. The bar- der stood with his elbows on the nter, peering out of the window d waiting for the inevitable moment, t occurred at more or less regular rvals, when some one of the play- s would "go broke," requiring a d of drinks, a dollar added to the dily increasing store in the till, and division of the chips.

After doing the honors on one of se occasions, he opened the door, ad- ting a cold blast of air and snow t made the card players swear. And, ring out, he said:

"Time fur the stage. I guess the Kid ha' missed the trail."

"Well, what if he has?" growled the k tender, to whom the arrival of stage meant an hour of cold and agreeable work. "It's no use freez- g us to death lookin' for him; he's no chicken."

The sheep-herders laughed, the range- der yawned, when a rattling of eels and harness and a cheerful lls" outside caused the game to be gotten, and all made a rush to the r. They were greeted by two or ee mail sacks thrown with considera- le force; and as the stocktender led ay the horses the driver, a great ndle of blankets, shawls and buffalo be, rolled off his seat and followed e mail sacks, as they were dragged ough the saloon by the barkeeper, o the store beyond.

After the driver had loosened up his ter wraps and melted the frost from eyelashes, he looked around and dded to those present. When his eye on the range-rider, he said:

"Hello, Bill; I saw Campbell at the er, and he sent a note to you. Here 's," and he handed a piece of paper the rider. Bill looked at it a moment, d then whispered softly to himself, aring out of the window at the rrying snow meanwhile.

"He wants you to go down the south de of the Gap and see if them Basin ttle that has drifted through are bad- mixed up with the Musselshell outfit, he told me," said the driver. "He id fur you to go down this morning, op over night at the O. H. home ranch Careless Creek, and send word by when I come back to-morrow; and the cattle ain't scattered yit he'll ed over a wagon outfit and try and rk 'em back into the Basin.' "

"Yes," said Bill slowly, "that is what says here; but, great God! does he pect me to go when this fog is a-blow- g?"

"I suppose so," said the driver. "He id if you didn't go now it would be o use later, fur the cattle would be attered sure, and the Basin round-up ould lose a heap."

The cow-puncher made no reply, but tepping up to the bar he said: "Give e a drink, Jack; it'll take considerable f your stuff to keep a man from freez- ' to death to-day." Taking a liberal se of the liquor referred to he pulled p the belt of his leather "chaps," ad- usted his six-shooter, and taking a lanket-lined canvas overcoat from a ail on the wall, pulled it on. He then ied a silk handkerchief over his ears nd pulled his sombrero well down over is eyes. "So-long," he said as he went ut the door. "I'll be back to-morrow ight and play you another stack of reeze-out." And the clank of his spur- ains was deadened in the snow as e went out to the stable.

"This is tough business, Mike," he said as he tightened up the saddle cinches on his sorrel horse, that was standing in the barn. "Some day you an' I'll retire from cow-punchin' an' be honest grangers, an' then no bloody boss can order us out when we don't want to go; an' instead of some old greasy buck to cook our meals, we'll have a nice little woman"—here the adept hand stopped in its adjustment of the straps, and a reverie followed that caused the expectant horse to glance around to see what new devilment his master was up to—for had he not often put stones under the saddle blanket and otherwise outraged the equine feelings to make him buck when he was to be loaned to some ambitious tenderfoot? But the horse simply saw his master leaning his head on a hand that rested on the saddlehorn, and he moved impatiently.

"No," said the rider slowly, "that will not be, Mike; fur they ain't fur such as we;" and giving an extra pull on the front cinch that caused Mike to kick and snort, the rider put the bridle on the horse and led him out of the low log stable. The storm still raged furiously, and it was bitter cold. With a glance at the sky and a muttered oath he placed his hand on the horn, climbed into the saddle with an easy, practiced swing, and started toward the south, following in the snow the fast disappearing trail of the stage that had preceded him but a few minutes.

He rode in this direction for some time. The storm, which was at their backs, did not seem much to these two, hardened to the parching wind of summer and the freezing blast of winter in that open country. The puncher rolled

BILL ANDERSON SLEPT THROUGH HIS LAST GAME OF FREEZE-OUT.

a cigarette or two. He noticed the cold was sharp on his fingers when he ungloved, and it was with considerable difficulty that he kept his eyes free from frost; but that would make a story to tell on the hot and dusty drive next summer. He passed a few stray cattle, and with practiced eye read the brands as coming from the round-up he represented. Leaving the stage road to the right, outlined by the two high ridges of hard packed snow crunched by the wheels of the daily stages, he bore down toward the Careless Creek drainage. The hills looked all the same in the driving storm, but the wind was steady and gave him a clew to direction. Suddenly there loomed up in front of him what to the uninitiated eye resembled houses, with outlines dimmed by the driving storm, but the rider knew they were cattle. He changed his course and rode up closer to read the brands. They were covered with frost, but he was satisfied that these were the cattle he was after; and what was more, that there were several hundred of them in this one bunch. The best service he could render his employers was to bunch this outfit, turn them toward the Gap, and take them back the next day before they scattered.

The puncher's mind was strangely dimmed. His thoughts would revert to days when, on the old Missouri farm in the States, he lay at noon in the shade of the haystack and ate the bountiful lunch provided by mother and sisters. He could hear the water pouring over the old mill-dam down below the orchard—and then he was in the orchard. But this would never do. He was now on the Montana prairie, one of the best cow hands in the Basin, and here was a bunch of cattle to be taken care of; he and Mike were all that stood between their employers and the loss of several thousand dollars. The puncher rolled the big rowels of his spurs into Mike's sides, the game cow-pony sprang forward, and they went around and around the cattle until they had them bunched. It was hard work to get them strung out against the storm; they would do nothing but mill, for the frosty air cut like needles in their faces when they turned in the direction the solitary puncher was trying to make them go. But he found himself strangely lacking that life and energy which had won him his wide reputation on the ranges. Sleep hung heavy on his eyes. He rolled in the saddle, and when Mike made one of his famous quick turns his rider clung to the horns of the saddle to keep from falling off. Suddenly it seemed to the puncher that it was getting dark; the herd was but a ding outline; the wind tore at the bunches of sage and grease wood, piling up the snow on one side and cutting out caves on the other. The rider was warm and cold at intervals. His mind wandered to the last fall drive, when on the night herd he was wont to slip from his horse and seek the friendly cover of a buffalo wallow, or a badger hill, topped by bunch of sage, to slip the long bridle line over his arm and curl up on the ground within the friendly shelter and sleep. Why not now? The shelter was better for the drifted snow, and he was so sleepy. A few moments' rest and he would be able to resume his solitary watch and hold the herd until day. He slid from his horse and followed out the suggestion. It was cozy and comfortable. Mike swung his hindquarters toward the north, clamped his tail between his legs, humped his back and philosophically nodded off to sleep. The puncher slept also.

At first dreams crowded thick and fast, then they faded. The storm howled with increasing vigor. The cattle one by one drifted off into the night, unable to withstand the storm. Mike shifted his weight from one foot to the other and slept on, shivering beneath his saddle blanket, his hindquarters white with snow and his breath covering his nostrils and breast with a white frost.

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The sun rose next morning on a scene of crystal splendor dazzling to the eye, and when the two men who lived at O. H. home ranch rode out that morning they were nearly blinded by the glare.

"We'll look up the north fence first," said the foreman to the other. "The cattle may have broken it down yesterday in the storm."

As they rode along the fence, but a few rods from the cabins and corrals they saw on the other side an animal motionless on the prairie. When they approached they saw that it was a saddled horse, covered with snow and ice. Putting spurs to their mounts they rode rapidly in that direction. The shivering brute on the other side of the fence heard them coming, pricked up his ears, whinnied and pawed the ground, but did not move away; his bridle rein was around an arm that could not relax its grip. For Bill Anderson, with a smile of peace upon his face, had slept through his last game of freeze-out, and the bar to which he was now called, to make final settlement, was the Bar of Judgment.

Do Men Outlive Women?

"According to our experience," says an actuary connected with one of the large insurance companies, "women seem to be shorter lived than men. A set of tables made up from statistics extending over a quarter of a century gives the following results:

"From birth to 10 years of age the male death-rate is in excess of the female. From 10 years to forty the female death-rate is in excess of the male, while from 40 to 50 years of age the rate is about the same in both sexes.

"Finally, from 50 to 60 there is a greater percentage of deaths among males than among females, while after the 70th year the reverse is the case, though the proportion of females living at that age is much less.

A few women have lived to be over a hundred years old, but where twenty women die before 50 and one woman reaches the age of 100 or more, twenty men live to be 80.

"Most insurance companies, as a rule, regard men as better risks than women. Men generally insure at an older age, but their policies run longer."

The Children's Sleep.

A physician in an address before a woman's club on the care of children's health, recently said that it is criminal to attempt to save a little money by not giving every child in the family a bed to himself. The physician also emphasized the need of early sleep. "It is so easy," he said, "to let a nervous child lose sleep in the early evening, when he or she should be hard at it. When a physician prescribes some important remedy that must be taken and which is not pleasant, a mother feels that it is time well expended to coax and wheedle, and even bribe the little one to swallow it. Spend just as much thought and effort in getting your child to sleep every night, if he does not fall off his chair at the evening meal from drowsiness, as the normal child should. Give up concerts, theaters, parties, anything till you have secured for the nervous, twitching boy or girl the benign habit of sleep. Coax him to his room, give him a quick sponge bath, tuck him in his single bed, with a light wool blanket over him besides the sheet, and in a lowered light sit by him and talk to him till he is quieted. Tell him gentle, soothing stories, nothing to excite his imagination, and when he is finally asleep, have the room cool, dark and quiet. Don't let him try to sleep in a room which has been a sitting room all the evening, without having it thoroughly refilled with fresh outdoor air, which may be accomplished by throwing windows wide open for fifteen minutes."

A Mutual Friend.

Bobby—Popper, what is a mutual friend?

Mr. Perry—He is generally one who makes it his business to see that you don't miss hearing the mean things your friends say about you.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Type are slightly less than 1 inch in length.

CULTURE OF GRASS.

ORCHARD GRASS THE BEST FOR PARKS AND ORCHARDS.

It Requires a Deep, Finely Pulverized Soil—For a Pasture, Well Drained, Moist Land Is Necessary—Noticeable Art in Agriculture.

Grass.

For parks and orchards, and upon dry soils, orchard grass is one of our most profitable grasses, says the Baltimore American. The soil must be made fertile, deep and mellow. The roots run down a long distance into the ground. It therefore requires a deep, finely pulverized soil. The seed is very light, feeling like chaff, and weighing but fifteen pounds to the bushel. It usually sells for $1.75 to $1.80 per bushel. Two bushels of fresh seed should be sown to the acre, and one peck of clover seed. These seeds should be sown over the soiling rye ground early in March, so as to get fully rooted before hot weather. The rye will be fit to cut by the middle of April, and by the 10th of May, being all cut off, the ground should be heavily rolled, and dressed with twenty bushels of lime to the acre. By the middle of July a half crop of excellent grass can be cut, and by the middle of September another crop. Manure the ground in the fall, and if it is wanted for hay, do not pasture the ground. This grass delights in a deep, rich, clay loam; upon poor, thin, sandy or gravelly soils, it would prove a failure. The seeding should be done early in the season, and thirty pounds, or two bushels, of seed should be sown to the acre. For a pasture grass it is very valuable, as, when once set, it will continue to spring up and grow after every grazing. For pasture, sow it on deep, well-drained, moist land. The ground must be heavily dressed with rich, finely rotted manure. Any one carefully following these directions will find that it is a most valuable grass, either for feeding at the barn or for pasture. On poorly prepared, thin soils, using but little seed, it will not give satisfaction. With slipshod methods the grass would prove a failure, and should not be sown.

Barn Ventilation.

If the barn is not ventilated enough to give the cows a sufficiency of oxygen, then all the carbon is not burned up and dead matter—soil—is left in the system, and this fits it to be a fertile place for the tuberculous germs to make a lodgment, and the cows will have tuberculosis just in the order they are predisposed to the disease from weak lungs or any other cause. I have been in quite a number of stables where the commissioners had applied the test—in one they had taken four-fifths of the cows where there was no chance for air to get in, yet the owners told me that the officers never said a word to them about ventilation. The horse and ox seldom have tuberculosis, as they have a chance to get outdoors and fill their lungs with fresh air and get rid of the dead carbon which has been accumulating in the system. I will stake my reputation that many herds tested last year will show the same, or nearly the same, ratio of suspected cases this year, if again subjected to the tuberculin test. Ventilation should be looked after, and when that is done we shall seldom hear much about tuberculosis. Farmers should look well after ventilation and thus avoid disease. Open your ventilators wide, particularly warm nights. Now is the time cattle take the disease.—Agriculturist.

Grinding Corn on the Cob.

The cob possesses some nutrition, though when fed whole it is hard to digest. But if ground fine with the corn on it the mixture makes a feed on which cattle will thrive better than on corn meal not thus distended in bulk. It is well known to stock feeders that the chief difficulty with them is "getting off their feed" if even a slight excess of food is given. In carefully conducted experiments it was found that more corn could be eaten without injury when ground with the cob than if shelled and ground separately. So whether the corn cob contributed to the result directly or did not, there can be no question that at least for fattening stock there is an advantage in grinding them together over that of feeding the corn separately.

Hints to Fruit Growers.

Blackberries are a profitable fruit and may be grown with little labor on almost every farm.

Never crowd the orchard. Trees should have room to grow; they need plenty of ground and free sun.

In setting out an orchard confine yourself to a few, well selected varieties of each fruit; as you become experienced you can add new ones.

It pays to set out shade trees around the orchard to protect the trees from storms; they also assist greatly in beautifying the premises.

It is poor policy to depend on a single crop, failure is apt to come, and it is most disastrous to the man who has placed all his hopes on one crop.

Don't imagine that to have a profitable orchard all you have to do is to buy trees, plant them and afterwards allow them to take their own chances.

There are two dangerous extremes in the selection of varieties for the orchard. The one is the liability of selecting too few, and the other too many. You can strike the medium if you observe carefully the success of other people.

Every horticulturist ought by this time to know all about the copper solution for fungus diseases. The usual mixture is six pounds of copper sulphate and four pounds of lime to twenty-two gallons of water. Sprayers are so numerous that it is difficult to name any one that is better than another.

Art in Agriculture.

Art in agriculture is coming to be more and more noticeable every day. With the advent of new methods, improved implements and a wider knowledge of the field, the agriculturist is rising higher and higher in the field of useful or ornamental art as the years go by. We may say that sharp competition is no small factor in this progressive movement, says the American Student. Take, for example, the manner in which certain products are prepared for the open market. The improvement in the condition of certain dairy products and fruit on the market in the last few years is truly wonderful. The reason, of course, is that people always buy that article which is put up in the most tasty and attractive style, and are willing to pay a little more for it. With this change comes a more wholesome effect upon the article itself, and disease is much less disseminated through food at the present time than formerly. Greater precautions are taken now than ever before in preventing the spread of contagious diseases in this manner, and, with the increase in the size of the cities and the greater liability to ill-health, these precautions cannot be observed too carefully. Thus, the agriculturist, to be successful, must keep right up to date in his readings and methods.—Wisconsin Farmer.

To Prevent Milk Fever.

After having a twenty-cow dairy for the past twenty years, and having them come fresh at all times in the year, a writer in the Country Gentleman says he has never had a case of milk fever in summer, and only two in cold weather, and the reason is simply "exercise." He is a strong advocate of exercise for a dairy cow, although he would not give it in the same manner that he would do a trotting horse. While a cow may live and keep fat by being tied by the neck, from fall till spring, as a pig will being confined in a pen, yet this is not the proper thing to do.—Country Gentleman.

Poultry Notes.

Cleanliness is the best disinfectant.

Exercise is good medicine and cheap.

If you desire strong eggs for early incubation you should mate up your hens at once.

In saving the droppings, mix them with dry earth before they have a chance to freeze.

Clover, by displacing grain, supplies the hens with substances which are lacking in grain, and also bulky food for heating.

Don't forget to keep the grit-box well filled. This is especially important when the ground is frozen hard, or covered with snow.

Boiling of brine, as strong as it can be made, is an effective remedy for white mites. Apply to the roosts and dropping boards with a whitewash brush.

Be always on the watch against draughts in the roosting house. A cold at this time of the year is very apt to run into roup and ruin your flock.

He who would keep poultry successfully in this northern country, must know that the house must be warm and free from draughts; it is the warmth which brings the eggs.

Be sure that the water fountains are not allowed to freeze up. The best thing to do is to turn out the water as soon as all the fowls have had a good drink. They should be watered at least twice a day, if you wish a full egg basket.

AMERICAN JOCKEYS.

They Forced English Horsemen to Adopt Their System.

When American jockeys first invaded England, both they and their methods were the laughing stock of the old world.

The idea of the saddle being placed right on the horse's withers, with the stirrups so short that the jockey's knees were almost up to his chin, seemed to the Englishmen such a departure from the general conception of the way a jockey should ride that it was simply ridiculous. Another system which the majority of Englishmen have not even yet got used to is the American idea of getting away first and winning the races in the first stages, rather than to gallop for three-quarters of the distance and sprint the balance.

Two hundred years of sticking to old methods has not made it easy for the Englishmen to accept new ideas, but the success made by Jockey Reiff abroad on Duke & Wishard's horses has forced even the most egotistical of the Englishmen to admit that there is something good in the new styles and methods, despite the fact that they are radical departures from old and accepted ideas. This is made manifest when such a decidedly and radically English sporting paper as the London Sportsman publishes the following:

"The repeated success of Mr. Wishard's stable formed quite a feature of the Newmarket first meeting, and those who have been most set against Reiff's style of riding—and I freely admit to having been one of them—were compelled to admit that there was something in his methods. I think few of us would ever become reconciled to seeing the saddle placed on a horse's withers, and it does not seem possible that a jockey in that position and riding so short that his knees are nearly in his mouth can have much control over his mount.

"On the other hand, Reiff very speedily demonstrated that no one could teach him anything in the art of getting away, and one or two of our leading professionals would do well to take a leaf out of his book and try to win an occasional race in the early part of it, instead of depending entirely upon that 'one run' at the finish, which so frequently just fails in its object and lands them in second or third place."

It is well within the possibilities that next season may see some of the chief English stables departing from old traditions and embracing the advanced ideas transplanted from America.

Ridicule Conquers Hypnotism.

Leo Vint, a hypnotist, in London, recently attempted to keep a man in a mesmeric trance from Monday till the following Saturday. The subject was placed in a casket and the public invited to pay to see him. A commercial traveler and a dozen companions, armed with cards and whisky, visited the trance room with the object of watching the subject during Thursday night to detect any possible fraud. The subject had a fit after an hour of the watching and shortly afterward jumped out of the casket, saying he could not stand the "drummers'" jokes. He showed fight, too, and resumed his "trance" at sight of a policeman. "Prof." Vint then arrived and was arrested and later bound over to keep the peace, in a police court, on complaint of one of the watchers, who claimed the hypnotist had threatened him with a pistol.

THE WORLD'S SHIPPING.

In chief Chamberlain's Office—United States of a recent act.

Truly, it is "grievous to contemplate" in the matter of shipping, and the British empire is the Athanasius. Of the immense mass of the world in vessels of 100 tons or more, about one-half is under the "meteor flag." The totals are 29,880 vessels and 25,614,000 tons, of which 11,809, or more than one-third of the vessels, and 10,350,424, or more than one-half of the tonnage, are British. There is no use, therefore, in instituting a comparison between British shipping and that of any other nation. The first place is so indisputably British that all competition must be for the second and lower places.

In the totals of all kinds of vessels the second place is at present easily held by the United States. This country has 8,215 vessels, of 2,234,725 tons. The nearest competitors are Norway, with 2,962 vessels of 1,923,408 tons, and Germany, with 1,657, of 1,943,751. France comes next, with 1,457, of 1,129,575. Italy, Russia, Sweden and Turkey have each more than 1,000 vessels; indeed, Sweden has more than France, but none of them has nearly 1,000,000 tonnage.

Further analysis of the figures gives some interesting results. In the class of wooden and composite steamers the United States greatly leads all, with 992, of 178,000 tons, against 180 of 41,484 tons in Japan, the nearest rival. Indeed, in tonnage of this class the United States outstrips even the British empire, the latter having 402 vessels, but of only 108,636 tons. Of iron steamers we have 249, of 330,794 tons, and are surpassed by France and Germany in both numbers and tonnage, and by Norway, Sweden and Spain in the former but not in the latter respect. Of steel steamers we have 289, of 455,833 tons, and are surpassed in both respects only by Germany, Norway having more vessels but less tonnage. The totals of all steam craft in the United States are, then, 680 vessels, of 1,005,459 tons. We are surpassed only by Germany, with 984 vessels, of 1,430,539 tons, and are approached only by Norway in number of vessels, 638, and by France in tonnage, 930,785. All the rest are far behind.

In sailing craft of wood and composite structure the United States leads the world, surpassing even the British empire. The figures are: United States, 2,511 vessels, of 1,193,379 tons; British empire (colonies included), 2,314, of 708,550 tons; Norway, 2,516, of 1,042,084 tons; and the rest nowhere. In iron sailing craft our sixteen, of 16,863 tons, are so far behind Germany's 185, of 199,455 tons, as to be quite out of reckoning. We are also surpassed in both numbers and size by France, Norway, Denmark and Holland, and by Argentina and Italy in numbers, and just equaled by Sweden in numbers. Our eight steel sailing vessels, of 19,024 tons, are vastly distanced by Germany's fleet, surpassed in numbers and tonnage by the fleets of Holland, France, Italy and Norway, and in numbers by those of Argentina and Denmark. In the grand total of all kinds of sailing craft the United States leads all the world, excepting the British empire, but it is closely pressed by Norway, the figures being United States, 2,535 vessels, of 1,220,260 tons, and Norway, 2,204, of 1,142,984 tons. All the rest are comparatively distanced.—New York Tribune.

Honest Horse-Traders.

Swapping horses, it is said, is of all trades the most trying to men's honesty. Men who can deal squarely under ordinary circumstances yield to the temptation to get the best of a bargain when it is a question of horse-flesh. Hence it is a pleasure to read the following anecdote, which proves the exception to the rule:

Two gentlemen of Marshalltown, Va., whom for convenience we will call Mr. A. and Mr. S., met one day and agreed to swap horses.

"I'll tell you what, John," said Mr. A., "if you get the best of the trade, you shall bring me two bushels of wheat to bind the bargain, and if I come out best, I'll do the same by you, eh?"

"That's a go," said Mr. S., "and I 'low you'll bring me the wheat."

"That's as it may be," retorted Mr. A. "But let it be agreed, then, that a week from this afternoon the one that's best suited, be it you or me, shall give t'other two bushels of wheat."

The week passed, the day came, and as luck would have it, Mr. A. and Mr. S. met on the road about midway between their respective homes.

"Where to, John?" cried Mr. A., as they stopped a moment to chat.

"To your house with the two bushels of wheat," replied Mr. S.

"Well, now, that's good," remarked Mr. A., "for I was on my way to your house on the same errand. This horse you let me have can't be beat."

"Just what I think of this nag," retorted Mr. S., and then they had a hearty laugh, and separated after exchanging wheat.

Eugene Aram.

The idea of the story of Eugene Aram, as told by Bulwer Lytton in his novel of the same name, was borrowed from an incident which also supplied material for a poem by Thomas Hood and a drama by Wills. It is a story of a Knaresborough schoolmaster, a man of education and refinement, who, in 1745, committed a murder under exceedingly peculiar circumstances. The case, on account of its psychological features, excited wide interest at the time, and was the occasion of much discussion among the students of mental phenomena. Of Bulwer's novels of crime this is undoubtedly the most interesting study, though how a man of education and religious impulses could commit a crime of the kind, even under the circumstances detailed, is impossible to understand.

On the Wrong Track.

"Dear me!" said the good-looking female visitor to the superintendent of the insane asylum, "what a vicious look that woman has we just passed in the corridor. Is she dangerous?"

"Yes, at times," replied the superintendent, evasively.

"But why do you allow her such freedom?"

"Can't help it."

"Isn't she under your control?"

"No; she is my wife."—Up To Date.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Secret of the Noted Bostonian's Popularity.

"The secret of the man who is universally interesting is that he is universally interested," says Mr. Howells in his recent delightful reminiscences of Dr. Holmes; and this he declares to have been above all the secret of the charm which the beloved autocrat exercised upon all who came near him. Dr. Holmes himself was joyously and frankly conscious both of his magic and its source. Henry James, father of the present novelist of that name, once said to him:

"Holmes, you are intellectually the most alive man I ever know."

"I am, I am," cried the Doctor, with vivid satisfaction in the fact, "from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, I'm alive, I'm alive!"

And alive he remained fully and finely up to the very time of his death, looking outward with keen and friendly eyes upon the great world and its doings; looking inward to note, cheerfully and tranquilly, the progress of time upon himself, and pleasing himself in employing his gifts both as a physician and as a man, to keep his old age green.

A gay and gallant old man, as well as a wise and kindly one, he was, making little of ills and weaknesses, making the most of all things lovely and bright, missing nothing new in science or literature that was worth his attention, and enjoying life to the last. It was not in him to complain, and he shed cheer and happiness about him to the very end.

"The querulous note," says Mr. Howells, "was not in his most cheerful register; he would not dwell upon a specialized grief; though sometimes I have known him touch very lightly and currently upon a slight annoyance, or disrelish for this or that. As he grew older, he must have had, of course, an old man's disposition to speak of his infirmities; but it was fine to see him catch himself up in this when he became conscious of it, and stop short with an abrupt turn to something else."

At 60, Dr. Holmes had doubted if it were wise for him to write "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table," fearing lest he were too old for such a task. But, says Mr. Howells:

"He lived twenty-five years after that self-question at 60, and after 80 he continued to prove that threescore was not the limit of a man's intellectual activity or literary charm. During all that time the work he did in mere quantity was the work that a man in the prime of life might well have been vain of doing, and it was of a quality not less surprising."

What a brave and busy and beneficent old age! What a happy one! Youth in the very flush of its careless vigor and gayety can look on such an age as that, and feel there need be nothing terrible or gloomy in growing old. With an alert mind and an ever-ripening soul it is possible to enjoy and to confer the best of this world's happiness, up to the very threshold of the next.—Youth's Companion.

Died with His Boots On.

A dispatch from Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "With the killing in this city of 'Billy' Carter, commonly spoken of in derision as the man of the 'long and flowing mustache,' one of the law's most dreaded foes, bit the dust. Carter was a common Georgia 'cracker,' illiterate, and until recent years a day laborer, belonging to the class known as poor whites. One night last fall, for reasons unknown, he shot Police Captain Thomas Russell in the arm. All search for him was unavailing, but he has led a charmed life since, and became a terror to officers of the law and peaceable citizens alike. He had no confederates, but as a lone highwayman plundered the country at will, and on several occasions held at bay officers who were searching for him. He not infrequently entered the city, and was seen at entertainments in the outskirts.

"A few days since Carter's wife rented a cottage in the city on a back street, and Friday the police authorities were notified of Carter's presence there. A posse of seven officers, under Sergt. Haskins, surrounded the house. The outlaw defied arrest, and walked into their midst with two big Colt's revolvers, which he discharged right and left, his first shot breaking the arm of Detective Charles Brock, but Carter's body was filled with lead in a trice. The only words he spoke before he died were: "Send my pistols and my body back to Georgia."

Indian Gamblers.

Le Page du Pratz tells of a class of obstinate Indian gamblers of the early colonial days of Louisiana, who were so infatuated with a gambling game of their own invention, which Du Pratz calls the game of "La Perche," that the player who may have lost all his personal belongings would go secretly and purloin the belongings of his wife and play them away also. Very often, when they had staked their bed clothing, and lost even that, the hard-headed gamblers of this description would go to the French planters and bargain for new bed covering, much to the dislike of the planters, who rarely received and pay for the articles.

A Freakish Egg.

Ex-Councilman William Chaffin, of Huntington, W. Va., has a great curiosity which he was exhibiting at his place of business recently. It was taken from a hen's egg. It is a solid substance, almost exactly the form of a fish, having the head fairly well formed and the eye almost to perfection. The thing is about two and one-half inches in length and is proportioned about as the ordinary pike fish. It is carefully preserved in alcohol and is exciting no small degree of curiosity.

Crushed Him.

"Your money or your life," he hissed.

The girl who was taking advantage of the gloaming to mount her bicycle frowned.

"Sir," she answered, with a trace of irritation in her manner, "if I felt that it would be necessary for me to be held up I should employ a regular instructor. Good evening."—Detroit Tribune.

The Very Opposite.

Mr. Snaggs—My dear, isn't the grocer on the next corner a Celtic gentleman?

Mrs. Snaggs—No, indeed! He sells for cash only.—Pittsburg Chronicle.