

KATIE'S RIVAL

"Maud, I wish you would not say that again. I tell you, once for all, Mr. Lee is, and cannot be anything more to me than a friend; so if you respect my wishes in the least you will not mention his name to me again."

And Katie Lane flung back her bright brown curls as she spoke, a little disdainfully, perhaps, and bent a little lower over the piece of crocheting she held in her hands.

I will not stop to tell you that she, my heroine, was handsome; suffice it to say that she was the belle of the pretty village of M—; and, as a matter of course, was sought after and admired by all the young men of the place, not only because she was witty and accomplished, but because old Guy Lane was the wealthiest man in the place, and would one day leave his all in the hands of Katie, as the only legal heir.

Maud Anthony laughed low and triumphantly as she returned:

"Really, Katie, you need not speak so angrily. Everybody thinks you are going to marry him, and for my part, I think he will make some one a kind husband."

"Well, if you see so many good qualities about him why don't you marry him? When I see fit to get married I shall take whom I please, despite what everybody says."

The curls flew again, and the sparkling eyes glanced saucily at the finished coquette opposite her.

"Oh, ho! so my pretty young lady is getting angry, eh? If that's the case I must flee. Only remember I have done my duty. I thought you ought to know how people are talking."

"You need not trouble yourself Miss Anthony, to look after my affairs; you must have enough of your own to look after. When I need your advice I will surely let you know. So I bid you good afternoon."

The quietly little head rose proudly erect at this, and with a scornful expression on her lips Katie walked quickly away into the shadow of the shrubbery of the garden.

As she walked hastily on a footstep on the other side of the hedge checked her flight, and in a moment Wilkes Lee, the subject of the little conversation under the elms, scrambled up into sight, without seeming to have seen Katie, and hastened away.

The strange little heart of Katie gave a sudden start as she recognized her old friend and—lover, and she paused, murmuring:

"I wonder if he heard what we said? I wouldn't have had him for all the world. A plague on Maud Anthony! She forced me to say it. I suppose she is glad, too; for now she thinks I don't care for him."

For a moment Katie was silent as she worked nervously at the pretty diamond ring that encircled that chubby forefinger. It was a gift from Wilkes, a betrothal ring.

"I don't care!" Katie at last broke out, pointing. "Now, that I've said it, I'll show Miss Anthony I mean it. There!" she said, as she drew the diamond from her finger and cast it away into the bushes, "there, lie there and rust, for all I care. Much good may it do you, Maud, too. You can catch him, I know, but what do I care?"

More than you think, my pretty heroine; we shall see.

A moment Katie stood there looking in the direction of the hedge; then clapping her hands to her face she burst into a quiet shower of tears.

On the other side of the hedge Wilkes Lee strode quickly away, saying sheepishly:

"Well, well; a pretty scrape you came near getting into, my boy. Didn't mean to be an eavesdropper, certainly; accidents will happen, you know. So she don't care for you, eh? We'll see. I'll warrant she don't know her own heart now. I think I'll run away a few days, and let her get over her fit."

And the young man disappeared in the underbrush that lined the road, leaped over the fence, and was soon lost to view in the distance.

Katie waited patiently for many days for the visit of her once ardent lover, and then, concluding that he had not only overheard what she said that day in the garden, but had taken her at her word, commenced not to look alone, but to mourn him as lost to her, indeed.

And Maud Anthony, to whom all this was due, rejoiced that Wilkes seemed to have suddenly ceased to visit the Lanes, and strove with renewed efforts to entangle the handsome young fellow—for Wilkes Lee was considered the best catch the village afforded. But with all the pleasing ways she could effect, Wilkes seemed impregnable to her attempts. Indeed, no one knew that he even noticed her, save Katie, who looked on jealousy, thinking she could no longer hold a place by her side. In Katie's presence alone did Wilkes seem to care in the least for the flirt. After a while he cast even her off, and disappeared entirely. Ah, Katie! the battle was more than half fought when you cast the love of a man, pure and undivided, from you. This was only a little struggle before the actual defeat.

There was a great ball at the Anthony's; positively the affair of the season, those said who ought to know. Of course all the fashionable people would be there; no one would miss such a chance to show themselves as this ball masque afforded. The Lane carriage was in attendance, and Katie was there looking prettier than ever; a trifle paler than usual, no doubt, though for the world she would not have had the sharp-sighted gossip surmise the real cause.

The ball was in full blast when the close carriage of the Lees was whirled up to the door, and the occupants en costume, announced. No one doubted, even for a moment, that that tall, distinguished looking fellow, with a lady leaning heavily on his arm, was Wilkes Lee; but who was his companion—who was she? This was all the theme of wonder; none the less with

Katie than with the coquette Maud Anthony. Some said 'twas his wife; perhaps he had married in a foreign land. Some said no; Mrs. Lee had said only to-day that Wilkes was coming home unmarried.

And so, while all wondered, no one knew. Katie's wandering little heart sank still lower as she saw what care and attention the young man bestowed upon his companion. 'Twas well her face was concealed beneath the simple milk-maid's dress; otherwise some might have said she still cared for him.

And, think you, this verdict would have been wrong? I very much surmise it would not.

The mask seemed not to have any eyes or ears for anything save the lady beside him. And lower and lower sank Katie's poor little heart as the evening wore on, and still Wilkes made no effort to distinguish her from among the crowd. At last, when she could constrain herself no longer, she quietly slipped away from the throng and went out into the moonlight garden and wept alone in a seat under the trees.

A long time she sat thus, when, with the thought that she would bemused, she started up.

A hand was laid gently on her arm "Stay a moment, Katie. I want to speak with you a moment."

'Twas Wilkes Lee's voice, and Katie struggled to get from the grasp that detained her.

"Katie, I heard what you said that day under the elms; did you mean it?"

His warm breath touched her face.

"No, Wilkes, I did not, I was provoked," came faltering, hesitatingly, from Katie's rosy lips. What if, after all, he had been true to her? She could not help thinking of it.

"And you love me still?"

"I have always loved you, Wilkes."

"When you own up that you are defeated, Katie?"

"But what of that lady who is with you? She is your—"

"Mother, my darling; and you are to be my wife?"

Suffice to say a few days after there was a wedding somewhere, and some one, which means Katie, was married to some one, which means Wilkes Lee, the one who so unwillingly became once a participator in Katie's defeat

Greek Meets Greek.

One day last week a lightning-rod man and a life insurance agent made their advent in this community, and that without the knowledge of each other's presence. They both began to canvass Merrill avenue with an ardor of enthusiasm peculiar to the profession only. It is unnecessary to say that under such an accumulation of horrors most of the residents yielded in apathetic despair. One individual yet remained to be interviewed and as fortune ordained it the two agents arrived simultaneously one morning at his gate. They fell into mutual error of imagining the other to be the person with whom they were seeking an interview. The lightning-rod man opened fire first, with:

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, good morning," replied the insurance agent, cheerily.

"I am glad to meet you," continued the other. "I wish to avail myself of the opportunity of addressing you upon a subject of vital importance."

"By all means, by all means," responded the insurance agent, delighted in being anticipated as he imagined, upon the subject nearest his heart. "It will afford me inexpressible pleasure to—"

"Thank you, thank you," eagerly interrupted the dealer in lightning-rods, delighted in his turn, at getting such a customer, and continuing: "I have no doubt that you thoroughly comprehend how essential it is for the security—"

"Just what I was about to observe," again chirped in the insurance agent.

"The danger—"

"Yes, yes," said the other. "The danger is more than enhanced by neglect and the only effective—"

"Just so," again interrupted the life insurance agent. "I felt sure that you would comprehend at once how absolutely necessary it was to establish safeguards calculated—"

"Of course, of course," said the lightning-rod man, running over in his mind whether he had enough rods on hand to supply such an eager customer. Then again continuing:

"You are doubtless aware of the fact that a false economy often leads—"

"I perceive," said the insurance agent, "that your mind is above the ordinary level, and is one that can easily recognize the pennywise foolish system—"

"Thank you. And your opinion is but a reflex of my own" answered the other.

And thus they continued, the one interrupting the other, and both endeavoring to impress his listener until it became a question of endurance merely. The lightning-rod man, though of a stouter build, was the first to succumb, and at length he sank with an expiring gasp, casting a look of reproach upon the insurance agent. The life insurance agent lasted a few moments longer, but he, too, at length sank by the side of the lightning-rod man, whispering in his ear. Then they both perished, literally talked to death. The sad affair has cast a gloom over the community.

In Madison county, Fla., Bob Sutton, an aged negro man, died, and his family or neighbors, wishing to establish a new burial ground, and entertaining the idea that if his was the first grave in the new cemetery the deaths of the remaining members of the family would soon follow, dispelled the illusion by cutting a tree down, encasing a length of it in a coffin and burying it with due solemnities. The next day Bob's remains were interred beside it.

JEFF. DAVIS IN PRISON.

Charles S. Tripler's Story of His Pleasant Life at Fort Monroe.

From the San Francisco Alta.

I was in 1865 First Lieutenant in the Twelfth United States Infantry, and in the absence of my Captain, commanded E Company of the First Battalion of that regiment. Early in October I was ordered to Fort Monroe, and reported for duty to Gen. N. A. Miles. My rank as Lieutenant subjected me to detail as officer of the guard, as such I had for the twenty-four hours of my detail immediate charge of our distinguished prisoner, my orders being "not to allow him out of my sight during my tour of duty."

Mr. Davis was confined to a room in Carroll Hall, which was designed as quarters for Lieutenants, who are entitled to two rooms only, so all the rooms, except the mess hall and library, are in suites of two rooms each. The doorways were all grated with iron, and a sentry walked before each on a pile of cocoa matting some four inches thick. The officer of the guard was not allowed to leave the room unless relieved by the officer of the day, nor to sleep at all during his twenty-four hours of duty. The grated windows were locked, the keys being in the custody of the officer of the day. As was the custom on my first day of duty as officer of the guard I was introduced by my predecessor to Mr. Davis, thus: "Mr. Davis, Mr. Tripler of the Twelfth. Mr. Davis said: 'Are you Stuart Tripler?'" I said: "Yes, sir." He then said he remembered my grandmother (Mrs. Hunt) and had very pleasant recollections of my father (Surgeon Tripler of the army). We had that first day no further conversation until the time came for his daily walk around the parapet. At that time the officer of the day came accompanied by two negro prisoners, unlocked the door, when Mr. Davis, dressed in muff-colored clothes, with a Raglan overcoat and a soft, high-crowned, black felt hat, stepped into my room. Gen. Miles entered at this time with the daily papers, which were placed on a table in Mr. D.'s room. The prisoners commenced at once to clean up the room, and we left in the following order: Mr. Davis and officers of the guard, ten paces behind two sentries, a couple of paces behind them the officer of the day, and lastly, some distance off, Gen. Miles strolled along reading.

We took our time, and Mr. Davis, by his instructive and most entertaining conversation, rendered this a most delightful duty. He seemed to know everything. He had the unusual faculty of drawing a young man out and making him show his best side. We would sometimes stop abreast of the water battery, in front of the commanding officers' quarters, and recline on the crest of the works, where he would relate pleasant stories of the old army, ask after common friends, and often give me points in my profession which were invaluable. To show how small a matter he would notice and speak of, there were a number of trees growing along one of the fronts of casements which bore clusters of white berries. Mr. Davis said: "Lieut. Tripler, I saw you riding a nice-looking horse the other day, but it is out of condition. Those berries you see there are one of the best condition medicines I know of, and you can find them all over the South; remember that; it's worth knowing." On our return Dr. Cooper's servant came in with Mr. Davis' lunch. All his meals were supplied from Dr. Cooper's table, and Mrs. Cooper was a notable housewife, and the markets of Fort Monroe were well supplied; you may be sure Mr. Davis did not suffer. The only request he ever made me during the time I was stationed there was to bring him a few apples each time I came on guard, which I did. I rather think he asked me for the sake of letting me think I was doing him a favor in return for his exceeding kindness to my grandmother when he was secretary of war. He could make a request in such a way that you felt he had conferred a favor on you in preferring it.

C. C. Clay was confined in the rooms directly beneath Mr. Davis, but had Mrs. Clay with him, and was not guarded as Mr. Davis was. Mrs. Clay used to send sometimes a pitcher of punch to Mr. Davis. My orders not forbidding it, the pitcher was always passed in, Mr. Davis was supplied with good cigars by his friends. I know they were good, because Mr. Davis remarked that "smokers are gregarious and I can't enjoy a cigar alone," and offered me one nearly every night, after he had assumed his most satanic-looking night robes—he wore a red flannel nightgown, cap and drawers. He was never annoyed, insulted, or worried during his stay. Gen. Miles was coldly civil, and others "officially polite." I, perhaps, and as was natural, was more kindly disposed, but I never exceeded my instructions. I think Mr. Davis will himself give the lie to the exaggerated accounts of his sufferings. Imprisonment is not pleasant under the most favorable circumstances, and no fallen chief of a great movement could have expected or received more considerate treatment than did Mr. Davis.

A little story comes from El Paso, Texas, which has a very perceptible moral. The city has just gotten a new jail; and the first persons to occupy it are some parties who monkeyed with the contracts for the building and undertook to defraud the public out of \$50,000.

Northern immigration is flowing into North Carolina in a small but steady stream. Most of the new comers are farmers or mechanics, and the majority go to the western part of the State. Recently Dr. Clark Whittier purchased 60,000 acres of land there, about one third of Swain county. He will divide it into a thousand farms of 60 acres each, and settle them with 1,000 families.

Feuds and Lynch-Law in the Southwest.

A great deal has been said and written lately about feuds and lynch-law in the districts around the lower Mississippi. The reports of recent lynchings there have probably been very much exaggerated, and it would certainly be unfair to form a positive opinion about the matter without a thorough knowledge of all the circumstances.

No one who visited that part of the country before the war could return to it now without noticing the higher degree of order and the numerous evidences of progress. But lynching law-breakers and resorting to the knife or pistol to settle private disputes were once ordinary occurrences there, and they were usually marked by a business-like coolness which gave them a distinctive character.

In the winter of 1853-4 I was clerk of a steamer owned in Wheeling. The steamer was obliged to wait sometime at Napoleon for a rise in the Arkansas river to enable it to pass over the bar at the confluence of that river with the Mississippi. Napoleon then had between three and four hundred inhabitants, and was considered the worst place on the Mississippi except Natchez-under-the-Hill. Some of the dwellings were of considerable size, and, judging from their exterior, were kept in good order. They were the residences of the few who belonged to the better class, and who, to a certain extent, exercised control over their less reputable townsmen.

We were treated very kindly by the citizens, and they declined any return for their hospitality. We soon noticed that we were never invited to visit any of them at their dwellings. At their places of business we were cordially welcomed, and they seemed to take a great deal of pleasure in giving us information and affording us any amusement in their power.

Having some canned oysters among our stores, we twice invited a number of our friends to an oyster supper. Although our invitations included their families, none but male guests attended. This together with the fact that we rarely saw any ladies on the street, seemed very strange to us; but we made no comments, for we discovered very soon after our arrival that it would not be prudent to ask questions about matters that did not concern us. At church one Sunday night we noticed that all the ladies present—composing nearly the whole of the congregation—were dressed in black, and many of them were in deep mourning. This gave us some idea as to the reason for their exclusiveness. Soon afterward a murder occurred almost within my own sight. Two friends were standing on the street and talking pleasantly to each other, when they were approached by a man whom they did not know. Suddenly a second man came close to the stranger, and without saying a word, drew a pistol and shot him dead. The murderer was instantly seized, bound, and placed in the jail.

The jail was a square pen about thirty feet high, built of hewn logs, without any opening except in the roof. This opening was only large enough to admit one person at a time, and was protected by a heavy door. The prisoner was forced by his captors to mount the roof by means of a ladder, and then was lowered by a rope to the ground inside. The rope was withdrawn, the door securely fastened, and he was caged, without any possible means of escape, to await the verdict and sentence of the jury summoned by "Judge Lynch." The trial was very short. The facts were proven, and the verdict was that the murderer should be severely whipped and made to leave the town forthwith. The whipping was administered, and he left immediately afterward.

Of course there was a good deal of excitement over this matter, and all the male inhabitants collected to talk about it. The discussion extended to some familiar cases of recent occurrence and soon gave rise to angry disputes. In a very short time pistols and knives were produced, invitations to fight were given, and it seemed that blood would soon be shed. By the intercession, however, of some of the older and more influential citizens, quiet was restored, and no one was injured. We were afterward told that there was hardly a man in the crowd who had not lost a father, brother, or near male relative by knife or pistol, either in a supposed fair fight or by foul means.

At that time the hatred of negroes from "free States" was intense, while those from "slave States" were treated kindly and regarded merely as persons of an inferior race.

Sometime before our arrival, a steamer belonging to Pittsburg had stopped at Napoleon, and the colored steward went on shore to buy provisions. While bargaining for them he became involved in a quarrel with a white man and struck him. He was instantly seized, and would no doubt have paid for his temerity with his life if some one in the crowd had not exclaimed: "A live nigger's worth twenty dead ones! Let's sell him!" This suggestion was adopted. In a very short time the unfortunate steward was bound, mounted on a swift horse, and hurried away toward the interior of the state. He was guarded by a party of mounted men, and in less than a week's time he was working on a plantation as a slave for life, with no prospect of communicating with his relatives or friends.

One morning the captain of a steamer and I saw a crowd collect, and on approaching it we found a debate going on as to what should be done to a large and well-dressed colored man, evidently under the influence of liquor, who was seated on the ground with his arms and legs bound. He had knocked one white man down and struck several others while they were attempting to secure him. The crowd was undecided whether to give him a good whipping for his offense or to send for his master (who lived on the other side of the river, in Mississippi) and let him inflict the punishment. Finally, the master sent for. He soon appeared and stated that he had given his "boy" permission to come over to Napoleon, and had also given him money to buy

some things he wanted. He was "a good boy," and had never been in trouble before, and if the citizens of Napoleon would forgive him this time he, the master, would guarantee that he would "stand drinks" for the whole rowd. This gave general satisfaction. The drinks were taken, and the master and his slave were enthusiastically escorted to their dugout on the shore. Much hand-shaking took place, in which the "boy" participated, and many invitations were given to both to visit Napoleon again; after which they rowed contentedly to their home.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Kentucky Mountaineers.

The mountaineers are a singular people, writes a correspondent from Kentucky to the New York Times. They have not the slightest idea of law and order as it is understood and practiced in other portions of the country. Every individual resents an injury with a knife, pistol or gun, provided he has the requisite courage to do so, or, if not, waylays and shoots down his enemy whenever he can be caught off his guard. Like their prototypes who live in the mountains of Georgia, North Carolina and Tennessee, the Kentucky mountaineers are a peculiar set of people, differing in every way from the good inhabitants of these states. They are densely ignorant, and are utterly unable to avail themselves of the proper process of the law. Their poverty and illiteracy are pitiable in the extreme; they know nothing whatever of the habits of the civilized world, and many have never been beyond the confines of their own counties. Their houses are made of logs and mud, and in some sections the sight of a pane of glass would cause a sensation. The virtues they possess are purely primitive, suggesting the savage in many respects. They are strictly honest as to rights of property; they do not steal; outrages are uncommon, but a failure to be chaste and resultant inbreeding has caused much idiocy. With such a condition of things surrounding them, it is an easy matter for a few bold, resolute, but reckless men to dominate the whole country. Those who are not killed die from diseases peculiar to people who do not comprehend that cleanliness is next to godliness. The term "husband" or "wife" is never heard. It is "my man" or "my woman." Nine-tenths of these mountaineers were in the Union army, and fought with a courage and fierceness that swept everything before them. Their names indicate an English origin, as, for instance, in Bell county, in Harlan county, as well as in contiguous sections, you find lots of Howards, Turners, Pursifulls, probably a corruption of the old English name Percival, Blanton, Martin, Bowling, etc. A study of the names, habits, ignorance and inclinations of these people causes one to believe that they are the direct descendants of the convict English class who were sent to this country to serve the gentry in expiation of crimes committed in England, settling in Georgia, Virginia, the Carolinas, and in after years working into Kentucky and Tennessee. They are a disgrace to Kentucky, and in no sense ought they to be considered as typical Kentuckians. It is the crimes of these people that are telegraphed to the country, just as are those of the Tim McCarthys of New York. All other sections of the State contain people as enterprising, progressive, industrious and cultured as may be found anywhere. It is true that the politicians are much to blame for a failure to properly punish those who engaged in feudalism, and who, perhaps, are neglected by the authorities on the theory that mountain men, like some classes of jurymen, always stick together, and when they vote for a friend who has helped them out of a difficulty, it is with a unanimity that never breaks. The country where they live abounds in the richest of fine forests, full of walnut, white pine, poplar, oak, hemlock and other desirable timber. Their hills are full of the finest car-wheel iron known in the world, and the coal lands are pronounced by Professor Shaler of Harvard College, to be the superior of any in America. A deposit of cannon coal in Breathitt, Letcher and Harlan counties is pronounced the finest in the world. When railroads are built through these mountains civilization will reach the inhabitants, and the example of thrift and consequent profit will, no doubt, play its full part in inspiring a desire to indulge in habits of industry. Until then there is little chance of their improvement.

Photographing a Cyclone.

What would make a finer panorama than a series of pictures of a Kansas town struck by a cyclone, showing it first, in its ordinary state; second, with the big black cloud which presaged the storm in the background; third, with the inhabitants fleeing for shelter to their cyclone pits; fourth, with the buildings hurling wildly through the air and the few inhabitants who did not reach cover in time mixed up among the flying debris; and last, with the houses and stores mostly in ruins, and the people cautiously crawling out of the pits to view the wreck? If, instead of five, 500 views should be taken a few seconds apart, the whole could be arranged on the same principle as a well-known children's toy, in a swiftly revolving series, so as to represent the whole scene just as it occurred. The only difficulty in making sets of views like these would be to have the photographer ready with his camera and a set of plates just at the right moment, and to prevent him and his machine from blowing away with the rest of the things. But surely modern science can easily solve such a trivial difficulty as this. The possibilities of instantaneous photography are just beginning to be developed.—New York Mail and Express.

A NEW AMERICAN EDEN.

Queer Legends of Turnips and Pumpkins—Where Immigrants are Wanted.

New York Tribune.

There is a man here from Georgia burdened with schemes for making his region prosperous. He owns land by the thousand acres and thinks that if he can persuade immigrant farmers to buy of him it will be to their everlasting prosperity, and help him along in the world, besides doing a little for his state. He doubts not that his motives are patriotic. "The people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother their heads about immigration. Foreigners may come there if they want to, but they've got to come without begging. 'We don't mind their coming if they'll settle among us and learn our ways, but we don't want 'em in colonies, bringing their socialism and communism and their other isms with them to destroy the peace of our state. Give us immigration, but not colonization.' That's the way they talk and that's why we've had no agent to turn foreigners down our own way."

"What inducements have you to offer to farmers?"

"Nothing extraordinary, I reckon. My region's the Eden of America. That's all. Ain't no place that can beat it for crops."

"Corn—?"

"One hundred and thirty bushels to the acre. Plant in April and gather in November. One plowing no hoeing. Fodder till you can't rest. Have to pull it from horseback. Why! Stalks so high can't reach to the top. There's only one trouble with growing corn in Georgia; you don't have enough nubbins to feed your steers."

"Nubbins for steers?"

"That's what's the matter. The ears are so big that a steer can't get 'em in his mouth. See? You've got to chop 'em up, and that takes time."

"Do you grow potatoes?"

"Sweet? No. They grow themselves. We just give 'em half a chance. Run a furrow in the sand, drop in your seed, cover it with your foot as you go along and leave the crop to itself. It grows summer and winter and you needn't ever dig it for a year or two. Of course, by-and-by the 'taters get too big to be good. At 18 month-old half a one makes a meal for ten persons."

"And turnips?"

"A few. It don't take many to do us. We aren't sow the seed as your Northern farmers do. We check off the turnip patch like a chess-board, making the corners eight feet apart, so that the turnips won't crowd. It don't do to have the turnips too thick. How large do they grow? Well, I had 14 merino sheep, fine fellows they were, and I use to fold 'em every night for fear of dogs. One day three of the biggest were missing and the whole farm turned out to find 'em. We hunted for 'em for two days, killed 17 dogs on suspicion, and gave up the search. The next day I found the three inside of one of my turnips. You see they had jumped into the turnip patch and eaten their way right into one of the vegetables."

"How could you feed such things to your stock?"

"Oh, we have to chop 'em up. I use a 15-foot cross-cut saw on mine."

"How about pumpkins?"

"Pumpkins? They fairly sweat, they grow so fast. There ain't no prettier music than the sound of growing pumpkins. Best scare-crow in the world, self-acting. Crows and blackbirds worried us lots until I made the discovery. Plant one in your raspberry patch and the birds won't come around. Why! The growing pains and the groans of the punkin frighten 'em away. Ever hear of Punkin Vine creek? Got its name from a punkin vine. Years ago, when the Cherokee Indians lived in North Georgia, they wanted some sort of a bridge across the creek. There wasn't a tree around, and they didn't know what to do. An old settler said he'd fix it. He planted a punkin seed near the bank, and, when the vine began to grow, he trained it in the direction of the water. In a few days it grew across to the other bank, and bore a big punkin on that side, which held it so that the Indians could cross. Any old farmer down there'll tell you that story. From what I've seen of punkins I readily believe it."

"Is your a good fruit country? any apples?"

"More'n we know what to do with. I turned my hogs and my neighbors into my orchard the other day to see if they couldn't rid me of a few bushes of the fruit. They didn't do much good. I drove through the next day with a horse and buggy. The apples were so thick on the ground that there was a regular slice of cider following me wherever I went. Mashed out, you know, by the wheels and the horse's hoofs. That'll give you some idea of our fruit crops. Anything else you'd like to know?"

"Is it all like what you've been telling me?"

"Every man for himself, you know. I'm talking for my own region. I haven't traveled much."

"Do you mean to say—?"

"Young man, I haven't got time to go into details. Do you want to go to Georgia? Come down and start a newspaper."

A wooden ship of 2,628 tons is a curiosity indeed, and it is no wonder that the people of the whole surrounding country poured into Rockport, Maine, to see the launch of the big four-master Fredrick Billings.

Benson's watch, the size of a sixpence, creates quite a sensation at the London "Inventions." There is another thesis of a shilling, which shows the time, the year, the month, the day of the month and week, and the phase of the moon. It arranges itself to suit the exigencies of leap year, and performs all these various functions by being wound as an ordinary but less complicated chronometer. It repeats, when required, the hours, the quarters and minutes on a deep-toned gong. It is priced at £500.