

### THE SISTERS.

This is the story they told to me,  
As the tide came in, they should have bar;  
Look to the east, where a double star  
Flashes over the somber sea,  
That is a waste of stone and sand,  
That is a rock where The Sisters stand.  
And over the sea their message flies  
In letters of light, and thus it runs;  
"This is a bar that the sailor shuns;  
Keep to the right, where safety lies.  
Death lurks here 'in the shoals and sand,  
This is the rock where The Sisters stand."  
Over the water the wind swept down  
One stormy night from the flying clouds,  
And wrapped the billows in misty shrouds,  
While all the sky was one dark frown,  
And no lights gleamed by sea or land,  
Save two bright stars where The Sisters stand.  
Shattered and drenched by the warring gales,  
A ship came drifting across the sea,  
With a scarlet ensign floating free,  
Over her torn and tattered sails,  
And sank a wreck upon the sand  
Beside the reef where The Sisters stand.  
And when the morning, all cold and gray,  
Came creeping over that lonely strand,  
"Mid the shells and seaweed, hand in hand,  
Two fair-haired maids went lay,  
A sea dirge shook the moaning sands,  
At the foot of the rock where the lighthouse  
stands.

### A ROMANCE OF THE STORES.

"I tell you," snorted Mr. Ramsbury Browne, waxing purple with rage, "that I absolutely forbid you to hold any communication whatever with Capt. Cannon, and if he comes here again I shall turn him out of the house!"  
"Well, you need not be so violent," protested pretty Mrs. Browne, as she subsided in a becoming attitude on the drawing-room sofa, and prepared for a flood of tears. "Only if you insist upon my never seeing any man but yourself, and bully me in this absurd fashion, I shall go mad, or run away, or something," and Mrs. Browne stifled her sobs in the folds of a delicately embroidered handkerchief, while her lord and master marched angrily up and down the room, half ashamed of his own suspicions, but determined not to betray any outward sign of repentance.  
Mr. Ramsbury Browne was a rich city merchant, who had committed the not uncommon mistake of marrying a penniless and exceedingly pretty girl, some thirty years younger than himself, who, without giving her husband any definite cause for jealousy, contrived to make his life exceedingly uncomfortable. The reason was not far to seek. Before she came to London she had never seen anything; therefore balls, race-meetings, polo-matches, river-parties, and such like frivolities had for her the charm which novelty alone could give them. Like most pretty women, she was fond of admiration; men ran after her, thinking, not without reason, that she could not possibly be absorbed in her dull and uninteresting husband, and it must be confessed that Mrs. Browne did not altogether discourage their attentions. Hence it came to pass that Browne's jealousy was aroused, and that he selected his wife's friendship with the afforesaid Capt. Cannon as the excuse for an extremely unpleasant matrimonial dispute. The captain himself was a good-looking hussar, a loquacious, ne'er-do-well man-about-town, or a gallant, chivalrous, and fascinating officer—it all depended upon the point of view from which his character was regarded. Needless to say that Browne's opinion of him was not the more favorable one, and when his wife showed a somewhat marked preference for the captain's society, exchanged little notes with him about books, music, and such-like innocent topics, and was generally followed by him wherever she went, Browne determined that the intimacy should come to an end.  
"You're not to see that man again," continued he, blustering somewhat unnecessarily, in case his determination should falter. "Do you hear me, Mrs. Browne?"  
"Oh, yes, I hear you," she sobbed. "I won't see him any more; and perhaps when you've bullied me into my grave you will be sorry."  
So Mr. Browne marched off to the city, filled with the proud consciousness that he had gained a great moral victory and had made his wife exceedingly miserable.  
For the next week or two the meekness of that young lady was admirable, and her obedience to her husband's will positively touching. The demon of jealousy had, however, taken entire possession of the bosom of Mr. Ramsbury Browne, and his wife's somewhat unlooked-for submissiveness only served to increase instead of allaying his suspicions. He thought that she was merely acting a part, and he watched her with redoubled vigilance. In business matters Browne was a strictly honorable man, and he had a very good name in the city for honest and straightforward dealing. Nevertheless he did not think it inconsistent with his dignity to descend to all sorts of subtleties in order to catch his wife tripping. He sometimes came home at unusually early hours. He occasionally announced that he would dine out, and then appeared, with some lame excuse, at the family meal; and though he did not go so far as to open his wife's letters he carefully examined every epistle which came to the house, in the hope of recognizing the handwriting of the hated captain. This sort of thing went on for a week or two, and nothing came of it. Browne was beginning to think that, after all, he was mistaken, when he made a discovery which revived all his old suspicions. He had come home early; his wife was out shopping, and in an aimless sort of manner he walked into her boudoir and sat down at her writing-table. Browne had rummaged in all the drawers before, and knew the position of every paper. Nothing was changed, and, as a last resource, he glanced into the waste-paper basket. There were a few bills and circulars, a torn-up letter and a telegram. It, too, was torn into half a dozen or more pieces, and Browne spent several minutes in putting them together. Two or three fragments were altogether missing, but he managed to make out quite enough for his purpose. The telegram had been sent out and received that very day, and the following startling sentence was clearly legible:  
"Meet me at the Stores to-morrow afternoon. Browne is a—"

"The devil!" ejaculated the victim of jealousy; "that is what she has been doing of late, is it? Shopping forsooth! And that infernal captain calls me bad names, I've no sort of doubt. I'll be even with you yet, Mrs. B!"  
And after searching in vain for the missing fragments of the fatal paper, Browne abandoned himself to the torments of the green-eyed monster, and to the pleasurable anticipation of detecting his wife's faithlessness on the morrow.  
The next day he started off to the city as usual, having first asked his wife, with a great assumption of carelessness, how she meant to occupy herself until the evening.  
"I am going out this afternoon," she answered; "I may meet mamma; but I don't know."  
"Meet mamma, indeed!" said her outraged husband to himself. "Oh, you deceitful little wretch!" And he departed filled with schemes of vengeance.  
The thought of exposing his guilty spouse so occupied Browne's mind that he found it impossible to concentrate his attention on business, and, after spending an hour or two in the city, he resorted to his club by way of passing the time until he should go to the Stores. There he met several friends, and ordered an elaborate luncheon. Jealousy had somewhat affected his appetite, so he endeavored to drown his sorrows in a bottle of claret and several glasses of potent brown sherry. In fact, by the time he arrived at the trying place he felt himself perfectly equal to confronting half a dozen Latharios, and inflicting condign chastisement upon them, unaided by the powers of the law. Browne, oddly enough, had never been to the Stores before. Being himself a tradesman, he professed to look upon such establishments with hatred and contempt, though in practice he found it both convenient and economical to allow his wife to deal there, and even went so far as to keep a deposit account for her. When, therefore, he entered the door of the large block of buildings in Victoria street, and noticed what crowds of people were passing in and out, and what a number of different departments he would have to search, his heart failed him a little, for he plainly saw that he might spend the day there without ever having the good fortune to hit upon the guilty couple. So he loitered about near the entrance in some perplexity.  
As he stared anxiously about him, Mr. Browne could not help wondering if all the people he saw had come to shop. There were, it was true, a certain number of individuals who sat at a table in the middle of the room, writing out orders from the list, and gazing in agony at the ceiling as they endeavored to solve intricate problems in mental arithmetic, but they seemed for the most part to be servants, lodging-house keepers, and such like. Nearly all the best-looking people strolled about in a somewhat aimless fashion, occasionally looking at the goods exposed for sale, but more often at each other, and showing plainly enough that whatever their business might be, it was entirely unconnected with the purchase of tea and sugar. There were plenty of well-dressed young ladies, officers' wives, thought Mrs. Browne, and a goodly sprinkling of fast young fellows, who stared at the ladies, and sometimes addressed them apparently on terms of easy familiarity. All this puzzled the worthy merchant not a little, and he began to wish that he looked more like a military man, for he was getting bored, and longed to find some one to speak to.  
"Would you be so kind as to direct me to the china department?" suddenly said a feminine voice in his ear.  
Browne started somewhat, and looked round. A pretty little fair-haired woman was standing at his elbow. She was decidedly an attractive person; her age might have been 25, she was exceedingly well got up, and he noticed that she was possessed of a very neat figure and very small feet.  
Browne had been rather a gay dog in his time, which was certainly one reason why he looked so sharp after his wife, and the wine he had drunk at lunch made him feel disposed for an adventure. So, after taking a good look at his fair friend, he answered her in his most gallant manner:  
"I am afraid I can't, madam, but I shall be delighted to find out for you."  
"Oh, thanks! It's so good of you," she replied sweetly. "My husband sent me here to do a lot of shopping, and it is such a confusing place I am constantly losing my way."  
"I assure you I am charmed to be of the slightest service."  
And Mr. Browne inquired the way of an attendant, and started off with his interesting charge. She asked to see some dinner-services and several other articles, and engaged Browne in a discussion of the various shapes, sizes and colors of the samples exhibited for her inspection. She was really charming, he thought—the nicest woman he had met for years.  
After much deliberation she selected a somewhat expensive set, a gorgeous arrangement in blue, red, and gold.  
"Ticket number, madam?" asked the shopman.  
"Let me see, 9, 0, 7, 3—no, 7, 0, 9, 3—and then there's another. How silly I am," she continued, looking up at Browne with a pretty air of perplexity; "that horrid number! I never can remember it."  
"Never mind," said Browne, gallantly, "use mine," and he gave it to the shopman.  
"Cash or deposit, sir?"  
"Deposit," said Browne, mechanically.  
"But I could not think of allowing you to pay," protested the lady, producing her purse.  
"Not at all, not at all; we will settle later. No doubt you will be getting other things."  
"Thanks, it is so good of you. Will you have the things sent to the door, please? I will take them away later."  
"Certainly, madam," and she betook herself to another department, followed, of course, by Browne.  
"Do you know," she at length said, "my husband has been ordered to India, and I am to be left all alone in London, where I scarcely know a soul. Isn't it terrible?"

Browne's very heart melted beneath an appealing glance from her lovely blue eyes.  
"Dear me! how sad! I can't understand his leaving you. I'd sooner resign my commission!" She looked modestly down.  
"I am afraid you men are all flatterers. How dreadfully fast you must think me for allowing you to speak to me like this. But I felt so lonely!"  
Mr. Browne had already forgotten that she herself was the first to open the conversation.  
"Madam, I could never have an unworthy thought of you!" he fervently ejaculated.  
They were then examining some sunshades in the drapery department, and the lady made several more purchases on the same terms as before. Presently Mr. Browne proposed an adjournment to the tea-room, and his fair friend agreed, after some little persuasion. Browne began to feel as if he did not care whether his wife was flirting with Capt. Cannon or not. He would show her that if she were incapable of appreciating his fascinations, there were other women who possessed more discernment.  
"What can I get you?" he inquired as they entered the refreshment room.  
"A cup of tea, please."  
"Sure you won't have a glass of sherry, or something of that sort? You look quite tired."  
"They are not allowed to sell wine here. Very stupid, isn't it?"  
And to do the fair unknown justice, she seemed to regard the absence of more potent fluids as a very real deprivation. So Browne ordered the tea, and some strawberries and cream, and, selecting a corner table, was soon engaged in a most interesting conversation.  
"Would you think me unparadoxically rude if I asked your name?" he presently said.  
"Mine is Ramsbury Browne," he added, producing a card.  
"Really? Do you know, I am certain I have met you before somewhere. At Lady Teddington's? No? Then it must have been at Lord Cramleigh's or Sir Crescus Nupkin's. I am Mrs. Herrington; my husband is in the 33d lancers, you know."  
"I remember you perfectly," cried Browne, enraptured. "Charmed to renew your acquaintance in so delightful a manner!"  
Browne had not the faintest recollection of Mrs. Herrington, but he did not like to own that he was not on visiting terms with such exalted personages as Lady Teddington, Lord Cramleigh, and Sir Crescus Nupkin.  
They grew more and more confidential, and the afternoon slipped away imperceptibly—at all events to Mr. Browne.  
"Might I ask to be allowed to call?" he inquired, emboldened by the lady's affability.  
"Well, I suppose it's not at all proper," she answered, diffidently, "but I shall be very glad to see you any Friday at No. 150 Curzon street."  
"You may depend upon me," said Browne, as he noted down the address.  
At this moment he happened to raise his eyes, which he had hitherto kept pretty constantly fixed on his fair companion, and the sight which met them caused a cold shudder to run down his back. At the next table but one sat no less a personage than Mrs. Grewser, his mother-in-law, the only person of whom he really stood in fear, and beside her was his wife. The elder lady's eyes were fixed upon him with a stony glare of horror, while a flush of indignation lent additional beauty to the face of Mrs. Browne. They had evidently been there for some minutes, and must certainly have noticed him writing down Mrs. Herrington's address. Browne vainly tried to persuade himself that he had done nothing to be ashamed of—he wished in his chair, and devotedly washed that the floor would open and swallow him up.  
"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Herrington, sympathetically, "you look quite pale and agitated!"  
"Nothing," stammered the unfortunate man; "some people I did not expect to see. Rather sudden, you know; it startled me a little."  
"Pray go and speak to them. Don't let me detain you."  
"Well, if you will excuse me one moment."  
"By all means."  
And Browne rose in a feeble manner, and advanced towards his outraged relatives.  
"How do you do, Mrs. Grewser?" said he, with the courage of desperation.  
"This is quite an unexpected pleasure."  
"So I should think, indeed," rejoined that lady in a tragic whisper, ignoring his proffered hand, "and may I ask who that creature is?"  
"Oh, certainly, Mrs. Herrington, wife of a man in the 33rd lancers. Met her at Sir Crescus Nupkin's."  
"I don't believe you, Ramsbury," retorted his mother-in-law. "Introduce her to me at once."  
Browne turned to obey, but Mrs. Herrington had mysteriously vanished.  
"Dear me, how odd! But she lives at No. 150 Curzon street. We can go and call on her."  
"No, 150 Curzon street?" almost shrieked Mrs. Grewser. "There is no such number! That woman is no more the wife of a man in the lancers than I am; and this, sir, is the way you deceive your poor wife, whom you worry to death with your abominable suspicions. I came up to town this morning to protect her from your insults, and this is what I find!"—*London Truth.*

### Peanut Flour.

Peanut flour may yet become an important product of the Southern States. It is reported that Virginia farmers raised 1,200,000 bushels of these nuts the present year. Tennessee is down for 250,000 bushels, and North Carolina for 135,000 bushels. The Savannah (Ga.) *Telegram* says the Virginians are beginning to manufacture the peanut into flour for pastry and biscuits. The same authority says that if Africa sent a curse to America in slavery, she certainly conferred a blessing in the universally popular peanut.

### USEFUL AND PLEASANT.

The tomale is a Mexican tid-bit made of corn meal, red pepper and meat. It is only seventy years since newspapers were first printed by steam.  
An Hungarian woman in Wilkes-barre, Pa., wears No. 11 shoes, thirteen inches long.  
The rate of mortality in the United States navy is much less than among the dwellers upon the land.  
The red scale is reported to be ravaging the orange orchards at Sierra Madre village, Los Angeles county, Cal.  
The highest-priced parlor clock in America is owned by a Wall street man. It was made in New York, and cost \$34,000.  
The *Druggist* estimates that the annual production of canned goods in the United States equals 500,000,000 packages, or ten for every person.  
Something new in luncheon dishes is plattered eggs, whose golden yolks are set in a red-brown semi-fluid of tomato puree and shredded anchovies.  
The Great Eastern, now on her way to New Orleans, measures 18,915 tons gross, has an aggregate horsepower of thirteen thousand, and is 573½ feet long.  
A boulevard one hundred feet wide is being made upon the sides of the Los Angeles river, which runs through the city in Southern California of that name.  
Opium is smuggled ashore at San Francisco from vessels in the bay by the use of bladder floats. They are thrown overboard at night and picked up by row-boats.  
The authorities say the highest tides that have been known for many years may be expected during the month of December along the Santa Barbara coast, in California.  
The two young men who went all the way from Youngstown, O., to New Orleans to buy an exclusive beer privilege at the exposition for \$2,000 were told they could have it for \$100,000.  
The mint-raisers of Wayne county, New York, are now selling the oil they have distilled for the past four or five seasons. The price is now extraordinarily high, being \$2.75 per pound.  
A bashful youth confronted with the contingency of having to "speak to the old man about her," was heard to remark: "After a feller pops, then pop's the feller that worries him most."  
The new building of the Young Women's Christian association, of Boston, costing \$150,000, containing 34 public rooms and 75 sleeping-rooms, and accommodating 104 persons, was dedicated recently.  
The Philadelphia free baths were used by 660,448 persons last season, a number equal to about three-quarters of the entire population. The city has recently appropriated \$8,000 to build more bath-houses.  
A once popular and pretty young lady of Newark has just completed a crazy quilt composed entirely of silk neckties contributed by gentlemen friends. It is perhaps safe to say they are no longer her friends.  
"Do you understand how to fix up my hair?" asked a lady of a newly-hired colored servant. "Yes, mum, I kin fix it up in ten minutes." "You will never do for me. What would I do with myself all the rest of the day?"  
At the recent woman's congress one lady remarked that "it's a nice thing for a man to keep his mouth fit to be kissed." What has that to do with woman suffrage? Is this a forecast of campaign tactics in the halcyon future?  
Sung Fong Low's new Chinese restaurant in San Francisco will almost rival the institution managed by the renowned Stokes in New York. The decorations are gaudy in the extreme, and will cost, with the furniture no less than \$20,000.  
The Springfield armory shops will turn out more rifles this year than ever before since the war, the average being 140 a day. Last year's product was 35,000, and the product of the year before was 32,000. The amount of work depends on the amount of the appropriation, which is about \$400,000 a year.  
"Algernon, love, the doctor said that I absolutely require a little change. I was forced to tell him you was always just run out of it, whenever I asked you for any, and that it was weeks since you had given me a cent. Then he said I must need a great deal of change. Ain't you ashamed, now?" But he wasn't. Not one bit.  
"So the Arabian goes to lodges and comes home, just as you do," said Mrs. Mannerly to her husband, who was of a convivial turn of mind. "I don't know he stammered. 'But I know they do, for I read in a paper that when an Arabian enters his house he removes his shoes and keeps on his hat. That's what you do when you come home late from the lodge.'"  
When Mrs. Olo, the boarding-mistress, was told that the inspector of provisions had seized 468 pounds of veal, 92 pounds of poultry, 52 pounds of bear meat, 37 lambs, 6 barrels of peas, and 200 boxes of herring, she remarked: "Pretty good appetite; but nothing to some of my boarders. You'd ought to see them when they're good and hungry."  
Large buildings have been completed on the grounds of Girard college, Philadelphia, for providing ample facilities for mechanical education. It is not intended to teach boys trades, but to educate them in the use of tools, so that on leaving college they can secure situations in any mechanical establishment. This system of instruction has been in operation for the last two years, but it will now be extended.  
A street preacher in New York says his mission is to preach the gospel of bread, and boasts that he has this year already distributed to the promiscuous crowds on the streets of a large city 59 barrels of flour, 650 pounds of coffee, 360 loaves of bread, 12 chests of tea, 9,900 pounds of meal, 5,000 pounds of hominy, 425 pounds of potatoes, 30,000 pounds of beans, and 25,000 pounds of fresh fish.

### AN AGREEABLE DECISION.

Excitement Over an Attempt to Defeat Justice in Horsehead County.  
The people of Horsehead county are very much exercised over a recent attempt to defeat justice in that part of the country. A young fellow named Spareribs was arrested for stealing a pair of home-knit socks, and was arraigned before Justice Swash, a jurist in whom the community imposes great faith. The blacksmith shop, where the court usually meets, was crowded with mules on the day set for the trial; so, in order that the spanking hand of justice might not be kept from its work, Judge Swash proposed that the trial should take place in an adjoining lot. The judge took his seat on the fence and Spareribs climbed up on a stump.  
"Prisoner at the bar—"  
"Prisoner on the stump, your honor," suggested the lawyer.  
"That's a fact. Prisoner on the stump, come up to the rack and plead."  
The prisoner "chawed" his tobacco, but remained silent.  
"Didn't you hear me, sir?"  
The prisoner continued to "chaw."  
"Look here, prisoner on the stump, if you don't pay attention to me, blamed if I don't call the dogs and set 'em on you. Are you guilty or not guilty?"  
"I stole the socks, jedge, if that's what you're drivin' at."  
"That's what we are drivin' at, an' that's what we want to find out, but you are such a liar, prisoner on the stump, that I don't know whether or not to believe you. Well, I never saw a man what couldn't tell the truth some times, and I believe I'll take your word for it."  
"Wall, jedge, to tell the truth, I didn't steal 'em."  
"Prisoner on the stump, now I know you did. The witness says that immediately after you went through the yard, the socks was missing off the line."  
"Wall, jedge, you passed along thar about the same time, an' gentlemen of the jury," continued the prisoner, "I move that we sarch the squire."  
"I'm in for that," said one of the jurymen, "for, although I know the judge to be honest in a community where everything is too heavy to lift, but no longer than yesterday I heard him say that he would like to have a pair of old-fashioned, home-knit socks. Suppose we sarch him, fellers?"  
The judge leaped from the fence and attempted to run away, but a fleet-footed man who for years had been in the habit of running from the grand jury caught him. The socks were found in his coat-tail pocket.  
"I didn't steal 'em," he declared when he had been brought back to the lot and arraigned against the fence.  
"Spareribs put 'em in my pocket."  
"Then what made you run?" asked Spareribs.  
"Because I didn't know that I had the socks till you fellers began to talk about sarchin' me, then, feelin' round I found 'em. I knowed then that I didn't have no time to lose."  
"I'll be the jedge," said Spareribs, seating himself on the fence. "Put the thief on the stump, Mr. Constable. I'll show you how I can administer justice."  
"Boys," said the judge, when he had been lifted up and jammed down on the stump, "I did steal them socks, but I didn't mean to. They was hangin' so low that I couldn't help it. Now, let me make a motion."  
"You made one just now and come mighty nigh gittin' away," said Spareribs.  
"Hold on, Sparey, let me talk," said the justice. "I move that we fling the thing outen court so far as it relates to us; that we fine the owner of the socksten dollars for hangin' 'em so low that good citizens be tempted, airter which we'll all go to my house and get a snort of first-class brandy. What do you say?" The motion was unanimously carried. Several days afterwards, the circuit judge, hearing of the affair, attempted to set aside the verdict, hence the excitement concerning the attempt to defeat justice.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

### Slaughtering Wild Horses.

Up in northeastern Wyoming and in northwestern Nebraska many bands of wild horses still roam as fearless and as fleet as in the days when the country was an unexplored wilderness, a terra incognita to the white man and inhabited only by the Sioux, the Blackfeet and the Crow Indians. Keen to scent the approach of foes, fleet as the antelope that may be often seen browsing in security at their side, and free as the winds that sweep their prairie home, they have successfully eluded the pursuit of cow-boys and escaped the destruction the white man's rifle has meted out to the buffalo and the game of the west.  
One would naturally think that no animals that roam the plains would be less inimical to the industries of the region than the fugitive bands of wild horses, and it will surprise many to learn that parties have been organized in this city for the express purpose of killing the wild stallions.  
Year by year horses are lost from the bands in the territory. Some of them are found; but when they escape they are lost beyond reclaim. When wandering over the plains they desecrate a band of horses grazing in some distant valley, or outlined from the summit of some hill. They approach the band from equine curiosity, and from that day they belong to no man. The wild stallions are the guardians of the bands. Always on sentinel duty, they give the alarm when any foe of their liberty approaches; in a moment the stragglers are rounded in, a fleet-footed stallion leads the van, and with others at the flanks and at the rear, away they go at a thundering charge. Be the cowboy, mounted ever so well, no horse bearing a burden can overtake the riderless ones, and so it has come about that the herds of wild horses have increased instead of diminishing in numbers the past few years.  
It has been observed, however, that few, if any colts are to be seen among the bands during the autumn and winter, and one naturally wonders what

becomes of the natural and regular increase of the horses. The answer is simple. In the spring and early summer cowboys and professional horse-hunters go out well mounted for the express purpose of catching the young colts. A band of wild horses is located. They are watched perhaps for days. When a favorable opportunity is offered the men sweep down on them. Unable to keep pace with the grown horses, easily winded, and not thoroughly alive to danger, the colts lag behind; a lariat suddenly hisses through the air with unerring aim—and the colt is a captive. Taken to some ranch the colt is fed milk for some time. It soon adapts itself to the change in its food and readily becomes a pet, more affectionate and dependent than those of its kind born in captivity. Hence the professional horse-hunters are rather pleased when recruits are made to the wild horses through the escape of domestic ones; and the stallions, which alone prevent the capture of the wandering horses, become special objects of kind solicitation on the part of the hunters.  
The loss of mares sustained by various horse-breeds has at last become so large that some measures must be adopted to reclaim them, and also to prevent further loss if possible. From the horse-ranch of the Hon. M. E. Post, situated about fifteen miles northward of the city, nearly two hundred mares have wandered away, and of that number it is thought fully 100 are now with the wild horses. Other horse-raiders have suffered proportional losses, and so it has come about that an organized effort will be made this winter to exterminate the stallions, for once rid of them the entire bands may be rounded up and secured. To that end a party of hunters will soon leave for Northwestern Wyoming. They will go armed with long-range rifles and will carry a large supply of forage, so that their horses may be well fed during the winter. The rest is easy. Mounted upon their grain-fed animals, the hunters will pursue the wild bands when they are somewhat weakened by the rigors of winter.  
Riding as close as possible the hunters will then shoot down the stallions from time to time. By this means it is hoped that by spring nearly all of the stallions will be killed and the capture of the mares thus be made possible. In addition to the killing of the stallions the men will, to use a familiar term, "wolf it," as opportunity may afford. Coyote pelts are worth nearly \$1 in the market, while a territorial bounty of \$1.50 on each and every pelt makes the value of each about \$2.50. By poisoning coyotes the men will be able to make the expedition, if not directly profitable, at least unattended with great expense. Cattlemen especially suffer loss by the depredations of the coyotes, and any efforts to rid the plains of those foes of the young calves will meet with cordial wishes for success.  
The hunting party will be paid monthly wages, and will be gone all winter. A report of their success and adventures will be of interest in the spring.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

### The Farmer Independent.

The whole country is complaining of an over-stock, not only of grain but of manufactured articles. A financial speaker recently stated that there is a three year's supply of iron and several other products. This is bosh; there is not a half year's supply of any manufactured articles. But there is an excess of many things, because the production is constantly going on, nearly up to the customary rates, though not quite.  
The thought, however, we would impress here is the comparative independence of farmers as a class. Take an illustration. In the manufacturing towns, if through a surplus, and low prices and few buyers, the machinery is suspended, both employers and employes must suffer, if not starve. But Kansas, for example, owing to the general surplus, corn is hard to part with at 15 cents a bushel. Well, suppose nobody will take the corn. Some of it can be eaten; some of it will produce fat pork to "grease it down," and some of it will make very good fuel to cook the corn bread and the pork, and to keep off the frost. The families that have corn on hand can draw themselves within their own shells, so to speak, keep fed, keep warm, wear out the old clothes, and wait for better times. A few, deeply in debt to hard creditors, will possibly loose their homes, but not many. In such times creditors are not likely to seize upon property they can not dispose of, whether grain or land; and, as a rule, they are wise enough to give the debtors a chance to pay in full in future rather than to exterminate the golden egg laying biped, feathered or unfeathered.  
Aside from those pressed with enormous debts, farmers are in these times the most independent class in the realm. All over the country they can hold to their wheat and corn, or be turning the latter into hog products that will keep. The purchase of hogs for new articles of dress, of ornament, of luxury, of comfort, can be put off this year, and another if need be. Coarse woolen goods to keep out the cold are relatively nearly as cheap as grain. A small stock of these for the present winter, and some coal when it is cheaper than corn for fuel, will carry the family through the winter, and the soil will yield food, at least, for next year.  
Now is a good time for farmers to feel, to assert and to show their independence; to live within their means, within themselves, this course pursued awhile, and there will be supplants at their doors offering gold for their hoarded food.—*Prairie Farmer*

If you haven't got more than a paper collar and a tooth pick, and she hasn't got more than one change of socks and a pair of hair pins, you had better postpone the marriage ceremony till her mother is able to get down stairs, and build the morning fire.—*Pratt's Weekly.*

The safest bet on the election was that of a young man and young woman out west. If Blaine won, then the young man was to marry the young girl; if Cleveland, then the young girl was to marry the young man.