

PLANTATION PROVERBS.

BY JOHN RUSSELL FISHER.
It doon pay to do much talkin' w'en you'n
knee enuff to stoke.

Within, it was pitch dark. I struck
a match as I stepped inside. To my
pleasure, my eye lit on a half-burned
candle.

ing to their danger, but would in-
crease their safety, by killing me.
You bring up the horse, Benito,"
said the scoundrel, "we'll saddle up
fast."

ed wildly around. He took one step
toward the doorway and again
shrank back. He turned to the win-
dow, but a man on horseback was
guarding the opening.

YOUR COMING.
I know not, love, how first you found me,
What instant led you here;

floor decoration. The light drab
paper, unsold by former occupants,
did service for the walls, and a bed-
room suit completed the expense.

SABIN'S SUCCESSOR.
William Drew Washburn.
William Drew Washburn, of Min-
nesota who has gone to Washington



neapolis, where he opened an office.
In 1861 President Lincoln appointed
him Surveyor-General of Minnesota.

THE SCOUNDREL.

RIDING homeward
late in the morning,
I overtook two men
on foot, who halted
as I came up. One
of them spoke to
me:
"I say, pard, how
far ahead is Van Sickle's?"

By the time my pipe was finished I
was weary. I chose to make my bed
on the floor, rather than in either of
the bunks. My saddle served for a
pillow, and I lay down with my saddle
blanket rolled about me, soon
grew drowsy, and, with the thunder
crashing about me fell asleep.

The Scoundrel's terror at sight of
Mr. Keswick, whom he had at first
taken for an avenging ghost, gave
place to rage and desperation. He
still held his pistol, and called,
"Throw up your hands! I tell you!"
thundered the sheriff. Ah! you
would have it so! Two reports
crushed in the room, followed by a
heavy fall, as both fired, the sheriff
an instant the quicker. The candle
was extinguished by the concussion;

He added, "I am the sheriff of Bent
county, and I place you all under
arrest."
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TWO WIVES.
American Agriculturist.
HEY were
schoolmates
in youth. Each
had saved a
small sum
from her meag-
er earnings;
each had mar-
ried a farmer with limited means;
neither had parents able to furnish
elaborate outfits.

There are two forces that compel
vigor—the one encouraging success,
the other reverse evidence. Will
Chase saw before the first year had
passed that his wife, though dearly
loved, was not the practical helpmate
a farmer needed, so resolved to couple
speculation with farm labors, and
thus supplement deficiencies. The
Paynes found no trouble in making
"both ends meet," but the cycle of
the year left an arc in Will Chase's
financial circle that demanded a
chattel mortgage as a span.

Wedded By Moonlight.

Rufus Buttery, Jr., of Silver Mine,
and Miss Emma J. Scofield of Nor-
walk, recently decided to wed, says
a Norwalk correspondent of the
New York Sun. The groom was uti-
lized as an apprentice in a black-
smith shop on Hoyt street, and is 21
years of age. The bride has been for
nearly thirty years employed in a re-
sponsible position in Hutchinson,
Cole & Co.'s shirt shop on Merwin
and is 50 years old. A few evenings
ago the bride and groom, accompan-
ied by Mr. Buttery's parents and sis-
ter, drove to the residence of Rev. D.
H. Chappell, the Methodist minister
at Silver Mine. The clergyman scanned
the marriage license, and then
nearly broke the hearts of his hearers
by stating that the ceremony could
not be performed in that parsonage,
which stands in the town of New
Canaan, the license being issued for
the ceremony in New Canaan, he would
be liable to a fine of \$500.

I did not like the man. His face
was hard; the eyes furtive. The
shoes of the two men were worn,
their clothes dusty and travel-
stained. It was not a good sign
that they were traveling on the
open prairie unmounted.
"A mile," I answered, "You'll
sight it from the next rise."
The other man, a swarthy Mexi-
can, did not look up or speak. I
rode on and left them.

At the home ranch Mr. Keswick
was sitting on the veranda. He was
a New England gentleman who was
spending some time in the country in
search of a ranch location. I sat
down by him and we fell to talking.
The two footmen I had passed
presently came up to the ranch and
seated themselves on the edge of the
veranda, saying nothing but noting
everything about them. The man
who had addressed me on the trail
I mentally named "The Scoundrel."
I saw his eye give a sudden gleam
as Mr. Keswick took out his gold watch
to note the time.

Jeannie's Bonnie Dream.
They sat together on the warm,
sparkling sand, the mother and the
child. The tiny golden head nestled
against the protecting breast; the
wan face was lit by the evening sun;
the eyes were closed, and a smile
parted the bloodless lips. The maid-
en slept.

Softly she drew the threadbare
tartan shawl round the slender frame.
Gentle as was the motion it roused
the sleeper. The great blue eyes
opened.

Will Chase approved his wife's choice, for he was
stylishly disposed and lacked that
depth of mind that would have en-
abled him to discriminate closely.

There was no time for the ceremony
to be performed in that parsonage,
which stands in the town of New
Canaan, the license being issued for
the ceremony in New Canaan, he would
be liable to a fine of \$500.

All Reverence the Dead.

A short time ago a fruit peddler
was passing up Elizabeth street east,
yelling "Ba-nan-oes! Ba-nan-oes!" at
the top of his voice, when he suddenly
caught sight of the corpse on a door
which signified that a child lay dead in the
house.

After all, he might only have had
an experience, not uncommon with
unpractical riders, and been left
afloat on the prairie by a restless
horse. If this was all, his plight was
uncomfortable but not serious. It
meant nothing worse for him than a
night in the open air and a few jokes
from the ranchmen at his expense.

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Fresh Water Freshness.

The hazing of freshmen seems to be
confined to what are known as the
freshwater colleges of late. The older
and larger colleges have pretty
thoroughly outgrown this species of
barbarism. The sooner the smaller
institutions catch up with the times,
the better for all concerned.—Boston
Herald.

Mesmerizing Drummers by the Dozen.

Clarence Cheever, general ticket
agent at Vincennes, Ind., has devel-
oped within the last few days wonder-
ful magnetic power. He attended a
series of lectures on mesmerism, and
in the experiments that followed de-
veloped a startling attractive per-
sonality. He got together twenty
traveling men stopping at the depot
hotel, and put two-thirds of them
immediately under mesmeric influ-
ence, and did absolutely as he
wished with them.—New York Sun.