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Publishers and Proprietors.

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## "GOD KNOWS ALL THE REST."

"Now I lay," repeat it darling—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling bending,
O'er her folded finger tipes.

"Down to sleep," "To sleep," she murmured
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord"—I gently added,
"You can say it all I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came faint,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep."
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened.
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

# THE TREASURE HUNTERS;

OR THE

SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAIN MINE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF "SHIP AHOY!"

## CHAPTER XXV.

### DELUDHERIN' THROUT.

Ten days of peace by the beautiful mountain lake soon passed away without a single interruption. Dawson grew stronger each hour, and his eye flashed brighter. Then they fished for the delicious lake trout, Larry's old Irish experiences, in what he called, with a twinkle of his eys, "fishing widout lave," came in useful here, and he had great success.

But not at first. For two days he came back empty-handed, though Frank had been more fortunate with his gun, and the ducks he brought in made a pleasant meal.

"I don't like it," said Larry, rubbing his chin. "There's thousands of throut there, for ye can see thim swimmin' about in shoals. Bad luck to thim! bud they won't be caught, an' ye can't go an' bale out a big hole like that lake; ye might get tired.—The bastes are artful, that's what it is, an' don't like to be caught honorable. Why, yer honor, I've known gintlemin come wid their grand fishin'-poles, an' flies like butterflies, an' thry all day an' niver get a fish—thryin' honorable, ye know. Bud whin Mickey Daly an' I wint quietly ov a night an' did a bit ov poachin'—och! the fishes were delighted, and we caught as many as we liked. Now I wouldn't be a bit surprised," said Larry, thoughtfully, polishing his stick with a handful of sand and some grass—"not a bit surprised if the divils out here are as cunnin' and wicked as they are at home. Bedad! an' why not? Human nature's the same all the wide world over, an' why not here?"

Dawson laughed, for the Irishman's ideas amused him.

"What will you do, then, Larry?"

"What will I do yer honor? Why, I'll be aven wid thim. 'Play black,' sez they—'a shpade.' 'Arrah!' sez I, 'an' I haven't got wan. Thrumps!' an' that thrick's mine. On we go agin, and I let thim take a diamond thrick, whin, thinkin' to have me, they plays diamonds. 'Whisht!' sez I, 'an I've got ye agin!' an' I trumps once more an' wins. That's how I'll do thim, yer honor, Misther Dawson, Sor."

"Well, that sounds all very well, Larry," laughed Dawson; "but I'm not a bit the wiser. What do you mean to do?"

"Lo. Sor? Why, that's what I've been tellin' ye. They won't play fair, so they must play foul. I chated thim whin I played thrumps, bud they niver knew it, so I must chate thim here. That bit about the cards what Father Rooney called an appylog."

Dawson nodded.

"Ye see, Sor, it's plain enough that the fish won't be took fair, so they must be got wid a bit of wickdness. I'll have to go an' poach for thim same's I do at home. Only think of the little scaly beggars bein' so artful."

"Why, Larry," said Adams, laying down his pipe, "how can it be poaching when there is no law against taking the trout?"

"Whisht, yer honor, an' what do the fish know about laws an' all that sort of thing? They niver heard the word poachin' in all their lives—not even in Injun."

"Exactly; that's what I say," laughed Adams. "But then I can't argue."

"Ov course not, yer honor." You'v not studied throut an' salmon as I have all me life, an' don't know all their artful little ways. It's the iday ov the poachin' that plases thim, not the name ov the thing. Ye see, a throut's a kind ov baste that likes to be tickled. Thry it in any strame where there's wan layin' by the side an' jist say tickle to him waust wid yer fingers, an' he'll lay over laughin' in yer hand, an' there ye have him, ready for the gridiron."

"But you can't tickle trout in a lake, Larry."

"Ov coorse not, wid yer hand, yer honor, unless ye had fingers a hundred feet long; so ye tickle thim wid the iday ov bein' poached for, an' catch thim like fun. It's the wickedness ov the thing as they likes, for they're a bad lot, they are, thim fish—a could-blooded, haythenish not, an' only fit to be ate. I don't wondher at the ould saint goin' an' praychin' to thim as he did, an' much good it's done thim. Ah, the divil a bit! It would want a dale of praychin' to make a daycent boy ov any wan ov thim."

Larry had evidently a plan ready, for soon after he set to work with an axe, lopping off boughs from the pines, and cutting down two or three smaller poles, which he cut in lengths lashed together at the ends and then crossed them with others till he had made on the sandy shore of the lake a decent little raft about six feet by eight, strong and sufficiently buoyant to easily bear a couple of men. On this he placed a rice bag and his fishing tackle, cut himself a rough oar to paddle with, and then waited for the night to set in.

There would be but little exertion, so Dawson decided upon accompanying him, for the voyage was only to be a few hundred yards out in the lake; and at last, when the surface was like one purply-black sheet, spangled with the glittering diamonds reflected from above, they pushed off, and anchored by means of a heavy stone let down by Larry with the thin rope used for lashing on the packs of the mules.

"There, yer honor," said Larry—"there's for ye. Ye might think ye were out on a lake in ould Oireland, an' the kaypers on the watch ashore waitin' to catch ye, The throut are down below there, thinkin' it's a rare game; an' if we could see thim, bedad an' it's sartiu that they're smellin' round that stone I've put down, an rubbin' thimselves against the rope. Now I'll have first thry;" and he lowered a baited hood, which had hardly reached the bottom before tugtug, there was a sharp snatch or two at the line, and Larry began to haul up a good-sized fish.

"Faith, an' what did I say?" he exclaimed. "Bud whisht! I musn't spake too loud, or they'll be off."

Dawson had now lowered his bait, and after a minute he had a similar good fortune.

"It's their nature all the world over as I said before," said Larry, in a whisper, as he hauled in another and placed it in the rice bag. "It'll be a good dish we'll have for the ladies, an' a fine feed in the mornin'; an' no fear of starvation so long as we kape close to the wather, an' know enough natral history to dale wid the fish."

"Didn't we deludher thim?" said Larry, as he bore his heavy bagful of fish up to the hut. "Here's Misther Dawson caught about half, an' enough left in the pond there to go at for months to come—the artful little bastes. An', masther dear, what d'ye say to the poachin' now?"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### ANOTHER CHECK.

It was a pleasant fortnight that they spent by the shores of that clear-watered lake, ever changing in its hues—now glittering and shimmering like silver in the sun, now mirroring the shapes of the mighty mountains which surrounded it on all sides; or by night smooth and tranquil, with a long path of light seeming to pave a way to where the great round moon poured down beams which sent the tiny waves rippling to break upon the sand like fluid phosphorescent light.

The days passed there were for rest and Frank and his wife rambled often through the pine woods, whose wholesome resinous perfume seemed to load the air. It was a dreamy, lotus-eating existence, and Larry declared it to be grand for the "mule bastes."

"Only look at Don John," he said to his master; "did ye iver see such a coat? Look how it shines, yer honor; an' fale the fat he's got on his ribs. Arrah! now be quiet," he shouted at the mule, which raised its head from where it was grazing, laid its ears back, and gave an unmistakable kick. "Is it wantin to pick a quarrel ye are? or did ye think ye could touch me ribs by raisin's yer leg in that unconvanient way? Now be aisy, an' go on atin' an' gettin' althrong."

The mule went on with its grazing, and Larry led the way to another.

"There's Pepe, Sor; he's as throng as a horse, an' quite fat. It's wonderful how they've all improved. I tell thim to make good use ov their time, for there's some hard work for thim to do by-and-by. But it's proud they ought to be carryin' gooled as crowns is made ov, instead ov a dhirty load ov sthones such as some poor neglected bastes would have to bear, an' sore places coming on their backs at the same time. Arrah! an' that's a fine mule, that Pepe; look how partily the baste waggeles his ears whin the flies come tazing him, an' how he makes much ov the little bit of tail he's got, an' it isn't much. Thim bastes, Sor, will carry a wonderful load, see if they don't; an' only want a rowl in the sand now an' thin to freshen thim up for their next journey."

And now a month had glided away; and, as they sat watching the glorious tints upon the mountain-tops as the sun painted upon them the glories of his last rays, Dawson said, with a sigh, and a dry look of humor upon his face, "I'm very sorry, but I feel quite well now."

"Sorry!" exclaimed Mrs. Adams.

"Yes, sorry that I must assume once more the position of protector instead of protected. It is utter nonsense that I should idle any more. But," he said glancing round at Mary, "the holiday has been very sweet."

Mary was busy over some piece of work, and did not seem to hear.

"We must be up and doing again," continued Dawson, who seemed, as it were, to be rousing himself from the peaceful, dreamy state into which he had fallen. "I've lain by too long, and now, Master Frank, I mean to resume the reins of government."

"With all my heart," said Frank, lazily; "but, do you know there must be something in this soft mountain air that is enervating as to moral tone while it is exhilarating to the nature. I could go on living here forever. It is a pleasure merely to exist—to breathe the pure breezes, to sniff up the scent-laden air, to sleep such restful slumbers and wake up so strong and refreshed, to eat and drink and think so little. Heigho! Dawson, old fellow, gold and civilization and the world seem to be of very little consequence when one can live in such an Eden. What do you think of it, Larry?"

"Sure, an' it's very nice," said Larry, who was smoking; "bud it don't seem quite perfect."

"Not perfect?"

"No, yer honor, not for me. Shure haven't ye two gintlemen got the society ov the ladies, same as Adam had in his Eden? while poor Pat, as Misther Dawson's so fond ov callin' me, has got nothin' betther 'an the mules, which is a highly respictable kind ov bastes in their way, bud still they aren't Christians."

"Then you would not like to stay here always, Larry?" said Mrs. Adams.

"Sure an' I wouldn't," said Larry—"specially in the winter; an, be the same token, isn't the tobacco runnin, so short it won't last above a week or two longer?"

"Larry's quite right," said Dawson. "The tea too, is getting low, and the flour and rice. We've plenty for some time, but these things won't last forever."

"An' the throut ain't so wicked as they were," said Larry; "they're gettin' convarted from their evil ways, an' won't take to the poachin' like they did at first. Not that it matters much, for I'm ready for thim in two or three other ways if they won't bite."

"We came out silver-hunting," said Dawson slowly, after a pause.

"And we have hunted gold," said Adams, "and have grown so enervated in the mountain valley that we care for it scarcely at all."

"But now comes a general waking up," exclaimed Dawson. "Back to the big city is now the order; for it is not prudent to remain here. Because we have been unmolested so long, we are tempting fate. I don't want to be a bird of ill omen, but not only may the Indians find us here, but nature may turn unkind and send us storms, for the season is getting on. I take my place as leader once more, then, and say it is not prudent to stay. The mules are strong and hearty, our treasure lies waiting us to claim it, so to-morrow let us be well on toward the valley, and load our beasts for the journey across the desert."

At daybreak the next morning the little tent was struck and wrapped around its light pole, the mules laden with the food and such few things as they felt that they must have; for with such a weight of treasure awaiting them they could not afford to burden the mules with tools and packages that would be of little service now. The light valises and specimens collected here and there were tossed aside unwillingly, but the necessities of the position bade them do it; and at last cleared of everything that they could dispense with in the homeward journey, they gave a farewell look at the peaceful lake and started for the golden valley.

"Sure this won't do if there's to be much ov it," said Larry, wiping the perspiration from his face. "The mules is that skittish with the rest an' feedin', and now nothin' to carry, that they're killin' me intirely, and I'll have to load thim up wid stones."

But thy grew steadier as they journeyed on, falling into their old places, and following their leader in regular Indian file.

As they plodded along, Dawson, who had thoroughly fulfilled his word of once more taking the lead gave out his orders for the march, the most important being that they should get as close as they could to the valley before sending out a scout—which, by-the-way, was to be himself—and then, if all proved safe, they were to stay just as long in the place as would be sufficient to load the mules with the treasure. After this was done what remained could be covered with fragments of rock and fetched at some future time.

Strange forebodings began to oppress them as they neared the valley, but it was not spoken of by a single member of the party, lest it should dispirit the others. The journey was a series of descents along ravines that looked as if they were the beds of mighty torrents during the wintry storms, when they would probably be filled with snow-drifts. Once or twice they had a ridge or two to surmount, but they were slight, and they wondered now at the height to which they must have climbed almost imperceptibly in their wanderings.

In spite of the dispirited feelings, which they might have attributed to to the breaking up of their pleasant camp, no obstacles appeared, and they trudged on till the sun grew unbearably hot, and toward mid-day they picked out as sheltered a spot as they could find, and came to a halt, with the faint, dull roar of the cataract coming at intervals to their ears.

This, it was decided, was as near to the valley as it would be prudent for them to go, and now came reconnoitring.

"I have been an idler for so long that I shall take up that duty," said Dawson.

"You are too weak yet," remonstrated Adams.

"Not I," was the reply. "Whatever you do, keep close with the mules until our return, for it is possible that there may be Indians hanging about the place."

Adams promised; and after going to Mary's side for a few moments, Dawson made a sign to Larry, and the two well-armed men stepped onward along the high ravine which, some distance ahead, opened into the golden valley.

For a time they confined themselves to walking steadily on through the glaring sunshine, which made the very rocks too hot for the hand to be rested upon them.

"Sure an' this will give a finishing touch to my complexion, Sor," said Larry, in a whisper, "I've felt meself turnin' black for a month past, and now I'm being finished. I suppose that was how the nagurs first got turned that color."

"Don't talk so loud, Larry," was the reply; "a whisper goes flying down these hollows in a way sometimes that is startling."

"I'm spacheless, yer honor," said Larry, trotting close behind his leader. "Bud whist! what's that?"

Almost involuntarily he stepped behind a rock, closely followed by Dawson. But it was a false alarm: a piece of stone, loosened by a bird or some little animal, fell rattling down from high up the slope of the ravine; and smiling at their nervousness, they stepped on again till they came close to the entrance to the valley, where they halted for a few minutes in a shady nook to gain rest and breath.

"We shall have to be careful here," said Dawson, "and go slowly, keeping always under shelter. And mind this Larry: if we do come upon the savages, we must not run toward where our friends are hid."

"An' why not?" said Larry, scratching his head.

"Why not? Because it would be drawing the Indians to where they are. If it comes to that, we must try and lead the wretches away."

"Any how ye like, yer honor; I'm wid ye," said Larry.

They now went cautiously down from the ravine, sheltering themselves among the brushwood, till they stood once more in the familiar valley, with its bluffs, points, and rifts, all familiar to them from their long sojourn. Every thing was still in that noontide heat but the reptiles and insects, for here and there upon the hot stones a tiny brown lizard ran rapidly along, to disappear in in some rift; a kind of grasshopper chirped and kept up its monotonous and tedious noise among the parched, mossy herbage: and once they saw a small snake, alarmed by their approach, glide among the stones. So silent did every thing seem in that blazing heat that a less cautious man would have been content to step boldly out; but Dawson had learned no little by experience, and went on from shelter to shelter, as one might be expected to go who is prepared to receive an inimical shot at any moment.

There was the rivulet with golden sands and nugget-haunted pools flashing back the sun; there the spot where they had been attacked; across the valley the opening to the rift where the silver lay, and not far off the rocks that towered over the *cache*, and the spot where the hut had stood; behind them was the entrance to the cannon, out of which came the deep bass roar of the waterfall; but everywhere the place looked deserted, and free from even suspicion of danger. The hot sun beat down on rock and pine from the dazzling sky, and the very air seemed to quiver and vibrate as they scanned the place from the shadow of a small clump of small firs.

The hut seemed to be standing safely, and that meant that the gold had been untouched. They were not quite sure, for their observations had only been taken from the farther side of the valley, but they were satisfied; and going on farther away still from the open desert, they found more and more shelter as they proceeded.

"This will be about where thim beggare played at bow-an'-arrow wid us," said Larry, in a whisper, as they halted once more among some stunted pines which grew from amidst the rugged stones, one of which stood up square and massive upon a little flat clear piece of sand; and he pointed toward the pool in the rivulet where they had been so busy. "Bedad! if I had the rascals now, I'd——"

Larry's whispered speech came to an end, for Dawson's hand was clapped upon his mouth, as the latter peered anxiously back along the route which they had come. Larry looked in the same direction, and there, about five hundred yards back, and between them and the ravine where the rest of the party awaited their return, was an Indian coming along with bent head and cautious look from side to side, evidently tracking their footsteps.

One Indian only; but his tribe must be close at hand. What was to be done?

Escape was impossible, for this keen-eyed enemy was certainly tracing them step bp step. They could see him evidently at fault now and then upon the stony ground, and he would again and again disappear in the little clumps through which they had passed; but when he came out it was to be pursuing their trail with unerring eye, and in a few minutes he would be up to where they stood, for not only had he their foot-marks, but the broken and trampled bushes thro' which, for the sake of shelter, they had forced their way.

Dawson examined the lock of his rifle, and a stern, hard look came into his face; but Larry, after rubbing his chin for a few moments, made a gesture of dissent, handed Dawson his rifle, and wetted the hand which held his stick, going through the pantomime of being in ambush and knocking a man down.

"If ye shoot, it'll bring all the varmints down upon us, yer honor," he whispered. "Come along, an' I'll show ye. D'ye see that bit ov a rock?" he continued, pointing to the mass right in their path.

Dawson nodded.

"Very well, thin; the's follyin' us be our fate; so, whin we get there, ye shall go on an' I'll dodge back, an' take up me quarthers behind that shtone. He'll come slithering along like a shnake, the baste, an' thinkin' we're on in front, whin—whoosh!—Oh, the nate tap he shall have upon that copper-colored head ov his! I'll tache him to play the shnake afther us!"

The plan was good, and they went on a dozen yards, when, making a side leap, Larry landed himself among the bushes, and made his way back to the big rock, where he took up a favorable position with upraised stick, and such a smile upon his face as he might have worn if feeling for heads outside a tent at Donnybrook.

And all this time, and ever coming nearer, the Indian crept cautiously on, tracing step by step with unerring fidelity the trail taken by the two adventurers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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California is the most singular country in the world. It has within its borders more varieties of climate, and more varieties of production, and is, altogether, a peculiar country. San Francisco, for instance, enjoys a summer during which the thermometer never goes above 70°, and in the winter never below 40°. Go fifteen miles across the bay and you will find it 10° hotter, and you go up the San Joaquin valley 60 miles, and the mercury will mount up to 105°, on the slightest provocation. Then go on to the mountains and every step you go up it becomes cooler till you shall find, if you go up far enough, snow the year round. So you see you can get any climate you want, varying from that of Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands. And its

### PRODUCTIONS

Vary as widely as its climate. Wheat grows to a perfection unknown in the other States. Rye, barley, oats, potatoes, and in fact all the grains and roots produce wonderfully. Fruits miraculous both in yield and quantity. It is fashionable to say of California fruits that while the yield is large they are deficient in flavor. This is not true. A pear grown in California and eaten in New York will not have the flavor a pear should have, but it must be remembered that it has been bounced in railroad trians seven days, and that it was picked green. That same pear which is so insipid in the New York market, is as spicy and high flavored in San Francisco as one could wish it. The oranges, strawberries, peaches, plums, apricots, and all other fruits are just as good in quality as they are in quantity.

And remember another point. The Californian has these things the year round. There is no season of year that new potatoes, beans, green peas, asparagus and all edibles of that class are not in the market, and strawberries even are plentiful ten months in the year.

### OTHER EATABLES

are just as plentiful and just as cheap. The muntain ranges afford splendid food for cattle and sheep, and the ocean streams are full of the finest of fish. Nowhere can so great a variety of fish be found, and in no waters are they better.

In consequence, living is very cheap in California, and not only cheap but good. In San Francisco a better meal can be had for twenty cents than you can get in New York for a dollar. But the country

### HAS ITS DRAWBACKS.

There are but two seasons, the wet and the dry, and the dry season is very dry. For months and months no rain falls; and during the wet season it rains almost every day. If the rain-fall is light during the wet season, a short crop, or rather a total failure of crops, is the certain result. In some of the valleys the rain-fall is frequently sufficient to produce two crops in a year, but more frequently one only can be matured, and total failures are by no means uncommon.

### IRRIGATION

is the only certain thing for crops anywhere in the State. That makes crops absolutely certain, and not only certain but wonderfully profitable. When a man buys a farm in California, it is the water, not the land, that he buys. Land can be had cheap enough anywhere, but to get land that water can be put on is the point. The country must be irrigated in some way, to make production certain. In some sections artesian wells answer the purpose well and cheaply. The water is raised by means of wind-mills, and distributed in the usual way. But atesian wells cannot be had everywhere, and then other means must be resorted to. The San Joaquin Valley, one of the largest and richest in the State, needs water more than almost any other portion of the State. To do it it is proposed to make a

### CANAL 300 MILES LONG

from Lake Tulare, bringing the waters of that little sea down the whole length of the valley. To utilize the water to the fullest extent, it is proposed to make the canal navigable so as to not only furnish water for the crops, but to furnish cheap transit for their crops after they are produced. The work will be enormously expensive, but it will pay. The Valley is as rich as the Nile country, and in wet seasons will produce the crops with certainty. Two years' crops would pay for the canal. This project with a dozen others will be urged upon the State Legislature this winter, and in some shape will be carried. It has been found necessary to make

### IRRIGATION A STATE MATTER.

It is impossible for individuals to make ditches of sufficient capacity to water so vast an extent of country, and if corporations were to do it, monopoly would squeeze the life out of the people. The State will do it, and when done California will be as great as an agricultral State as she is now as a mineral.

### THE TOWNS AND CITIES

of California are, as a rule, prosperous. San Francisco is growing very rapidly, and there are scores of new towns springing into existence in all parts of the State, and they are going forward rapidly. Sacramento is dead, for its business was taken away when the Central Pacific road was extended to San Francisco, but Sacramento is an exception. But

### DON'T EMIGRATE IF YOU ARE POOR.

California is no place for a man without means. The idea of gold brought to the shores thousands upon thousands of poor men, who were dis, appointed in their hopes, and who consequently are compelled to work for just what they can get; and besides, John Chinaman, who can live on nothing a day is here, and a terrible competitor in the labor market he is. The delicious climate has brought thousands more, all of whom want something to do, and the result is almost everything except farming is overdone. Lawyers are thicker than blackberries in northern Pennsylvnia. Doctors! bless you, there are ten for every patient, particularly as delirium tremens is about the only disease they have here, and there are mechanics of all kinds in plenty.

Book-keepers, clerks, salesmen, all of that sort of people swarm through the land like bees. So don't come without money, expecting something to turn up. It may turn up, but, alas! there are a dozen mouths for every bit that shows itself. But

### IF YOU HAVE MONEY,

some money, you don't need much, you can find plenty of fields in which to labor profitably. Mechanics who do business for themselves, do well, and with capital agriculture is very profitable. The professions are all overstocked, and merchandizing is overdone. The

### STATE HAS A GREAT FUTURE

before it, and whoever settles here in the right way cannot but get his share in the benefit of its growth. Gold is no longer picked up in nuggets, or washed out in pans. There is gold, but it takes money to get it, and it is with gold so it is with everything else. You can't pick up fortunes in California any easier than you can in New York. But it is a delightful rich State, and whoever chooses to come with means, and works hard enough, will get on certain. And so he will anywhere. There are a great many coming and a few returning. The few will win and the many will be disappointed. Still it is good country to come to.

PIETRO.

HOW IT IS DONE.—Somebody wrote to the editor of a paper to enquire how he would break an ox. The editor replied as follows:

"If only one ox, a good way would be to hoist him, by means of a log chain attached to his tail, to the top of a pole forty feet from the ground. Then hoist him by a rope tied to his horns to another pole. Then descend on to his back a five-ton pile-driver, and if that fails to break him, let him start a country newspaper and trust people for subscriptions. One of the two will do it sure."

He that loses his conscience, says Izaak Walton, has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look at that. And in the next place look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore value it and be thankful for it.

A shareholder—A plowman.

## THE COLONEL'S HAT.

### He Didn't Mean to Insult the Court.

Colonel Bangs is very bald, and, in order to induce his hair to grow again, is using a very excellent article of "Hair Vigor" upon his scalp. A week or two ago he was summoned as a juryman upon a case in the circuit court, and, upon the day of the trial, just before the hour at which the court met, he remembered that he had not applied the Vigor to his head that morning. He had only a few minutes to spare, but he flew up stairs and into the dark closet where he kept the bottle; and pouring some fluid upon a sponge, he rubbed his head energetically. By some mishap the Colonel got hold of the wrong bottle, and the substance with which he inundated his scalp was not Vigor but the black varnish with which Mrs. Bangs decorated her shoes. However, Bangs didn't perceive the mistake, but walked off to the court-room. It was a very cold morning, and by the time the Colonel reached his destination the varnish was stiff as a stone.—He felt a little uncomfortable about the head, and he endeavored to remove his hat to discover the cause of the difficulty, but to his dismay it was immovable. It was glued fast to the skin and his efforts to take it off gave him frightful pain.

Just then he heard his name called by the crier, and he had to go into court to answer. He was wild with apprehension of coming trouble; but he took his seat in the jury-box and determined to explain the situation to the court at the earliest possible moment. As he sat there with a guilty feeling in his soul, it seemed to him that that high hat kept getting bigger and bigger, until it appeared to him to be as large as a medium-sized shot-tower. Then he was conscious that the lawyers were staring at him. Then the clerk looked hard at him and screamed:

"Hats off in court!" and the Colonel grew crimson in the face. "Hats off!" yelled the clerk again, and the Colonel was about to reply, when the Judge came in, and as his eyes rested on Bangs, he said:

"Persons in the court room must remove their hats."

Bangs—"May it please your honor, I kept my hat on because——"

Judge—"Well, sir, you must take it off, now."

Bangs—"But I say I kept it on because——"

Judge—"We don't want any arguments upon the subject, sir. Take your hat off, instantly!"

Bangs—"But you don't let me——"

Judge—"Remove that hat this moment, sir! Are you going to bandy words with me, sir? Uncover your head at once."

Bangs—"Judge, if you will only give me a chance to——"

Judge—"This is intolerable! Do you mean to insult this court, sir? Do you mean to profane this sacred temple of justice with untimely levity?—Take your hat off, sir, or I will fine you for contempt. Do you hear me?"

Bangs—"Well, it's very hard that I can't say a word by way of ex——"

Judge (warmly)—"This is too much—just a little too much! Perhaps you'd like to come up on the bench here and run the court, and sentence a few convicts? You've got more audacity than a mule. Mr. clerk fine that man fifty dollars! Now, sir, remove your hat."

Bangs—"Judge, this is rough on me, I——"

Judge (in a furious rage)—"Won't do it yet? Why, you impudent scoundrel! I've a notion to—. Mr. clerk, fine him $100 more, and Mr. Jones you go and take that hat off by force!"

Then the tipstaff approached Bangs, who was by this time half crazy with wrath, and hit the hat with his stick. It didn't move. Then he struck it again, and caved in the crown; but it still remained on Bangs' head. Then he picked up a volume of 'Brown on Evidence,' and smashed the crown in flat. Then Bangs sprang at him, and shaking his fist under the nose of Jones, he shrieked:

"You mutton-headed scullion! I've half a notion to kill you! If that Jackass on the bench had any sense, he could see that the hat is glued fast. I can't take it off if I wanted to."

Then the Judge removed the fines, and excused him, and Bangs went home. He slept in that hat for a week and even when it came off the top of his head was as black as if mortification had set in.—*Max Adler, in N. Y. Weekly.*

A wealthy London merchant is reported as having said: "I always feel happy when I'm advertising, for then I know that waking or sleeping, I have a strong though silent orator working for me; one who never tires, never sleeps, never makes mistakes, and who is certain to enter the households from which, if at all, my trade must come."

Hens need cool, fresh water as well as other animals. Don't forget this, as many do, and think that anything will do for poultry. Wash out the dishes in which their water is kept, and see that they are sweet and clean.

"Some sermonizers," said Sydney Smith, "preach as if sin were to be taken from men as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep sleep."

Why does the raven cry? Caw.