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ONLY.

Only a baby, you can't but kiss;
Only a child, mother would miss.
Only a boy, and just what he seems,
Only a youth, living in dreams.
Only a man, brave and true;
Only a father, with feeling so new.
Only a grandma, waiting for rest;
Only a month, by dewdrops caressed.

A Woman's Sacrifice.

"You might do better, John."
Mrs. Williams spoke fretfully, as if she were told to her by her only son was not content for her to hear.
"Better, mother?"
What a ringing clear voice it was.
So strong and hearty, as if to match the tall, stalwart figure; the bright brown eyes and handsome, sunny face of John Williams.
"Better!" And now a hearty laugh rang out. "As if there lived a better woman than Hannah Coyle!"
"But John, she is only a shop girl."
"She won't be a shop girl when she is my wife. I am not a rich man, but my salary will make a comfortable home for all of us."
"She will turn me out of doors like enough."
"Mother," cried John with a quiver of anger, "fanning through the surprised reproach of his voice, 'you should know Hannah Coyle better than that.'"
Mrs. Williams' conscience gave her a sharp twinge, for she did know Hannah better than to think she would deprive a crippled old woman of her only home.
But Mrs. Williams, like many a fond mother, had nursed such high hopes for the future matrimonial prospects of her boy, that she felt only a rude shock of disappointment when he told her of his engagement.
"Surely," she mused, after John had left her for his daily routine of duty, "surely John might aspire to something higher than a mere shop girl."
He was well educated, well connected, and occupied a responsible position.
Just one week later Hannah Coyle came to the house, where she was to have had a grand wedding as his mistress, and entering softly went to the crippled woman's chair.
Crouched down among the cushions seeming to have shrunk to less than her actual size in her misery, was the fond, proud mother, her frame shivering in convulsive sobs.
"Oh, John, my son, my good son! Oh, sweetly Father, let me die!"
She had been an old, long night so moaning, sobbing, utterly desolate, utterly alone.
When she identified the trusted clerk, she, proud, loving, was lying in a cell, a trial for forgery.
It had been arrested for passing a forged check, taken in the very act of attempting to cash it at the bank.
The story of the loss of her possession was so plain, that it still further injured him, as a personal revenge an additional punishment for his punishment. He said that said Somers, the son of one of the partners of the firm, had sent him to the bank with the check.
It scarcely needed the young man's indignant denial to contradict this story.
A friend in the same employ had gone to the mother and told the news as kindly and as gently as possible.
A love anger and stout pride had kept her up during that trying interview, but once she was alone, she crouched in the cushions of her chair and moaned out in the utter misery of her heart.
There was no strong arm to lift her to her own room that night.
There was no hearty, ringing voice to bid her good-morning.
She felt the feeble voice, freighted with its burden of anguish, moaned its sad refrain, as the door opened and Hannah Coyle entered.
"A friend had broken the news gently to the young girl."
"The shock came rudely on her from the columns of the daily paper."
It was not in one hour, or two, that she could conquer her own grief so as to leave the house. But when the first battle was over in her heart she went at once where she knew John would have her go.
She faintly with her long night of the mother lay moaning, a kind as placed upon her shoulder, and a heart and strong, but sweet with wonderment, spoke the dearest word:
"Mother, the sweet, clear voice said:
"This is not what John would wish."
The mother's tears, the first she had shed, flowed fast at the sound of her son's name.
Hannah she said, "I am not content."
"You know—I know that he is innocent."
"But he is in prison. He will be tried!"
This was the first conversation that drew the hearts of the two women together, but the bond that knit them during the months that followed was that of suffering and sorrow, that would have torn the heart of the man whom they loved and trusted during his darkest hours.
For the trial only separated them more surely and terribly.
Twelve intelligent men, after hearing all the evidence, pronounced a verdict of guilty, and John Williams was sentenced for ten years.
It is not in the power of our pen to de-

scribe the desolate home to which this news was carried.
They never doubted him, even in the face of all the overwhelming evidence that had condemned him, but Heaven seemed to have deserted them when they knew the result of the trial.
Hannah Coyle was not pretty. Her features were plain, her eyes soft brown, and she had a sweet mouth, that could smile bravely and light her face for the invalid's eyes in their darkest hours. But she had one great beauty in long, heavy masses of hair, of a rich dark brown, and of which she was fond and proud because John admired it.
"It is my only beauty," she would say, when old Mrs. Williams exclaimed at its profusion, "and I must keep it glossy and pretty for John's sake. He must find his wife unaltered waiting for him when he comes home."
This was before the crushing verdict that ended the young clerk's trial.
Fortunately the old lady owned the little home in which she lived, her sole legacy from her dead husband; but as the weary months crept slowly along, poverty showed its ugly face in the humble home.
Hannah worked faithfully at her old post until Mrs. Williams was taken very ill.
Sorrow and anxiety began to have physical as well as mental effect, and the mother bowed down, aged more in one year of separation from her son than she had ever been in ten of their loving companionship.
It was impossible to leave her alone, and the situation was resigned.
Nearer and nearer crept the gaunt wolf of poverty.
Little articles of furniture that could be spared were sold; little comforts were denied; extra hours were given to the poorly paid sewing that replaced Hannah's work, and yet actual hunger was staring them in the face.
Nearly two years had John Williams slept in a convict's cell, when one morning Hannah Coyle, leaving her self-imposed charge sleeping, went to one of the fashionable hairdressers.
"I have come to sell my hair," choking back her tears, and thinking—"it will grow out again before John comes home."
The proprietor led her to the hair-dressing-room, and hid his amazement at the superb profusion under a hard, half-contemptuous smile.
When left, only three shillings had been paid her for her closely cropped head; yet that would keep life a little longer in the feeble frame of John's mother and Hannah was thankful.
She was rapidly walking home, when she was attracted for a moment by a crowd and her feet seemed paralyzed as she heard a man say:
"I saw his face. It is Gerald Somers."
"Is he much hurt?"
"Fatally, I should say. One of the horses put his foot on his breast."
"Gerald Somers! Fatally injured?"
Hannah never paused to contemplate possibilities.
She forced her way through the crowd into the room where the young man lay waiting for death.
"You cannot go in."
"I must go in," she said. "It is a matter of life and death. I must see him before he dies."
Something in the white earnest face moved the man's heart and he opened the door.
On a sofa, covered with a sheet, lay the handsome, dissipated son of the merchant prince.
Knelling beside him was the father, and the physician stood at the head of the couch.
They had thought consciousness dead, when a clear voice spoke the dying man's name.
"Gerald Somers."
He opened his eyes wildly, and the clear voice spoke again in words of most solemn import.
"As you hope for mercy in the next world tell the truth of John Williams' innocence."
He gasped convulsively, while his father looked inquiringly at the intruder.
"John Williams," the dying voice said feebly, "was innocent. I did give him the check, as he said. I wrote the signature."
"Gerald!" cried the father, "is this true?"
"It is true, as I hope for God's mercy."
There was a moment of silence, and then the old man turned to Hannah.
"Who are you?"
"John Williams' promised wife."
"Go. I will do him justice. Leave me with my son."
She bowed her head, and went slowly from the presence of the dying.
James Somers kept his word.
He was an upright man, and sacrificed the name of the dead to right that of the living.
He would not take John back.
The sight of his face was too exquisitely painful, but he paid him his full salary for the time of his absence, and found him a lucrative position.
It was the day of the home-coming.
Mrs. Williams in her own chair was smiling upon John as he caressed Hannah's cropped hair.
Very grave and pale his sunny face had become, but he smiled as his mother said:
"It was for me, John, she sacrificed her splendid hair. I can never tell you all she sacrificed for me, but that speaks for itself."
Clasping Hannah in a close embrace he asked:
"Do you think now, mother, I might do better?"
"Not if you could marry an Empress."
She thinks so still, and John agrees with her, though he has been married four years and Hannah's hair is as superb as ever.
The strength of many politicians lies in the fact that they keep Mum.

Mr. Cobleigh and the Mouse.

Mr. Cobleigh had gone to be. Mrs. Cobleigh had been canning berries all day, and a tableful of cans showed that it had been a day of industry. So she had gone to bed, and to sleep, leaving Mr. Cobleigh up to read the paper. While he was thus engaged he thought he heard a movement in the kitchen. He stopped to listen. The sound stopped for an instant and then resumed. It came from the rustling of paper. Mr. Cobleigh made up his mind that a mouse was about. He walked softly to the doorway leading into the kitchen and stopped to listen again. The sound continued. It was in the dish closet, and appeared to be close to the floor. Mr. Cobleigh got the light and crept softly into the kitchen and to the door of the closet. There he saw a paper bag of something, and knew that the mouse had bored its way into it. As softly as he had come he moved away after a weapon. He saw the broom, and immediately chose that article. He sat the lamp on the table, in which position it shone full into the closet. Mr. Cobleigh got the broom, and cautiously approached the bag to dislodge the mouse. It was at this juncture Mr. Cobleigh realized how important was the broom to bring out the mouse and slay it, too. A mouse is very quick in its movements. Mr. Cobleigh stood wondering how to compromise to advantage when he heard a step and looking up saw his wife. She had awakened and got up to see where he was. He made known to her the situation, and suggested that she stand on a chair and move the bag with another broom, and he would take position on the floor and when the mouse scud across the room he would fetch it a disastrous wipe with his broom and drive it against the opposite wall with sufficient force to destroy any spark of life that might remain in its body after the blow. This seems like a very great parade over the killing of a mouse. Mr. Cobleigh stood on a chair placed near the closet, and reached over with the broom to prod the paper bag, in which she had gathered a number of crusts for future bread puddings. Mr. Cobleigh took the position he had indicated. It was a remarkably formidable position, too, and calculated to distress a mouse, just to look at it. He had his legs braced apart to a distance of fully three feet. His body was settled well down into his loins. The broom was clutched by both hands and raised enough to give it considerable force in the descent.
"Now!" said Mr. Cobleigh in a suppressed voice.
Mrs. Cobleigh gave the bag a sharp prod, and cried "Shoo!" The mouse jumped into sight, paused a flash, and then darted into the kitchen. Down came the broom in a tremendous sweep, and bounding from the floor tore around in a circle with such velocity as to nearly throw Mr. Cobleigh's back out of joint, and to dute throw him from his balance, and wound up by catching under the projecting end of the board on which stood the cans of berries, and throwing it and its precious freight to the floor as if both had been no more than so many straws.
Mr. Cobleigh being on his back did not have as full a view of this calamity as Mrs. Cobleigh got by being on a chair. Otherwise he might have fainted dead away the very instant she did.
The mouse cowardly fled.

Bill Lamar.

A census taker called at an old prospector's Cabin in Southern Nevada, and taking on his big blank book, proceeded to put the miner through the entire category of questions about as follows:
"What street do you live on?"
"Don't live on any street; I live yer in the rocks."
"What's the number of your house?"
"I don't know, my cabin adhering to the text of his blank forms."
"The number of my cabin?" quizzed the miner. "It's No. 1, I reckon."
"What's your name?"
"Bill Lamar."
"Are you white, black, mulatto, Chinese or Indian?"
"Wal, neow," said Bill, slightly ruffled and rising, "I don't know what yer drivin' at, stranger, but I want you to understand that 'round this yer camp I bears the reputation o' being white."
"Are you male or female?" solemnly inquired the questioner.
"Me?—me!" shouted Bill, taking a step nearer his visitor and starting to roll up his sleeves—"Me!—I'm a man every inch of me!"
Still pursuing his duty, the governmental agent continued:
"Are you sick or temporarily disabled?"
"Sick?" disabled?" roared Bill, dancing wildly before the young man with the big book—"you blank fool—no!"
"Blind?"
"Not much!" hissed the miner, with eyes flashing.
"Idiotic?"
Wild with rage and glaring like a madman, at this question, Bill shook his fist under the agent's nose just as the latter looked mildly up and innocently followed up his queries with—
"Isane, crippled, bedridden?"
"This was to much. Bill's fist came down on the census-taker's unfortunate head like a rock hammer, while at the same time his number fourteen brogans sought such a leverage under the poor fellow's coat-tails as lifted him clear out doors, book and all.
The amazed enumerators gave one glance back at the advancing form of the most dangerous looking human being he has ever rested on, and started for a gulch a hundred yards away, where he rubbed down his bruises, and, seating himself on a rock, opened his great book and after the name of "Bill Lamar" wrote the words:
"Maimed, crippled or otherwise disabled?"
"No!"
"Insane?"
"YES!"

About Love.

It has been observed:—
That the boy who is most afraid of girls is the first to be corralled in matrimony.
That the little boys prefer boys to girls.
That they soon change, never to go back to their early love.
That the little girls love the girls best.
That they don't get over their preference as soon as the boys do—some of them never.
That women love men because they love everything they have to take care of.
That men love women because they can't help it.
That the wife loves the husband so well that she has no thought for other men.
That the husband so loves the wife that he loves all women for her sake.
That girls who have given over all hopes of matrimony, or who never had any, love to flirt with married men.
That the married man is apt to think himself all killing among the fair sex simply because he has found one woman fool enough to marry him.
That homely husbands are the best. They never forget the compliment paid them by their wives in accepting them.
That homely wives are the truest. They know how to make the most of what they have. Lightning seldom strikes in the same place, and a homely woman feels that a similar law governs question popping.
That the man who marries late in life does well.
That the man who marries young does better.
That the woman who marries does well.
That the woman who does not marry does better nine times out of ten.
That the young man who prattles about the "daises" would turn red as a beet and tremble like an aspen if one of them should but look at him out of the corner of her eye.
That the fellow who makes the most conquests has the least time to brag.
That the man who thinks the girls are all in love with him is happy after his way.
That the man who loves his wife may still love other women.
That the least he says about his love for other women the smoother will be his matrimonial career.
That these same old people would like to be young lovers again, even if they had to act like fools too.
That it is a mistake to say a person "falls" in love. Love is a long step upward toward heaven. It is heaven.
That as we are commanded to love our neighbors as ourselves, we should see to it that our neighbor is a charming young woman.
That it is time to stop, for fear our readers might become lovesick.

Cautions in Eating.

1. Of course don't eat too much. The digestive fluids are limited in quantity. All above enough is undigested, irritating and weakening the system, and often causing paralysis of the brain by drawing on the nervous force more rapidly than it is generated.
2. Don't eat between meals; the stomach must rest, or it will sooner or later break down. Even the heart has to rest between the beats.
3. Don't eat a full meal when exhausted. The stomach is as exhausted as the rest of the body.
4. Don't take lunch at noon and eat heartily at night. The whole digestive system needs to share in the rest and recuperation of sleep. Besides the tendency is to put a full meal into a weakened stomach.
5. Don't substitute stimulus for food—like many women who do half a day's work on strong coffee or tea. As well, in the case of a horse substitute the whip for oats.
6. Don't have a daily monotony of dishes. Variety is necessary for relish, and relish is necessary to good digestion.
7. Don't eat blindly. There can be nothing in the body—muscles, membranes, bones, nerve, brain—which is not in our food. One article furnishes one or more elements, and another others. We could starve on fine flour. Some articles do not nourish, only warm.
8. Eat according to the season—one-third less in summer than in winter. In the latter, fat meat, sugar and starch are appropriate, as being heat-makers; in the former, milk, vegetables, and every variety of ripe fruit.
9. Eat with cheer. Cheer promotes digestion; care, fret and passion arrest it. Lively chat, racy anecdotes, and innocent gossip are better than Halford sauce.

Why en Didn't.

There was a case in Justice alley Detroit, recently in which the lawyer for the plaintiff had a sudden drop. It was a matter of trespass, and the defendant's only witness was an old man. He stated that he rode along a certain highway with defendant, held the horses while defendant, got down, but he saw no act of trespass.
"You say you rode down to the Corners with him?" queried the lawyer.
"When he came to plaintiff's farm he got out, didn't he?"
"I think it was about there."
"And he entered a field?"
"I don't know."
"You don't. Weren't it broad daylight?"
"Yes, sir."
"Did you turn away your head so as not to see him?"
"No, sir."
"Was your face towards him?"
"Yes, sir."
"And yet you testify that you didn't see him enter the field?"
"No, I didn't see him."
"Did you want to?"
"I did."
"Then why didn't you?"
"Because I am blind!"

Freaks of a Fair.

Near Dublin, Ireland, one day in May last, Mrs. Eliza Redington, the wife of a "small farmer," was visited by a dark-faced young woman, who introduced herself as one of the "good people," otherwise the fairies, with whom she said she resided on terms of the closest intimacy. In an old fort close by, that she had been commissioned by them to offer her assistance on certain terms to prevent the loss of Mrs. Redington's husband, which was imminent, like wise the loss of some of her four-footed beasts. Poor Mrs. Redington, with many humble courtesies, received her mysterious visitor in fear and trembling. The fairy wore a hat, with a dissipated-looking feather in it; she was young and fat, and, altogether, quite a substantial person for a fairy. But the farmer's wife had no doubt whatever that she was in fact what she represented herself to be. How could she doubt it, when the "good woman" mentioned the names of some deceased Redingtons, and told her that she had had a long interview with their spirits in reference to Mrs. Redington's worldly affairs, which they considered required immediate looking after by the "good people." Proceeding to business, she surveyed the exterior of the Redington cabin, and gave it as her opinion that it was built in a very unlucky place, Mrs. Redington's countenance fell upon hearing this, but the fairies' confident cheered her up by promising to keep a special eye on the premises. "Where's John Redington?" asked the visitor, taking off the hat with the dissipated-looking feather as she re-entered the house. Mrs. Redington, awe-stricken at the supernatural knowledge that enabled the woman to call her husband by his baptismal name, though she "had never laid eyes on him," replied that John was not at home; he was at the fair of Ballinacraig, trying to sell two or three pigs to pay the rent. Then the prisoner three times demanded to be provided with a handkerchief. Bridget, the servant girl, who was gaping in the corner, supplied a handkerchief, in which the weird woman tied three knots, and giving one end of the handkerchief to the farmer's wife, commanded her to pull with all her might. Mrs. Redington pulled, then the woman breathed three times on the handkerchief and placed it behind her, saying that Mrs. Redington's troubles would not be of long duration if the knots disappeared; when the handkerchief was again exhibited to mortal eyes the three knots were gone! Whereupon the farmer's wife said her prayers, and Bridget, the servant, turned her face to the wall and made "the sign of the Cross" on her forehead. Then the woman, extending her hand, demanded that her palm should be "crossed" three times with gold or silver—gold if possible. The farmer's wife said that she had neither gold nor silver, and suggested half a dozen of eggs. The weird woman grew angry, as any respectable fairy might reasonably become at such an unworthy proposition. "I know you have paper money, ma'am," observed the fairy, in a tone of severity, which appalled Mrs. Redington, who, in telling the story, said she "felt she had nothing for it but to give her the money;" so she went into her bedroom and took from under the tick a pound note, (a part of the little store which John had put up to pay some taxes), and gave it to the woman, which mollified her much. She performed the handkerchief trick again, and then asked for another pound note. Mrs. Redington pleaded that she was very poor, and said that John would be enraged if his money was all taken. Upon this the agent from the Fairies' Fort reproved her solemnly for, as she said, "flying in the face of the good people for the sake of a couple of paltry pounds." Mrs. Redington handed over the second pound, and was assured by her mysterious visitor that it was the best specimen she ever paid away, for that if it had not been given, Mr. Redington and all the four-footed stock would inevitably have come to serious harm. Bridget, the servant, with staring eyes and mouth agape, witnessed all this, and her the woman warned to "keep a silent tongue in her head," for that the penalty served out by the "good people" to those who spoke of such matters, was of the most direful kind; in Bridget's case, the punishment for blabbing, she said, most likely would be her instant transformation into a four-footed beast.
Then she directed Mrs. Redington to take special note of the date of the month, the day of the week, and the hour of the day, for on that day three weeks, precisely at that hour, a "wee woman" in a red cloak would call and hand her a red purse containing ten sovereigns, three notes and one shilling. She was to give away the shilling and keep the rest for herself. She next announced that she had "three wishes" in her gift, and that it gave her much gratification to dispose of them for the benefit of the farmer's wife. They were good ones, and cheap at two pounds, viz: "Heaven and Salvation, A Happy Death, and a Favorable Judgment." She said she had nearly forgotten to mention a small matter of detail, namely, that under a certain tree near the house Mrs. Redington was to dig in the twilight in three weeks' time until she found a gold cup filled with gold. Then, resuming her rakish head-dress, she scratched three crosses on the wall with a thimble, breathed three times on the head of Mrs. Redington, and with the invocation, "God be with all in this house of man until we see them again," trotted away, presumably en route to fairyland. Mrs. Redington and Bridget stared in stupefied silence at one another for a long time. Then Mrs. Redington began to cry, and Bridget blubbered through sympathy; then they both said all the prayers they had ever learned, and Mrs. Redington sprinkled "holy water" all over the house.
While the women were at these exercises John came home from the fair. When he learned from his weeping wife that a fairy from the fort had called, taken all his money, and left her blessing, there was a good deal that didn't sound like prayer heard under that humble roof. Not having the fear of the fairies before his mind,

John fetched a policeman, who arrested Mrs. Redington's visitor in a neighboring cabin, where she was engaged in propitiating the fates by further incantations. The lawyer, looking up the authorities on the matter, found that it had been laid down once upon a time by a very eminent Judge that a pretense of power, whether moral, physical, or supernatural, made with the object of obtaining money, is an indictable offence. In this way the intimate friend and trusted agent of the fairies at the fort came to stand in the dock at Sligo Assizes charged with swindling the farmer's wife, and in this way did the farmer's wife and Bridget, the servant, come to tell in public court, with tears and smiles and blushes, the story of the supernatural swindle by the flaunting "fairy," who, in the harsh, unpoetical language of the criminal law, was described as a "rogue and a vagabond." The jury convicted her, and the learned judge, in sending her to prison to pick oakum for a term, got off with great success the alliterative joke that in our days fairies and fools are usually found together.

She Didn't Work.

A Colorado Miner tells the following story. I dropped into the "Carbonate Saloon" to see the proprietor, an old friend whom I had known in Montana years before, and it was while sitting talking over early experiences with him that the incident took place. "The boys" were scattered here and there over the room, some talking "leads" and "prospects," some reading late Denver papers and others endeavoring to ascertain by games of cards who should weigh out the dust for the drinks. Several poker games for coin were in full operation, and the clicking of the ivory checks, the ringing of silver coin and the musical clink of liquor glasses blended in not unpleasant melody. Suddenly a six-foot individual swaggered in, whose brand new buckskin suit, and general "fresh" appearance, at once gave him away to the crowd as being one of those lunatics just from the states who imagine that they can out-brave and out-bluster all at once gain for a newcomer the reputation of being "a terror" and hoist him right up to the top notch in the estimation of every one. The stranger reeled up to the bar, and drawing an enormous six-shooter, slammed it down with a "jar" that made the water cooler dance, and remarked:
"Whoop!"
The barkeeper skipped to his post of duty, set up a glass with an artistic flourish, and asked:
"What'll ye have?"
"Down came the revolver again, accompanied with:
"Whoop! WHA-A-A-Y!"
Then turning to the crowd the newcomer said:
"Don't one o' you fellers dare to wink or breathe, till I swaller my pizen, or the walls 'll be spattered with blood! I'm Howlin' Sam, the bloodsucker o' the Gunnison Range, an' I allers leave my path strewn with bleedin' corpses! I'm a tornado, turned loose to destroy the universe! Whoop! I'm a—"
A little dried up old fellow, not over five feet four, stepped up, slipped tornado socially on the back, and said:
"Pard, take a friend's advice an' sorter suppress yer enthusiasm. Jist tone it down a little, ye know. I've bin in these mountains fur goin' on fourteen years, an' hev seed some o' the savagest destroyin' angels that ever struck the mines. Now, fr'instances, that was a case a few months ago. A feller went into Sandy's saloon an' announced that he was the identical Devil Jack, the Man-Eatin' Imp o' Wyoming Gulch, an' one o' the boys tuk his fists an' beat a tattoo on the bloke's face, till his head looked like somebody hed bin a playin' football with it in a slaughter house! 'Twant but about a week arter that afore the Texas Hyena howled out his little speech at this very bar, an' when the corner cut him down ther in the gulch the buzzards hed free-lunched off'n him till he looked wass'n the devil—surely worth burryin'! Then the Tiger Cat ther hed jist drapt down outen a thunder cloud raised his gentle voice in Fatty's faro room, an' old Tom Bilson sot down on him so heavy that his own mother couldn't ha' recognized the corpse. He wa'n't scarcely under the ground afore we hear'n a 'whoop!' from the lower country stage as it drawed up to the hotel, an' when the whooper called fer his gin he respectfully informed us thet his christian name was Cannibal Bill; thet he lived on human flesh an' wa' hungry, an' proposed ter try an' make out a dinner off'n the fust man ther refused to drink with him! The boys poured coal ole all over him, an' touched a match to him, an' he run back o' Aleck Davis' gin-mill an' fell inter the wood pile an' sot it afire. Aleck was the maddest man you ever seed, an' would ha' made trouble if the boys hedn't paid him fur the wood an' hired a Chinaman to drag the carcass away. Take my advice, Howlin' Sammy, an' sorter begin easy'an' temperate—don't crow too loud on the fust acquaintance!"
The stranger stooped down and whispered in the little man's ear:
"Say, take this five dollar piece an' af the boys up to drink, an' I'll slip out. If any of them axes you who I am, tell 'em I'm a travelin' Bible agent from Massachusetts, an' wouldn't harm a flea. Kinder keep 'em cool till I kin git out o' town, you know!"
Ten minutes later he was making about five miles an hour over the grade toward the next camp, frequently looking back over his shoulder and muttering:
"She didn't work, an' I reckon this howlin' hurricane hed better blow over fur the present, or else be sure of a camp afore it falls again!"
BECAUSE strawberries are small, it does not follow that there are more of them to the quart, for the quart is frequently made smaller to match the strawberries.
THE little peach catches the early market.