

**Old Nath. Boyle.**  
A STORY OF THANKSGIVING, HOG-KILLING AND A WEDDING.  
Old Nath. Boyle was a practical man. To use his favorite expression, he made "ever ridge cut." His manner of asserting it was convincing enough, but those who traded with him felt it most keenly. His front yard—two acres, behind which his log house squatted—was planted in peach trees. "Roses ain't fit to ter eat," said he, "no nothin's beauty won't sell it. He sowed turnips in the fence corners. He lifted water from the well with a pole to which a bucket was attached by a leather strap. A hat generally lasted him a decade. A straw one which he found in the woods at a camp-meeting he wore three years. Then he did not throw it away.  
A hound pup playfully tore it to pieces one afternoon. He killed the pup with a pine knot, skinned it, sold the hide for bits, and had his wife convert the carcass into soap-grease. But he was good-natured and hearty, with face smooth and red as a sunburst and a watery mouth, blue humid eyes, and nose like a wild-goose plum. His laugh was almost inaudible—but earnest. It shook him all over.  
His daughter, Cinthy, loved a lawyer. They were discussing the situation at dinner. She was a wholesome, meek-looking little girl, with yellow hair and pale blue, bashful eyes, the counterpart of her mother who sat quiet and thoughtful at the head of the table.  
"Taint no usen talkin' ter me about havin' that spindie-shanks 'er Walter Burton meanderin' 'round these premises, for I won't have it. Look at Molly Morgan." She married er lawyer, an' her puddy's got him an' her an' three brats ter purvide fur. Er lawyer ain't with killin', for such carcasses won't sell fur nuthin'.  
"But, pappy," said Cinthy, "Tom Morgan and Mr. Burton are to very different people."  
"They're all alike. Ef they ain't too lazy ter wuck, they're satten to turn out wuss—steal some pusson otter house an' home."  
"Manny," said Cinthy, when the old man had saddled his horse and rode to town to collect a debt, which he proposed to "shake outen" the fellow who owed it, "as a better means than 'lawing' over it—'pappy's good an' smart, but he don't know ever thing. He is mistaken about Walter. Walter ain't rich, but he would be too proud to take a cent from pappy if we were to marry."  
"Waal," replied the mother, "p'rhaps he'll see some good in 'im an' change his mind. But he's sot ergin 'im now, an' you can't do nothin' but wait."  
Old Nath. hitched his horse at the public "rack" and walked down the street.  
"Good morning, Colonel," spoke Burton, as he passed that gentleman's office. Burton's legs were thin, and his face long and white. Old Nath, under ordinary circumstances, would have pitied him; now he felt indignant.  
"Fit in the war, young fellow, but went clean through ez a privit. So I wer'n't er Colonel then, an' ain't now."  
"Excuse me," replied Burton. "The term is so common, I spoke it thoughtlessly. Yet, it is truly one of respect, and means much. I take it that the custom of giving military titles to men in civil life has a direct significance. He who, by industry and energy, succeeds in life—as you have, for instance—is naturally spoken of with deference by all people. Then what more naturally than that a military term, which was in war times an honorable one, and in which custom still holds, should be used to mark that deference?"  
"Waal, we won't quar' over it," said old Nath, seating himself on the gallery and leaning against a post.  
"Come in and have a seat, Mr. Doyle," Burton insisted.  
"No, I like ter lean ergin er post. Confoun' er town hog," said, as two razor-backs ran by, the foremost with a watermelon rim in its mouth. "You couldn't fatten one on er hundred bushels uv corn."  
"By the way, Mr. Doyle," said Burton, "I was crossing your range in the Caney bottom yesterday, and saw some of the finest hogs—well, they beat anything I ever did see. I wager one will weigh five hundred pounds."  
"Gimme yer fat, young feller," he cried, rising and taking the lawyer's proffered hand. "Tobe Singletree offered ter bet me the biggest one won't weigh over four hundred, but I know better. Betten's er fool's argymen, but I tote him I'd put my hogg ergin his'n that it'd pull within twenty-five uv five hundred, either way. I'll kill er pusson uv 'em on Thanksgiving Eve, ef the weather's favorable. Tobe's goin' ter marry Cinthy nex' Christmas time ef he can make the necessary arrangements with her, an' I think he kin—so I reckon I'd lo-er gal I'll win er hoss. The goes er man I want er see." And he tumbled from his seat and waddled briskly away.  
The news about Cinthy made Burton paler than usual. He loved her, and it may have been unmanly, but he did it—went into his office and cried.  
The weather was clear and cold. On the spring branch, in a two-seer pen, the hogs were "corrall'd." Tobe Singletree was there, a pert, quick-spoken young man, with deep-set eyes and a sandy goatee; Zed Cants was there, a mildewed youth of nineteen, jeans, on which lingered a distressing flavor of turpentine whisky. Old Nath was there.  
The prize barrow was the last to be immolated. "Now, Zed," said Nath, "you say you're a good shot, an' ez I

kill the others, sposen you foth this un-down."  
"All rite." The hog threw up his head and snorted.  
"Zed couldn't hit the side uv er meet-in'-house," said Tobe.  
"The fack is," protested Zed, "I couldn't hit the goon' with my hat last night, and I am sorter shaky ter-day."  
"Git outen the way," said Tobe, "an' see me drap 'im."  
At the flash of the rifle the hog squealed and ran limping to the farthest corner of the pen.  
Old Nath was furious. "Er man," he railed, "who couldn't hit er hog ez big ez that 'un orter be made shoot er popgun the balance uv his days. Perhaps, ez you bet ergin us weight, you are willin now to swear it won't weigh twenty pounds? Gimme the gun."  
"Hold on, Colonel," said a man who had walked up to the fence and with his arms across the top rail stood quietly enjoying the fun. "Let me kill it."  
"What with?" sneered Tobe. "er club?"  
"You could shoot better with one, I see," replied Burton—it was he.  
"Er lawyer shoots better with his mouth," responded Tobe.  
"In the court-house, yes. But here his favorite weapon is the rifle."  
He took the gun like one used to it and neatly "dropt" the hog.  
"Say, young feller, I never knowed you could shoot," exclaimed Nath. "I thought you wuz erferred uv er gun."  
"We all think wrong sometimes, Colonel."  
The hog was cleaned and drawn. "Now," said old Nath, "Tobe bets it won't pull over four hundred. I say it will wetch five hundred, one side or the tother, not further'n twenty-five pounds. What you say Mr. Burton?"  
"I would estimate it at four hundred and eighty."  
"It weighed four hundred and ninety pounds."  
"Say, young feller you've got more sense than I give you credit fur. I thought you never knowed nothin' but law," said old Nath, effusively.  
"We all think wrong sometime e, Mr. Doyle. This morning Miss Cinthy and I thought to get married without your consent. But we concluded it would be a poor Thanksgiving to treat you to to-morrow, so we come down to see you about it. There she stands by the big beach tree."  
"Cinthy, come here," the old man called.  
She came. "What's this mean?" he asked.  
Did not Mr. Burton tell you pappy?"  
"Yes, but confoun' it, what—what will yer mammy say?"  
"She has already said yes," was the answer.  
"Waal, when er man's wife's ergin 'im, I reckon he'd better knock under. But Tobe—"  
"Tobe's business lays rollin'," said that gentleman, moving away.  
"Tobe," called the Colonel, "I don't want yer hoss."  
"I don't nuther. Nor my gun, nuther. I don't want nuthin' 'erbout me to make me think of this day, and he disappeared in the hazel thicket.  
Fatty-bread and sausage are not good for the digestion of a man whose habits are sedentary. But when he marries, on Thanksgiving Day, the woman he loves and who loves him the wedding feast is of small concern to him. So it was with Burton.  
"Walter," said the Colonel solemnly, "with one hand on his son-in-law's shoulder and the other on the side of the prize hog, as they stood in the smoke-house that night after an inspection of the contents, "at the very summit you spoke 'erbout my hogs in the Caney range, ez you did that mornin', I felt my grip on Cinthy er loosenin' and your'n er tightenin'. But I was too stubborn ter give up then. Won't you take er dram befo' goin' ter bed? But you don't drink. Mos' lawyers do. Waal, ef there iz er time when I kin erford to take one, it iz when hog-killin'." Thanksgiving an' er weddin' all come right erlong tergether in my fam'ly."  
CHARLES S. BLACKBURN.

**JUSTICE IN CHINA.**  
The Imperial Way in Which Official Judges Met Out Punishment.  
A Yua-ch'ang-shan (hereditary officer) named Ch'ang-shan, a Manchu belonging to the Bordered Blue Banner, was ordered two years ago to take up his quarters at a post station called Su-wa-yen, for the purpose of patrolling the country against robbers. At the same time special orders were given to him to keep a watch upon the soldiers of the station, who were reported to be in the habit of oppressing the people in his neighborhood. One day when the officer in charge of the station was away at Kirin, a soldier named Sun Tien-shiang went to a shop and tried to buy some drugs on credit. As, however, he owed money for previous purchases, the shopkeeper refused to let him have any thing without payment. He therefore became very violent upon which the shopkeeper went to complain of him to Ch'ang-shan, who sent for him, reprimanded him and then let him go. Next day the shopkeeper came again to say that the soldier had gone back to the shop, knocked over the counter and threatened to kill the complainant and all his family. The officer again called up the soldier, who behaved in a very refractory and insubordinate manner in court. He therefore ordered him to receive a flogging of twenty blows, which were inflicted with a whip on the back of his leg.  
As soon as he was released, the man went to the kitchen of the post-station, where he remained for twelve days, at the end of which he died from the injury he had received. A complaint was lodged by his brother, and a thorough inquiry was made into the case by officers specially deputed for the purpose by the Memorialists. The Memorialist finds that the officer Ch'ang-shan acted quite rightly in taking notice of the soldier's misbehavior, more especially as he had been particularly desired to see to such matters. Also, the soldier's conduct, towards the shopkeepers and in court was such as to merit a flogging, the punishment was inflicted on a proper part of his person, and the number of blows was moderate. Nevertheless the Memorialist condemns the officer to receive one hundred blows under a statute which awards that penalty for causing a man's death by flogging him improperly.  
As the offender in this case is a commissioned officer, his dismissal from the service will take the place of corporal punishment. He will also lose his hereditary post, to which another member of his family is appointed to succeed. In accordance with a further clause of the law above quoted the man by whose hand the fatal flogging was actually inflicted has been condemned to receive ninety blows, that being a penalty one degree lighter than the sentence of his superior under whose orders he acted. As he is a Manchu, the flogging will be given with the whip instead of the bamboo.—Pekin Gazette.

**CONVENIENT MANAGERS.**  
How Stock-Owners Can Save Much Disagreeable Work.  
The manager which is in general use in most stables is very inconvenient and causes unnecessary work every time the horses are fed. I scarcely know a stable which has not what might be called a regulation manger—a box about two feet wide extending across the front end of the stall and about three feet deep. To feed a horse in it the hay must be lifted and crowded into each manger separately, and there is no possible way to clean out one of them except to lean over and scrape up the contents with the hands, for they are too contracted to permit the use of a broom or shovel. Whenever I visit a stable having these old-fashioned mangers, I always examine them, and it is not uncommon to find a mass a foot deep of moldy chaff and corn cobs, and often the horses have slobbered in it, or water has been spilled, till it is much more like manure than horse food. My old stable had just such mangers, and I made up my mind that if ever I built a new stable I would have a manger through which I could walk from one end of the stable to the other, and so arranged that I could sweep a manger thirty feet long from end to end with nothing in the way. I built a new barn three and a half years ago, and I put in one of these "continuous mangers," as I call it, and I like it so well that I would have no other.  
I have two stables with the stock standing facing each other, and instead of having a feed room between these stables into which to throw the hay—perhaps down a stairway at one end—and then have to carry it and fill twelve separate mangers, I make the feed room itself a manger. I raise the floor a foot higher than that from which the horses stand and let them eat directly from it. The feed room, or manger as we now call it, is made five feet wide, if for two rows of horses and cattle, or two and a half feet wide for a single row. It is floored with dressed lumber, the floor running lengthwise of the manger, and the sides of it are boarded from the inside so that there is not a projection, and it can be scraped or swept from end to end in a very short time. In winter when both stables are full I sweep the manger twice or three times a week and shovel the waste into one of the stalls for bedding, or if we are feeding corn fodder I remove the waste every day. If we are feeding the fodder without cutting I carry the long stalks out to the barn-yard and scatter them around the straw stack. I have a door at the end of the manger for this purpose, but when, as we often do, we cut the fodder to lengths of six or eight inches, the waste all goes under the horses for bedding. The feed boxes for grain are not in the manger but are in the corners of the stalls.—Waldo F. Dutton, in Ohio Farmer.

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