The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON, Jr.,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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In Time of Trouble

As an eagle, from the height,
Looking down upon the lands,
On her at dark or night,
Far in the sandy deserts,

Sees the traveler below
Losing heart, as, league on league
Long wilderness show
No end to his fatigue;

So Faith, and her stars,
Beckoning for home aid
The lights on heavy bars
In the sea of life and death,

Sees weary hearts that dream
The dark is with us the whole,
Sees the happy hearts that dream
The bright rays all their goal.

Ah! let this faith be ours—
That even 'mid the pain,
Above the present towers,
And above the nearing gain;

While, breath by breath, appears,
As from the weaver's hand,
The pattern of the years
Which God himself has planned.

How We Took a Boarder.

Now our house is quite a large one, and, beside those apartments which we occupy ourselves and those which we delicate to our guests, there is a very nice little room on the second floor, which we never use and very seldom enter.

One morning, when I happened to feel in a very economical mood, I bethought myself that, were this room furnished prettily, we might just as well as not take a boarder—there were such numbers of advertisements in the papers for just such places. So many single ladies wished "board in a private family where no other boarders were taken," and so many single gentlemen pined for "the comforts of a home," that I had no doubt we could suit ourselves exactly.

Accordingly I broached the subject to Psalter at the table that very evening. Psalter only laughed at first, but when he found that I was in earnest, acquiesced in the arrangement, merely stipulating that neither maiden lady nor "gentleman and his wife" were to become inhabitants of the apartment. Consequently my choice was limited. A single gentleman I must have, and I was determined to be very particular about him. I consider myself a pretty good judge of character, and I resolved to select an intellectual, moral and well-mannered person, or to give up the idea altogether.

Tuesday and Wednesday passed without any answer. Thursday brought a young man belonging to a fire company, who stipulated that the members of his "machine" should be allowed the privilege of meeting in my parlor once a week, as their engine house was out of order, and likewise mentioned that he always, in the morning, took brandy instead of milk in his coffee.

To this gentleman's proposals I was obliged to answer in the negative, and, on his pressing the point, to inform him that the reception of the engine company would of itself be an insuperable obstacle. I did not think it prudent to add that his appearance and conversation did not tend to make me desirous of his society. Although I thought so, I based my objection altogether upon the fire company's expectation of meeting in my parlors.

I had said enough to offend my visitor, however, for he thrust his head forward turtle fashion, and remarked that I had better not "say anything agin No. 240," and that I might be "hopping glad to have 'em meet in my parlor, for—for all I thought myself some punkins, I was only small pertaturs," and that "No. 240 boys were fine fellers, and I'd better not contradict him—sa-ay!" and departed, leaving an odor of bad cigars and stale whiskey behind him.

My next applicant was a maiden lady, who desired accommodations for herself, a parrot, a kitten, two poodles, a monkey, and a cabinet of mineralogical specimens. Of course she did not suit me, especially as she was very particular in her inquiries as to my servant girl's capability of washing and attending upon poodles and parrots.

Closely following upon her heels came a gentleman of respectable appearance and plausible address, with whom, in spite of a pair of very wild, singular eyes, which protruded beyond the lids until they appeared about to drop out into his cheeks, I was mightily taken. In fact, the arrangements were nearly concluded, when, to my horror, I made the discovery that he was a professor of spiritualism, and a speaking and singing medium; likewise, my eyes were opened at once to the singularity of the gentleman's eyes by this confession, and I became aware that the nearest insane asylum would, in all probability, suit him far better than my humble dwelling. So, with an inward thanksgiving for my rescue, I got out of the scrape as politely as possible, and the "medium" departed.

Then arrived three very untidy men, who wanted to share the apartment, and receive scholars on the violincello therein.

After these had departed, I declare I was quite out of patience, and almost resolved to give up my notable idea altogether; but, just I had come to this resolution, I heard another ring at the bell. Such a ring! Not a loud, imperative, abrupt peal, but a modest, musical tintintabulation, which betokened an unassuming and well-bred applicant for admission.

"A young gentleman"—so Biddy informed me; and, after peeping in the glass to see if my hair was smooth, I ran up stairs.

There was a young gentleman in the parlor—a tall, fair young man, with straight, straw-colored hair, combed back from his forehead with a rush, and a white cravat of ministerial proportions. He had dear little hands encased in the most delicate of gloves, and was so polite and gentlemanly that, really, I thought to myself, I could not possibly find any one who would suit me better for a boarder.

He was on a visit to the city—so he said—and his principal object in the selection of a boarding place was privacy and good society. He was a churchmember, and kept very early hours. He was very fond of children, and would be happy, if I had any of those dear creatures, to instruct them in any little accomplishment, such as drawing or music, as an agreeable manner of passing his leisure hours. Altogether he was a perfect model

Fanny happening to run in just then, the young gentleman took her upon his knee, and they became friendly at once. So, somehow or other, it was all settled in a few moments, and Mr. Orlando Alberts had agreed to become the occupant of my apartment. After the business had been entirely settled, he began to chat with me and Fanny, and the other children, who had made their appearance; and, while we were conversing, the hours passed so quickly that it was dinner-time before I knew it, and, Psalter and Brother John, coming home, they were introduced to our new boarder, and insisted upon his dining with us that very day. He accepted the invitation very sweetly, and said that, if we were willing, he should be most happy to enter his new quarters that very evening, and would send to the Astor House for his luggage the next day, as he was somewhat fatigued by his journey. To this proposition we unanimously assented and then all sat down to dinner, Mr. Alberts saying grace at its commencement, and expressing, in the conversation which ensued, such excellent sentiments on all subjects, that we were absolutely charmed with him.

Very soon after the meal was finished, our boarder pleaded fatigue, retired to his own apartment, and Psalter, John, and myself, a little later, set off for a concert which we were very desirous of hearing, leaving the children in charge of Biddy, with instructions to put them to bed at nine o'clock precisely.

"How do you like Mr. Alberts, my dear?" I said to Psalter, as we walked along.

"Tolerably," replied Psalter; he seems to be a very excellent young man—not particularly brilliant but very worthy and well-mannered."

"Well, it is better to be good than to be brilliant, is it not?" I remarked.

"But how do you know that Mr. Alberts is not both?" inquired John. "There is a latent fire in his eye, a suppressed fervor in his voice, that tells me he is truly great. O' such men were martyrs made. Emma, did you notice how he said grace to-night? It was actually grand."

"That remark of his about the dignity of truth was really fine," said Psalter. "You may be right, after all, John.

"And he is so kind to the children, and so very amiable," said I. "I am sure we shall be delighted with him." And we walked on together in the most amiable mood.

The concert over, we returned home, when, to our great surprise, we found the children still up, and in the parlor.

"It is not my fault, mum," said Biddy, when I spoke to her about it. "The young gintleman got up after you was gone, and has been playin' with 'em all the evenin'; and he sent me out for candy for 'em; and then, when the fun was over, he read 'em a chapter, and bade 'em say their prayers, for all the world as if he were a minister."

"Oh!" said Fanny, "he is so sweet!"

They talked about Mr. Alberts all the time they were undressing, and their admiration confirmed me in my opinion. Children always have such penetration!

The next morning we arose as usual, but Mr. Alberts did not make his appearance, and Biddy informed me that he had requested her not to arouse him if he should sleep late, as he never took breakfast, and was very much fatigued by his journey. So I cautioned the children to be quiet, and we sat down to the table without him. After breakfast, the gentlemen started for their places of business, and everything proceeded as usual till noon; but still Mr. Alberts did not make his appearance, and I began to feel rather surprised.

It was about noon, when two men, stout and stalwart and wrapped in huge great coats, knocked at the basement door, and before any one had time to open it, stepped into the entry.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," said the first man—"beg your pardon, but is there any gentleman by the name of Scraggin boarding here?"

"No, sir," I replied.

"Nor any one named Phillips?" inquired the man.

"No, sir."

"Perhaps his name is Albert-," said the other, stepping forward.

"There is a gentleman named Alberts at present in the house," I replied.

"Ah! then will you be kind enough to ask him to step down a minute?" said the first speaker.

"Certainly—if you will walk into the parlor I will call him," I said.

Accordingly, the two men proceeded to the floor above, while I sent Biddy to summon Mr. Alberts. After a great deal of knocking, she returned with the information that she could not make him hear.

"And what is more, mum," she continued "the window out onto the roof of the shed is open, and the curtains blowin' out of it, and it seems as though there was no one in at all."

"Take my word for it that the room is empty—the bird has flown," said the first man.

"We must unlock the door and make sure, however," said the second.

I stood there in perfect astonishment as they pronounced these words, and placed, at the same time, two stars upon the bosoms of their coats. "What could it all mean?" I thought.

"You look surprised, ma'am," said the first policeman. "I suppose that Mr. Alberts came the good, interlectual kind of body over you, didn't he?—said his prayers, like a good boy and all that, eh?"

"He certainly seemed to be a very good person," I replied. "In fact, I see no reason to believe him otherwise."

"No!" replied the man. "Just look around and see if you miss anything. It is curious if you don't."

"Miss anything?"

"Yes, ma'am. Have you counted your silver, or seen your jewelry this morning?" said the man.

Oh! what a start the words gave me! I flew into the back parlor, for, be it known, that in certain drawers of the book case I kept my silver forks, my surplus money, and several articles of jewelry. The drawers were closed. I tried them. The locks were broken and the contents gone; and Mr. Alberts—the amiable, virtuous, pious Mr Alberts was the thief!

It was his particular forte—so the policeman told me—to impose himself upon persons who advertised for boarders, as a conscientious young man, and after insinuating himself as deeply as possible into their confidence, to take French leave in company with their valuables. I discovered afterward that during Biddy's absence for the purpose of buying candy, Fanny had innocently revealed to him the contents of the book case drawers, so that his task was rendered comparatively easy.

Oh! how I felt! how provoked I was with myself! But, between you and me, it was a great consolation to know that we were all in the same box—although John, who expressed such an exalted opinion of the amiable Mr. Alberts, declared that he had not been deceived for one moment.

It was a still greater consolation to get our forks back again, however, and to receive the news that Mr. Alberts was a resident of Sing Sing, which we did in less than a fortnight.

P. S.—I have come to the unalterable resolution never again to advertise for a single gentleman to board.

The Only Satisfaction.

Last summer as a Northern man who was looking up land in Alabama was riding along the highway he met a father and son riding at a furious gallop and both armed with shot-guns. They drew up as they reached him, and the old man called out:

"Say, stranger, hev ye met a young man and a gal riding the same mule and humping along as if Satan was after them?"

"No."

"Well, my darter has eloped with Bill Gordon, and Sam and me are trying to git within shooting distance before the knot is tied."

"Ah! Why, that couple were being married in Blankville as I came through there an hour ago."

"Did the gal hev on a blue waist?"

"Yes."

"And was it a cream mule?"

"Yes."

"And was it a tall fellow with a skeered look?"

"It was."

"That was them, stranger, and I'm much obleged. Sam, we're too late to stop 'em, and the only satisfaction we kin git is to let our hosses jog along into town and shoot the preacher after we git thar!"—*Free Press.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Posh trimmings remain fashionable.

Artificial fur is one of the latest novelties.

Sealskin garments have lost some of their popularity.

Plush and velvet bags are finished with silver clasps and chatelaines.

English and Irish point, point de Venice and point Duchesses are fashionable laces.

The flexible bracelets with fancy ends have replaced the less graceful broad bands, chain and bangle bracelets.

A favorite combination for rings consists of the ruby and sapphire, two popular stones at the present time.

Plain Dresses.

An attempt to wear plain dresses of rich fabrics is again being made, says a New York paper. After the great profusion of trimmings used for several years, ladies cannot get accustomed to simpler styles, and a toilet is not admired unless enriched with a quantity of fringes, galloon, beads and embroidery. Rich materials, as well as plain ones, are embroidered; satins are heavily draped, and plush has elegant passementerie combined with it. It would be far more advisable for ladies past a certain age to adopt plainer fashions; they would appear younger in rich dark silks than in toilets trimmed after the present styles. A number of fashionable weddings have taken place of late in Paris. As black is not used on these occasions, many ladies of middle age wore violet and bronze color. There is a dark, gilded, greenish-bronze color, which is very becoming, and which combines well with old point lace and all kinds of flowers.

How Shoe Pegs are Made.

It was the privilege of the writer to visit the picturesque little town of Arlington, Vt., which at the time boasted a population of 2,500, three churches, five stores, two hotels, an extensive carworks, sash and blind and chair factory, also a peg factory, which, by the courtesy of the foreman, Mr. L. E. White, (who had been employed there twenty nine years) he was shown through, and received valuable information. The timber used is black and yellow birch, which is cut into pieces four feet in length, varying in diameter from eight to fourteen inches. These logs are placed in a building in winter and the frost extracted by steam. They are then run in on a tram railway to the circular saw department, and cut into slices or blanks of the thickness desired for the length of the pegs. These are sorted and the knots cut out, and are then passed on to a long bench which contains six machines composed of fluted rollers. The blanks are then run between these rollers, which creases on both sides. They are then run through again to cross crease, or mark out the exact sizes of the pegs. They then go to the splitting machines, which are set with double knives, and cut the blanks into pegs. As they pass the last machine they are sorted, and all knots and discolored ones removed as they are brushed off into large baskets. The machines are under the care of young women, who appeared much more happy and useful than do many of those who, thumping at the piano, would consider such employment menial. The next process is bleaching, which is accomplished by the fumes of brimstone, which is unhealthy—(those who labor here shorten their lives.) They are then placed in large cylinders, which hold eleven barrels, and have six hundred steam pipes running through them, and revolve one and one-half times to the minute, drying two charges per day to each cylinder. They are then passed into large wooden casks, or cylinders, which, revolving rapidly, polish them by the friction, the refuse falling through wire sieves on screen openings, after which they are again passed into a sifter, which separates all the single pegs and drops them into tubs or boxes, leaving those which have not been separated in the machine. They are then put in barrels ready for market. The factory running on full time turns out one hundred and fifty bushels, or fifty barrels per day. The sizes go from eight up to sixteen to an inch. The lengths go by eights, two and one-half to twelve. Twenty-six hands are employed, half of them being women. The products of this mill are mostly shipped to Germany and France, and enter largely into the manufacture of toys and fancy goods as well as into the shoe manufactory. Thus the "genii of mechanism" converts, as by magic, the trees from the Vermont mountains into articles of use, which floating off through the channels of commerce to far away countries, anon return to sparkle the eyes of happy children in toys, in which these toys have become important factors.

President McCosh, of Princeton, lately remarked that there is a decrease in the number of college graduates who go into the ministry, and the Rev. Lyman Abbott adds: "There is a decrease in the quality."

The Mormon Temple.

The construction of the grand temple of worship now being erected by the Mormon church at Manti, Utah, is being pushed ahead with as large a force of workmen as convenience will permit, and the walls of the building are beginning to loom up and are covered with scaffolding and derricks. The temple is being constructed of white limestone. The building is situated on top of a mountain, a spur of the Wasatch range, that extends out into the town of Manti, and is called by the people of Utah the mountain of the Lord. The foundation of the temple is sixty-three feet above the level of the road, and is set in solid rock; the top of the mountain having been excavated and removed, making it level, is ninety-five feet in width and 172 in length. From the ground to the square will be eighty-two feet in height. There will be two towers erected, one at the east and the other at the west corner of the building. The tower at the east corner will be 170 feet in height, while that at the west corner will be ten feet lower, or 160 feet in height. They are thirty feet square at the base. There are four terrace walls around the mountain in front of the temple, which will average about seventeen feet in height and are about 900 feet in length, and in all contain about 2,000 cords of rock, as at present built, and 55,000 yards of *debris* has been excavated and hauled away. The stairway from the road to the upper terrace is sixty-three feet, and will contain 132 stone steps, sixteen feet in width. The back of the terrace will be filled with rich soil, to the top of the stone work, and trees and shrubbery planted, and the tops of the terraces are to be ornamented by neatly dressed and cut stone, and statues will be placed at various and appropriate places. The water to supply the temple will be brought in wooden pipes from a spring situated about one and a quarter miles east of the temple, back in the mountains, and has a fall of seventy-nine feet to the reservoir, and one hundred feet from the reservoir to the lower terrace. The whole side of the mountain is to be planted with trees and flowers, and the crystal stream poured forth by the little spring, as it winds its way down the side of the mountain, will travel from root to root, quenching their thirst, thus assisting the trees to produce their foliage in spring, the flowers to bloom and the grass to grow. The building of the temple was first commenced five years ago, and has been worked on ever since, and it is expected that it will be in such condition in about three years that it can be used, but it is estimated that it will take fully five years to complete the building. The building will be fifty feet in height, and the excavation at the east end for the basement is about forty-six feet in depth. It was President Young's intention when he ordered the erection of this temple that it should be the grandest and most imposing structure erected on the American continent, and all indications point to such being the case.

Manti is situated about 125 miles a little east of south of Salt Lake City, and is quite a large town, being the third oldest settlement in Utah territory. It is located at the foot of the east side of the Wasatch mountains, in one of the most fertile valleys in the territory, which is dotted the entire length with well stocked farms and large orchards. The Sanpitch river, a tributary to the Sevier river, flows through the town, supplying the people with water for all necessary purposes, including irrigation. The Manti and surrounding valleys is the granary of the mountain country. Its fruitful farms not only produce a sufficient quantity of grain to supply the greater portion of Utah with grain and flour, but it supplies the greater portion of south-eastern Nevada with flour and a goodly portion of grain.

As Usual.

The commercial traveler of a Philadelphia house while in Tennessee approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said:

"Are you going on this train?"

"I am."

"Have you any baggage?"

"No."

"Well, my friend, you can do me a favor, and it won't cost you anything. You see, I've two rousing big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket, and we'll enchre them. See?"

"Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket."

"But I thought you said you were going on this train?"

"So I am. I'm the conductor."

"Oh!"

He paid extra, as usual.

Colonel John S. Mosby, United States consul at Hong Kong, China, in a letter to a friend in Alexandria, Va., says that a good dentist could make a fortune in Hong Kong in less than ten years; that good dentists are hard to find, and that the charges for any kind of dental work are enormous.

Things in Iceland.

When we were coaling at Reykjavik, writes a correspondent who has been in Iceland, all the coal, owing to the shallowness of the shore, had to be deported in small boats out to the ship's side. The coal was stored in houses on shore, alongside the narrow causeway which led down to low water mark; which is seventeen feet below high water mark.

The distance from the store-house to the causeway is about twenty feet, and from that down to the end of the pier 200 feet. Now it required two men to drag the bags of coal from the store-house to the pier down an inclined plane. Here the two noble creatures lifted the bags, weighing 200 pounds each, upon the back of a woman, who carried it down the pier and dumped it into the small boat. For the work the women were paid one Kroner (about twenty-eight cents American money) per day, and the men got two kroner. That's the way it is all the world over—the women perform twice as much of the work of creation as men and only get half pay.

In other respects the people here do credit to their 1,000 years of civilization. They support five new-papers, which for a country of 80,000 inhabitants, very scattered, is good. In Reykjavik there are two—*Isafold* (the poetical name of Iceland), which is advanced liberal, and *Ingolfur* (the nation's wolf), administration organ. At Akureyre there are also two—*Nordanfari* (the Northerner), of republican opinions, and *Fraeda* (the wise one or intelligencer). The fifth is published at Eskifyordur and is called *Skuld* (the Future), and is very advanced and bold, as its name seems to indicate.

The assembly of Iceland is composed of thirty-six members, thirty of whom are elected by the people and six appointed by the king of Denmark. The thirty popular members elect six of their number to serve with the six appointed by the crown as an upper house. All bills must pass both houses, and be finally approved by the king, who holds veto power.

Sessions are held once in two years, and the members are paid six kroner ($1.68) per diem and traveling expenses. I don't know how they make out on the mileage. There are no end of miles here in any given direction, but it would take an American congressman half his time to make even cocktail money at these rates. The island is divided into fifteen districts, over each of which is a sysselmand or judge, who collects the taxes. The sysselmand goes over his district once a year and informs the people where he will meet them and receive their taxes. They have a tax receiver here, but no collector.

Food Adulterations.

The following is from a paper read before the Maryland Academy of Sciences: The use of beer has become much less general because of the suspected use of harmful bitters and grape sugar. A large piece of this so-called grape sugar, taken from the hands of a youth in this city, who said his father manufactured it, proved, upon analysis, to contain a quantity of sulphuric acid, enough to destroy some half dozen sets of good teeth! As this sugar is largely used in adulterating cane sugar, candies and numerous other articles of luxury and necessity, further comment is unnecessary. Yeast powders are made and sold here which contain soluble salts of aluminium. The use of tin in sugar, of baryta in numerous articles of food to increase their weight are barely concealed. The agreeable odor of caramel in the neighborhood of the coffee mills tells its own tale, and to explain the wonderful cheapness of the beautiful jellies now in such common use we should have to go further than our matutinal friend "Rags Bones" and pursue through the wonderful transformation worked by modern chemistry the bones from our garbage box, flavored and colored by the waste products from the gas works, back again to our tables as currant jelly for our famous canvas backs and red heads, and perhaps meet in our sugar bowls our old shirts transformed into very palatable sugar. When in Washington recently I asked the Chinese ambassador what was the punishment for food adulteration in China? He replied: "Death."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Do all that lies in your power to add to the happiness of your friends to-day. Even though it be but little, neglect it not. Do not wait until next month, or next week.

If you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it up and out and ascertain what becomes of it, you will see what a fool you were in the matter.

Learn from the earliest days to insure yourself against the perils of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in constant dread of death.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Boston man describes his sensations while going through a plate glass door. He felt embarrassed.

The three leading articles of jewelry at the present time are bracelets, lacepins and finger-rings.

The death of Gen. Kilpatrick removes almost the last of the noted Union cavalry leaders of the war. None were braver—few had more friends.

The St. Louis girl who reported herself engaged to Tilden several years ago, has had to take up with a short-line, narrow gauge railroad husband, or go without any.

George I, of England, died from drunkenness, George II. of a rupture of the heart, George III. died a madman, and George IV. of gluttony and drunkenness.

The topaz in heraldry represents gold or the planet Sol. Its signification is fidelity and friendship. The bloodstone denotes courage, wisdom and firmness in affection.

When New York's population reaches 2,000,000 it will be nearly all foreign. The death rate there has increased this year from twenty-six to thirty-two in one thousand, and the birth rate has declined five per cent. There have been about 11,500 more deaths than births, so immigration is the only means to keep up population.

Characteristics of the Cowboy.

A Los Angeles Texas correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* writes:—The cowboy is a peculiar product of the frontier; as a rule, it is base flattery to suppose that he ever drives cows, unless he steals them. He is generally clad in a wide-rimmed, soft hat, a pair of spurs, a belt full of cartridges and a revolver. He probably wears other articles of comfort and adornment, but those I have mentioned have a faculty of monopolizing the attention of the observer. With him the revolver is a substitute for all things; he argues with it most logically, he buys with it at his own price, and he amuses himself with it habitually. Two of them went into a church down at Charleston, Arizona, a few weeks ago. The services wearied them. They "covered" the minister with their favorite weapon and made him come down from the pulpit and dance a jig in the corner. They are getting scarce about Deming; the place is not lively enough for them now. A merchant from Los Angeles came down here about the time the connection was made between the two roads. The "cowboys" were numerous. The merchant incautiously sported a high hat. He had scarcely alighted from the train when whiz went a bullet through the crown! On the other side of the track stood a grinning "cowboy" with the smoking pistol in his hand. It was not a hospitable reception, and the merchant was so nearly scared to death that he failed to get any enjoyment out of his visit to the "front." Wonderful stories are told of their skill in handling the pistol; to put a bullet through the hat as above and scare the bowl from the stem of the pipe that he holds in his teeth, are two feats which they delight in performing. They take delight in compelling a "tender foot" (a stranger to the frontier) to drink with them against his will, and occasionally cap the climax by making him pay for the drinks. The "cowboy" may have his good traits, however. They tell a pretty good story of how one of them made himself useful here in Deming. A fastidious "drummer" had come down from "above" (Frisco) upon business. At a restaurant kept by a "lone widder," he expressed dissatisfaction with the bill of fare. "The meat was too rare and the potatoes too soggy, while the beans weren't fit for a hog to eat." "Stranger," remarks a smiling cowboy over in the corner, while he raised his revolver and drew a fine sight upon the drummer, "them beans is good enough for you, and the sooner you get outside of 'em the healthier you'll find yourself. Do it pretty quick now, while this lady's a looking, or I'll bore a hole in you and put 'em in." The beans were eaten without further criticism. The cowboys frequently come to grief, and get their just deserts, without the law being brought to bear upon them. Two or three days after we left Deming one of them, in a half inebriated condition that is chronic with his class, attempted to "run" that town. He rode through depot on horseback, brandishing his pistol and scattering the bystanders promiscously; one of them, not getting out of his way promptly, was knocked down by a blow from the outlaw's pistol. A deputy sheriff, armed with a shotgun, appeared on the scene and ordered the cowboy to surrender. He failed to comply, when the deputy shot him dead. Three were killed at Tombstone the other day in a conflict with a deputy marshal and his aids, who had arrested one of their number a short time previously. A frontier jury doesn't hesitate very long over a verdict of "justifiable homicide" when a cowboy is killed.