

THE CURVE OF THE CURL

Some time between the Trojan War And Adam's fall. Or afterward, perhaps before, I can't recall. There lived a pig with a curly tail Who won the admiration Of the animals through the mighty scale Of the whole brute creation. Just because of the whirl And the curve of the curl. The hippopotamus and the coon Giraffe and gnu. The orang outang and baboon And kangaroo. Deferred to the pig with a curly tail With praise and admiration. And his jaunty presence did they hail With shouts of admiration. Just because of the whirl And the curve of the curl. The other animals tried to curl, Like little pork; They tried to imitate the whirl Couldn't make it work. And once it happened was sitting near A whole brute legislature. Who went and asked the pig with fear If he'd explain the nature. The twirl and the whirl And the curve of the curl. The pig replied, crisp, frank and gay, "I'll tell you true, It curls because it is the way. The way it grew." Then they returned in self-disgust, The whole brute legislature, To think that they had put their trust In something so by nature. In a natural whirl And the curve of the curl. For things outlandish and unique Men still are wild; They are beguiled. And men who write, or paint, or speak, The artist, scribe, or poet, They must be natural but seek To let nobody know it. Remember the whirl And the curve of the curl. -S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

THE SHERIFF'S PRISONER.

In the pioneer days of Minnesota my father was elected Sheriff of County, and in due time our family took up its residence in the county jail. I was the only child, and was at that time about thirteen years old. About a month after we took possession we received a prisoner who was known over a wide circle of country as Black Jim, horse thief, robber and general desperado. He was a man about thirty years of age, very dark complexion, quick and wiry, and his capture was hailed as a great event. Officers had been after him for over two years, and two of them who had turned up missing were believed to have been shot down by the desperado. He was brought to jail loaded down with irons, and up to the time of his examination father employed two extra guards. After he had been remanded to the higher court, Black Jim was so quiet and humble that the extra guards were dismissed, and he was looked after by our regular turnkey, who was a middle-aged man named Andrews. The jail was built of stone, and was the only stone jail in the State at the time. The prison part was twelve feet wide by the width of the building, making a corridor about twelve by thirty. There were no cells in this corridor, but it was a clear space, with bunks for five or six prisoners. It was shut in by iron bars running from top to bottom, and admission was had by a single door. The windows were small and well guarded. There was no fear of Black Jim or any other prisoner getting out if properly looked after. Two weeks after our prisoner had been remanded father was called upon to organize a posse and seek the capture of a gang of horse thieves raiding a neighborhood twenty miles away. I heard his instructions to Andrews before he left. He said: "Don't take your eye off Black Jim. This afternoon my wife will go on duty, and you can sleep and be ready for night." "Oh, you needn't be afraid of anything going wrong," replied Andrews. "I'd just like to see Jim hoodwink me, and I can watch for three days and nights, if necessary." I saw that father didn't like his boasting, but he was in a hurry to be off, and he left right away after dinner. Andrews took up his station in an armchair in the corridor, and I brought in some wood for the big stove (it was October), filled up the water pails, and was busy for an hour or two. I happened to be in the corridor when the gate bell rang, and went out to answer it. The caller was a keen-looking man about forty years old, pretty well dressed, and he had a package under his arm. When he had followed me into the jail building he said to Andrews: "I am Lawyer Thomas, of Brookville, and have come to see my client." Black Jim's examination had taken place at a town eight miles away, and neither Andrews, my mother, nor myself had been present, therefore we did not know any of the lawyers in the case. Father had not said anything about visitors, and when Lawyer Thomas demanded an interview with his client, Andrews did not hesitate to let him into the ward. From the moment I saw Thomas at the gate I took a dislike to him. I set him down as a bad man. I wanted to protest when Andrews let him into the corridor, but I hadn't the assurance. After he was in I made bold to say: "You ought to have asked mother."

turnkey. There they talked for a long two hours, and then Thomas came forward and said: "I discover that I have left some important papers at the hotel, and must go for them. Will it be against the rules if I call again this evening?" We had no rules about visitors, as this was our first prisoner, and Andrews promptly replied that the lawyer could return and remain until nine o'clock. I saw some money slipped into his hand, and he was all smiles as he bowed Thomas out. I went and told mother, and added that I believed Thomas was a friend of Black Jim's, instead of being his lawyer, but she replied that Andrews was a faithful man, and was probably satisfied that everything was all right. Black Jim went to his bunk, and I took advantage of this fact to remove the sash from the rear window of the corridor over the bench the pair had occupied during their confab. This done, I went up to the hotel; our village had only one, and I went direct to the stable to see if Thomas had come in a buggy. Nothing of the sort had arrived. Then I discovered that no stranger was stopping at the hotel. I made inquiries of several citizens, and no one had seen a man of Thomas's description. Then I asked who had been Black Jim's lawyer at the examination, and was told that his name was McCormack. I returned home to give mother these facts, and while they aroused considerable anxiety, she could not fully credit my assertions of the so-called Thomas was there to help Black Jim get away. She cautioned Andrews without telling him what I had discovered, but he assured her that he knew Thomas to be a lawyer, and that there wasn't the slightest foundation for suspicion or anxiety. This silenced me and reassured mother, but I was by no means convinced. Darkness came about 5 o'clock, and at half past 5 I let Thomas in again. He had a pretty large bundle under his arm, and I noticed that his boots were muddy. He handed Andrews some cigars, got off a joke or two and was admitted to the corridor. The two had no sooner started for the further end than I started for the window. Carefully lifting out the loose sash I found that I could plainly hear their conversation. The first words I caught were from Thomas, who was saying: "—at least a mile, I guess. It's due west of here, with an old log house in a clearing. The horses are two good ones." "What's the weather outside?" asked Jim. "Going to be dark." "Well, it will be as easy as rolling off a log." "Anything in the house worth taking?" "Can't tell till we have a look. I wonder where this cold air comes from." I drew back, softly replaced the sash, and then entered the corridor to tell Andrews. He sat in his chair half asleep, and it occurred to me that if I called him off his post the fellows would suspect something. I entered the dwelling part and related the particulars to mother. I remember how white her face grew as she listened to me. She was for at once sending me out for some of the neighbors, but when we came to reflect we remembered that father had taken twenty of the best men in his posse, and we could think of no one who would be likely to accept our call. Andrews was at his post, and he could not be called away or conferred with. We had as arms a double-barreled shotgun, a revolver, and a rifle. The turnkey had the revolver, or was supposed to have it, but in looking around the corridor I found it hanging on a nail behind the door leading into the dwelling part. It was loaded, and I myself loaded the other arms, taking them into the dwelling part to do so. The keys to the front and back doors were in the locks. I removed them without Andrews knowledge. Now, to understand what took place, you must have the lay of the jail. It was only one story high. There was a door at either end of the corridor. Midway there was a door and a passageway to the dwelling part, which was composed of three rooms. There were two windows in the corridor, both strongly defended, and the doors were very massive. The door into the dwelling part was only an ordinary light door. When nine o'clock came I stood in this doorway with mother looking over my shoulder, and we had all the weapons on the kitchen table. I had the front door key in my hand ready to let Thomas out in case nothing happened. He and Jim came to the iron door and shook hands, and Jim said: "Well, I shall depend on you to get those witnesses." "Oh, of course, of course," was the reply. "I may drop in some day next week with some good us." "I hope so." "Well keep up your courage. Good-by." "Good-by." Andrews turned the key and let Thomas out into the corridor. None of them had seen us, because we were further down. Andrews had swung the door about half shut when Thomas turned on him and struck him with his fist behind the ear. The turnkey fell in a heap, and then Thomas drew a revolver and struck him twice with the butt of it. By this time Black Jim was out in the corridor, and I saw a revolver in his hand. Mother screamed out as Thomas struck the turnkey a second time, and both villains made a dash for us. I shut the door in their faces, however, and it was bolted as they came against it. We ran through the kitchen, and in five minutes we had the passage barricaded with the table, a cupboard, and several chairs. If they broke down the door we were to make our fight here. A few kicks on

turnkey just as he did. They could find nothing but a stick of wood to work at the door or windows with, and they made no progress toward liberty. They were working for half an hour before they realized that the way to liberty was through the dwelling part. They no doubt supposed mother and I had fled, for they began at the door without calling to us. They kicked the panels out and reached through and unbolted it. I wanted to fire, but mother restrained me, hoping it would be unnecessary. As the door swung open I shouted to them, and they could not help seeing the barricade. They drew back, and Black Jim said: "See here, Mrs. —, we don't want to hurt you or the cub, but we are determined to get out of this if we have to kill you both!" "Throw us that front door key or we'll murder you!" added his companion. Mother and I were both trembling, but still we were not cowards. The brutal attack on Andrews had given us courage instead of taking it away. She would not trust herself to answer, but I replied: "I will shoot if you attempt to enter the passage!" "Are they armed?" I heard Thomas ask. "May have a revolver." "We've got to go that way, and we've no time to lose. It's only a woman and a cub, anyhow." I was kneeling down beside the barricade, with the shotgun poked through a big crevice, and I cocked both barrels. Mother was behind me, having the revolver in hand. Shielding their bodies behind the jambs, the fellows fired two shots a piece into the barricade, and then made a rush. I pulled both barrels as soon as I saw them, and for sixty seconds there was smoke, shouts, curses and groans. I knew that both of them were down, but as they kept firing I could not say whether they were hurt or not. After the rumpus had died out, Black Jim called: "For God's sake give me some water! You're gone for the both of us!" Peering above the barricade I could see them on the floor, and after making sure there was no trap we tore away the defence and went to their aid. The shotgun was loaded with bird shot of good size, and the range had been only ten feet. Thomas had got his dose in the right leg and hip, and Black Jim, who was crouching down as I fired, was wounded in the face and shoulder. Both thought they were done for, and made no resistance as we dragged them into the ward. When we had the door locked I went for help and a doctor, and after an hour secured both. Then we found that Andrews was as good as dead, his skull being fractured, and that the two desperadoes were only severely wounded. It was only ten days before they were moving about the corridor. Father returned home next morning, and I went with him to the old clearing and found two superb horses. The "lawyer" was simply Black Jim's partner, and he had made a bold stroke to get him out of jail. Each was sentenced to prison for life, and it was only two years ago that I saw Black Jim as I went through the Minnesota State prison. Thomas, as he was always called, died about ten years ago. —New York Sun.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Sandalwood glove boxes have again appeared. We are to have silk skirts again, ruffled to the waist with lace flounces. Fashion repeats herself and the old handcuff gold bracelet is back again. Colored linen embroidered in seaweed patterns is used for covering pillows. Bonnets and hats of two kinds of straw, open and close, bid fair to be popular. Long lace scarfs are selling again for sashes, shoulder scarfs, evening hoods, etc. Turin is the first Italian city which can boast of a library intended exclusively for women. The handsomest "robe" dresses of the season show lace effects under applique embroidery. Gauze parasols are laid in accordion plaits and trimmed with rosettes of the same silky material. Lovers of tinsel will have beads and embroideries for garnishing their raiments next winter. Several New York ladies have taken out incorporation papers for the purpose of founding a home for friendless cats. Mrs. Mary E. Beasley, of Philadelphia, has an income of \$20,000 a year from her invention of a barrel hooping machine. It is a rule of Sorosis that its members shall be known by their own names, viz., Mrs. Mary E. Smith, not Mrs. John G. Smith. Plush and felt lambskins are doomed, and the same fate has befallen the cloth-draped pedestals, stands and tables. When the juice of acid fruits has touched colored cottons a perfect restoration will be accomplished by the use of ammonia. Bismarck's wife is expert with the needle, and is famous as a cook. She is also remarkable for her simple piety and for her charities. Dr. Belle Smith, the resident physician at the Woman's Prison, in Sherborn, Mass., is said to be only twenty-three years of age. The extreme elegance of fashion is shown in the quality of the underwear, the linen handkerchief, the hat trimming and the lining of wraps. Round waists are the caprice of the season with the Parisiennes, but they are not short, being made as long as the wearer's figure will permit. French and German plaids are in rich profusion. Their colors are for the most part brilliant, but many of them are plain and exactly suit quiet tastes. Princess Louise has recently completed a statue of the Queen on which she has been engaged for a long time. It is said to be an excellent work of art. Silks borrow their names from the flowers. Peony, anemone, lilac, cherry and apple silks are in the market begging to be bought and taken away. The Queen of England's ladies in waiting only receive \$1500 a year, and they are expected to wear a new costume every time they appear at dinner. Mrs. John A. Logan is quite an adept with carpenter's tools, and can put up a shelf or build a cupboard almost as skillfully as if she had learned the trade. Again the polonaise, this time long in the skirt, with a double-breasted front and close sleeves—a lady's garment, and a real blessing for utilizing old skirts. Miss Alice Longfellow, daughter of the poet, is said to be the best amateur photographer in America. Her favorite field of operation is along the Massachusetts coast. Queen Margaret, of Italy, likes nothing so much as the museum of gloves, fans, boots and shoes used and worn at different periods at the various courts of the States of Italy. There are fifty different kinds of ice cream in the market, thirty-five styles in dog collars, nineteen novelty wedding rings, six baby bibs and five shades of canary colored hair dye. Miss Amanda Anderson, of Georgia, is sixty years of age and has never traveled more than a mile and a half from the spot where she was born. Though there is a railroad within three miles of her house, she has never seen it. She has never seen a brick house. "Pretty light," he remarked; "won't weigh over half a pound." He was told that was about its weight. "Pretty light," he continued; "fish of that size over in Carson River frequently weigh two or two and a half pounds." Noticing a smile of disbelief on the face of the bystanders, he went on: "You know there are some of the big quartz mills on the Carson. In amalgamating they use lots of quicksilver, and lots of it is wasted. It runs off into the river, and the stream is full of it. The fish of course absorb this quicksilver, and it makes them heavy out of proportion to their size." —Truckee Republican.

HUMOR OF THE

Spider. At my window Weaving circles From the dew. Running. Rings and spots Build your story Shall I catch? Sprawl. Nimble, shrill Death's you Why should I? Strike. Not for rapier Man himself Only not so slow. Life in. Thee lives our Thou'r a shape I am nothing great —George Horton, Jr.

Licked for two cents—A poor fellow. Fancy work—Building castles in the air. Where there is no liquor—In prison bars. "He was a great boy. He was in for everything." "He's in for five years, now." —Chatter. You can generally get a point on insect life by making yourself familiar with the bee. —Texas Siftings. There are a good many things that go without saying, but woman is not one of them. —St. Joseph News. While we have so many lakes in this country, there is only one that is really Superior. —Texas Siftings. In early days the schoolmaster "boarded around" himself, but he shingled the boys. —Texas Siftings. "Mamma, let me hold the baby, will you?" "No, dear; mother is afraid you might let him fall on Fido." —Life. It is often impossible to distinguish science from wisdom, because they are frequently the same thing. —Dallas News. Don't weep for aminalcule Within all moisture squirm; Don't sigh, because your breathing may Communicate a germ. —Toronto Empire. It is an awful strain on a woman's patience to have a husband who thinks he knows how to cook. —Terre Haute Express. Nothing delights a small man so much as to have a chance to call a great man in public by his first name. —Somerville Journal. Time is the essence of all contracts, except when you endeavor to contract for a suit of clothes on time. —Jewellers' Circular. Impressionable Charlie (to elderly beauty)—"Will you be mine?" Elderly Beauty—"No, Charlie, but I'll be a mother to you." —Lippincott's. A sheriff seized a college for debt some time ago, and an inventory led to the discovery that the assets consisted of a first class yell. —Binghamton Leader. Woman may be a trusting creature and all that, but she isn't apt to be deceived into giving too much credit another woman. —Elmira Gazette. The man who knows everything under a misapprehension. He thinks that everybody wants to be his friend. He is wrong. —Dallas News. The shortest day is generally to be December 21; yet there are who say that the day before pay is the shortest day. —Jewellers' Circular. Your faults to others you should never mention; Your friends will give that duty due attention. —Philadelphia Tag. She (nervously)—"What do you of my biscuits, dear?" He—"H'm! don't care exactly to give an opinion on weighty subjects." —Bazaar. Mrs. Peterby—"Don't you think very remarkable that a swan should be dying?" Judge Peterby—"So so much so as I would if they sang a dying." —Texas Siftings. "I don't believe in allowing domestic to get the upper hand. I make my own keep her place!" "You are lucky. Ours never does for more than the weeks." —American Grocer. Benevolent Person—"I hope you're your horses well and give them plenty of hay." Driver—"Well, I can't afford to buy 'em much of it, but I says he them as often as I can." —Light. "Leave the house," said the intruder. "I couldn't hope to take you with me, with so heavy a mortgage," retorted the creditor—but take it later on. —Munsey's Weekly. "Good intentions are often in the most mysterious way young man remarked when he was asked just as he was on the way. —Burlington Free Press. "But, sir, to kiss