

DOING HIM A FAVOR.

Was Willing to be Hung by the Man Who Had Treated Him Well.

He had been tried for murder and sentenced to be hanged and the day named, and as I happened to be in town on that day the sheriff invited me to witness the execution. Half a dozen of us accompanied him to the cell of the condemned at the proper hour and he said to the man:—

"Well, Jim, it's about time to be movin'."

"Folks all ready outside?" asked Jim.

"Yes, all ready. That's a big crowd to see yo' go and I hope yo' won't make no fuss."

"Say Bill," said the condemned after a moment's thought, "I've concluded not to be hung."

"Shoo! Why yo' was reg'larly sentenced."

"Yes, I know, but I'm going to klock agin it. I didn't hav no far show."

"It was as far as could be, Jim, and only yesterday you agreed not to make any fussin'. Pears like yo' don't want to do the right thing by me."

"Yes, I do, but this yer hanging don't do a man no good. Mebbe I'll hang next week, but darn my hide if I do it to-day. Just go an' tell the folks that it's put off."

"Shoo! Shoo!" grumbled the sheriff, "the law says yo' ar' to be hung between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock. Don't be contrary, Jim. Jest git ready and come out and be hung like a man. Hain't I used yo' all right?"

"Yes, reckon so."

"Gin yo' plenty to eat and a good bed?"

"Yes."

"Then why go back on me? If I don't hang yo' whin's the Governor gwine to say 'bout it? What's the Judge gwine to do? I ain't asking yo' to hang 'cause yo' killed yo'r ole woman, but to oblige me."

"Is that it? Would it be a favor to you, Bill?"

"It would, Jim—a big favor. Yo' couldn't do nuthin' to oblige me no'."

"And yo'll remember it of me?"

"I will and if I kin ever do yo' a good turn yo' kin count on me."

"Well, then," said Jim, as he rose up, "I reckon yo' kin go ahead with the hangin'. I don't keer fur the Governor nor the Judge, but when a feller has used me white I'm willin' to do him a favor and won't go back on him. Git along to the gallus and hev it over with!"—Chicago News.

Only Amateurs



Ethel—Pray, tell me, Mr. Slambang, why do you foot-ball players wear such long hair?

Cholly Slambang—To distinguish us from professional pugilists, Miss Ethel.

The Colonel Got Left.

The Colonel and I were seated in front of his law office talking about the characteristics of the colored race, when he called to a colored man who was passing by:—

"Heah, boy, I want to speak to yo'."

"Yes, Kameel," replied the man, as he halted and removed his hat.

"Yo'r name is Peter Simpson, I believe? Now, Peter, I've got eighteen chickens in my coop."

"Yes, sah."

"I've got a burglar alarm on the door of that coop, and if any one opens it a bell will ring in my house."

"Yes, sah."

"I've also set a spring-gun to go off and kill any thief."

"Yes, sah."

"Also, two bear traps, which can't miss catching the man who meddles with that coop."

"Yes, sah," was the steady reply.

"Besides all these I hire a policeman to watch the coop, and I sleep with a shot gun at the head of my bed. Just say to yo'r friends that they'd better let my chickens alone, will yo'?"

"Yes, sah, I will sah," said the man, with many scrapes and grins and bows, as he went his way.

This was just before noon. At 12 o'clock I went home with the Colonel to lunch, and as we reached the house he asked me to step around and see his leghorns. There wasn't a chicken about the place. Every one had been stolen the night before, and perhaps by the very man the Colonel was talking to about the alarm and spring-guns! We had lunch, but the colonel was a mighty poor entertainer. He seemed to be worried about something or other, and perhaps it was the general characteristics he had talked so glibly about an hour before.

Coming Her Way.

Father (angrily—entering parlor at 12:30)—Look here, young man! Do you say as late as this when you call on other girls?

Jack Huggard (trembling with fear)—N-n-n no, sir!

Father (appeared as he leaves the room)—That's all right, then! (Aside) Thank heaven! Mary has caught on at last—Puck.

More of Them Sufferers.

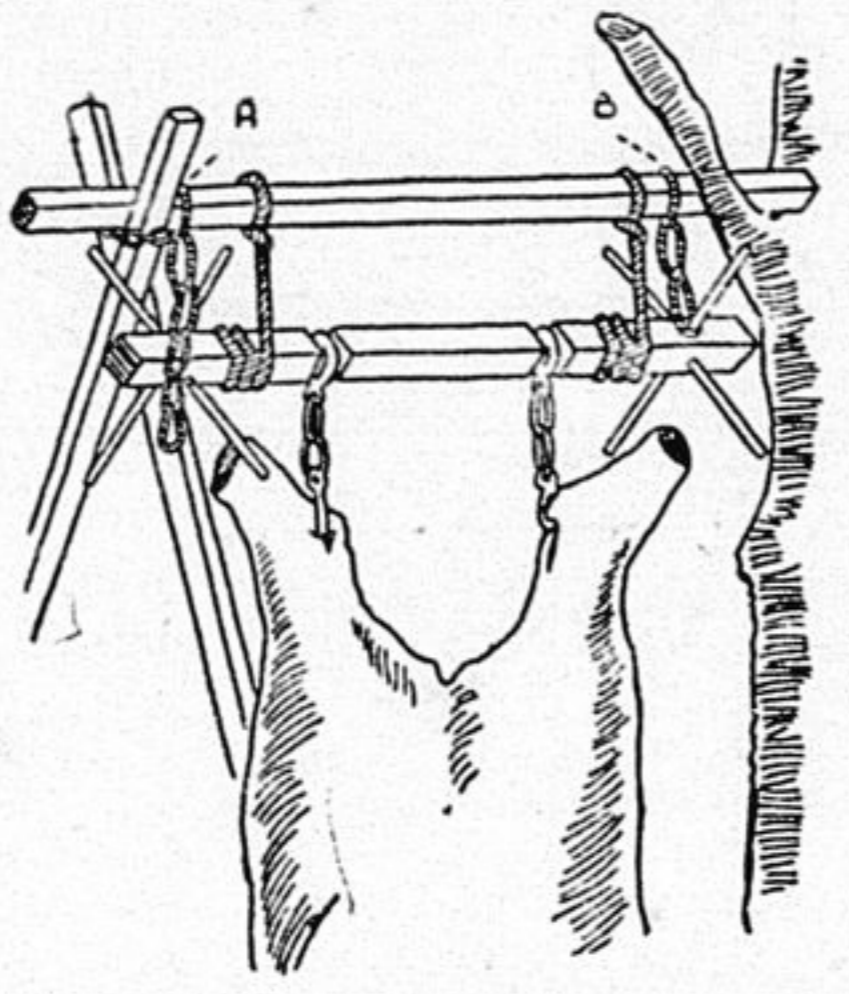
Mrs. Grumpey—Why do nearly all the people cry at weddings?

Grumpey—Because most of them have been married themselves.—Detroit Free Press.

BUTCHERING DEVICE.

It Makes the Skinning and Dressing of Beef Comparatively Easy.

The illustration represents an apparatus which makes the skinning and dressing of beef on the farm a comparatively easy matter. In the croch or fork of a good-sized tree place one end of a stout pole. Rest the other end on a fork formed by fastening together two four by four inch scantlings or other similar timbers by means of a rope or stay chain and spreading apart at the bottom. To the pole or cross piece attach two strong ropes, long enough to reach the ground. Tie to the ends of these ropes a 3 by 3 inch oak or other hard wood scantling four feet long with two pins inserted in either end at right angles to each other. About 8 inches from each end of the square timber round off a space about three inches long on which place two iron rings. To the rings attach iron hooks or



stay chains. After the animal is killed and hind legs are skinned, insert the hooks in the large tendon above the hook joint.

Two men, one at each end of the gamble, can easily lift the carcass, either raising it off the ground at once or a short distance at a time. It can be secured at any height by means of a rope, A, which is arranged with a series of loops. These are slipped over the turning pins or handles and thus prevent unwinding. As the skinning proceeds the men will have to stand on barrels or some other elevation to enable them to swing the carcass clear of the ground. This apparatus can be used for lifting hogs, sheep, etc., but need not be made so strong or tall. The whole thing is entirely home-made and easily constructed. If no tree is convenient to support one end of the pole, a post can be set in its place, or three rails, fastened near the top and set up like a tripod, will do very well.—J. E. Henry, in Farm and Home.

Relieving Choked Cattle.

Choking in cattle is usually caused by swallowing a potato, apple, piece of turnip or carrot, or a piece of corn-cob. No matter what part of the gullet it is lodged in, it causes great distress. The animal coughs, saliva runs from the mouth, eyes bulge out, back is arched and bloating also takes place. If it is in the upper part of the gullet, the animal soon dies from suffocation. If it is in the middle or lower part, the animal may live for several days. If it is in the upper part of the gullet, give a little oil and then rub the hand up and down the throat to scatter the accumulation. It may be necessary to give a little oil several times, and continue the rubbing, as it may take some time to overcome the choking. In case no oil is at hand, a similar attempt may be made by pouring down some water.

If the obstruction cannot be forced up or down by oiling and rubbing the gullet, use a probang, which is made of spiral wire covered with leather, and which will bend with the neck. There is also a gag to put in the mouth, with a hole in the center through which the probang passes. Oil the probang and let one man take hold of the animal's horns or ears, while another passes the probang through a hole in the gag and back into the gullet. Press gently until the object is felt, then by steady pressure it will pass into the stomach. Too much force should not be used in case of rupturing the gullet. No unyielding articles should be pressed down the gullet, as it is almost sure to rupture. If a probang is not convenient, take a piece of rope about 3/4 to 1 inch in diameter, frizz out a little of the end, and tie a piece of string around it to form a soft knot, grease this well and it will supply the place of a probang.

In cases where an animal cannot be relieved by this treatment, cut down on the gullet with a knife, making an incision and removing the material. Clean the wound and bring the edges of the gullet together firmly with silk thread or catgut, letting the ends hang out of the external wound, bring the edges of the skin together, put a bandage around and keep it wet with cold water for twenty-four hours, and it will usually heal. Give the animal soft food for some days, or if a probang was used and the gullet not cut, give soft food two or three days.—American Agriculturist.

An excellent treatment for scaly legs is to wash daily with castile soap and warm water, and after drying anoint with an ointment made of equal parts of melted lard and kerosene oil. Repeat daily until scales drop off, but never pull off any of them. Keep all affected birds separate, as the disease is contagious.

Neither the strainer nor the separator will take dissolved filth out of the milk or cream; prevention is the only remedy. The best churning temperature is 62 degrees in summer, and 64 degrees in winter. If you feed much cotton seed in winter you can go to 68 or 70 degrees and it will do no harm. The lower the better.

If fodder is to be housed early in the season, as soon as corn will keep, make your shocks small, just large enough to stand up well. But if they are to stand till early winter then make them large so that as small a per cent of the fodder will be exposed to the weather and decay as possible.

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