

HERE AND THERE

A Carson City Indian, whose name would not give him money with which to play poker, killed himself by eating wild parsnips.

What is said to be the largest scabber in the world will soon be launched at Bath. She will have a coal carrying capacity of 2,600 tons.

The Philadelphia Press is authority for the statement that in a cyclone in Ohio "the boundary lines of several townships were bent all out of shape."

Patty has become scarce and high since the recent glass-breaking storms in the West. One druggist in Illinois has sold 600 pounds within a few days.

A writer says that Keely, of me or fan was in early in a certain ball taster circus. "You see," he says, "he is only a juggler by nature, but by education."

An entire family of negroes were found dead in their cabin near Yorktown the other day. Without doubt they were killed by lightning during a heavy thunder storm that passed over two days before.

A peculiar Parisian fashion which has grown rapidly within the past few years is the custom for women to go bareheaded out of doors. The cap once worn by the laboring woman is now seldom seen.

George Holyland, of Fork, Md., was shearing a sheep the other day, when the animal kicked and drove one of the blades of the sharp shears into George's abdomen, inflicting a wound from which he soon died.

"Mosquitoes have seldom been thicker in Virginia than this spring," says the Milford Chronicle, and it goes on to tell of an ewe that was literally bled to death the other night, the pests attacking its udder, which was distended with milk.

Streator, Ill., has a cat that delights in killing snakes; but she nearly met her match the other day when she tackled a big garter snake. It coiled about her body, and the two rolled around on the ground until the teeth and claws of the cat got her the victory.

A darky did a big business selling eggs in Osborne the other day, at 60 cents a dozen. He was able to sell a good many at this figure by offering, as an inducement to buy, the privilege to the buyer of throwing them at his head thrust through a hole in a canvas.

The ten-year old Nancy Taylor of Grant, Iowa, reads with the book upside down, and writes with inverted characters, beginning at the right side of paper or slate. She says that everything within three feet of her eyes seems upside down. At a greater distance her sight is normal.

C. C. West, of Butler, Ga., went fishing two weeks ago, and wore an old vest. After getting home he hung it up. On Wednesday Mrs. West was feeling in the pockets for a match when a rattlesnake two feet long dropped from the torn lining. It must have got there the day Mr. West went fishing.

A barn was burned in Rockingham, Vt., not long ago, and a valuable horse was supposed to have been burned too; but the other day he was found in the possession of a milkman of a neighboring town, who had put his own old horse in the barn, stolen the good horse, and set fire to the building to conceal the theft.

A Kingston family moved from their house a month ago, and recently, the little girl of the family and her mother went to call on the lady who occupied the house they vacated. While there the child saw a very small baby that had arrived but a few days before. She looked at it carefully, and then said: "Mamma, we moved to soon: we'd have got that baby if we had stayed here."

Mr. A. H. Dayton of Springfield, Ohio, bought a chicken—so-called—for a recent Sunday dinner. The cook dressed it, and found within three shells eggs. They were put into the frying pan along with the few, and in a moment there were three separate explosions like pistol shots, each egg was violently dashed against the ceiling, and the cook was badly burned. It is suggested that the hen had been feeding on dynamite.

Four years ago John Twombly went from Maine to Orange City, Fla., arriving there with seven dollars in his pocket. He set up a peanut stand, and in six months added fruit and cigars to his stock. Within a year tobacco, candy, and other, and a few groceries were added. Out of this business John has paid several hundred dollars for old debts, bought a lot in a good locality, and on it built one of the best buildings in the town.

Mrs. Gollemane, with her three children, has just made the journey from Hamburg to San Jose, Cal. While they were journeying through Nebraska one of the little ones fell from the car window when the train was at full speed. The train was stopped after some delay, and the frantic mother and others hurried back to pick up the mangled remains. They found the youngster quite unharmed, playing with pebbles alongside of the track.

For sixteen years Margaret Jacobson, known as "Crazy Maggie," has lived in a shanty in Chicago. Her only companions were dogs, and she subsisted by begging. One day last week she was arrested as insane. She related the policeman, and when overcome insisted that there was money in her shanty. There was. In a satchel was \$661 in silver change; in stockings were gold and greenbacks. Over \$1,000 was found, and they are looking for more.

The lost ring story comes to hand as usual. This time the scene is laid in Kentucky, where five years ago William Howe Moorefield lost his sister's ring while fishing in a pond. Not long ago he went shooting bullfrogs in the same pond, and while cutting off the hind legs of a big one that he had shot, what should he see protruding from the bullet wound in the side of the victim but his sister's long-lost ring, with the identifying inscription still quite legible.

Policeman O'Donnell of Cleveland attempted to arrest Andrew Zesch, a saloon keeper, in whose place a lot of his countrymen were making a disturbance. The gang pitched on the policeman and attempted to draw his revolver. One of his assistants grabbed it, and it looked bad for O'Donnell. Just then Charley Harris, a bootblack rushed in, snatched the revolver, leveled it and yelled: "I'll shoot the first black who lays a hand on de cep!" The crowd fell back and the policeman took Zesch to the lockup.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

It was only a little cottage standing behind a clump of bushes and shrubbery, and surrounded by a low stone wall, that stood back in the sunshine on a beautiful summer's day in the heat of August. The way leading to "Peach Blossom Cottage," as it was called, was through a long arbor, from which hung delicious grapes as if ready to be plucked. On this day of which I speak a stranger entered the little village, and after brushing away the sweat from his brow, he proceeded to seek a place to rest himself from the long and tiresome journey. Glancing at him one would certainly term him a tramp, so dusty and travel-worn was he. As he passed one after another, and found nothing in the way of wooden stools and rustic benches, he almost despaired. When nearly dropping with fatigue he came in sight of "Peach Blossom Cottage"; he could not refrain from stepping over the wall, and seating himself upon an inviting bench under the arbor. Scarcely had he seated himself when a little child, of perhaps ten years, approached him with tears of sympathy in her soft blue eyes. As soon as she caught sight of him she ran into the cottage, and immediately reappeared with a soft white pillow, which she laid under his head. As the child prepared to go, his sad face beamed with a smile that spoke volumes of thanks. Presently he fell into a long and refreshing slumber that lasted until midnight, when he was awakened by the loud ringing of fire bells, which clanged out on the still night air. He rubbed his eyes and looked around him; then grasping the situation, he ran around to the side wing of the house, which was enveloped in flames. Already a large crowd had collected to note the progress of the flames. And after Farmer Brown, the owner of the cottage, looked around him to see that all was safe, a terrible thought occurred to him. His face grew pale as ashes, as his trembling words reached the heart of the multitude: "My daughter! my daughter! Oh, where is my daughter?" as his eyes sought the burning building. A ladder was quickly placed against it. Then, as Farmer Brown offered all his possessions for the recovery of his child, the traveller of the afternoon stepped forward amid the wonder of the people. As he placed his foot firmly upon the ladder, a shout rent the air; the multitude watched with eager eyes as he ascended the ladder and gained the top. All was still as the unknown man disappeared through the window. Once more a shout was raised, twice as noisy as the first, as the man appeared on the top bearing the almost unconscious child in his arms; just as he reached the ground, and everybody was rejecting, the ladder caught fire and burned to the ground. Then Farmer Brown offered the hero what he had promised to give; but the good stranger answered, as he pursued his way, "Surely one good turn deserves another."

A Burmese Fairy Story.

Fairy tales are popular among the Burmese, and there is one which comes from over the border in Siam, which was told us by a Siamese. The exaggerations all hang together artistically, and are in the same key as it were: "There was once a king who heard that there was an enormous giant in a far country, and he declared that he should never rest until he had a hair of the giant's head. So he sent his fleet, and they sailed and they sailed and they sailed for weeks and weeks and weeks, and at last one day in the afternoon it became suddenly dark, and they stuck fast and could get neither forward nor backward. Now, the fact was that they got inside of a hole in a sort of corral, the smallest vegetable in the giant's kingdom. And behold, the next morning the giant's children went out to fish, and as they went they plucked up two or three elephants on their way for bait, but they were only able to catch a few of the very smallest fishes in the country—something equivalent to your minnows," said the narrator. And as they were going back they saw a carrot growing by the water's edge, and pulled it up to put it into the curry, and inside it was the whole fleet. After they got home the giant threw the fish and the carrot into the pot in order to boil them, when the fleet rose out of the roset to the top of the water with all the men in it. "What are those curious insects?" said the giant peering down into the pot. Then came a good deal more which the narrator had forgotten. The man tried to shout to the giant and tell him what it was they wanted, but their voices were too weak, and he could not hear a word they said. At length he lifted them up to his ear in his hand and a whole boat's crew marched in at the hole, and went over such a long way up inside, and then they all shouted together and told him they had come from their king to ask him for a hair of his head. So at last he was able to hear what even then seemed to him only a whisper. Unlike his kind, the giant was apparently as good-natured as he was big—he gave the hair, lifted them back to the sea, where the hair, when put on board the fleet, nearly sank it, after which he puffed out his cheeks and gave a tremendous blow, which carried the fleet straight home hundreds of miles at one go."

A Judge's Opinion.

While Judge Walton was at work in his chamber one day, many years ago, drawing up an opinion in a knotty case, a certain lawyer came in. This lawyer, who has since died, was a thin, toothpickish, dandish sort of man, whom the judge did not like very well, and than whom he had rather have seen Daniel Pratt himself walking into his chamber. "Well, Brother Lightweight, what can I do for you this morning?" asked Judge Walton, hoping to get rid of the fellow. "Nothing," he replied. "I only came in to make you a call." After a disagreeable silence the judge looked up again and asked: "Brother Lightweight, why don't you get married?" "Because I can't afford it. How much do you suppose it costs me to live now?" The judge said he wouldn't guess. "Well, it costs me \$6000 a year for just my own living." An expression of surprise came on the judge's face. "Lightweight," said he, "I wouldn't pay it. It isn't worth it."

Reveries on the Road.

Uncle Pete Degan is one of the oldest engineers on the Erie Railroad. He has followed heating and railroading from boyhood and is an ignorant of the country and its ways as if he had never been outside of a city street. During the past week business has been dull on the road and Uncle Pete has been enjoying a short vacation with his family. Tommy has a very fine yoke of oxen, and is an expert in driving them as his father is in managing a locomotive. On the day after his father's arrival Tommy yoked up his oxen for the purpose of drawing a load of wood. Uncle Pete was anxious to go with him and learn the process of "running the bulginas." The woods were about half a mile from the house, and up a steep hill. The up trip passed very pleasantly and Uncle Pete praised Tommy very highly on his skill as a driver. When they were ready to return Tommy fixed a secure seat for his father on the load, where he could hold on to one of the binding chains and a stake to steady himself. As soon as they were fairly headed for home, Tom gave the oxen a sharp cut with the whip, and sent them scrambling down the road at a lively gait. "Easy, Tom, easy," said the old man, hugging closer to the load. "Git up, Bright, git up Back!" shouted Tom, giving them another cut. "Easy, Tom. Drop 'em in easy, I tell you, or you'll ditch us as sure as thunder." But Tom kept on plying the whip until they were dashing down the hill at a fall canter. "Slack up! slack up!" cried the old man, pulling at the leading chain as if giving the signal for down brakes. "Can't slack 'em," shouted Tom. "Hang hard and you're all right!" They were now within a few rods of the woodshed, and the old man, accustomed to the guidance of the iron rails, saw no escape from mashing into the building. Tom was still swinging the whip and shouting at the top of his voice. Uncle Pete became frantic. Catching Tom by the arm he cried out: "Tom, you break-neck villain, throw 'em over; for Heaven's sake reverse 'em or we're gone to smash." Tom brought up at the door of the woodshed with the oxen panting and blowing like volcanoes. The old man clambered down from his perilous seat, walked around the oxen, eyed them suspiciously, and then confronting his son, said: "Tom, these machines may be all right for light grades and short runs, but if you have got the pluck to ride 'em over such roads as these without reverse or brake, you beat the old man, that's all."

Pride Comes Before a Fall.

A lump of clay and the end of a wax candle found themselves, by some strange chance, side by side one summer day, on a dust-heap. "I wonder you have the assurance to lie so close to me!" said the dainty wax, meeringly: "a great, common lump of clay! and I have been on a fine lady's dressing-table!" "Ah!" said the clay, humbly; "we are fellow sufferers in adversity; we must make the best we can of it. I ought properly to have been in yonder brick field." "What a come-down for me!" moaned the candle. "It does not signify what becomes of you." The clay wisely held his tongue. And the strangely-assorted companions in misfortune dropped into silence. "I wish it was a little warmer," said the clay to himself. "Dear me, how hot it is getting!" grumbled the wax candle. Presently the sun grew hotter and hotter, and the piece of wax candle gradually melted away. But the clay only became harder and firmer than ever. Thus it is, the hopeful and self-reliant, when tried by the heat of adversity, come out of the fire the stronger and firmer. But the weak and worthless pass into obscurity, and are no more heard of.

Thought Marriage Might Sober him Up.

Doesenberry was so full when he went to get married that he wanted to whip the minister, and offered to bet that he could pull one of the pillars from under the church roof and bring the whole structure tumbling in on them, a la Samsen. Minister to weeping bride—"Did you know this man drank when you accepted him?" Weeping bride—"Y-y yes, sir." Minister—"Did you ever see him full before?" Weeping bride—"Y-y yes, sir." Minister—"Then why do you want to marry him?" Weeping bride—"I thought may be that marriage might sober him up." Minister—"Well, marriage does usually sober a man up. But in this case it seems to have made him all the drunker. What is he worth?" Weeping bride (with alacrity)—"Forty thousand dollars." Minister—"Oh, that makes a difference. Here, Deacon Williams, hold the groom up until I get through with this ceremony."

Each to His Taste.

"I am going to the seaside," said the milkman blithe and gay; "For I love the ocean breeze, and love the dashing spray. Yes, I love the glorious sunset, love the calm and love the sea; But I think I love the water, in my business, best of all." "That's the difference between us," said the grocer at his side, "Though the ocean breeze is heating, and I love the rolling tide; Though I dearly love the billows, yet I can't forget the land, And I think my young affection most is centered in the sand."

No Highfalutin' About Little Brother.

"I wonder why I can't make my kite fly," wailed the little brother of the High School girl. "It looks to me," replied MEdred, as though its caudal appendage were disproportionate to its superficial area." "I don't think that's it," said Jim; "I think its tail is too light." At the recent Presiding Elders' Convention in New York, a member related a tale of two boys in his district: A donkey was passing by. Said one boy to another, "Do you know what that is?" "Why, yes," the other answered; "that is a donkey. I have seen lots of them in the theological gardens."

MURDERED BY HISSONS.

Swain Anderson shot down in October of The Murderer's Confession.

On Sunday morning, May 23, Swain Anderson, a well-to-do farmer of Mountain Grove, Mo., was found murdered within a mile and a half of the village. Despatches from Mountain Grove say that he attended the Masonic lodge Saturday night, leaving the hall about 11 1/2 A. M., and started for his home about two and a half miles north of town. He was found lying on his back, with a terrible wound in his throat and chest, caused by a shotgun. All day Monday and Tuesday the inquest went on, and on Wednesday the two sons of the dead man, Ed and Henry Anderson, and a companion named Ewing Sanders confessed to the horrible crime. The confessions of the three were voluntary, and brought out at Coroner's inquest. One of the boys partially gave the thing away in his testimony, and the other contradicted it, and they turned against each other until the whole mystery was unraveled. They finally concluded it was best to confess all.

Ewing Sanders made a full confession. "The plan," he said, "was laid about two months ago. Ed came to where I was at work in the field and proposed that I help him kill the old man. I said I didn't like to, but then afterwards he kept persuading me, and I finally yielded. Ed told me he had laid a plan to kill him once before when he went to salt the cattle by knocking the old devil in the head with an axe and then letting the wagon run over him, but one of the little boys was along. I agreed to his plan about two or three weeks ago, and since then everything was perfected. Ed begged and begged me until I didn't know what I was about. It was my gun, a muzzle loader. I got the ammunition last Wednesday night. The plan was to have Fred Archer stay all night to keep down suspicion. I hid the gun about 300 yards from where he was shot, and we got it about 12 o'clock at night and waited for him. He came along between 1 and 2 walking fast, all unconscious of danger. Ed lit the gun and fired, and he dropped and uttered 'Oh,' and instantly expired. We didn't go up to the body, but ran away home to Mr. Cox's and put the gun away, and went to the kitchen and got something to eat and went to bed."

Here the enormity of his crime seemed to occur for the first time to the murderer, and he broke down completely, crying, "O, God, what have I done! Oh, boys, Ed and Henry, you have got me into this! Oh, horrible, horrible! They were to pay me \$50 and give me work as long as I wanted it. The old lady and Jennie didn't know anything of it. Oh, Ed, Ed, why did you persuade me to go into it, and Oh! to think my poor old mother raised me better. It will kill her, O, God! O, God!"

The story of the Anderson boys is as follows:

"We worked it up together how to kill father. The first time we failed. The last time proved successful. There were other parties—W. S. Campbell—who worked for us who first put it in our minds, and who got mad at father about one year ago, and said to us in the field that it would be a blessed thing if the old fool was dead—meaning father. We began to meditate about it from that time, and others put it also in our minds, among whom were Joe Lee and Price Byers. Joe told me it was him in our place that he (father) would be a dead man in less than twenty-four hours. If it had not been for them this awful murder would not have happened. It was worked on our minds. Ed was to do the shooting, as Henry said he would not help shoot him. About three or four years ago, on Sunday morning, father and Ed had trouble about Mr. Archer's horses, which had come to our house. Father picked up a rail and made for Ed, and said he would knock his brains out. That was the beginning of our bad trouble, and it has worked on us since, and has got worse and worse, until we planned to kill him. He always worked against our going to church and school, and that worked on us. We never really thought about what would follow after the killing. We did it in a worked up passion. We shot him with a muckshotgun. We got scared and ran and got separated, but finally got together and went direct to Mr. Cox's. Father came angrily to us, and we shot and nearly missed him."

Mrs. Anderson, the mother of the boys, was also arrested. An impression prevails that she knew of the crime. It is said that there has been a continual war between husband and wife for years, and that the boys took their mother's part. So strong was the lynching sentiment that the prisoners were removed to Springfield, Mo., for safe keeping. They will be taken back in a week or so for the preliminary examination.

A Frenchman in a Fix.

"Ah," said a recently arrived Frenchman to his friend Sniffin, "my sweetheart has given me de mittern." "Indeed, how did that happen?" "Well, I thought I must go to make her my visit before I leave town; so I stepped in de side of de room and dere I beheld her beautiful paison stretch out on von lassy." "A lounge, you mean?" "Ah, yes, von lounge. And den I make von polite bow, and I say I was vere sure she would be rotten, if I did not come to see her before I—"

"You said what?" "I said she would be rotten!" "That's enough; you have put your foot in it to be sure." "No, sare, I put my foot out of it; for she says she would call her sare big brother and keek me out, begar. I had proposed to say merrified, but I could not think of de word, and merrified and rot is all de same in my dictionaire."

Forty rods make one furlong, but one rod will often make one child, especially in the case of the smallest boys. He was a wheelman. He had called at a farmhouse for a glass of water, but the farmer's pretty daughter had offered him a glass of milk instead. "Well, you have another glass?" she asked, as he drained the tumbler with a sigh and appeared to be taking in emphasis with both eyes. "You are very good," he replied, "but I am afraid I shall have no more than the family can use that we're feeding to de calves all de time!"

BELLE STARR, THE WIDOW.

The Adventures of a Female Heroine.

One of the attractions of Belle Starr, Ark., last week was Belle Starr, the heroine of the Federal Court; first for her beauty, then for the stealing of a fine mare, and finally for the notorious John Wilkes Booth he was drowned in the Potomac about twenty-five miles above that city, in May, 1862, on a charge of robbing a stage. Belle Starr, a male attire, led a party of three men, who robbed an old man named Pearl and Smith, some forty miles north of the case was adjourned to August 1st, and after the examination, Belle Starr, Winchester to the saddle, loaded with a revolver around her, and mounting her set out for her home on the Canadian. Before leaving she purchased a fine pair of 45-calibre revolvers, latest pattern, with black rubber handles, latest pattern, which she paid \$20. She showed the remark: "Next to a fine mare I like beauties!"

Belle says she anticipates no trouble in establishing her innocence in the case against her, but thinks it is terribly annoying to have to spend her time and money coming down here to court five and six times a year. Belle attracts considerable attention wherever she goes, being a dashing woman and exceedingly graceful in her movements. She dresses plainly, and wears a broad-brimmed white man's hat, ornamented by a wide black plush band with feathers and ornaments, which is very becoming to her. She is of medium size, with a dark brunette, with bright and sparkling black eyes.

Being asked for a brief sketch of her career, she said in substance that she was born at Carthage, Mo., and was 32 years of age last February. In 1863 her father, John Confederate, removed with his family to Texas where he continued to reside to the close of the war. After the war Quantrell's men came to the locality, where at all times welcome guests at father's home.

When less than 15 years of age she fell in love with one of the dashing gentlemen whose name she said it was not necessary for her to give. Her father objected to her marriage and she ran away with her being married on her husband's name. The presence of about twenty of her husband's pants. John Fisher, one of the most noted outlaws in the State of Texas, had a horse while the ceremony was being performed, her wedding attire being a velvet riding habit.

About three weeks after the marriage her husband was forced to flee from the country, and he went to Missouri, leaving her in Texas. Her father learned of his daughter's departure, and in order to induce her to return home, sent her a message that her mother was dangerously ill and her presence was required in haste. She immediately went home, but found that she had been duped, as her mother was not sick and it was then she experienced her first captivity, for the old gentleman locked her up and kept her in confinement for about two weeks, after which he gave her a ticket of going to school in San Antonio, and a smaller place in Parker county. She was placed in school at the latter place and remained there for some time, but she was not allowed to communicate with any one outside of her family.

While there her husband again came to Texas, and after considerable trouble located where she was and came after her. By this time her admiration for him had become somewhat impaired, and at first she refused to go with him, but after considerable persuasion borrowed a horse from a young fellow who was attending the same school, ostensibly to take a short ride, and meeting her husband after dark, they started out for Missouri, where her husband had chased a farm and made an effort to get down and lead an upright life. He was harassed by enemies to such an extent that he could not live in peace, and finally they killed his brother, and in return he killed two of them, after which they again fled to Texas, and from there went to Los Angeles, Cal., and remained in that State for some time. From there they again went to Texas, and her husband was killed. Having followed the fortunes of an outlaw, she has since been true to her friends and comrades, and she has continued to associate with men of his calling, having lived among the Indians nearly ever since, with the exception of two years spent in Nebraska. She has spent some of the time with the wild tribes.

When at home, her companions are her daughter, Pearl (whom she calls the "Madadian Lily"), her horse and her two twenty-revolvers, which she calls her "babies." The horse she rides she has owned for nearly five years, and no one ever finds her without him but herself, and it would be risky business for anyone else to attempt to ride him. She says she has been offered \$500 for the time and again, but it would not suit her. He is a small sorrel horse, and while in good condition is a beautiful specimen. Belle is a crack shot, and handles her pistol with as much dexterity as any frontiersman. No man enters Younger's Board without first giving a thorough account of himself before he gets out.

"You can just say that I am a friend of any brave and gallant outlaw, but here are those who can be found in any locality, and who would betray a friend or comrade for the sake of his own gain. There are plenty of four jolly good fellows on the range, and my action, and when they come to my house they are welcome, for they are my friends, and would lay down their lives in my defence at any time the occasion demanded it, and go their full strength to serve me in any way."

Why is a bald-headed man like a greyhound? Because he makes a little head a great way. Generation filled every breast in the town when the left-flader of the second bell shouted from the enclosure where the ball had been battered: "You'll have her and her game, felly. Finner's pig has lewled the ball!"