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THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

Fishing with a Pin.

When I was a "little shaver," with a straw hat badly worn (All the crown deep-cushioned and dented, and the brim crossed, stitched and torn) I used to go a-fishing, and sometimes wading part y in Where the stream was very shallow, to catch fishes with a pin. I would take a pin and bend it to the much-desired crook. For it took a full-sized penny if I bought a steel-made hook— And when the worm was on it, it was "happiness run o'er" Just to hold it in the water, with one foot upon the shore. I could not land a big fish—but my wishes then were small. And the big boys with their steel hooks sometimes caught no fish at all; But I'd often get a "nibble"—though I sometimes used to wait And twitch in vain—then look and see the capture of my bait. But luck sometimes was better, and the shoals of small fry came. And when I pulled the line out, it was not without its game. A "red-fin" or a shiner I lifted out upon the grass. And felt the thrill of greatness o'er my moistened forehead pass. True—I've fished with better weapons, and in more exalted ways. Since I used the feeble pin-hook in the long-erased days. But I never took the pleasure in the landing of a "fin" That I took in early childhood in "fishing with a pin."

—Joel Aenton in Wide Awake.

MURDER WILL OUT.

(Concluded from last Issue.)

Now, the evidence of Mrs. Noll would undoubtedly go far towards bringing the crime home to Brandard, but still my experience had taught me that it would be well to try and secure some further proofs of his guilt before taking him into custody.

I accordingly made my way once more to Byfield, feeling confident that I should hear something of my man in place. My work here was certainly of a satisfactory character. I ascertained that Byfield was a town in Brandard's round; that he was due, and had arrived there on the 1st June, but that instead of staying the night at the head commercial inn there, as he usually did, he had left there in the course of the afternoon.

But here the trail ceased. Despite my utmost efforts, I could not ascertain how, or when, he had gone. Failing here, I enquired at the next town on his route; this, I learned, was a place about twenty miles distant and some ten miles to the west of Leland. Arriving here, I soon found that Brandard, due on June 2nd, had reached there that day, and had transacted business as usual. As I could find no trace of him at the station, I could but infer that after the committal of the murder he had made his way over from Byfield on foot.

Here I was told, too, that by this time he would be back again in town; and as I now thought it high time that I had a look at him, I returned to London myself.

I first saw him at a billiard room in Holborn, where he generally passed his evenings when at home.

He was a powerfully built, determined looking man, but there was nothing unusual in his appearance, nor would anyone have had the faintest cause for suspecting that he had recently committed a terrible crime.

He wore, I observed, a splendid diamond ring of a somewhat peculiar make.

I was somewhat puzzled as I walked home that night as to what course I should pursue, but when I reached my house I found that fortune had again lent me a helping hand.

A gentleman was waiting, who introduced himself as a friend of the stranger recently murdered at Byfield. He had that very day visited that town by the merest accident, and had put up at the "Reindeer." Here he had been shown the likeness of the victim, and had at once recognized it as that of an intimate friend of his, a Mr. Geo. Vine, of Cheltenham.

He proceeded to state that Mr. Vine was an orphan, and a man of considerable property. He had a house at Cheltenham, but spent a great part of his time in travel. His absence from home being long and frequent, it was not to be wondered at that his servants should have felt no alarm at not having seen him during the past few weeks.

Mr. Rice, my visitor, who was a bar-rister of the temple, was, I could see, greatly attached to his friend, and was exceedingly anxious that the murderer should be brought to justice.

Next night I met him by appointment and we proceeded together to the Holborn billiard rooms. Brandard came in shortly after our arrival, and was soon deep in a game of pool. We stayed about ten minutes, and then Mr. Rice whispered to me to take our leave. The instant we got outside, he clutched my arm, and said—

"I have not seen this man before in my life; but he has got on poor Vine's diamond ring. This I'll venture my life upon."

Now my course was clear.

Early next morning I presented myself at Brandard's lodgings at St. John's Wood. I was shown to his sitting room, which was on the ground floor. Here I found him seated at breakfast. He looked hauntily as I entered—I had walked in unannounced—and peremptorily demanded my business.

"I am come, Mr. Brandard," said I sternly, to arrest you on a charge of wilful murder!"

No sooner had I said these words, than he hurled the coffee pot he held in his hand, at my head. The missile fortunately struck me on the brim of my hat, but still it was thrown with such force that I was felled to the floor.

Ere I could gain my feet Brandard had dashed to the window, thrown it open, and leaped out.

Had he done so in safety he would in all probability have effected his escape; but, as it was, his feet caught in the area-railing, and he fell with a sickening thud on the pavement.

Here he lay motionless and helpless. I hastened to raise him, but found that his skull was fractured, and that he had but a short time to live. He was carried back to his room, where he died in twenty minutes' time.

Previous to his death he confessed his crime and the reason of its committal.

Some years before the murdered man had dishonored Mr. Brandard's only sister, and persuaded her to accompany him from his home in Suffolk to London. Here he afterwards basely abandoned her, and the poor victim, driven to despair, sought a watery grave in the Thames. Her brother, learning her fate, vowed vengeance against her destroyer, but, despite his efforts to meet him, he never once crossed his path till he accidentally saw him at Byfield.

He dogged his steps, entered the same train unobserved, and when Vain got out at Leland, he did the same, taking

care again to do so unseen by him. The better to observe the direction in which his enemy went, he entered the waiting room and from there watched him walk towards the village. When he had gone sufficient far to enable Brandard to follow him unnoticed, he left the station on his track.

By this time the porter who had taken had left his post; hence, Brandard's arrival was never known to him.

He dogged Mr. Vine's footsteps to the "Reindeer," and when the deed was done plundered his victim's clothes, in order that it be supposed he had been slain by an ordinary robber. He also took his bag and all his papers, so that the murdered man's identify might never be ascertained.

I got great credit with the authorities for the skill I had displayed in the case; but, as the foregoing narrative has shown, it was almost entirely to Dame Fortune that my success was to be attributed.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farmers' Strawberry Beds.—Every farmer should have a good supply of strawberries. Now is the time to set the plants, the earlier the better, and if well cultivated a good crop may be expected next season. If the work is delayed until September, as it often is, it might about as well be left until the following spring. A year's time will be lost either way.

Growing Onion Sets.—If onion seed is sown very thickly in August on rather poor soil free from weeds it will make a multitude of sets that will be very valuable for growing early onions next spring. The object is to make the onions as small as possible, since the smaller they grow the more sets there will be in a bushel.

Cleanliness in Milk Cellars.—One cause of much of the bad butter in market is the unclean condition of many farmers' cellars. Decaying vegetables taint the air, and their odors are absorbed by the milk, to reappear in whatever is made from it. If the meat barrel becomes at all tainted, it should be at once removed. In fact, wherever milk and cream are kept in cellars they should be in different rooms from the pork barrel.

Drawing Damp Grain to Barns.—It is better to wait until grain has thoroughly dried out before drawing to stacks or barns. A little dampness will often spoil it before threshing, or be still worse if the crop is threshed immediately and then put in bins. Last year the season at harvest was so damp that millers would not take new wheat in large quantities unless they had old wheat to mix with it. In the farmers' granaries there is little chance that such precautions will be taken. Hence wheat should be left in the field until dry enough so that it can be taken to the barn without danger of injury.—Exchange.

Sorrow is seldom measured by its sighs.

The man who went to work with a will must have been a lawyer.

The mosquito is a much abused insect—most everybody has a slap at him.

Intemperance often puts a rye face on its victims.

Failing Recollection.

Old Ben, who on account of old age and a general mildness of disposition is greatly respected by the white people, went into a grocery store, and during a conversation with the proprietor said:

"Yas, sah, in dis here worl' its ebery man's duty ter be hones'. It do make no difference how black he is, he kin be jes ez hones' ez dough wuz ez white ez de dribben snow. Now eberybody knows dat I ez hones'; w'y, sah? 'Case I is, dat's w'y, ef er man is hones' he's gwine ter get dot name sooner or later, an' when he gets it, w'y, it'll stick ter him jes' ez long ez he keeps up dat lick."

The old man leaned on the counter. "Ef I had er hunnerd boys I would press on all o' 'em de 'portance o' bein' hones'."

The old man let his arm lie on the counter.

"Yes," replied the grocer, raking up a few grains of coffee and putting them in a barrel; "we should all be honest."

While his face was turned away, old Ben's hand closed on a piece of cheese which he quickly conveyed to a hiding place under his coat.

"Yes, sah. We ain' got long ter lib in dis worl' and lessen we'se bones it'll far' mighty ill wid us when we goes ter de kingdom whut is to come."

The grocer turned, looked at the counter a moment, and asked:

"Ben, what become of that piece of cheese?"

"Speakin' ter me boss?"

"Yes, I am speaking to you."

"I'se sorter thick o' hearin', an' I didn't 'zactly grab de mulgation whut yer proclermeted, sah."

"I asked what had become of that piece of cheese?"

"Didn't yer put hit in dar barl, dar?"

"I don't think I did."

"Look an' see."

The grocer turned around and looked into the barrel. Old Ben quickly placed the cheese on the counter and covered it with a newspaper.

"The cheese is not in the barrel. Look here, old man, I don't want to accuse you wrongfully, but I believe you've got that cheese."

The old man was shocked. He started in open-mouth astonishment, and said:

"Ef I didn't think yer wuz er jokin' sah, I wouldn't like dis er tall." In making a gesture he struck the newspaper.

"Dar's yer cheese, sah. Ef yer'd recollect whar yer put things yer wouldn't be so s'picious o' ebery man whut comes inter your sto."

"My memory is failin' me," the grocer replied.

"Yes, an' its failin' yer powerful bad when yer tergits ter recollect dat I is er hones' man."

"I was only jokin' Uncle Ben. I knew where the cheese was all the time."

"Oh, well den, it's all right. Well, I mus' be gwine. Good day, sah."

Turning a corner and taking a piece of bacon from under his coat, he mused: "I wonders ef he perzactly knows whar he put dis. Oh, de recollectio' o' dese heah white folks is er failin' powerful fas'."—Arkansas Traveler.