

The Pepper-Box

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D.A. McDougal

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THE PEPPER-BOX.

"Be Sure You Are Right and Then Go Ahead."

VOLUME I.

SELMER, TENN., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1891.

NUMBER 39.

THE DIFFERENCE.

It's night on thirty year or more
Since Hannah left her mother,
An' we agreed that she an' I
Could house with one another.
An' all these years of married bliss
That I have shared with Hannah
Have gone to prove the difference
Twixt man an' woman's manner.
Now Hannah has her garden beds,
An' tends her plants an' posies,
While I weed out my turnip plot,
An' hoe my early roses.
Then Hannah has her cats an' dogs,
Her Pouter an' pet canary,
While I think mors of useful beasts
To keep the farm an' dairy.
We're both contented with our lot,
I let her have her parrots,
She never minds that I prefer
The turnips, beets an' carrots.
For in this life the pretty things
Are put beside the common,
An' that's the reason why a man
Was made to love a woman.
—Helen Chaffee, in Detroit Free Press.

A SCOUT'S ADVENTURES.

Captured by the Indians and a Lucky Escape.

During the Indian troubles which followed the close of the civil war I was attached to various western forts and camps as a dispatch rider, and in that capacity had my full share of adventures. It was my fortune or misfortune almost at the outset of my career to strike the Sioux, a blow which made them ever after hungry for my life. This was in 1890, while they were pretending to be at peace, but actually killing every white man who was found outside the forts. I was then at Fort McPherson, and while carrying a dispatch to a small body of troops stationed on the Saline fork of the Kansas river, I encountered a small band of Indians. This was about ten o'clock in the forenoon. I saw them emerge from a dry ravine and head to cut me off, and at once halted and dismounted. I was then on the crest of a ridge, and close to a natural sink which would make a good rifle pit. It was big enough to shelter my horse as well, and I was all ready for the redskins before they knew I had taken the alarm.

While not in war-paint they showed every other sign of hostility, and I knew that if I fell into their hands my scalp would change owners within five minutes. There was a Winchester rifle among the Indians at that time and not one in ten had seen one. I had one, while the nine redskins before me had old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifles, and I believed I could surprise them. They were led by a chief named Little Feather and among the nine were two others named White Water and Running Bear. These three and I were warriors of renown and were then on their way to attend a council and a war-dance.

It was Little Feather who summoned me to surrender on pain of being burned at the stake, and he was the one who directed affairs when I shouted my refusal. The nine spread out, mounted on their ponies, until they half encircled my refuge; then, at a signal, they came charging up the slope, each one yelling enough to split his throat. Lying on my face, with a dead rest for my rifle, I tumbled Little Feather and White Water out of their saddles, and that stopped the charge. As they checked up I killed Running Bear, and before they got out of range I wounded one of the warriors. The living galloped off, and I carried two ponies and all the accoutrements of the dead chiefs safely into the fort. In a work entitled "The Pioneers of Nebraska," page 374, is an account of this fight, but not a very accurate one. The number of killed is there put down at five and the name of Running Bear is given as Yellow Bear.

It soon became known among the Sioux what had happened, and every branch of the great tribe swore to have my life. A reward of ten ponies was offered to anyone who should kill me, and twenty if I were taken alive. I was advised by everybody to clear out of that locality, but I refused to go until the long-expired arrow finally broke out and I was attacked on a moving column. The threats of the Indians had not greatly disturbed me, as I knew they would always be trying their best to capture a scout, no matter if they had never heard of him. Those were days when every white man on the plains fled a year in every week and never forgot for a moment that his life was in continual jeopardy. Several plans, all afterwards learned, were formed to capture me, but I slipped through.

I was finally made prisoner under singular circumstances. I was returning from the flying column to Fort Wallace with dispatches. I had set out soon after dark and made a good twenty-five mile when a heavy fog settled down on the plains. It wouldn't have bothered an Indian to keep the points of the compass, but after I had turned and twisted among some dry ravines I had to give up that I was lost. My horse was as badly off. When I gave him a head he came to a stop. The only thing to do was to dismount and wait for daylight. I was sitting on the ground not feeling a bit sleepy, and my horse was lying down, when a band of fifty-seven Indians, all mounted, walked right on to me through the fog. I heard the footstep of their boots, but could not locate them in the fog until it was too late. When I leaped up it was with the thought that might make a break for it on foot, but before I could turn they were all about me, and in another minute I was a prisoner.

The Indians were much surprised as I was, and was broad daylight before they identified me. Up to that time they had treated me fairly well. When it was known that I was the scout whose life they had so long thirsted after I had a dozen bucks tried their best to throw me on the spot. When their angry excitement had cooled down they were as much rejoicing as if they had captured a fort. Six warriors were died out as a guard, and soon after sunrise I was put in their charge and started for a big Sioux

village on Deer creek, between the two forks of the Republican river. I was, of course, disarmed. Then my elbows were tied together, my feet tied under the horse, and for fear the horse would run off with me he was led by a larist. At noon we made a halt of half an hour and I was given about half a pound of jerked buffalo meat as my share of the noonday meal. My arms were unbound that I might eat, but the whole six constantly kept their eyes on me. When we set off again I was bound as before, and we rode at a gallop until ten o'clock at night before the village was reached. I understood the Sioux lingo very well, though I did not let on to, and the talk as we rode was anything but pleasant to me. It was agreed that I would be put to the torture, and that it would be made to last as long as possible.

When we reached the village I was placed in a tepee and my arms unbound. They refused to cast the lashing off my legs, though three of the bucks stood guard outside. I was so stiff and sore with the ride that I could not have taken five steps had they turned me loose and told me to go. I got not a wink of sleep that night, and it was not until eight o'clock next morning that my legs were freed. It was a village of eighty lodges, and the one I occupied was almost in the center of the collection. I couldn't have escaped had they left the tent unguarded, but they took no risks. There were always two and sometimes four of the bucks, squatted outside of the lodge, and one of these a circle of squaws and children.

It was the third day after my capture before I was disturbed. Then most of the warriors having returned to the village on purpose to witness my death, I was led out at three o'clock in the afternoon to undergo the preliminary to actual torture. This is running the gauntlet. There were as near as I could judge sixty men and boys in each line, and the lines were four feet apart. Had each one been armed with a switch to strike me it would have been punishment enough, but they were allowed to use clubs and sticks and tomahawk handles. When I looked down the line I felt that there was no show for me to make the run, and yet I must make the attempt. You may ask why I did not obstinately refuse, and let them do their worst then and there. Because I was hoping for them to show me a little mercy. They would torture me, but not so cruelly as I refused to run.

I got as good a ready as I could and when the signal came I sprang away at the top of my speed. Blow after blow fell upon me while the savages shouted their pleasure, and to my great surprise I at length reached the end of the lines. There I fell in a heap and they gave me about ten minutes in which to brace up for the run back. I made only half the distance this time, being struck such a blow over the head with a club that I sank down unconscious. When I had recovered my senses they returned me to the lodge, where I lay for many hours expecting to be taken out any moment for torture. They would have finished me but for the fact that the wife of Little Feather who was in another village fifty miles away, had not yet arrived. She wanted to be in at the death and so further proceedings were deferred off for the day.

The snow arrived soon after midnight. My ankles were tightly lashed and I could not sleep. She was for hating me out at once, and came and looked into the lodge to see if I was safe; but she was told that I would be put to the torture after breakfast in the morning, and long after she had turned away I heard my guards gloating over the prospects. It was agreed among them that I was a game man and would hold out for several hours and give them lots of amusement.

Half an hour after daylight the village was astir and at sunrise a squaw brought me some breakfast and the lashings around my ankles were cast off. I learned several years after that it was intended to oblige me to run the gauntlet again. I was eating the meal the squaw had brought when a sudden excitement arose outside. There was a great shooting, followed by cheers and the report of fire arms, and the next minute the two hundred frontiersmen who had been raised in Kansas and Nebraska were an independent force charged into the village. It wasn't five minutes before the fleeing warriors rallied for defense, but before that time I was safe. At the first alarm I leaped up and sprang out of the lodge full against one of the guards, and as I ran I was fired at two or three times. I was among the horsemen in a minute or two, and after a bit I got a rifle and took an active part in the hot fight going on. We drove off after a couple of hours but we got very poney in the herd and burned all the lodges, and had many a dead warrior to mourn over.

It was a singular thing that in after years I should meet the squaw of Little Feather on the reservation and have a long talk with her. So it happened, and she calmly told me that she had been promised my scalp as a keepsake and that it would have been her hand which would have ended my agonies after I had amused the warriors to their fill as a prisoner at the stake.—M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

He Stood Pat.

It was on a Sixth avenue surface car. A young woman occupied one end of a seat and a young man the other. The young woman was perfectly sober; the young man had indulged in three glasses of beer. The conductor came along the outside of the car to collect the fares, and as the young woman was far away she handed her nickel to the young man. He received it, looked at her for a moment through his tears, and then said as he passed it on: "I accept the responsibility and thank you for the confidence reposed in my integrity. Never beat a woman on a street car out of a nickel in my life. Boogie a little now and then, but I stand pat on my record for honesty." She started to look confused and embarrassed, but he fell asleep in about half a minute and she changed her mind.—M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

OLD AND NEW ROSES.

Popular Favorites and Some That Have Lost Their Popularity.

The largest flowered roses, now so popular, are highly ornamental, yet some of the smaller flowered varieties are equally useful in their way, and for certain purposes, are most appropriate. Among these Bon Silene continues to hold high rank, and is still the most satisfactory small pink rose for indoor use, while Douglass, an old rose of the Bengal class, producing crimson buds of about the same size as its worthy companion. Both of these are among the sturdiest of growers, and will give a succession of bloom through the whole season, the flowers being much improved in substance when grown cool. Duchesse de Brabant is also a good pink, though when growing strongly the flowers are often produced in clusters. These three roses may be grown for several years without replanting if they are placed in a solid bed, the Bon Silene particularly giving better flowers the second season than the first. It is also benefited by moderately hard pruning.

Young roses of recent planting should now be growing away freely in order to be in good condition for the winter, and some care in watering is quite necessary during the muggy days that often prevail, for the roots will not have spread very far as yet in the new soil, and they are easily discouraged by too much moisture at their new roots. Thorough ventilation is essential, not only in the day, but also at night, for on a sappy growth is generally undesirable.

If space can be spared for such purpose a strong plant of Marechal Niel, trained on wires attached to the roof of the greenhouse, may be made to produce large crops of flowers, if the roots are under control so that the plant can be given a season of rest. It seems almost a pity that this rose is a cropper in bloom, though its immense golden flowers are of such beauty as to be well worth looking for, even though they have the disadvantage of having very weak stems.

Another old rose that is seldom seen of late years is Caroline, a tea rose of very good form and fair size. It is light pink in color, the buds being long and pointed, while in habit it resembles Niphetos, and like the latter, will give the best satisfaction when grafted on Lamarque.

Among the hybrid perpetuals for spring flowering in pots Eugene Verdier should be in the list. Its silvery pink flowers being peculiarly attractive; in fact, it is one of the best of the Verdier type.

Some discussion has been carried on among rose growers as to the necessity or advisability of packing the soil tightly in the benches in which the roses are planted, and the correct method seems to depend upon the character of the soil. In some localities the soil is more liable to become too hard than too loose, and consequently does not need very much pressure in planting, while in other instances it may be an improvement to compact the soil by pressure with a brick or block of wood after planting.

The application of fertilizers to young roses should be made with caution, for if overdone the soil may become soiled, to the serious injury of the crop, but, as much depends on the character of the soil used, the question of manuring must be decided by the circumstances of the individual grower.

Among the newer roses we find another Duchess that is very highly recommended, namely, Duchess of Leeds, a hybrid perpetual, described as "a highly colored La France," but said to be quite distinct from Duchess of Albany. It is claimed for this rose, too, that it lasts well when cut, but as this new-comer has not yet been tested to any extent in this country it is too soon to pass upon its merits.

A new tea, Mrs. James Wilson, is also spoken of in England. Its color is pale lemon yellow, with rosy margins, and in shape, size and growth it is said greatly to resemble Catherine Mermet.—Garden and Forest.

SELLING BUFFALO HORNS.

A Method Invented by Indians to Pick Up a Precarious Living.

At various stations along the Canadian Pacific road in Assiniboia and Alberta groups of Indians, chiefly women and children, are found on the platforms. Sometimes they are rather picturesque for the many-colored rag which covers them. But, as a rule, they are a dirty, squalid, sickly-looking lot, and are anything but attractive. A few men are among them, and they are all engaged in the not very lucrative occupation of selling buffalo horns to the tourists. On the plains they pick up the horns of the noble departed bison. Then they set to work "improving" the horns in such a way as to destroy all their value to any intelligent person; for what is the use of having buffalo horns as relics of that departed animal unless they are something like the horns the buffaloes used to wear.

First the Indians scrape the horns with a knife until the surface is comparatively smooth. Then they file them for a long time, until they are smoother yet. Finally they take a stone and begin to polish, and keep up the process until the horns are as smooth as glass and as black and shiny as a well-polished boot. Sometimes they make a sort of hat-rack of several of the horns. A pair of fine horns brings from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half, and other specimens containing several horns are valued at two dollars to four dollars. Of course the Indians ask a good deal more than they will take. During the bargaining, usually not a word is said on either side. The Indians pretend ignorance of English. When asked the price they hold up one or more fingers. The tourist is sure, if the price is only two dollars, to offer only one dollar. The squaw will shake her head, and finally, after the tourist has shaken a solitary finger in her face for a few minutes, he decides to do a little better. So he shakes one finger at her and then crosses the finger with a finger of the

other hand, which means that he will give one dollar and a half. After a good deal of gesticulating on both sides, a bargain is struck.

At all the stations where the Indians gather at train time there is only one lot which can be called fairly good specimens of their race. That is a remnant of Sitting Bull's old band which lives at Moose Jaw. There are sixty of these Indians, and when Sitting Bull returned to the land of his fathers they declined to cross the border, and are settled down permanently in Canada. A few other Sioux are also found at Brandon. They are all engaged in the buffalo horn industry. One old fellow at Moose Jaw was a noble specimen. He had a head that would not have disgraced a philosopher or a general, and a mien that was eloquent in its stateliness and dignity; and yet this old fellow, who looked as though he was made to preserve the best traditions of his race, was having a quarrel with a tourist over a difference of a quarter of a dollar in the price of a pair of horns.

Most of the Indians along the route are Croes. Some of the tourists the other day were bewailing the fact that they hadn't seen a good-looking Indian girl on the way. "The reason is," said a dweller in that land, "because the good-looking ones are all down on the reservations. There are many good-looking girls down there. You see these Indians who hang around the stations are renegades. They are a shiftless lot, who would rather pick up a precarious living selling buffalo horns than stay on the reservations, where they can live a great deal better and where the government will feed and otherwise provide for them. The government does not give cut from one year's end to another to these renegades who leave the reservations, but they prefer to lead a squalid life near the whites, where, though it is strictly against the law, they can occasionally get a drink of forty-rod, than to be decent Indians and live on the reservations.

"Waal," said an old gentleman from Vermont, "I've been traveling around a good deal lately. I've seen nice-looking Chinese women in San Francisco, and handsome Japanese girls in Seattle, but I haven't seen a single Indian woman on the plains who wasn't a horrid old thing. If these are specimens of Indian women I don't wonder the race is dyin' out."—N. Y. Sun.

Molasses-Pan in Oven.

In our own experience in baking, we find that a small pan of water placed in the oven and filled as soon as it becomes dry, is a great help. It prevents the bread or cake from burning, even with a full oven and very hot fire, saves nearly one-half the labor in watching and turning the loaves, and prevents a thick, hard crust. It is usually filled with water from the teakettle, but if the oven seems too hot, throw out the hot water, fill with cold and put back. The pan we use is ten inches long, one inch wide and one deep. It is made by folding the tin at the ends and pound it lightly until the folds are so close that the pan is water-tight. A pan made with solder will not do, for with the best of care it will sometimes become dry and the solder melt and run out. This pan slips in beside the takes of bread, next the fire box, and takes very little room. Always have a holder to handle it with, and handle carefully when pouring in water after it has become dry, or a bad scald will result.—Albany Cultivator.

Itinerant Photographers.

The photographer of the poor and humble used to be a man who ran a gallery on wheels. In New York he is now a man who works the back streets very much after the fashion of an organ grinder. He pays the rent. He plants his camera in front of a small building, shop or shoe shop or notion store. Then his assistant goes in and strikes a bargain. To protest that no picture is wanted does no good. The man takes it anyway, saying, as a last resort, that it won't cost anything. In a couple of days the finished pictures come around and "if you want them you can have them for a quarter." Perhaps in four cases out of five the quarter is forthcoming. A smart butcher wagon or a vain driver's nice truck team or a brace of mules or a pet dog, they all come within this stealing photographer's business. And on good days he picks up a neat sum of money.—N. Y. Herald.

Information Bureau.

A man had only just landed, and the geography of America was as dim as human charts of Heaven. "I want to get to such and such a place. Just book me through and take care of my luggage, will you?" "Don't know anything about it. There's the bureau of information."

At the bureau of information the clerk: "No such station on our line." "Then what line is it on?" "Don't know." "Well, look here! This is the address. I am going to my brother-in-law's. I'm a stranger, and—" "Can't say that," snapped the clerk, and turned his back.

The stranger ran into the arms of a good-natured darkey in the blindness of his disgust, and it took the Ethiopian to put him on the right track.—Philadelphia Press.

Didn't Read It.

Ambitious Maiden—It's just too mean for anything. The editor sent my beautiful and pathetic story back without reading it.

Fond Mother—Dearie me! How do you know?

Ambitious Maiden—I've looked all through every page and there isn't a tear drop anywhere.—N. Y. Weekly.

Discouraging Honesty.

"John, I found a twenty-dollar note in the pocket of your last summer's waistcoat to-day, so I got me a bonnet." "Humph!" "I mentioned it because I believe honesty is the best policy, even with one's husband. You would thank a servant—but your own wife!" (Erupts into tears.)—Life.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The remains of about one hundred elephants have been found at Mont-Dail, in Brittany, where they are gathered on a surface of about one thousand square meters. All the bones are broken, and it is thought that the animals must have been eaten by prehistoric men.

—During the year 1890 182,336 men were recruited for the German army. Out of these 5,916 were not permitted to enter, as they were in excess of the number provided for by the army budget. The volunteers numbered 12,668, making the total of 195,502, of whom 4,121 are destined for the fleet.

—According to Russian sources the total population of Russia is 108,912,642. Of these, 75,341,644 are adherents of the Orthodox church. Of the others, 11,000,000 are Poles, 5,000,000 are Roman Catholics, 5,104,200 are Protestants (nearly all Lutherans), 2,620,000 are Jews and 2,600,000 are Mohammedans and heathens.

—Gen. Booth is negotiating with the corporation of London for the purchase of a site on Victoria Embankment. The general is understood to have offered to pay £10,000 a year for the land in question. On the site he wishes to build an enormous block of buildings containing four great halls, the largest to hold 10,000 people, a hotel and restaurant, and various other conveniences.

—Abyssinia is known as a Christian country, but its ancient form of Christianity is very corrupt. Christian civilization exists in Liberia, Sierra Leone, Senegambia, the South African republic, Cape Colony, Orange Free State and Congo Free State; but, of course, there are very large numbers of pagans and Mohammedans within the boundaries of some of these states which are under Christian influence.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

—The late census credits Ireland with a population of 4,706,162, a decrease of 408,674, or 8.1 per cent, in ten years. The religious distribution of the population is the following: Roman Catholics, 3,549,745, or 75.4 per cent; Protestants, 900,830, or 19.1 per cent; Presbyterians, 446,687, or 9.5 per cent; Methodists, 55,255, or 1.2 per cent. The number of Jews is 1,798. The increase of this people has been 281 per cent in Ireland in the last decade.

—Great Britain is going steadily ahead in the work of fortifying the coast line of her American possessions on both sides of the continent. Important fortifications are being built on the British Columbian coast, and the authorities have now decided to place two revolving turrets at the Port York redoubt at Halifax. One is to be placed at the northern end and one at the southern end of the fort. Each turret will be built of stone and will contain four sixty-ton guns.

—A transcontinental railway is under construction in Australia, and that great continent will ere long be traversed from south to north by a line of rails which will penetrate vast regions still unpeopled and largely unexplored. Nearly 600 miles of the line have been completed from Port Adelaide north to Angkor Pool, while on the north end a road has been built from Port Darwin south to Pine Creek, leaving a gap of about 1,100 miles, which will be reduced over 400 miles this year by construction from both ends.—Railway Age.

—A cavern was discovered lately on the slope of the mountain at Baden which had evidently been used in the middle ages. Remains of the foundations of a vestibule were found at the entrance. In a niche hewn out of the rock was an altar with the sacrificial stone table. In front of the cavern was a regularly-constructed platform, fully ten feet below the surface of the ground above, designed probably to conceal the cavern behind, which may have been employed as a temple to Mithra. There were two stalls for horses, fragments of utensils, knives, flint arrow-heads and carved bones, mixed up with Roman coins, lamps and stamped tiles.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

An Oil Man's Sudden Rise and How It Was Accomplished.

A large number of prominent oil men from the various fields of Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, were telling their experiences in the oil fields, says a St. Mary's (O.) correspondent. The one that most attracted attention was a thrilling one by Joe English, a well-known contractor. His story was as follows:

"I was about twenty years old when the oil excitement broke out in our country, and was leading the uneventful life of a farmer's son. We lived on a farm of one hundred and forty acres, within two miles of a prosperous town of Pennsylvania, and there was little excitement for any of us until some of the oil men from Oil City came down and built a rig on the Davis farm, about a quarter of a mile from our place. The greasy fluid was struck in paying quantities. I believe we drilled four wells, and all are good producers. No. 3 acted strangely. The day it came in it filled two hundred and fifty-barrel tanks in four hours, and we lost considerable oil because of a lack of tankage. The well settled down, however, to about three hundred barrels a day, and kept flowing at that rate for about five days, when it petered out altogether. Just twelve days after that well quit flowing I had the strangest experience that ever fell to the lot of man.

"One day I was walking about the farm when some delayed figure-work occurred to me, and I resolved to do it then and there. The abandoned well was near by. Knowing I would be secure from intrusion there, I walked to the derrick. An empty candy-box which I placed over the casing-head, furnished a good seat. Producing pencil and paper, I proceeded in my own way to solve the problem of petroleum production. In just about two minutes the well began spurting salt water at a furious rate and with such tremendous force that I was hurled high into the air, box and all. There is no use try-

ing to describe my feelings. I was too thoroughly frightened to have any. All I know, a man of a hundred and seventy-five pounds was lifted violently heavenward.

"The column of water evidently struck the box exactly in the center, for we went up as straight as a plumb line. What is more, I never changed my seat, and in the very nature of things it was impossible to do so. The spurting water was of sufficient volume to entirely fill the box and send a pretty heavy aqueous wall on every side into the bargain. The box was not large, and, of course, my feet would naturally hang over under ordinary circumstances, but in this case the water threw my legs upward. This put me in a peculiarly uncomfortable, yet singularly safe, position. I sat there, head and legs inclined, so that I resembled the letter V, and was firmly held in that position by the outpouring current.

"I must have gone up fully forty-five feet, but the initial force carried me higher than that could hold me, and I set-dled back about fifteen feet, all the while maintaining the same position. When I reached that point where the attraction of gravity exactly counters the force of water I stopped. The point was fully thirty feet from the ground. It was impossible for me to fall to either side, and equally impossible to fall straight down, for the spraying water played into that box with terrific force. The only movement I felt was the alternating rising and falling of the box occasioned by the contention between the attraction of gravity and propulsive force of gas and water. The only pain I experienced was in my legs, which soon became numb from the constant pounding of the water.

"The roar and the spurting water soon attracted the attention of the folks at the house, and after them came the neighbors, oil operators and others, until there was a crowd of several hundred people standing around within safe distance of the descending water. I couldn't see much of them, and, of course, couldn't hear a word they said. Gradually the rain seemed to grow less, and the next I knew I was in bed, and in a dreamy way saw the folks standing around.

"They told me how my final rescue came about. The well ceased flowing gradually, and finally petered out altogether. As the column of water dropped the box with its now insensate burden, came down with it and rested exactly over the mouth of the well whence it started. I fell over on the derrick floor and was picked up and carried out, and then into the house."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

LIVED ON GRIT.

The Marvelous Nerve of a Wounded Desperado.

Dr. Tallafero, of San Rafael, used to tell a wonderful story of a San Quentin convict—a highwayman in for life. A lot of prisoners, under guard, were engaged in unloading a schooner at the wharf on San Quentin point, and were ordered to warp the vessel around to another landing. They went aboard and shoved off.

Upon the hill the other guards mistook the maneuver for an attempt on the part of the convicts to escape. As a consequence they trained their cannon on the schooner, and before the mist was discovered, howled over about a score of prisoners with grape-shot.

Dr. Tallafero was called to attend the wounded men. This is how he told of his experience with the gritty highwayman.

"When I came to the fellow I pulled his blanket down, looked at his wound, put the blanket back and passed to the next patient. I gave him five minutes more of life. A grape-shot had struck him just at the top of the right hip and passed clear through him, shattering both hip bones and tearing him frightfully. By the time I had made my rounds I'd forgotten all about him.

"Then a nurse stepped up, saying the highwayman wanted to speak to me. I wondered that the fellow was still alive, and went over to his couch. 'Will you not dress my wound?' he asked. 'Certainly,' said I, 'if you wish it; but you can't live more than a few minutes, and dressing the wound will only give you needless pain.' 'Nonsense,' he returned, 'you can't kill me with one grape-shot. I've been shot to death once or twice before. Look at my chest.' I looked. Sure enough, he had bullet wounds enough to have laid out a dozen men. Twice, in stopping stages, express messengers had filled him full of bullets. 'I'm alive yet and have more lives than a cat,' he said, as I made ready to attend him.

"I rammed and pulled a silk handkerchief through him to plug the wound and fixed him up as best I could, knowing he'd be dead in the morning. But I didn't know. When I called the next day he was very much alive. He was as cheery as a bridegroom after the ceremony. 'Never mind me, doctor,' he said, with a grin; 'you just fix up the other boys. I'll be all right in a few days.'

"Well, sir, I expected to find him a corpse every time I called, but he hung on, cheered the others with jokes and stories, and I'm hanged if I didn't begin to think a medical miracle was to be performed. A man who could live a week and keep his head and spirits with that kind of a hole through him might do most anything.

"On the seventh day after he was shot he sent for me. As I came to his bedside he raised himself on one elbow, looked up at me with the old dare-devil expression on his face and said: 'It's no go, doctor; I can't keep it up any longer. Goodby, old fellow!'

"Then he fell back, stone dead. He'd lived a week on his grit."—San Francisco Examiner.

—The weight of each anchor-plate on the Brooklyn bridge is 23 tons, the height of the towers above the roadway is 150 feet. Just six years after the first wire was strung across the East river for the bridge the first passenger crossed.

A FATAL ERROR.

White Horses Were Plentiful When the Station Was Reached.

They were talking about the red-headed-girl-and-white-horse fad at the Kimball house the other night, when someone told a good one on Sam Hardwick, whom everybody knows as general passenger agent of the Georgia Pacific.

Sam was with a party of Birmingham friends not long ago—gray, young society people they were, and all well known to everybody in the Magic city—when somebody started the white-horse story.

One young lady in the party had ideal Titian hair, and the joke was, of course, at her expense. There were white horses everywhere. Every little station brought another white horse to add to the fair one's discomfort, and correspondingly to the happiness of the man who persisted in pointing them out. It was a white-horse day. Glimpses of them met the gaze of the party everywhere, until the victim of all began to think that every horse and every mule in Alabama was of that, to her, detestable color.

A bright idea struck Sam—hit him hard, in fact.

"Now, I'll bet two hundred dollars," he said to the white-horse man of the party, "that there won't be a white horse at the depot in Anniston when we get there."

The bet was promptly taken, and the coming to Anniston was eagerly looked forward to.

In a few minutes Hardwick looked at his watch, and, mumbling something about "wanting to see the engineer," went forward.

A minute later the train stopped at a little station. So intent was the party upon looking at some white mules in the distance that they didn't notice the brakeman, who hurried into the telegraph office and hurried out again. Had they seen the message he bore they would have read:

"To Blank, agent, Anniston: Ten dollars to you if you have no white horses or mules at depot when train arrives."

But they didn't see it.

Sam went back to the party chuckling to himself and admiring his own cleverness. It was but a few minutes when the conductor called "Anniston!" The young ladies looked out and laughed. Sam's face wore a benign smile as he pushed one of the men aside, and pressing his face to the pane, he saw:

White horses everywhere! In all that concourse of drays and hacks every mule and every horse was white. A tap on the shoulder aroused him.

"Mr. Hardwick, I'm sorry," it was the agent who spoke—"I'm sorry, but I could only get 19."

Sam jerked the telegram from his hand, but for a minute was speechless. Then without a word he handed a roll of bills to the man with whom he had bet.

The telegraph operator had made the "no" read "20."—Atlanta Constitution.

BOSS OF THE VILLAGE.

Unique Experience of a Reporter in a New York Country Town.

A reporter seeking information of a former resident visited Oakland Valley, Sullivan county, the other day. While awaiting the Monticello train at Port Jervis the reporter inquired of a group of loungers where he would be most likely to obtain the desired information.

"When you get off the train," said one man, "take the main road and in the first house to the right lives an old fellow who can tell you all you want."

"I'd see the supervisor if I were you," said another; "he has held office nineteen years and knows everybody."

"Or the postmaster. In those little villages, the postmaster knows everybody's business," suggests a third.

"Take the little path down the hill and you'll come to a saw-mill. Ask the boss," was the next suggestion, and it was followed by this:

"There's only one storekeeper

THE PEPPER BOX.

D. A. McDUGAL, Prop.

Subscription, \$1.00 per year.

"Cash, invariably in advance."

Time Table.	
M. & O. R. R.	
South.	
Passenger.	12:35.
Accommodation.	9:32.
North.	
Passenger.	2:32.
Accommodation.	1:57.

County Directory.

County Court Clerk—J. R. Adams.
Circuit Court Clerk—J. C. McConnell.
Clerk and Master of Chancery Court—D. A. McDugal.
Sheriff—W. J. Olive.
Register—J. M. Hamm, Jr.
Trustee—T. M. Darnall.
Tax Assessor—W. H. Stone.
County Supt. of Public Schools—M. R. Abernathy.
County Surveyor—R. F. Beard.

Chancery Court convenes the 3d Mondays in April and October. A. G. Hawkins of Huntington, Chancellor.

Circuit Court convenes the 4th Mondays in February, June and October. L. S. Woods of Lexington, Judge, and T. C. Muse, of Jackson, Attorney General.

County Court 1st Monday in each month, and Quarterly terms 1st Monday in January, April, July and October. Jno. B. Joubert, Chairman.

A large crowd was in town Monday.

E. J. Hamilton, of Nashville, was in town yesterday.

The mayor of Corinth died last Tuesday.

There is one more chance for the old maid. Next year is leap year.

The carpenters hammers are heard without ceasing in our town.

Go to Perkins & Gibson and get Boys Hats for 15 cents and Men's for 25.

We would like to send the PEPPER BOX to somebody for a Christmas key.

A large quantity of ties and railroad timbers are being put on the road at this place.

From all appearances there was some very mean liquor dealt out to the crowd here Monday. Somebody is responsible for this and somebody will have to suffer for it.

Rev. D. J. Franklin of McNairy, was married last Thursday to Mrs. Brown of near Jackson. Dr. Franklin is well known throughout the county and his many friends wish him much joy.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

I will sell two good ox teams with log wagon, chains, etc., complete, also one twelve horse portable engine.

A. B. Hamm, Ramer, Tenn.

Go to W. H. Devault's for cheap groceries. He sells yellow clarified sugar at 20 lbs to the dollar, white granulated sugar at 18 lbs to the dollar, best grade coffee at 41 lbs, to the dollar and everything else cheap in proportion.

Some people say that any man who would sell whiskey would steal. We don't think that, but we do know that the whiskey seller does a great deal more harm, and causes a thousand times more suffering and is a worse enemy to society, to christianity, to civilization, to his country and to his fellow man than any thief or highway robber.

For the next thirty days we will sell Boys and Men's Clothing at cost. Come and see our stock, before buying.

Very Respectfully,

PERKINS & GIBSON,

When in need of job work call on us, we have a first class job office and can give you as good and cheap work as you can get anywhere.

Nashville, Tenn.

Dec. 5, 1891.

EDITOR:

Please give notice that I will deliver a public address on the demands of the Farmers' Alliance at Selmer on Saturday Dec., 19. Any one desiring to oppose any of these demands will be granted a division of time to speak against the demands.

Respectfully,

J. HUGH McDOWELL.

Crisp, of Georgia, received the nomination for Speaker of the House.

J. M. Hamm is having a barn built this week.

J. H. McDowell will speak here on the 19th of this month.

Our old friend J. F. Gilmer of the first district was in town Wednesday.

The Youth's Companion is an excellent paper for young folks and should be in every household.

A Kansas prophetess says the world will come to an end on next Christmas day.

The Democratic Executive Committee met Monday and decided to hold a primary for the purpose of nominating candidates for county offices.

J. B. Wilson, the Photographer, at Five Points, Jackson, Tenn., works the American Aristocrat. When you are in the city call and see him.

The Board of Directors of the McNairy County Real Estate and Improvement Company met here yesterday.

The Democratic Primary will be held in this county on Saturday the 19th of March for the purpose of nominating candidates for county offices.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the McNairy County Real Estate and Improvement Co. is hereby called to meet at the court house in Selmer on the 1st Monday in January 1892.

A. B. HAMM, PRES.

Whiskey selling is the most nefarious business that any man ever engaged in and it becomes doubly so when conducted in violation of law. And the man who engages in this business is the worst enemy that mankind has.

When you want any house painting, sign painting, or paper hanging done call on A. A. G. McDugal. He is prepared to do the best quality of work at reasonable prices.

We are requested by Mr. W. H. Pyron, to announce that McNairy County Union will meet with Mount Vernon Sub-Union, two miles east of Ramer, the first Friday and Saturday in January next.

A MODEST REQUEST.

A man named Wilson entered Russell Sage's office in New York last week and demanded that Sage immediately deliver to him \$1,250,000 dollars, or he would blow up the building and kill everybody in it. Sage refused and Wilson immediately exploded a dynamite bomb. The shock completely wrecked the building and killed Wilson and two other men and wounded a dozen more. Sage was not seriously hurt.

For the next ninety days we will sell our entire stock of clothing at cost.

Respectfully,

Pigott & Hendrix,

Bethel Springs, Tenn.

OBITUARY.

Walter, the son of our dear brother and sister, W. J. and Eliza Olive, died at his home in Purdy, Dec. 3rd, 1891, aged 15 years, 1 month and 3 days.

Walter was a good boy, always doing the will of his parents willingly and cheerfully. He was as bright a little boy as you generally see until he was six years old, when, from some unknown cause he became subject to epilepsy, and as the many friends of this noble boy know, remained so until death, but still everything that could be done by his parents, relatives and friends, was done. Money no time was spared, but all to no avail. God only knows what poor Walter suffered, he had almost lost his mind and would often tell his mother that he had rather be dead than to have those spells.

While we sympathize with his parents and two brothers, we know that their loss is his eternal gain, knowing that our heavenly father is too wise to make a mistake or to afflict unjustly. While we deplore our loss and mourn his absence, we rejoice in the thought that he has only gone from his home on earth to his home in heaven. Though he cannot come to us and cannot meet with us on earth, yet we can go to and meet with him above.

His body is sleeping in the grave. Where god is the only guest, Where no troubled billows ever wave Across his peaceful breast.

Father and mother he left behind, Weep not for your lovely child. For he on earth was so good and kind. He was called to a land more mild.

Yes! Walter has gone and left us all. Our loss is but his gain. For he has gone to Christ above. Forever there to reign.

FRIENDS.

ADAMSVILLE NEWS.

Ma. Editor:
T. Wash Scott leaves for Texas Tuesday the 8th.

Mrs. W. H. Newell is very sick at this writing. She has been confined to her bed 4 or 5 weeks.

Rev. Bro. Curry of Selmer, preached the funeral of the late Mrs. Channess, in the Baptist church last Sunday, to a large concourse of people. He also preached an able and practical sermon at night. Bro. Curry stands high in the estimation of christians of all denominations of our town, and is beloved by all.

The bone-yard brings about 400 people to our town the first Saturday in each month, last Saturday our streets were crowded with horse swappers from a distance of twenty miles.

No other news.

D'ANGLETERE.

Purdy Correspondence.

Mr. Editor:

The 7th district is on a big matrimonial boom. Their honey moon has been somewhat eclipsed by the judge. In the near future they will hang their harps on a sweet gum limb.

Mr. Calvin Moore, lately from Texas, a gentleman representing some real estate, will soon be joined in wedlock, we hear, to Miss Bell Sipes. They will soon be the halos of central Texas. Many showers of honey dew may be expected around his Texas home and the smiles of Neptune to dispell a foggy future.

One of Purdy's fairest, who's brow, as a lily, will soon be clothed in her bridal robe, and her groom with a gift, from Cupid, a sheath of sunbeams for a long and happy future, their hands and affections are no more twain, their voices as the silvery vibrations of an aeolian harp in the May breeze.

H. S., you are in error about the cedar apples giving your apple trees their disease, the wild honey suckle has the same disease. You write to the curiosity department of the InterOcean, of Chicago, Illinois, they will give you the desired information.

Savannah Courier, you have an encyclopaedia britannica how did you misspell kaolin of December 3rd. What a freak of orthography.

HAL.

"A YARD OF ROSES."

One of the popular paintings at the New York Academy of Design was a yard-long panel of Roses. A crowd was always before it. One art critic exclaimed, "Such a bit of nature should belong to all the people, it is too beautiful for one man to hide away."

The Youth's Companion, of Boston, seized the idea, and spent twenty thousand dollars to reproduce the painting. The result has been a triumph of artistic delicacy and color.

The Companion makes an Autumn gift of this copy of the painting to each of its five hundred thousand subscribers. Any others who may subscribe now for the first time, and request it, will receive "The Yard of Roses," without extra charge while the edition lasts.

Besides the gift of this beautiful picture all new subscribers will receive The Companion free from the time the subscription is received till January First, including the Thanksgiving and Christmas Double Numbers, and for a full year from that date. The price of The Companion is \$1.75 a year.

Every family should take this brightest and best of illustrated literary papers in addition to its local paper.

FREE A Sample copy of ST. LOUIS LIFE, a finely illustrated funny paper, and a beautiful water-color painting for the parlor. Send ten cents in stamps to ST. LOUIS LIFE, 406 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

NOW

—IS THE—

TIME

—TO—

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

PEPPER BOX.

WHY?

1st. Because every man should take his COUNTY PAPER and keep posted on affairs occurring in his own county.

2nd. Because it only costs \$1.00 to have the PEPPER BOX visit you 52 times a year brimful of good reading matter each time. Just 100 cents (in advance.)

3rd. Because your wife wants you to take it so she can have the benefit of the Woman's Department where she finds so many good recipes, letters and various things useful to a house-keeper. Also because the children want to have the pleasure of reading, and writing to the children's corner. So if you don't want it yourself take it for them and then don't you borrow it.

4th. Because you want to keep yourself informed of the progress that is being made in building the Courthouse and Jail, the proceedings of the County, Circuit and Chancery Courts, also the proceedings of the McNairy County Real Estate and Improvement Company, and the movements of the would-be Injunctionists.

5th. Because you want to know what is going on in the world generally, and a daily paper would cost you 10 or 12 dollars, while from dozens of our exchanges, (dailies and weeklies,) we will gather the news of the country-at-large for you and sift it out from our PEPPER BOX in a condensed form. Thus you will get the news of your county and the cream of the news from everywhere for the modest sum of \$1.00.

So send in your subscriptions in time for the next issue.

R-J

McNairy County

REAL ESTATE

AND

Improvement Co.

have a large number of choice lots, which they will sell at reasonable prices.

TERMS OF SALE.

One third CASH, and balance in six and twelve months.

\$10,000

of the proceeds of sales to be used in building a COURT HOUSE for the County.

Choice BUSINESS lots fronting PUBLIC SQUARE

at from \$175.00 to \$250.00, owing to location.

Choice business lots on FRONT STREET and COURT AVENUE

from 100 to 250 dollars.

Resident lots from \$75.00 to \$175.00.

J. W. Purviance, BUSINESS MANAGER.

ONLY 50 CTS. A YEAR

THE HOME MAGAZINE

Conducted By Mrs. John A. Logan.

IS JUST FULL AND RUNNING OVER WITH GOOD THINGS.

LONG STORIES AND SHORT STORIES

And Stories for all the "state-steps" in the family, from the "one-act" to the "Grand Finale."

THERE ARE TALKS

ABOUT THE DINING-ROOM; ABOUT WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO MAKE IT; ABOUT BOOKS; ABOUT PLANTS AND FLOWERS; ABOUT HOME CABINET; ABOUT GOOD FORM; ABOUT HOUSE BEAUTIFUL;

With charming color pictures on all sorts of subjects, by our best word painters.

Mrs. Logan's REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON LIFE

WILL SOON APPEAR.

AMONG OUR MANY CONTRIBUTORS ARE:

ROBERT J. BURDETTE, SHIRLEY DARE, AMER, WILL CARLTON, DOROTHY VINCENT, JOSEPH ALLEN'S WIFE, ARLO BATES, EMILY HUNTINGTON MILES, And the Best Writers in the Country contribute to our Columns.

THE BRODIX PUBLISHING CO.,

AGENTS WANTED. WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Certain Cure For Asthma,

FOR Bronchitis—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. All who try it for this complaint experience the most gratifying results.

"My mother was sick three years and very low with bronchitis. We feared nothing would cure her. One of our friends told me about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. She tried it, has used eight bottles, and is now well."—T. H. D. Chamberlain, Oxford, N. H.

"My wife was afflicted with bronchitis for a number of years. Having used various remedies without relief, she concluded to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine, she was entirely cured."—S. B. Schuck, Associate Judge, Hume's Ward, Pa.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for bronchitis and lung diseases, for which I believe it to be the greatest medicine in the world."—James Miller, Caraway, N. C.

"I know personally of several cases of chronic bronchitis cured by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

"I suffered from asthma last fall, and after trying other medicines, from which I derived no benefit, took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It instantly relieved the feeling of suffocation, removed the obstructing mucus, and induced refreshing sleep."

"As a remedy for bronchitis and asthma, I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral unequalled. It has proved to be just the medicine I needed in the treatment of these diseases, and has also cured several of my friends."—Mrs. E. R. Tompkins, 484 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Some years ago Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of asthma after the best medical skill had failed to give me relief. A few weeks since, being again little troubled with the disease, I was promptly relieved by the same remedy. I gladly offer this testimony for the benefit of all similarly afflicted."—F. S. Hassler, Editor Argus, Table Rock, Nebraska.

"I suffered from asthma last fall, and after trying other medicines, from which I derived no benefit, took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It instantly relieved the feeling of suffocation, removed the obstructing mucus, and induced refreshing sleep."

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THE FARMING WORLD.

HANDY HARNESS BOX.

One Like It Would Be Found Useful on Every Farm.

"Say, Pierce, you have got a bay window to your stable," was the remark of a friend. "Yes," I replied, "excepting the window." It came about in this way. In February the barn was overrun with rats, and after putting everything eatable out of their reach they attacked the harness, which hung on pegs in the usual way near the stable. The first I knew about it was a breast collar, single harness, was about half eaten up, and the collars of a pair of work harness seriously injured. It at once became apparent that the harnesses must have a closet. But where? As doors and stable were arranged there seemed no convenient place. For three weeks I "totaled" the harnesses to the house, to the disgust of the women and to my own discomfort and annoyance. I was awaiting a bit of leisure time to decide where to build that closet, and how.

Finally I hit upon the plan illustrated in the engravings and designated by my

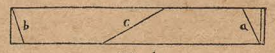


FIG. 1.

friend as a bay window. I had a thick 12-foot pine board, 20 inches wide. This I marked and sawed as shown in Fig. 1, the lines *a* and *b* being 8 inches out of perpendicular and the middle line *c*, being sawed on a diagonal so as to give a half-pitch roof. I then went into the horse stable directly behind the stalls in daily use, and sawed out that part of the wall Fig. 2, where it was covered by four sliding boards, being four feet in length. Then I sawed the sliding at I, just as far above the sill *G* as the length of the longer side of the board *A*. Then removing the sawed sliding, I nailed the pine boards to the edges of the sliding on either side of the opening.

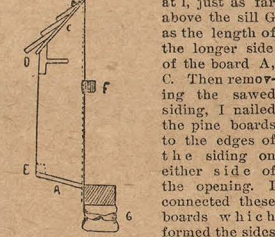


FIG. 2.

A, C, side of box. D, door at the window end, in which are placed harness pegs *s*, *t*, corners with bottom nail tie. *G*, sill to nail ties, the stable. *E*, nail tie. *H*, upper one. *I*, joint. Lower one, *E*, 24". To them I nailed the sliding previously removed, saving it to fit.

I then nailed on the roof board *C*, and the floor *A*, which inclosed all but shingling. Inside, next the stable, I eased around the door with two-inch plank, leaving an opening for a door thirty inches wide and and sixty-seven inches high. The door was placed six inches above the sill, giving room inside to lay the collar on the sloping floor and also the curry-combs and brushes. Three pegs made out of old wagon spokes were put into the piece *D*, and the whole constitutes a conveniently unobtrusive harness closet that just nicely holds three sets of harness. — L. B. Pierce, in Ohio Farmer.

WELL MADE ROADS.

They Increase the Value of Property One Half Per Cent.

Land speculators, realizing the importance of good road facilities, seldom place a tract upon the market until they have improved the approaches and driveways. This is one of the reasons why the boom in California was so successful. Especial attention was paid to the streets in all towns laid out. They were made attractive, and in nearly every instance sidewalks of cement were put in place before the first purchaser was invited to inspect the premises.

There is another reason, however, why the roads should be improved. Mr. Isaac B. Potter, in an article to an engineering magazine, holds that one-half the 10,000,000 horses and mules on the farms of the United States could do the hauling of the farm produce if even the present country roads were placed in good repair. With a reduction of only an eighth of the number of draught animals, the saving each day would amount to about 14,000 tons of hay and 75,000 bushels of grain, which, regarded as a money value, would amount to \$300,000 a day, or \$14,000,000 a year. If the value of saving in animals is added, a total of \$4,000,000 results.

Considered from this standpoint, it readily be shown that in the few years the roads can be improved the saving they would localities where roads have been improved the value of property increased about 100 per cent. This increase to the saving effect of the roads results in a handsome net profit. How localities can continue to with few and badly kept roads, the advantages of the reverse are evident, is more than can be answered. — St. Louis Record.

LONG THE POULTRY.

require green food in winter.

enough fowls to buy the grain and corn meal are the best fatted.

hen will lay twice her weight in a year.

When grain is fed throw on a litter and partly cover it up.

On the farm, at least, the medium-sized breeds are the best.

One fowl with scurvy legs is apt to impart the disease to others.

A cooked mixture of the table scraps makes a good morning ration.

Close to large cities broilers bring in more money than anything else.

FINE CREAM CHEESE.

A Delicacy Which Any Intelligent Woman Can Make.

The finest kind of a table luxury and one that dairymen can make more money on, ready money at any season of the year is sweet cream cheese, made in the following manner: Let the milk be set four inches deep in shallow open pans. When the cream is about one-half on the surface the pans should be set on the stove until the cream "curdles." The stove must not be too hot nor the process too rapid. Thick, tough sheets of cream are the requisite. Setting the pans of milk away again to cool will make fine sheets of the best that can be rolled off entire. Such cream must be placed in tin molds without bottoms and standing on folded cloth to absorb the moisture. Some prefer to place a thin straw mat between the cream and cloth. After 12 hours the molds may be turned over and 12 hours later the cream will stand without support and be ready to sell or use. Only the smallest possible amount of salt is applied to the cheese ends as they are inverted. A little practice will produce a fancy product of ready and high sale and the work is as nothing compared to the manufacture of cheese or butter. Desirable sizes are 2x3 inches and 1 1/2 inches thick, and 3x4 inches of the same thickness. The latter contains just twice the amount of cheese than the former does and should sell for a little less than twice the price. These delicious little cream cheeses should be eaten fresh, but, properly handled, will keep a week. Some advantages of this form of dairymen are the following: The dairymen will soon realize an incentive to the most careful breeding to obtain the best stock for cream production. The cost of the utensils required for this work is next to nothing. The product can be marketed twice a week in the nearest kind of a light cartage to well-to-do townspeople after it is introduced and a trade built up — Farm and Home.

GREENHOUSE BENCHES.

Two Kinds Each of Which Is Substantial and Easily Made.

We present herewith engravings of two methods of constructing substantial greenhouse benches. The first shows the style of bench used in a new range of houses at Richmond, Ind. The rails used were light T rails such as are used on some street car lines. The rails were used on some line that had cause to change to another style of rail, and were purchased at a low price; they answered the purpose just as well as new rails. As shown in the illustration, the cross pieces are of the same sized rail only placed right side up, resting on the top of the front cedar post and mortised into the other cedar post at the back. The three rails that run lengthwise are placed bottom side up, so as to allow a broad, flat surface for the slats or other bottom material to rest on. The rails are held in proper position by pieces of board cut so as to fit in the spaces between them. But it is necessary to hold them in place only long enough to get the slats or other bottom material in position. The cedar posts are sunk 18 inches in the ground and are placed feet apart, but they might just as well be 12 feet apart as 3. The side board is set in position by galvanized iron strips which pass through two slits in the board and clasp around the outside rail. These are placed 4 feet apart. This is the weakest point about this style of bench.

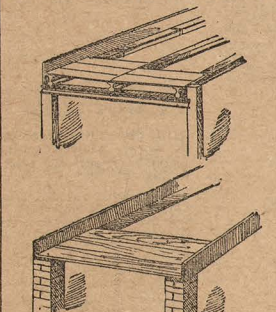


FIG. 1.

The rest is as solid as a rock, and the benches will be just as solid 25 years hence as at present. The rails cost 11 1/2 cents a foot, and while the first cost is very considerable, even after having been in use for many years, a good saving is made when they are gotten out of them by disposing of them for the price of old iron. For the center benches the same system is followed, the rails being placed at a proper distance apart to suit the size of the slats, etc., used. The second illustration shows the style of bench in some of the houses at Minneapolis, Minn. Two pieces of large angle-iron, about 3x3 inches, run lengthwise of the house on brick piers set down about 8 feet apart, and for the bottom sort boards are placed crosswise. The illustration makes the matter quite plain. — American Farmer.

HINT TO CHEESE-MAKERS.

During the fall months try the plan of diluting the rennet before adding to the milk. The usual plan is to take a certain amount of rennet from the crock, full strength, and incorporate with the milk. Try taking the usual amount of rennet and adding to it twice as much of warm water, and then mix with the milk rapidly and thoroughly, and see if a better curd by this diluted-rennet plan does not follow. When the curd is in the drainer, stir it more thoroughly and get it finer and do not let it rest until you get the well-known "squeak" of the curd. Do not salt the curd until it is cooled and mellowed, with a buttery texture. All these things go to make up a good cheese, and good cheese is what the market is most in need of; cheese that we can send to Europe, or our new South American markets if need be, and in a pinch, so good that they can and will be eaten at home! — Practical Farmer.

BURN OVER THE YARDS.

If the poultry yards contain weeds or dead grass, as soon as the frost destroys all growth the yards should be mowed, the refuse destroyed by fire, and if the ground is not frozen the yards should be spaded or plowed, in order to lessen disease during winter.

It is well to save all the fruit cans of any size for future use in the garden. Some gardeners utilize them by punching holes in them to let in the air and light and using them to cover plants that have been newly set out. They are left on long enough to allow the roots of the plant to get to work.

AND REMEMBER.

Mr. Fort Since my death.

Judge (to prisoner): "You are arrested for distillate." Prisoner—Yes, your honor. Judge—Have you a "whisky" with you? Prisoner—I have, your honor. Judge—Hand it over here. I am going to break up this whisky business if I have to drink every jug dry! — Atlanta Constitution.

UP TO SNUG.

Golucky—As I'm the special summer correspondent of the New York Daily Blowhard I suppose your terms to me will be somewhat different from your terms to regular guests.

Summer Hotel Clerk (briskly)—Yes, sir; yes, sir, of course. Our terms to you will be cash in advance. — Good News.

MR. AND MRS. HICKS DISCUSS.

"I'm glad Mortimer is to marry a wife with no false pride about her and some practical knowledge of housekeeping."

"Has Miss Van Duckets any of that?" "Why, yes. This paper says she looked very handsome sweeping up the avenue yesterday." — N. Y. Herald.

ENCOURAGING.

Jack—I'm afraid your father doesn't like me very much, Marie. Marie—Oh, but Jack, he doesn't dislike you, I am sure. He said at dinner only yesterday that there wasn't enough to you to inspire any special feeling either of approval or dislike. — Somerville Journal.

MOONLIGHT PERSEVERANCE IN LONDON.

"That's a magnificent star, Irving," said Mr. Burnand to the eminent actor, pointing to Jupiter.

"Yes, but it isn't in it with me," returned Irving. "It can't play Hamlet."

"No. That's where you are alike," said Burnand. — Life.

A REPROOF LOST.

Mrs. Cumso—I love to hear the song of the birds. Cumso (severely)—The one that furnished the feathers on that hat of yours will never sing again.

Mrs. Cumso—I never did sing. These are chicken feathers. — N. Y. Sun.

CHECK MATES.



—Life.

HER SUCCESSOR WILL BE A BEAUTY.

"I have one request to make," said the pretty typewriter, when she had accepted her employer's proposal of marriage.

"Name it, my love."

"Let me select my successor at the desk." — N. Y. Sun.

PROFESSIONAL KNOWLEDGE.

"Uncle Rastus," said the judge, severely, "how did you get those chickens?"

"Jedge," cried the prisoner, "yo' wouldn't hab me gib up mah trade secret, would you, jedge?" — Chicago News.

DID THEY MAKE ONE?

Miss Coquette—Have you a match? Mr. Flirt—No! Miss C.—What shall we do? Mr. F.—Let's make one! Miss C.—And in that case you would be the stick, I suppose? — Life.

LABOR LOST.

Young Hardhead—I don't see why I am not invited to parties oftener. I am sure I always behave like a gentleman.

Young Lighthead—That's the trouble. You are so very gentlemanly that the girls think you stupid. — N. Y. Weekly.

RASH ASSERTION.

"I have always had the idea," began Fwuddy, but the young lady looked at him with such evident surprise and incredulity that he forgot what he was going to say, and stopped. — Chicago Tribune.

AN ANGELIC ADAPTATION.



—Puck.

UNNECESSARY.

Barker—Say, hold on, old man! here's one of those talking machines. I want you to hear it.

Harker—No; I'm going on home—my wife is waiting for me. — Puck.

THE EXCEPTION.

Madison Squeer—They say that one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.

Morrison Essex—The man who wrote that never lived in a small town. — Puck.

SHE HADN'T.

He—Surely you haven't the heart to refuse me? She—No, Mr. Gottlieb, I have no heart to refuse you. Jack—Mr. Timmonson has it. — Indianapolis Journal.

HE GAVE IT UP.

"I demand toll," he said, stopping her before the gate.

"It's too suggestive of a funeral," she answered, "to toll the bells." — N. Y. Herald.

WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE IT.

"Here's my photograph, Alice, taken last week," said Helen. "Isn't it good?"

"Very nice indeed," said Alice; "but how you've changed!" — Judge.

A SHORT TRAMP AFTER DINNER.



—Harper's Bazar.

THE WEATHER ASSURED.

"I am anxious for it to be fine to-morrow," said Mrs. Tomlark to Capt. Eastlake, who is something of a weather prophet. "You don't think it will rain, do you, captain?"

"Well, ma'am," replied the gallant captain, after a comprehensive sweep of the horizon, "the only thing that can mar perfect weather for to-morrow is an adverse meteorological condition."

"Oh, thanks," replied the grateful woman, much relieved. "Then it is certain to be fine, isn't it?" — Epoch.

SHOULD GET UP EARLIER.

One night little Mary had been much interested in the bright stars which filled the sky, and asked numerous questions of her mother regarding them.

The next morning on awakening she ran eagerly to the window and looked out. After an anxious survey of the clear blue sky, she turned away with a disappointed air, saying: "I do wish God wouldn't gather up the stars so early in the morning." — Harper's Young People.

PAYING TOO MUCH.

First Beggar Woman—What do you pay a day for the hire of that brat? Second Beggar Woman—Twenty cents a day.

First Beggar Woman—That's too much. For that much money you can hire a deformed husband, blind in both eyes. I don't see how you can lay up any money, when you pay twenty cents for a child that is not deformed and hasn't got a single sore on it. — Texas Sittings.

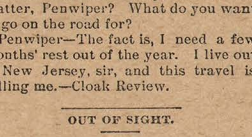
TOO GREAT A STRAIN.

Penwiper (the bookkeeper)—I would like to ask a favor of you, sir. I want to go on the road.

Senior Partner—Why, what's the matter, Penwiper? What do you want to go on the road for?

Penwiper—The fact is, I need a few months' rest out of the year. I live out in New Jersey, sir, and this travel is killing me. — Cloak Review.

OUT OF SIGHT.



—Life.

THE LEOPARD.

What do you think of that man with a camera who went by here about an hour ago?

Lion—Oh! he's out of sight. — Life.

GIVING AWAY THE SECRET.

Jack (tenderly to the little brother of his adored one)—Would you like to know a secret, Tommy?

Tommy—You bet. Jack—Well, I'm in love with your sister.

Tommy—Oh, that's no secret. The family has talked about it every day since Aunt Hetty promised Ned that she'd bring about an introduction. — Jun.

A VICTIM OF EXACT LANGUAGE.

New Clerk (to old clerk)—Didn't you tell me that time went on in this establishment during vacation?

Old Clerk—Yes. New Clerk—Well, they've docked me for the two weeks I was away.

Old Clerk—That's all right. I didn't say that salaries went on, did I? — Judge.

HIS DESIGN FRUSTRATED.

Warden—Now you can select anything you like for your last meal before execution.

Convicted Murderer—All right. Send in a New England boiled dinner.

Warden—No you don't. I can't let you cheat the law by committing suicide. — Jury.

REASONABLE DOUBT.

First Girl—Did Ella tell you about her new catch?

Second Girl—Her beau who is six feet three?

"Yes, but I don't take any stock in it."

"Why not?" "Oh, it's a case of drawing the long beam." — Philadelphia Press.

THE PERILS OF TRAVEL.

Miss Gallison (calling attention to Masterson, who has been talked into a trance)—I wonder why they don't lower the boats?

Gulback—Why, there's no danger, is there?

Miss Gallison—Man over-board—that's all. — Judge.

SHE WAS TOO BRIEF.

"Do you understand how to fix up my hair?" asked a lady to her newly hired colored servant.

"Yes, mam, I kin fix it up in ten minutes."

"You will never do for me. What would I do with myself all the rest of the day?" — Texas Sittings.

A COMMON TROUBLE.

"What is your gross income?" "I have no gross income. My income is petite, slender and spirituelle." — Jury.

SCIENCE FOR THE MASSES.

Prof. NORDENSKJÖLD's expedition to the south pole will sail in July of next year.

A GERMAN doctor finds that only in one case out of fifteen are both eyes in good condition.

CHICAGO. It is recommended as an absorbent of gases in the mill-room where foul gases are present. It should be freshly powdered and kept there continually.

RECENT experiments at the Illinois experiment station show that the best fertilizer known for land on which wheat is raised is ordinary barnyard manure.

THE ONLY ONE EVER PRINTED—CAN YOU FIND THE WORD?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new appearing each week, from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crossword" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, and then the name of the word and they will return you a book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

MAUP—"So you really think I am pretty?" "Hurry—yes, indeed! But, then, you know I'm no judge of beauty!" — Boston News.

BLISFUL.

Is the relief afforded by the laxative action of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in cases of constipation. There is none of the griping produced by that which is caused by drastic cathartics. Not only does the Bitters afford unspeakable relief, but it tones the bowels, the stomach and the liver. Beneficent, too, is its action in malarial, kidney and rheumatic diseases.

The girl who has had a faithless lover should sharpen the next time—she is a cut-throat. — Lowell Courier.

LOCAL applications will never cure boils, carbuncles, sores, pimples, rheumatism, aching joints, etc. Blood impurity is the cause of these ailments, and a remedy must be taken that will restore the blood to a healthy condition. Such a remedy is Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla. Use it and you will have perfect health. You wrong yourself if you fail to try it.

FOR POULTRY RATES—Feed your chickens at least a peck at each meal. — Detroit Free Press.

Don't let your children look pale and sickly. Don't keep them cross, peevish and complaining. Keep them well by occasionally giving them these dainty candies, Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers.

Most people are disposed to follow their bent, but the contortionist makes a business of it. — Birmingham Leader.

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her. Now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

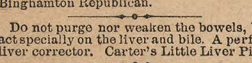
WHEN it comes to wanting the earth the mule will roll in plenty if he has a good chance on open lots. — N. O. Picayune.

LIKE OIL UPON TROUBLED WATERS is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Fike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

The women writers re modern witches; at least they indulge in ink-animations. — Birmingham Republican.

Do not purge nor weaken the bowels, but especially on the liver and bile. A perfect liver corrector. Carter's Little Liver Pills.

EVERYBODY has more or less cause to be unhappy. Happy is the man who is too busy to be miserable. — Texas Sittings.



—Copyright 1901.

You can't believe some dealers always. They want to sell the medicine that pays them the largest profit. What you want to buy is the one that does you the most good.

Which one is it? Sometimes, it may be a matter of doubt. But, in the case of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, there's no room for doubt. It's a matter that can be proved.

With the facts before you, it's an insult to your intelligence to have something else offered as "just as good."

And here's the proof: Among all the medicines that claim to cure woman's peculiar weaknesses, irregularities, and diseases, the "Favorite Prescription" is the only one that's guaranteed.

If it doesn't do all that's claimed for it, if it doesn't give satisfaction in every case, you'll have your money back.

There's strength and vigor for every tired and feeble woman, health and a new life for every delicate and ailing woman—and if there's no help, there's no pay.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE MILLIONS OF CONSUMERS OF TATT'S PILLS.

It gives Dr. Tatt pleasure to announce that he is now putting up a **TINY LIVER PILL** which is of exceedingly small size, yet retaining all the virtues of the larger ones. They are guaranteed purely vegetable. Both sizes of these pills are still issued. The exact size of TATT'S TINY LIVER PILLS is shown in the border of this "ad."

Watch Out! Tower's Improved SLICKER is Guaranteed Absolutely Water Proof. Will Not Peel or Leak. Soft Woolen Watch Out! Coliar. A. J. TOWER, MFR. BOSTON, MASS. Catalogue.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. Sold by all Druggists.

Salvation Oil Every bottle 10c.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA