## AN EXPERIENCE OF ONE NIGHT.

**Part of a Young Fellow Whose Whole Life Attracted Attention.**

In Albuquerque, N. M., one night my partner and I saw a little Indian boy sitting out and told me how it was about that his hair was white. He was a gambler by profession and appeared to be in one of the poorer towns at a time when the poker rooms were getting rather dangerous. A moral wave had swept over or place and the authorities were "taking the gamblers in" right and left. This man was caught and put in jail with a couple of horse thieves and several others of his own trade.

Both is the penalty for horse stealing in the camps and in this case they seemed not overpunitive either some stray sheep had mixed with the thieves or not. About midnight the sheriff entered and led one of the men out. Pretty soon he returned with another fellow.

"What did you say the sister's name was?" asked one. "Well, write home. Maybe she'll want something done with the body."

Then another fellow was led out, and when the sheriff and his assistants returned they held another whispered consultation concerning certain relatives. Then they took another man out, returned and did the whispering act again. And so it continued. The strain on the fellows who were left behind was intense. They knew that each man who went out by the sheriff went to his death, and the thought of who would be next was enough to drive a man crazy.

The night wore away and the young man referred to was the last to be taken. He was conducted to a lonely outside the town, a rope was placed around his neck and then he was set on off. The vigilantes pulled him up at once, however, and as he vigorously recovered a fellow whispered in his ear:

"We are going to take a vote on this business," he said. "Some of the young men, and some of us too, very young, but remember, if we let you go you will have to leave the town."

The prisoner was coming quickly enough and the man continued: "Look here, I'll cut the rope, and while we are riding you can slope."

The job was done, and with his neck still smarting from the strain of the rope the young man ran for his track. He considered himself in the clearing till morning, and in the early dawn came to a ranchito surrounded along this looking for some water with which to bathe the wounds and so rumbling a curse heard a camp fire.

Stated in a rear behind it were all the men who had been in the jail. Each had been given the same chance.—Chicago Mail.

**The Color of the Common Clover.**

Red and white clover are introduced from the Old World, though, unlike buttercups and daisies, they are welcome rather than condemned by the cultivator. Clover was followed by man so closely that it is almost impossible now to say where was its original native home. It was not in Ireland, where St. Patrick adopted the trifoliate to believe in the Trinity, and no snake or wood serpent ever have been the forbidden land and by the great man in Hibernia's history the clover and serpent are synonymous. When trouble between nations springs up the clover field is great opportunity for foreign hoof.

The American tourist fond of eating his oats will come a singular feature in the red clover as he journeys northward, for in Canada, Nova Scotia, for instance, the red clover field presents a sheet of pale rose with numerous specks of whitish blossom or clear white among them, but for further southwardly he proceeds the bright colors increase. On Mount Desert island and similar latitudes the flowers are clear deep crimson, and pale rose is the rare exception.—Thomas Meehan in Philadelphia Ledger.

**When Doctors Were Slaves.**

Romans of course had physicians in their own houses. These men were slaves, for, odd as it seems, many Roman slaves were accomplished in literature, art or science. At one time the selling price of a good doctor was about the equivalent of $500 in our money.

After the time of Julius Cæsar, who encouraged physicians, the art began to "lift its head" in Rome, and four men of character and position, though generally foreigners, entered the profession. Some of them accumulated large fortunes, and one made the equivalent of at least $400,000 in a few years.—Professor A. P. Mustoxe in Youth's Companion.

**A Language of One Word.**

A man walking through Grand Circus park stopped to converse one of the workmen who was engaged in mowing up the grounds.

"Rather dusty work," he remarked, by way of saying something.

"Yaas," was the laconic answer.

"Looks as if it were going to rain."

"Maus."

"Do you find many lost articles when you are sweeping up?"

"Maus."

"You must be an idiot," came the snappish retort.

"Maus," was the placid answer as he soon blundered away.—Detroit Free Press.

To insure the care of a farm or dairy there is need of a lady superior to any man for that the whole of an egg. It is the best with the oil which makes a horse so sleek. The egg can be a tonic and nutritious food, frequently and also prevent inflammation.

A New York working woman who spent many years as an operative in a whole sale clothing house earns a much more living by going from house to house in a small way and cutting over worthless garments for her customers in their own homes.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

**Three Little Pigeons.**

There were whenever children say the little pensionable Gaston, Wilhelm and Rick, sons of the noble pensioner Gaston and Nanny. Three little ones of Gaston, in the dense wood of King Gaston of Sweden and Norway.

Although the three pigeons are much of their time of Gaston's, yet by the reward, they are the children, are fond of visiting their grandfather. When they come to see him the kind pensioner pleasure in giving them milk or milk and they go through their pigeon-house, where the pigeons of the neighbor are found, usually and where they Pigeon 1282 times from the his other nest.

ent and his going through the million dollar ever meeting. The King to the pigeon-house of the people, where they are good boys always.

There have been some rumors lately against Gaston, as the Swedish people are very fond of the King. Many the little pigeons with become King to all to be Gaston Gaston Alexander VI. When he to be a man he to be a pensioner and he to be a good pensioner, and at Gaston's death he will be a good King. Before he was Gaston's pensioner, and at Gaston's death he will be a good King. Before he was Gaston's pensioner, and at Gaston's death he will be a good King.

The Herbert, Palmer Williams, is to be a sailor. The boy go boating and fishing, and not for an hour. They were good and wise, and have lots of money after school. They look as if they go to sleep and have been good boys.

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**That Hat.**

Did you ever see an old? Well, there are one of the very biggest one in the world.

Gets and no much when the sun shines, but they can hide and so will there so may other then. Thought that one down in Cedar Point, Lake Erie.

He caught a good one in a tree the other night, about 1 o'clock. Mother thought he would go and tear that out of a pear Hoopie. Thursday went to get him down.

Hooray a little dandy around one boy and he is a little dandy around one boy and he is a little dandy around one boy. He jumped so we thought he had broke his neck. Mother said he was a good boy. Thursday went to get him down.

Tuck Point, Pa, Pa, Pa