THAT WATERMELON.

"No," said the cowboy, with a sniff, as he pushed away the plate holding a segment of dewy, pinky flesh, "I don't eat watermelons, and I'll tell you why.

"I was quite a youngster when I got the ranch fever and started out with a wagon of about my own age for a big ranch in Texas to which his father was financially interested. It was our first trip of the kind, and we were both young and pretty green—typical tenderfeet, in fact.

"The ranch was 18 long, weary miles from the nearest town and railroad, and you see fancy our feelings when, after riding over this distance on two of the most angular little broncos that ever going to equanimity notice, we arrived at our destination, to find no one at home but the caretaker and a couple of men, all the rest having gone off on a long round up. It was early autumn and the weather, but the place looked dismal enough, and a suggestion of refined comfort. The caretaker invited us to remain. Said we might be sure for any moment to join the round, as there was a short count of men just then, but that, as luckily we would have to rough it, as provisions were pretty low.

"It wasn't precisely what we had anticipated when we made our gift edged plans at home, but we couldn't turn back on sun, and, to tell the honest truth, we didn't want to strike that course, still to the railroad still not broken had broke up a little. We did rough it for sure. Our diet was principally sonsowed tallow, not appetizing, although we were hungry enough at most times to eat slow boiled. We generally practiced fitting and roping all day under the tuition of the caretaker in order to fit ourselves for the round up, to join the outfit, and we took a general lesson in roping for the work and working round the place.

"After about three weeks of it my ranch greenest, said his stomach wouldn't stand any more beans and he was going to start for civilization. He had had enough, meaning to last him a lifetime. So he let it disgust, but I stood on. I had come to stay. I expected to rough it a good deal, and, although I didn't altogether enjoy it, I wanted to see the thing through.

"A week later word was received at the ranch that one of the boys had been hurt, and as I was the most available of the home force I was notified to start off and take his place. Perhaps you can imagine my importance. I fairly bristled with youthful pride. The outfit was about 100 miles to the south of us, and on my way there I was obliged to pass through the little town where my uncle and I left the railroad on arriving in Texas. It occurred to me that under the circumstances of the great needs, and presence of some years and months, a quiet, secure visit would gill the present moment and possibly lend a tolerable good end thereto, so I proceeded to call up the best restaurant in town—out of feeling trough in the shape of civilization, it proved, with the quarter old dollar standing in the window.

"He was using a toothpick upon the one tooth which graced his jaws, but, from trousers stuffed into snakeskin boots and a filthy sombrero on the back of his greasy old head, had his resources to pay plus for dinner gave him for the moment an impressive and attractive personality not possessed by the proprietor of the same.

"'Have you my nice bedroom?' I asked.

"'Yes, sah.'

"'Can you lend me a good rig one?'

"'Yes, sah.'

"'Can you fix me some nice provisions, eh?'

"'Yes, sah.'

"'And coffee? But I didn't wait for another 'Yes, sah.' I gave the order and sat down in the bar my mouth fairly watering in anticipation of a real dinner once more. After a month of beans and tallow, you can fancy what visions of juicy steaks and newly browned potatoes flitted through my brain. I could just catch the fumes of the onions and pork frying deliciously and knew I might lose the little maize as the potato chips were dropped in.

"I was so intent upon the thought of my coming feast that I never noticed a great lolling fellow who walked into the bar, and, ordering a large watermelon, cut it open and began to eat. Presently I found him up in my solid nose—I should have taken warning from that very stillness, but I hadn't sense enough—'Have some melon, mister?'

"'No, thanks,' said I carelessly.

"'Oh, do. It's fine.'

"'Thanks, but I've ordered my grub.'

"'Really, yer ought to jes' a little.'

This rather interestingly.

"'If I had not been so informally green, I might have taken warning. As it was, when with my excited brain on the prospect of becoming a fit fledged cowboy and thus finest air castles, I lost my temper.

"'I've already told you my grub is ordered. I don't want your melon.'

"'Well, now, I reckon yo'll change yer mind, mister, sure, sure, don't chew' and the first thing I knew I was looking down the mouth of his gun, pointed right at my nose and not a foot away. Talk of the scene! Well, that revolver looked looked big enough for me to crawl into. I think I must have turned green instead of white.

"'I reckon yer changed yer mind now, hain't yer, sonny?'

"'If ever my one life has mortar, I did that moment. But I tell you I was wicked. I begged. I pleaded with the old ruffian. I told him I had been filling up on beans and tallow for a month and just had the chance of some good food. I urged him to join me, telling him with detail—it was no use. 'Jes a little bit, sonny, jes' a little bit,' he chuckled, he chuckled when I finally concluded it hurt small to eat, and jes' a little more' it was until I had finished every morsel of that wheezed melon, while the chuckles and beggar-head job grin at my food.

"'Talk about revenge! I must hold the ultimatum nearly. When I found I had to eat, I swore it single quick. I didn't like the look in the old sinner's eye. I didn't know what other scheme might be working in his little brain. And, of course, when my stock and pedigree arrived (here I am as full of watermelon I wouldn't care a dollar more. You can generally throw me for more eating melon watermelon since.'—Collinge.

ARTESIAN DRAINAGE.

How an Ohio Farmer Succeeded In Tile Draining Springy Land.

The drainage of springy land is often very difficult. Tile ditches put through the wet places are found to drain only imperfectly for considerable out. Water has not time to rise to the surface of the ground with the pipes, it feels helpless until sinks out from and in mud seeking outlet. The tunnels in the water is forced out of the ground by an upward pressure and sometimes flows into water and veins distributing themselves, some of them near the big pipes, but the water will have sought a outlet in the mains before it is ready to go to the tile. The tunnelling takes place in the ditch, and the pipes are generally laid in the ditch, and the water is generally laid in the ditch, and the water is generally laid in the ditch, and the water is