

The News and Herald.

TRI-WEEKLY EDITION.

WINNSBORO, S. C., JULY 12, 1883.

ESTABLISHED 1848

THE VERDICT

THE PEOPLE

BUY THE BEST!

Mr. J. O. Boyd—Dear Sir: I bought the first Davis Sewing Machine about five years ago for my wife, who has given it a long and fair trial. I well pleased with it, and never gives any trouble, and is as good as when first bought.

Winnboro, S. C., April, 1883.

Mr. Boyd: You wish to know what I have to say in regard to the Davis Sewing Machine of your three years ago. I feel I can say no more in its favor. It is about \$80.00 worth of money, and at this time it is as good as when first bought. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one who is in need of a sewing machine.

Respectfully,
Winnboro, S. C., April, 1883.

Mr. Boyd: My wife gives me perfect satisfaction. I find it better than any other I have used. I wish for no better than the Davis Sewing Machine.

Respectfully,
Fairfield county, April, 1883.

Mr. Boyd: I bought a Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine from you four years ago. I am delighted with it. It never has given me any trouble, and has never cost me a cent for repairs. It is as good as when first bought. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one who is in need of a sewing machine.

Respectfully,
Monticello, April 30, 1883.

This is to certify that I have been using a Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine for over five years, and I find it better than any other I have used. I wish for no better than the Davis Sewing Machine.

Respectfully,
Oakland, Fairfield county, S. C.

Mr. Boyd: I am well pleased in every particular with the Davis Machine bought of you. I think it is the best machine I have ever used. It is as good as when first bought. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one who is in need of a sewing machine.

Respectfully,
Fairfield county, April, 1883.

This is to certify we have had in constant use the Davis Machine bought of you about three years ago. As we take in work, and have made the piece of it several times over, we do not want any better machine. It is as good as when first bought. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one who is in need of a sewing machine.

Respectfully,
Fairfield county, April, 1883.

Mr. J. O. Boyd—Dear Sir: It gives me much pleasure to testify to the merits of the Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine. The machine I got of you about five years ago has been almost in constant use ever since that time. I cannot say it is as good as when first bought, but it is as good as any other machine I have ever used.

Respectfully,
Granite Quarry, near Winnboro, S. C.

We have used the Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine for the last five years. We would not have any other make at any price. The machine has given us much satisfaction.

Respectfully,
Fairfield county, S. C., Jan. 21, 1883.

Having bought a Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine from Mr. J. O. Boyd some three years ago, and it having given me much satisfaction in every respect as a family machine both for her and myself, and never needing the least repair in any way, I can cheerfully recommend it to any one who is in need of a sewing machine.

Respectfully,
Winnboro, S. C., April, 1883.

We have had one of the Davis Machines about four years and have always found it ready to do all kinds of work we have had occasion to give it. We see that the machine is worn, and works as well as when new.

Respectfully,
Jacksons Creek, Fairfield county, S. C.

My wife is highly pleased with the Davis Machine bought of you. She would not take another machine. It is as good as when first bought. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one who is in need of a sewing machine.

Respectfully,
Monticello, Fairfield county, S. C.

The Davis Sewing Machine is simply a treasure. I find it better than any other I have used. I wish for no better than the Davis Sewing Machine.

Respectfully,
Ridgeway, N. C., Jan. 10, 1883.

J. O. Boyd, Esq., Agent—Dear Sir: My wife has just bought a Davis Sewing Machine of you. It is the best machine I have ever used. It is as good as when first bought. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one who is in need of a sewing machine.

Respectfully,
Winnboro, S. C., Jan. 3, 1883.

Mr. Boyd: I have always found my Davis Machine ready to do all kinds of work I have had occasion to give it. I cannot say it is as good as when first bought, but it is as good as any other machine I have ever used.

Respectfully,
Winnboro, S. C., April, 1883.

Mr. Boyd: My wife has been constantly using the Davis Machine bought of you about five years ago. It has never required any repairs, and is always ready for any kind of family sewing, either heavy or light. It is never out of fix or needing repair.

Respectfully,
Fairfield, S. C., March, 1883.

TRUST.

I cannot see, with my small human sight, Why God should lead this way or that for me; I only know he hath said, "Child, follow me!"

But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times So strangely hedged, so strangely barred before; I only know God could keep wide the door; But I can trust.

I find no answer, often, when beset With questions here and subtle on my way, And often have but strength to faintly pray; But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand I cast the seed along the furrowed ground, If ripened fruit for God will there be found; But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath; But this I know, God watches all my path— And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil That hides the unknown future from my sight; Nor know if for profit true, 'Tis dark or light; But I can trust.

Who has no power to look across the tide, To see while here the land beyond the river; But this I know, I shall be God's forever; So I can trust.

FROM THE PAST.

Helen why do you waste your time talking to Paul Thyrley when Mr. Hartwell and Egbert Van Dorn are both disengaged?" said Mrs. De Groot, in an angry whisper, to her daughter, on the evening of her debut, at the house of a fashionable friend.

"You know the position Paul Thyrley holds in our home.

"Your father keeps him as his secretary out of charity, on the score of their old boyish friendship.

"I am surprised that you should dance twice with him this evening.

"Some one is sure to make an ill-natured remark about it."

"He is really very nice, mamma," said Helen, gazing after her late partner with a suspiciously admiring expression in her hazel eyes.

"If he was only rich he would be perfect."

"But he is not rich.

"How can you be so foolish—so mad, Helen?"

"Are you sure that he is not rich, mamma?"

"Have you noticed that splendid diamond ring in the shape of a star that he is wearing to-night?"

"How could a poor man have a ring like that?"

"It is a paste, no doubt," said her mother indignantly.

"And then a really tragic expression crossed her still handsome face."

"Helen, Mr. Van Dorn is coming."

"For mercy's sake, leave off staring after that poverty-stricken Paul Thyrley, and make your self agreeable to him if he asks you to dance—unless you wish to break my heart."

With a sigh Helen dropped the plumed fan from before her face and turned to welcome the wealthy banker with a beaming smile.

Egbert Van Dorn was a short, heavily-built, prosy man, five and forty. He had been born and reared in poverty.

Coming into an immense fortune when youth was gone, he had but two ideas, apparently, in his brain—the one his money; the other his very uninteresting self.

Such as he was, however, the brightest and fairest of society belles were ready to run a race for his favors.

And Helen, De Groot's handsome Spanish face flushed with exultation as the evening passed by and still found him constant at her side.

Schooled by her proud mother, and prompted by her own ambition, she cast aside her momentary dream of love and met Paul Thyrley so coolly on the next morning in her own home that his sudden look of intense mortification showed the pain he felt.

From that day they were as strangers.

Paul Thyrley busied himself in the duties of his office and turned for comfort in his leisure hours to Helen's young cousin, Lucy Fair, who held a position in the great G and H house that was even lower and less satisfactory than his own.

One morning, some weeks after his bright hair, Lucy Fair ran hastily down the staircase from her cousin's room, her pretty face all bathed in tears.

"What is it Lucy?" he asked, holding her fast as she attempted to run away.

"What has been grieving you?"

"Helen says that I have been so rude and forward in my behavior to you that you must despise me in your heart," said Lucy, after a long pause.

"She saw you come in from our walk last evening, do you know?"

"She lectured me."

"Well, my Lucy."

"Did she see me bid you good night with a kiss?"

"Is that the cause of all these tears?" he said.

FRONT YARD VEXATIONS.

We have recently moved into a house that has a front yard. We have always lived in houses whose front yard was the street. Children will play in the street. Children will play in the yard whether there is a street running through it or not. After two or three of them had barely escaped being run over by the teams that insisted on running through our front yard, wife said we must rent a house that had a street in it. So we did. But what! the children don't make any account of it. They are in the street as much as ever.

Accumulating their daily work they row escapes.

They saw the yard looked bare with-out shrubs and flowers and vines. I hinted that a little grass would help it, too.

One evening as I was going away, wife asked me to bring her a few "annuals" when I came back. I wondered what she wanted of annuals as I rode down town in a street car, and an accustomed to blind obedience, to her requests, so when I went home at night I brought her some annuals. There were Dr. "Jayne's Annual Almanack," I remember, and "The Odd Fellows' Annual," and a New Year's "Address" for 1883, and the "Birthdays Gift" and numerous annual addresses before agricultural associations, that had accumulated on my hands.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Boggs, (she never swears like that except under great excitement) what have you brought me?"

"Annuals," Mrs. Boggs, said I. "You said you wanted annuals, and here they are."

Then Mrs. Boggs burst out laughing, and cried: "Why, you old fool, you (we have been married twenty years, and Mrs. B. calls me pet names yet), the annuals I meant are flowers, such as verbena, pansies, daisies, morning glories, mignonette, and the like, to set in our front yard." Then she took all the annuals I had been at so much pains to collect and set them out in the bed, under the bed, and in the trunk.

The next morning she asked me if I thought I could get some roses for the front yard. Told her I knew a man who had got a lot of early rose potatoes, but it wasn't the right time of year for setting them out. (I have an idea that Mrs. Boggs had a notion of raising a potato to her husband's honor, unless it is a barrel of flour.) Wife said I hadn't a bit of taste. She then gave me a memorandum of roses she wanted. I was busy all day, but as I was about taking a car for home, I thought of the roses, and I went to the market and found them.

I got a few geraniums, fuchsias, heliotropes, roses, bougainvillee, running rose, "Prairie Queen," golden tea plant, and a few gladioli, Wandering Jew, seels, etc., etc.

I studied it hard, but it was slightly incomprehensible. She had evidently got things mixed up. However, I went to a florist's and got what I wanted. Said I, "give me a few geraniums and a few fuchsias."

"A few what?" asked the flowerman, looking puzzled.

"A few fuchsias," said I, turning very red. I know, for I couldn't tell for the life of me what my wife wanted of a few fuchsias about the place, as she never in the same house with another woman.

As the florist looked more staggered than ever, I handed him the memorandum, but he burst into a loud laugh.

"Why, man, he cried, 'it's fuchsias she wants!' and he roared again.

"Well, whatever it is, give me a couple of yards of it anyhow, front and back yard, too."

You see I was mad.

I got the things the memorandum seemed to call for at the various places, and went home.

"Here, Mrs. Boggs," said I, testily, "are the things for your front yard."

"Why, what are they?" she cried, as I thrust a two-gallon jug upon her among other things.

"Bourbon, my dear. I found it on the memorandum. Pretty thing to set out in the front yard, though. How long do you suppose it'll stay there with the neighbors?"

"Boggs, you are a confounded——" that memorandum was "Bourbon Rose." But what is this nasty little book?" holding up a dime novel with a highly colored title page representing a gorgeous squaw on a fiery and untamed Mustang.

"That? Why you ordered it, didn't you? That is 'Running Rose,' or the 'Prairie Queen,' one of Beadle's you know."

My wife carried it at arm's length and threw it into the stove. Then she took the jug of Bourbon and emptied it into the back gutter, while she was gone I concealed Alexander Dumas' "Wandering Jew," which I had also purchased, for I began to see that I had made a terrible blunder in filling that order. (I have ascertained since that "Wandering Jew" is the name of a vine, but how was I expected to know all that?)

"Here, my dear," said I, as my wife entered the room again, desiring to mollify her, "here is some ivy. I know that it is right, for I hired a boy to go out into the woods and cut it."

"I'll cut it in the woods and cut it!" shrieked Mrs. Boggs, suddenly dropping it. "Why, Boggs, that's Pizen Ivy!"

"So it was. Dear! Dear! how was I expected to know anything about it? I didn't know there was any other kind of ivy except that which grows in the woods. I went around a week or two with hot water bottles in my hands, and with salt and water, and Mrs. Boggs' hands looked like a pair of boxing gloves. I will never meddle with ivy again, ivy notion.

But my mishaps are not all related yet. I planted the seeds I had bought, and what do you think came up? A lot of gourds, sunflowers, hollyhocks and pumpkin vines?

"What are these?" said Mrs. Boggs, examining a flower bed where I had stuck some plants. Then she bent down, scrutinized the leaves closely, and with a scream pulled them up by the roots and threw them away.

We fixed it at length. We hired a

LANDSCAPE GARDENER.

landscapist gardener, and turned the front yard over to him. Mrs. Boggs bossed the job, and under her eagle eye very little ground escaped gardening. A hose became necessary, of course, to sprinkle the grass and flowers, so she bought one properly furnished with a nozzle and sprinkler. Mrs. Boggs spent out marketing one evening, requesting me to take the hose and sprinkle the front yard.

I had never operated such a contrivance, but I did not hesitate to try. I forgot to substitute the sprinkler for the nozzle and played havoc among the plants and flowers. Whenever the nozzle struck a plant it was either crushed or it was blown away, and I forgot to stop the water.

The water flowed like a waterfall, and I was working, and turning around to see if my wife was coming, but the stream got full drive in my neighbor's face who was observing me, and I turned it quickly around, bringing it into a passing baby wagon. Baby screamed, and getting a dose in my own eye, I popped it next in the face of Mrs. Boggs, who was just entering the gate. That concluded my performance with a rubber hose.

If you know any one who wants to rent a house with a front yard, send me word.

IMPELLED.

The impalement of persons sentenced to death for great crimes has been practiced in the East for many centuries. In Turkey, where this punishment is not infrequently inflicted, the condemned is fastened to a pole, and the traveler who penetrates into Asia Minor will now and then, even in our times, ride past slender posts erected along the roadside, on which the skeletons of the unfortunate are hanging who have been put to death in this horrible manner.

Saint Edme in his Dictionnaire de Peinelle describes the manner in which this punishment is inflicted as follows: "The sufferer is fastened to a pole which is set in the ground, and the pole is fixed to the back of the victim, and one of the executioner's assistants sits down on his back, so that the victim cannot move. A second assistant holds the victim's head firmly to the ground, and a third assistant seizes his legs, which he holds so that he cannot withdraw them. The executioner now approaches with the instrument of death, a long stake or pole, which he pushes through the victim's breast, and he tapers almost to a point, but is rounded off somewhat at the end, so that it will not penetrate the entrails all at once. The executioner pushes this pole into the flesh as far as he can with his hands, and the pole finally protrudes from the breast or side of the culprit, and the victim is left to die upon it. The weight of the body presses it down upon the stake every moment, and the point finally protrudes from the breast or side of the culprit. Some of those upon whom this horrible punishment has been inflicted, died quickly, and their suffering was soon over, but others are said to have suffered before death for hours, and even days, before death put an end to their torments."

Impalement, horrible as it is, is not the cruellest punishment inflicted in Oriental countries. Particularly the Chinese and the inhabitants of Anam, Cochin China and Siam seem to have devised new and insufferable tortures for criminals or persons who had incurred the hatred of the rulers of those countries.

In China rebels and traitors are literally cut into a thousand pieces. The executioner is to carry out this dreadful sentence by means of a cart, who is tied hand and foot, with a chain to a post, and makes an incision over the forehead of the victim. He pulls the skin of the forehead over the eyes of the sufferer, so that he can no longer see.

A large basket with small knives is now placed on the forehead of the victim, and he shakes them up several times, and then takes them up, one by one. On each knife is written the name of a part of the human body which the fiend who takes the instrument of torture is to cut off.

After a few pieces of flesh and skin are cut off, the sufferer is taken out, and when the executioner has cut and slashed one part, in his opinion, sufficiently, he takes another knife from the basket and proceeds as before, until at last all the knives have been used, and the victim is left a mere skeleton.

But while the victim is thus tortured, the executioner operates on him with such skill that no vital parts are touched, and death does not come to the relief of the sufferer. And when all the numbers of this terrible lottery of knives are drawn, the bleeding body of the unfortunate is thrown into a river, and his masters, soon put an end to the agonies of the doomed man.

Another punishment said to have been inflicted in China on great criminals consisted in being "brushed with sand." The condemned was employed in this torture was a wire brush, with which the executioner brushed, or rather scraped off the flesh of the culprit, a proceeding which naturally consumed a great deal of time. The tormentor, with consummate skill, brushed around all great veins and arteries, leaving the victim in a state of bleeding to death, and kept him alive for a long time.

In Siam the death penalty was inflicted on rebels by having them trampled to death by elephants. Others had a small cocoon forced into their nostrils, and they had to die.

Other horrible punishments have been inflicted by Oriental despots, and many of them have taken particular pains to vary the pains, changing the mode of their torment with every sufferer. But the above instances will be sufficient to show what cruelties are practiced in those countries.

THIN OUT FRUIT.

As the season seems favorable, the prospect is that the trees of all kinds, will be well loaded with fruit. Too much fruit is something unusual, for the market is never overstocked in quantity, but too much inferior fruit is a yearly infliction on all who buy. Pruning, trimming and cultivating, while pushing forward the trees in vigor and productivity, also assist in the development of a surplus of blossoms, the stimulus causing the trees to bend their energies in that direction in preference to an excess of leaves, for the embryo buds are alike, and diverge into leaf or fruit as the conditions direct.

Thinning out fruit seems repulsive to those who are accustomed to seeing heavy clusters of fruit on trees, and the operation appears to be a wasteful one, but, when we consider that fruiting is but an effort of natural reproduction, it is to be wondered, rather, that thinning is not more commonly practiced. If the tree cannot propagate by seeding it will endeavor to do so from the root by sending out shoots. It either sends out shoots or fruit buds, or both, and this must be accomplished only with the material which the tree affords, part of which is stored and part new, taken directly from the soil at the time of blossoming or a little before.

This material is distributed to every part of the tree, the remotest bud not being forgotten, and the tree can only nourish according to its capacity to supply. Where the fruit is overworked on the tree the fact is apparent that inferiority of size must be the consequence; and whenever the tree is overworked, the fruit will be small and of inferior quality, and the appearance is below the average. The quantity of the drain on the vitality of the tree, which is thereby compelled to use its utmost endeavor in order to develop its fruit.

By thinning out the inferior specimen, leaving only that which looks promising, the tree is thereby enabled to furnish instead of the many, the fruit being supplied with a greater proportion of nourishment, grows more rapidly, ripens sooner and is improved in appearance and quality. Nor will the actual production be less, for the quantity are that by concentration the quantity will be more than if no thinning process had been practiced, the chief benefit being the doubling of the price owing to the superiority of the fruit.

Strawberries so treated have been grown to such proportions as to realize fifty cents per quart when other kinds were not in demand, and pears have been sent to our markets that sold singly at good prices, while thousands were sold by measurement.

Our orchards annually supply rot in the trees are overworked and the fruit becomes unsalable, and the cherries, peaches and even the small fruits are no exception.

Another point to be observed is that trees and vines must not be allowed to make any effort other than by seeding. The shoots and runners must be kept down, as they rob the parent stock of vital power—as is well known to those who grow strawberries especially, the fruit produced by the runners is detrimental to fruit production the succeeding season. Let every fruit-grower endeavor to produce good, well-formed, marketable fruit, cutting out that which is inferior, and allotting to the trees only that which is suitable to their capacity.

The increased prices and quick sales will be more than a satisfactory remuneration for the small amount of extra labor required.

A SECRETARY IN TROUBLE.

A gentleman who had business with the War Department during the Presidency of General Jackson, called upon the Secretary for the purpose of transacting business.

As he approached the door leading to the Secretary's apartment, the messenger informed him that the Secretary was engaged for the moment, and begged him to take a seat in the ante-room. The door was ajar, and the visitor could not avoid hearing the angry tones of the great functionary.

It was evidently addressing an officer, who was delinquent in the matter of his accounts. "You have been repeatedly directed to bring your affairs to a settlement," said he, "and you pay no attention to the instruction, delaying and offering the most unprovoked excuses, until the thing has become intolerable. If this goes on much longer I shall order your arrest, and try you by court-martial. The War Department cannot be trifled with."

The offending officer was a Frenchman whose broken English and extraordinary phrasing were most mirth-provoking. He presently bowed himself out into the hall, the very impetuosity of composure and self-complacency. The gentleman who was waiting for an audience inquired what was the matter. "Nothing, my dear, was the reply with a grimace and a shrug of the shoulders. "But ze Minister of ze War is in trouble."

NAPOLEON'S SON.

Prince Napoleon's son is only one of a long line of royal pretenders, refugees, or captives who have entered English schools within the past dozen years. He enters Cheltenham College. It was there that Dr. Jos. H. Baker first received Prince Napoleon, son of King Theodoros of Abyssinia. Soon after, the Duke of Genoa entered Harrow under Mr. Matthews Arnold, Prince Hassan, of Egypt, and Prince Sootchi, of Siam, were not long ago at Oxford. The King of Spain, who died at Santhirist, and Don Jaime, son of Don Carlos, the pretender, were at the Jesuit College near Windsor, while the Woolwich career of Napoleon III is still fresh in memory.

Religion is as necessary to reason as reason is to religion; the one cannot exist without the other. A reasoning being would lose his reason in attempting to account for the phenomena of nature had he not a Supreme Being to refer to. If there had been no God, mankind would have been obliged to imagine one.

A JOKE ON A SOLDIER.

Many persons think that these old soldiers who meet at reunions have become dulleh and forgotten how to have any fun when they get together. This is the greatest mistake that was ever made. We suppose there was more fun to the square mile during the reunion here than was ever enjoyed since the world began. Among the Chicago boys, as a guest, was Thos. H. Davis, the artist of Harper's Weekly, who all through the war, and whose pencil has caused many a battle-field to be impressed upon the minds of hundreds of thousands of people who were not there. There was one of the Chicago men who sometimes took a little too much wet stuff, and who was a little excitable when full, though a Royal good fellow. The visiting, the music, the marching, the cheering and the excitement of the reunion, with a little bit of liquor, had made him feel quite excited, and he wanted to fight his battles over again, but the boys kept him quiet, and finally got him to bed, and soon he slept like a log. The boys were in the room telling stories, when some one attracted attention to the sleeping comrade, and in a second an agreed-upon signal was given, and he was wakened to his room and got his water-color paint and brushes, and some court plaster, and paint the face of the sleeping comrade so he would look as though he had been in a fight, and been knocked out to pieces. This was done by a good idea, and pretty soon the artist was at work with his soft camel's hair brushes, and the boys stood back to look at the stricken man and wait for the court plaster to dry. The scene was so real that one of the boys actually turned pale while looking at the sleeper. The boys held a consultation, and agreed that when their friend awoke they should look heart-broken, and make him believe he had been mauled out of all human shape; and they got a strange doctor from Oshkosh to personate a doctor. After a little the sleeper began to wake up, and one of his friends got a seat by his bedside, took hold of his pulse, and as he opened his eyes the friend said:

"Now, don't exert yourself, and don't try to talk. The doctor says you will be all right if you rest a few days."

The victim of the joke opened his eyes and was going to ask what in Gehenna was the matter, and what made them stand around like a lot of pall-bearers, when he found his mouth held together by court plaster, and they kept on and agreed like a man with a hair-pull asking everybody to go to the devil. At this point Lu Drury, one of the jokers, was having trouble to keep from laughing, so he put a handkerchief to his face, sobbed, and said, "My God, boys, this is horrible. The victim is choked, and he will never have sworn him the over-glass would have sworn him the over-glass. He is overcharged with grief, and he tried to talk, but the court plaster would not permit him. At this point the Oshkosh villain, who acted as army surgeon, went to the bedside of the wounded man, relieved the other watcher, felt of his pulse and said:

"Don't be discouraged, my boy, we will pull you through, if you do not get excited. I have cured worse cases."

Then he took a pair of scissors and cut the court plaster that held the lips together, and said:

"There, how do you feel now? Don't talk much. Don't you feel relieved?"

The victim looked at the doctor and at the boys who were picturesquely standing around the bed, and said:

"At this, for God's sake, what has happened to me?"

The doctor told him to be quiet, and then whispered to him:

"You have had the worst fight that a man ever had and lived. A man attacked you on Wells street with a view of robbing you, and you defended yourself, and you were struck down. Mr. Drury, please hand me the hand-glass. There, you can see for yourself. There is a contusion of the brain, the eyes are discolored, and I thought your jaw was broken, but as you can talk I guess it is only fractured. But you ought to be laid out in a bed, and jumped on you. There, now, don't look over your shoulder. You will look better to-morrow."

The victim took a long look at himself, and the first thing he said was:

"Is the other fellow alive?"

It was all the boys could do to keep from bursting out laughing, but they kept their faces, and the doctor said the other fellow was alive, but he was the worst used up man he ever sewed up. He said one arm was broken and one eye gouged out, and his face looked as if a pall-bearer had struck him. The victim smiled a satisfied smile, as he heard how he had whipped the other fellow. Then the boys asked if he had any message to send home. He took the mirror and looked at himself again, and said:

"Telegraph for my wife." That was his motto, and the boys roared and the doctor tore off the court plaster from both sides of his face, and the victim was free, and the paint was washed off, and when he was clean the boys handed him the mirror, and he looked at himself again, and then saw it was a joke, and he wanted to kill some of them, but the doctor tore off the court plaster from both sides of his face, and the victim was free, and the paint was washed off, and when he was clean the boys handed him the mirror, and he looked at himself again, and then saw it was a joke, and he wanted to kill some of them, but the doctor tore off the court plaster from both sides of his face, and the victim was free, and the paint was washed off, and when he was clean the boys handed him the mirror, and he looked