

A man's skull is his lifelong jail.  
Behind its prison bars,  
From its eye wind wafts the soul  
Peep at the earth and star;  
But unlike jail's of wood or stone  
Its prisoner ever dwells alone.

Though through its front doors perfumed  
gales  
Are blown from glens of gladness,  
And through its back doors music strains  
Roll in waves of madnes,  
And though he hear and heed each tone,  
The prisoner still must dwell alone.

Though past the wind-ws of the jail  
Sweep scenes of solemn splendor,  
And thought o' doors float hymns of joy  
Or dirges deep and tender,  
The prisoner hears the mirth and moan  
But in his jail he dwells alone.

No lover ever knows the soul  
He loves in all its sweetness;  
The fullest love, however strong,  
Is marred by incomplteness;  
No heart is ever fully known,  
The prison r ever dwells alone.

—Sam Walter Foss, in Yankee Blade.

## HOW HE SETTLED WITH GRINGO.

BY BELLE HUNT.

"Back in the seventies," said a Texas merchant who was "on East" buying goods, "when I was adjuster for big mercantile house of Galveston, I was sent to investigate a creditor of theirs out in the southwestern part of the State, my instructions being to collect the claim or run an attachment on the concern."

"At the end of a thirty hours' run on the train, I found myself in —, the nearest railroad station to P —, the town of my delinquent customer, which, upon inquiry, I found to be seventeen miles west, on the Mexican border.

"In my prowlings about —, whom should I run across but my old friend, Bill Scott, captain of the Texas Rangers, who asked me what I was doing out there. I frankly stated my business, and asked if he knew the man I was going to settle with.

"Know Gringo Perez?" Scott repeated. "Well, I reckon I do — that is 'by reputation.' He's a regular fire-eater! Why, man alive, Gringo Perez has fine-hairs like you on toast for breakfast. He's a Gressey, you know, whose his fellow-citizens nicknamed 'Gringo' — their term of contempt for an American — because he gave up sheep-shearing and horse-stealing and took to the slower but surer business of merchandise. He's a holy terror — adds a notch to his pistol-belt every six months and two during election! Pay? Why, he don't pay for anything, and as for your attachment, you'd as well try to serve attachment papers on the devil for back bills on brim-stone!"

"Say, Rice, I think I'd better ride over with you. We are making this headquarter while we make a roundup of this season's crop of horse thieves, road agents and fence-cutters in this part of the country, and I can leave word for the boys to join me at P — when they come in this evening. We might come in handy if you get into any trouble."

"It is needless to say that I accepted Scott's offer with avidity, though I gave him to understand that I had not undertaken to adjust that claim under the impression that I was going to a Sunday school picnic and would need to wear my biled shirt."

"It was about noon when we set out for P —, I riding one of Scott's 'extras,' a wiry, nimble-footed little bronco. I had taken the precautionary measure of getting out my attachment papers before we started — which I still hoped to use only as a last resort in bringing Mister Fire-Eater to terms."

"It was close upon 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we rode into P —, a typical Tex-Mex border town. Most of the houses were one-story adobes, straggling along either side of the main street, which was nothing more or less than the continuation of the wagon road from one settlement to another. There were bunches of chaparral here and there about the outskirts of the town, and a dense thicket of it lay about a mile away to the west. Five of the nine business houses had 'saloon' in big letters over the door, and calmly and peacefully confronted me, when we got off our horses, was the sign, 'G. Perez, Dealer in Dry-goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Millinery, Boots, Shoes, Notions, Groceries, Hides, Wool, Agricultural Implements, etc.,' which covered the entire gable end of the unpainted, weather-boarded store."

"Tied to the racks on either side of the public well, were eight or ten ponies, their flanks weighed down by the big Mexican saddles, which varied their monotonous duration by biting and kicking at each other while their indifferent riders loafed on the steps and stoops of the stores, telling yarns, smoking cigarettes, playing poker and reading the county papers, which were handed out, regardless of address, by the obliging postmaster."

"We found Perez in. He scooped out, weighed and tied up a dollar's worth of sugar for a slab-sided girl, while I introduced myself and stated my business. This professional duty finished and the lid put back carefully on the sugar barrel, he casually informed me that my house might go to me, and that he'd pay when he got ready, and not before."

"Naturally, this reception did not tend to increase my amiability, and I promptly turned on my heel and went out, intending to put my attachment papers in the hands of the deputy-sheriff and instruct him to serve them at once."

"But the deputy turned pale at the mention of serving papers on Gringo Perez, kindly explaining to me that his present incumbency of office was the result of his 'never, under no suckum-stamps, meddlin' with other folks' businesses.'

"Of course, I did not attempt to gain say so obvious a statement, and was just taking a mental inventory of my ammunition, preliminary to a man-to-man settlement with Mister Gringo, when Scott overtook me at the door of the deputy's office, and, hearing the new turn given to my situation, said:

"That's all right. I'll serve your papers. The captain of the Rangers is virtually a sheriff anywhere in the State — at his own discretion, you know! laughing and giving me the wink."

"By George, old man!" I exclaimed, grasping his hand, "I am beginning to look upon you as a 'providential intervention' in my favor on this trip! and we walked on together over to Gringo's store."

"I was getting on toward dusk, and Gringo was in the back part of the room looking over his books. Scott and I both saw that we had him at his disadvantage,

and before he knew what had happened, Scott was reading off the paper at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The man seemed stunned for a minute, then suddenly collecting himself, he whirled round, put his hand in a drawer, and whipped out a revolver, but before he got a good grip on it, I knocked it out of his hand, straddled it on the floor, and covering him with my own said: 'Come, come, Mister Fire-Eater, none of that! That isn't what we want you to get out of that drawer. A little cash would make it easier for both of us.'

"Like all bullies, the fellow was a bluff and coward. He saw we had him and he cooled down, standing sullenly by while Scott finished the paper, and then ransacked the miscellaneous stock on the counters and found some tacks and a hammer, with which he fastened the notice on the outside of the door. Then, rejoining me, Scott kicked the fallen pistol under one of the counters, and, getting behind Gringo, requested him to precede us out of the store. This done, he locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and we then bade our host a pleasant good evening, and then walked over to the racks to get our horses.

"His harangue was welcomed by a murderous yell, and click of what sounded like a hundred pistols and Winchesters.

"Stand your ground," said Scott to me and Tobe.

"All right, Cap!" answered Tobe, as he rammed a wad of tobacco into his mouth and hitched his powder and shot horns around handy. The old man might have been more than a half open door, as eager as a boy who has lit the fuse of his first Fourth of July rocket.

"Gimme lief, Cap; gimme lief!" he chuckled, bracing his shoulder against the gun.

"Wait a minute; wait a minute!"

Scott said, putting one hand on the old man's shoulder and cooping the other around his ear, leaning toward the north and listening intently.

"That's the boys," he said. "I hear their horses' feet!" Then flinging the door wide open he called out once more:

"Throw down your arms! I command you in the name of the State of Texas!"

Their answer was a volley of bullets which Scott returned by thrusting out his pistol arm and emptying the six chambers into their faces. This gave the signal to me and the old man, who kept the stream hot from the other side for the next eight minutes, till the Rangers came. But, I tell you, they were the longest eight minutes I ever counted. The old man was in his glory. The way he poured powder, wads, bullets and caps into Miss Betsy and fired them out, was equalled only by the way he ejected one quid of tobacco, and bit off another. He took it as a matter of official interference that the Rangers should come up and take the fight out of our hands. He sent his last load at random through the air, and, going to the bucket, stood leaning on Miss Betsy while he gulped down two successive dippers of water.

"Some fools is allers muddlin'," he said. "Them Rangers better be tending to their business an' let us ten' to our own. It a been the makin' uv P — to hev Gringo Perez an' his gang laid out by three men an' a gal!"

"This called our attention to the child, whom we had utterly forgotten. Looking around I found her sitting on one of the barrels against the back door, swinging her feet and calmly awaiting results.

"Do you want to go home, sissie? I asked, standing beside her perch. She set her little teeth and shook her head.

"No, I don't! Dad ud kill me for shore! He seen me in here an' knows I give him er way!"

"That's all right, Chee!" the old man said. "You kin come an' go out West with me, an' be my gal!"

"No, I can't!" answered she. "There ain't no schools out that, an' I ought ter be educated!"

"Our further family discussion was interrupted by the return of Scott, who informed us that Gringo and his ring-leaders were lodged in the caboose, and the rag-tag and bob-tail of the gang had taken to the brush.

"Scott, and the group of citizens who accompanied him, concurred in support of Chee's proposition, that she ought to be educated, and a purse was made up then and there, providing for the child and her mother, out of reach of Gringo, when he should again be at large."

[New York Recorder.]

stake-an'-ridder shirt!" answered a voice from the rear of the mob, followed by a roar of laughter, which was suddenly changed to one of fury when it was discovered who Scott was.

"That's Bill Scott, the bell-wether of the Rangers!" howled one, "he's capture him!"

"Yes, he's strayed off too far from the fold this time!" yelled another; "he's shear him!"

"Him an' the fine-hair'll look purty riden' uv the rail road, won't they?" jested another, and so the fun might have gone on until they forgot their bold-thirst, had not Gringo himself pushed to the front swinging his pistol around his head and yelling, "stop yer foolin', boys! I'm here for business. I've been insulted an' my rights as citizen of this State an' county interfered with. All that is in favor up personal rights, an' honest's deals, come on help me whoop the stuffin' out'n these smart Elfeeks!"

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[New York Recorder.]

The term *hana*, used by the Japanese, includes the blossom-clad stems and branches of flowering plants and trees, and even the stumps and branches of flowerless trees and shrubs.

The blossom is regarded as but one detail of the composition, of little artistic value disassociated from the parent stem and from the lines of growth which impart to it its character. The branches of certain evergreens and other flowerless trees and plants hold the highest rank, for example, as the pine, the cedar, the fir and the maple.

The flower sellers in Japan invariably carry more bunches of greenery than of flowers, and the tiny vases placed before the innumerable Buddhas, in wayside shrines, have seldom bright blossoms, but always sprigs of cryptomeria, maple or shrub branches; and it is astonishing how pretty and artistic a Japanese gardener will make a bunch of green that we would score.

An artistic gentleman who has been in Japan some time said that, at first, he often thought he could improve the appearance of a basket or a vase of flowers by adding a few sprigs of cryptomeria, maple or shrub branches; and it is astonishing how pretty and artistic a Japanese gardener will make a bunch of green that we would score.

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## SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

### ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

#### Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

THE inhabitants of the northeastern part of Asia use a mushroom to promote intoxication. It is known as the fly-blown mushroom, and is also very abundant in Scotland. The fungus is gathered in the hottest part of the year, and is then hung up by a string in the air to dry. Some are dry before gathered, and these are stated to be far more narcotic than those artificially preserved. Usually the fungus is rolled up like a bolus, and taken without chewing, for if masticated, it is said to disorder the stomach.

RECENTLY an instance of canine heroism took place near Kilkenny, Ireland. A farmer named Lawrence Archer went crazy and attacked his wife with a penknife, stabbing her in more than a dozen places and swearing that he would cut her