



PETE RAINES.

New York Sun.

"I never knew any one but Pete Raines that had ever been to Louisiana," said Slote Bondell, of Gibson county, Tenn., "and I never heard him say a word against it, but from the way he acted when he came back to Tennessee from there, I can't say that I gathered the idea that Louisiana held out many inducements for folks to go there and stay. That is, if the district Pete Raines went to was any fair sample of the way things strike visitors in Louisiana. That district was Tangipahoa parish. I saw Pete when he started for Tangipahoa parish and I saw him just after he got back. That's why I can't get up and shout much when I hear folks brag about Louisiana, although Pete never said a word. There was good reason for that, though."

"Now, I suppose that when I rise to remark that West Tennessee is the garden spot of all creation some folks'll snicker and maybe snort. But they wouldn't if they knew how 'shamed they'd be if they could ever strike luck enough to be turned loose in Gibson county once. Especially around where Humboldt is. Zaccaria Raines lives there and so does William Erastus Raines, his cousin. The only reason I say that William Erastus Raines lives there, too, is that if he didn't live there we would not have to call William Zachariah Raines 'Bill Raz' Raines to distinguish him from Bill Zach. But let that pass. Bill Raz ain't got anything to do with this story, anyhow."

"One day, two years or so ago, Zach said to Plunk—Plunk was a nigger that worked for Bill Zach, and a good one he was, too: 'Plunk,' said Bill Zach, 'there ain't no kind of use. We got to do something with Pete. The better I treat him the worse he acts. He won't plow, and he won't do nothin' that ain't cussedness. Kicked the bay mare in the belly this morning, and she won't be worth a picayune for a week. Chased the old woman from the cow yard clear to the house and into the house, and followed her half way up the kitchen stairs. There ain't any living with Pete any longer. Something's got to be done. Guess I'll send him long with you down into Louisiana.'

"'Golly!' said Plunk. 'Who'll fetch me back ag'in, den? Pete he kill me, sure! Dead nigger can't walk back from 'Weeysannah'! But Bill Zach had made up his mind, and the nigger had to go with Plunk, dead nigger or no dead nigger. Guess I forgot to say before that Pete Raines was a mule. And a slick one, too. Bill Zach raised him. He was eight years old when all this happened, and I'll bet his ears were a foot and a half long. His tail wasn't as long as his ears but it had a tuft on it like a cannon swab. Pete was fat as a seal, and his hide glistened like a nigger's face in a green cornfield. But Pete wasn't reliable. He had a way of kicking and biting and fighting on the spur of the moment, and without provocation, that made him practically the boss of things around Bill Zach's place, and he knew it. Bill Zach bought a place a couple of years ago down in Tangipahoa parish, Louisiana, to which he intended to send Plunk down to work; and so he thought he'd get rid of Pete in a merciful sort of way by sending him down there too, although it might be that he'd get rid of Plunk at the same time."

"They slipped Pete on the railroad, and he went away tickled to death. He had it in his mind that he was going into a wider field to spread his cussedness in, and he fairly yelled with delight in his car when the train pulled out. It is eighty miles from Humboldt to Tangipahoa parish by rail. When they unloaded Pete down there he came out smiling. He thought he had it in for that country and would make his mark. But he hadn't looked around much before dejection seemed to seize him. Plunk had never seen Pete that way, and he got scared. Plunk was more uneasy still when Pete went listlessly to the plough and dragged it all day without once lifting his ears or his heels.

"I bet dis whole plantation 'gin a alligator what ain't kotched yet,' said Plunk, 'dat dey's a yarthquake wuckin' in dat mool and dat when it busts it'll h'ist dis nigger clean to deudder side ob Jurdan!' But it wasn't so. The mule got low in the dumps worse and worse every day and Plunk went to the field after him one day, and there was no mule to be seen. Plunk hunted all over that country for three days, but couldn't find any trace of Pete. Then Plunk went to Bill Zach that the mule had gone off somewhere and died. And Bill Zach was glad. About three weeks after that Bill Zach was startled out of his sleep at 3:30 in the morning by a noise that awakened memories. He listened. The noise broke out again. It rattled the windows, it echoed among the hills. It wailed, it yodeled, it heshawed.

"Pete, by the living jumper! yelled Bill Zach, jumping out of bed and hurrying to the door. A mule was leaping wearily against the front fence. He was thin and scraggly, his eyes were hollow and his ears

half way to his knees, like a yellow hound's. When this mule saw Bill Zach at the door he lifted up his voice and actually wept. It was Pete, back from Louisiana. It is 500 miles from Tangipahoa parish to Humboldt by the road, and so you may know what Pete must have thought of Louisiana to take his overburdened heart with him, so to speak, and pull out for Tennessee on the hoof. Pete was as sick as ever he was in a few days and started in to be pretty near as sassy and cussed as ever, but Bill Zach said one day to his wife when Pete was near:

"I am going to send Pete back to Tangipahoa parish, Susan."

"Pete dropped his ears and walked away, and ever since then he has been the best mule in the whole of Gibson county, and Bill Zach won't take a thousand dollars for him."

A Bearded Owl from Cape Horn.

Morning Oregonian.

Capt. Taylor of the Reaper has a large stuffed owl in his cabin which was caught off Cape Horn. The owl could not stand the change of climate, and it weakened and died in the equatorial regions. The ship's carpenter stuffed it in an artistic manner, and now the bird adorns the Reaper's after cabin.

This owl differs from the rest of its kind in having hair on its face, instead of feathers. The hair very much resembles whiskers, and gives the bird a patriarchal look. The crew tell many stories of the owl's sagacity and of the tricks they taught it. One night, it escaped from its cage in the carpenter shop, climbing through the window into the captain's room, and perched on the foot of his bed. When all was quiet on the ship and Capt. Taylor was sound in slumber, the owl began an unearthly screeching. It may be imagined that it created commotion.

The bird had never exhibited its voice before, and the watch attributed the yell to some nautical demon who, unbeknown, had come aboard the ship. Capt. Taylor is not at all superstitious, but, nevertheless he lost no time in striking a light, and with his revolver in hand he started to investigate. Of course, he very soon found that the bearded fowl was responsible for the rumpus.

When She Wants to Be a Man.

Nashville American.

When a woman's wet skirts flap about her ankles and her hair comes out of curl.

When she earnestly desires to use a word that printers express by a dash.

When she sees how effectively men express all their emotions by posing with their hands in their pockets.

When she learns that there are spring styles in dogs as well as dress.

When the queen of the kitchen abdicates and the daughter of the house has to take her place.

When she sees a girl do some absolutely idiotic thing and knows that people will say: "Just like a girl!"

A Complicated Case.

Indianapolis Journal.

"What can I do for you?" asked the lawyer.

"It's dis way," said the tough young man, putting his cigar stub in his pocket and hanging his leg over the corner of the table. "I live on Mississippi street, see? An' Kitty-dat's me steady—she utes live on Tennessee street, see? An' say, since dey changed de name of it, she don't live on Tennessee street no more; she resides on Capitol avenue. Catch on? An' since she has begun residin' on Capitol avenue, she says a bloke from Mississippi street ain't good enough to trot in her class, an' gime me the shake. Kin I see the city fer damages, or kin I?"

The lawyer has the case under consideration.

Just What She Was Looking For.

New York Weekly.

Peddler—Have you any daughters, mum?

Housekeeper—Sir!

"Please, mum, I don't ask out of vulgar curiosity, mum. I'm selling resonators."

"What are they?"

"You hang one up in the hall, mum, and it so magnifies every sound that a good night kiss sounds like a cannon shot."

"Give me about three—one for each floor."

PEOPLE.

W. H. Wallace, who was appointed postmaster at Jefferson, O., by President Jackson in 1832, still holds the office. He is eighty-four years old.

An English paper, the other day, had an appreciative reference to "Farragut, the great confederate admiral."

Concerning the statement, widely circulated, that Mr. Moody's royalty on "Gospel Hymns" has amounted to \$1,250,000, William E. Dodge is authority for the contradiction to the effect that neither Moody nor Sankey has ever received a cent from the sales of the book.

Thirteen of the Presidents of the United States were Masons. They were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Wm. H. Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan, Johnson, and Garfield.

King Oscar, of Sweden, in his youth had quite a vogue in Stockholm society as a tenor, and some people have said that a good opera singer was spoiled to make an indifferent king.

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CITY OF HAMMOND.

The Character of Its Population—Impossible to Observe State Lines.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

The city of Hammond is peculiar.

It is as much an offshoot of Chicago as is South Chicago. Even more so, for South Chicago has a harbor of its own; not very much of a one, still something, while Hammond owes its existence to this city. It came into being as an annex to the stockyards, but has since developed other industries. It is almost wholly over the Indiana line, but not quite. Four years ago, when the United States was taking the census of population and manufactures, no little difficulty was experienced in following the State line. Some manufacturing plants were partly in one State and partly in the other, and neighbors who could sit on their own respective front steps and talk easily in a conversational tone were in some cases citizens of different States. It would be simply impossible to observe State lines in the suppression of a riot in such a city and absurd to try it.

Hammond has much the same class of people as Packingtown. No

doubt a large majority of the people are law abiding, but there is a very considerable element of the foreign-born laborers who are steeped in the gall of anarchy. They can hardly say a word of English. They come from those portions of central and southern Europe where despotism has prevailed for centuries. They have an inherited hatred for government, and the moment something occurs to call out that spirit of hatred they all, men, women and children, are afame with the fire that has come down from one generation to another for centuries. In the old countries they were accustomed to seeing great standing armies constantly watching them and they seem to have an idea that because this country has almost none at all they can indulge their anarchistic tendencies. It is this class of people, in Hammond and Chicago, who are doing the looting, and no small part of the burning.

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A writer stated in a recent obituary notice that "the deceased was born in his native town, where he has ever since resided."



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