

there. "Men," he says, "don't hang me. I'll show you the reason." Sung crossed

Franchy reached up as high as he could get and pulled the big neck out of a crevice, and handed it to the owner without a word. Then, he went, but Thompson said everything was done regular, according to law. Meanwhile, the jury got their heads together and Great Moses' wasn't dead. Back mad, 'hoys,' he says, 'a man that can fool me like that is a damn fool himself.' So he says, 'I'll go down the river with him a mile, to where there's the trail run under a broken bluff, and Franchy reached up as high as he could get and pulled the big neck out of a crevice, and handed it to the owner without a word. Then, he went, but Thompson said everything was done regular, according to law. Meanwhile, the jury got their heads together and Great Moses' wasn't dead. Back mad, 'hoys,' he says, 'a man that can fool me like that is a damn fool himself.' So he says, 'I'll go down the river with him a mile, to where there's the trail run under a broken bluff, and

on human nature that way, is an awful, dangerous element. The majesty of the gate is busted wide open. Freuchy's got to have a little taste, to show him Americans won't stand no foolishness. That's always the way," said Tom, quietly; "don't make a man a positive injury, 'ca to one he'll never forget it; but jest impose on his judgment, an' he'll never forgive you. The jury was all agreed on that proposition. They passed a string o' resolutions—ew-

Everything was done that way: First, that
Fronchey got twenty-nine lashes on the
bare back; second, that Smith was to
the whipping; third, that the prisoner
should leave Shasta Plains within five
hours; fourth, that certain money found
on him should go to pay all just de-
mands against him after constable's fees
were paid. Fronchey was stubborn as a
mule, but he was taken to a big black-
cock in front of De Jager's store, and his

arms tied round it pretty high up, his feet just restin' on the ground. One of the boys was from Missouri, where that kind of thing was common, so he fixed up a piece of rawhide lariat, about three feet long, an' handed it to Smith. He wasn't on it, an' began to beg for Frenchy to let him try. Frenchy, who was a little, he made the nicest kind of a little speech. 'I can't whip a man,' he says, 'except in a fair fight. Frenchy's done

the square thing with me, an' I forgore him. I had made up my mind to kill him, but now I feels good, I can't touch him. I'll treat this crowd, an' I pay you all for your day's work, but don't ask me to do that.' Some o' the crowd began to growl, but an' old grizzly lookin' man spoke up, an' saye: 'That's right; it ain't Smith's business to do that job; he's only an immigrant, an' it ain't fair to ask a man to do anything

that goes agin his conscience; let the constable do it, an' it will be accordin' to law.' Another resolution was passed, an' Abe Thompson stepped out, sayin' 'dat he didn't fancy the job much, but to when a man was an officer he ought to do his duty, an' he wouldn't nairy flinch from his.' Old Beck counted—one, two, three—up to about fifteen. Thompson didn't lay on very heavy, feelin' kind o' sorry for the very long. Another was

Frenchy was game, never flinched; but about the fifth lick, he made a motion as if he wanted to speak, for his lips began to froth, and the devil was risin' in him. He looked at Thompson—his eye glinted jest like a wild-cat's: "*Sacre bleu!*" says he—*an*, daro him, how it bisshed throughed his white teeth—"Kill you, sure." You just bet your life, Frenchy bluffed the wrong man. 'You

kill me?" says Abe. Then he rolled up his sleeves and took a new hold, and he went for him. Lord, how that piece o' larried did whizz through the air. Whow! didn't the fur fly. It wasn't no foolishness now. He struck high up—that was the orders; the high welts raised, and the bark began to peel off. Twenty-nine, thirty. "Hold on," says Beck; "one too many." "Not much," says Abe; "I've done your dirty work gentleman as far as

matter of duty, and now I've got a little enterprise of my own. Kill me! you snekkin' thief! I'll see if I can't whip the devil out of you." I counted now—one, two, three, four. Frehley gave a pitiful kind of moan. "Hold on, Thompson," says he, "I never bother you, never; don't kill me!" We took him down; ain't he was a bad sight. The last ten licks broke the skin, ain't brought

couldn't look up; but Abe took him in his arms back of the store, an' bathed him, an' put mutang liniment on his wounds—paid two dollars out of his own pocket for it, just like he'd been his brother. That *was* a nasty day's work, boys, but there was a little bright spot in it, like findin' a chunk of gold inside of a granite boulder.

"The jury took a drink all round, but

they hadn't got over their mad. First, they weighed six ounces out o' Frenchy's sack to make up Smith's loss. Then, six more to pay Cy Herd for a nugget he lost sleepin' in the same room with Frenchy. Then constable's fees, an' finally there wasn't enough left to pay the last claim. 'Now, boys,' says old Beek, 'I think justice ought to be satisfied. Let's make up a snake-purse each, size the remainder of five, an' I'll

"Well," inquired one of the audience, "did it cure Frenchy?" "No," replied Tom, "an' I don't believe nussiment every coddled anyone—only scares others; the darned skunk went right over to Little Shasta, stole a mule, got up and dusted for Jacksonville. an' was after-

ward run out of there for some defilety. Tell you what it did do, George," continued the speaker, giving the fire a kick that sent the sparks whirling up in a fiery column through the sombre foliage. "It gave the Day a rough name, an' there wasn't another robbery there as long as I can remember. I don't never want to see another man whipped, but, after all, the vigilantes kept things straight, an' just look at the difference

now. If a fellow steals your sack an' pays liberal, he can git a lawyer to punch a hole in the law big enough to ride a mule through, an' ef Frenchy had been before a regular court the verdict would have been, innocent an' a lamb—and Smith out o' luck."

The camp-fire had burned low, and we crawled into our blankets. Tom's homely conclusion forced an earnest in-

ERA-DIATIONS.

Girl's rights—kisses.
Girl's lefts—old bachelors.
Played out—a retired actor.

The original greenbacks—Frogs.
The patient waiter—A young doctor.
Something about peanuts—the shells.
The best pocket companion—a full purse.
Never waste your time—waste somebody else's.
The most important part of some snits

The relation of the doormat to the door-step—A step-farther.

The rich widow cries with one eye and rejoices with the other.

Whatever you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.

The best telegraphy—Flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.

Quite likely — somebody says that birch-rods make the best baby-jumpers.

The economical man makes that great stream the mother of rivers, and spells it Mississippi.

A tailor says he can never think of one of his customers without singing "A charge to keep I have."

Every Cincinnatian has two bundles —

Parties—those little white chokers worn by blonde gentlemen who part their hair in the middle.

Rhode Island bristles with spelling-matches. Some of the dictionary words reach clear across the State.

A little man observed that he had two

his negative qualities ; he never lay long in
right bed, and he never wanted a great coat.

