

dangerous than a catamount when it once gets rized!"

Jack was now frequently seen; but it was known that his work was only half done, and that he meant to finish it, and he was regarded with great curiosity and awe. The five wretched men were entirely unstrung and panic-stricken. They made no attempt at retaliation but all their hopes seemed to lie in the effort to get out of his reach. That long heavy rifle haunted them day and night. They saw its dark muzzle bearing on them from every bush, and through the chinks of their own cabins!

One of them named White who was an inveterate toper, with all his terror he could not resist his inclination for liquor; and, after a confinement in his house for nearly three weeks determined to risk all, and go to the store and buy him a barrel. He went in a covered wagon, driven by a negro, while he lay stretched on the bottom in the straw. The barrel of liquor was obtained—he got into the wagon—lay down beside it, and started for home. All the way he never raised his head until near the mouth of the lane; a log had been placed on the side of the road which tilted up the wagon in passing over it, so as to roll the barrel on him. He forgot his caution, and sprang up with his head out of the cover to curse the boy for his carelessness, and at that moment a rifle was discharged. He fell back dead—*shot through the eye!* The boy said that his master suddenly cut short his oaths, and exclaimed, "There he is!" at the moment the gun fired. He saw a tall man with a beard hanging down on his breast, and dressed in skins, walking off through the bush with his rifle on his shoulder.

The next man, named Garnet, about two weeks after this, got up one morning about sunrise, and in his shirt sleeves stepped to the door and threw it open to breathe the fresh air. He was rubbing his eyes, being about half asleep, and when he got them fairly open, there stood the gaunt avenger beside a tree in the yard—the fatal rifle levelled, and waiting till his victim should see him distinctly. He did see him—but it was with his last look! The bullet went crashing through his brain too!—Long is said to have told one of his friends that he never in a single instance shot one of those men till he was certain the man saw and recognized him fully.

All were now gone but Hinch and the two youngest men of the party, Williams and Davis. The two latter were permitted to escape. Whether it was from relenting on the part of the dread avenger, or that he had observed some trifling thing in their demeanor on the occasion of the outrage he was thus punishing which recommended them to mercy, now that his resentment had so deeply drank of the bitter delight of atonement, or that, in his anxiety to secure Hinch, he confined his efforts and watchfulness to him alone, I do not know.—They made a forced and secret sale of their property, and cleared out during the night—But it was for Hinch he had with passionless calculation reserved the most inconceivable torture. He had passed him by all this time, while one after the other he struck down the tools and companions of his crime.

He doomed him to see them falling around him with the certain knowledge that the avenging hate which slew them burned with tenfold intensity for his life—that it must and would have it! But when would the claim be made? Should he be the next one? No. The next one? No. But then each succeeding death so sure to take one of their number, drove away every sophistry of hope, and realized to him in bare and sterner horror that his own fate was as fixed as theirs. As each one fell away the circle of doomed was narrowed—slowly, steadily, closing in about him. Soon there would be no one left but him. How could he call an hour his own? When could he feel safe? That relentless subtlety had baffled them all! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven strong men, had all gone down before that fearful rifle—*every one of them shot through the eye!* God of Heavens! and the sharp agony would spangle keen points of burning light through his brain, as if the ball were already bursting through a socket—"I, too, must be

shot through the eye!" Horror! It was worse than ten thousand deaths, and he died them in lingering tortures told over day by day.

From the time of Ree's death he looked a strange and stricken man. In a few weeks he had lost a great deal of flesh, and became piteously haggard—his eyes, gait, and voice were all humble. His turbulent and fierce animality faded before the harrowing suspense of this fear. The bully and murderous ruffian trembled at the rustling of a leaf. He never left his house for weeks, until the escape of Williams and Davis inspired him with some hope. He procured a fine horse and set off one dark night for the Red River! Everybody regretted his escape—for men had looked in quiet expectation upon the progress of this affair, and in strong faith that the sense of wild border justice would be gratified in seeing this stern, righteous, and unparalleled vengeance consummated by the fall of Hinch—the monster, instigator and chief actor in all the greivous outrages which had roused the simple-hearted Long into a demon executioner of doom.

Hinch reached the bank of the Red River, sprang from his foaming and exhausted horse, after looking cautiously around, and threw himself upon the grass to wait for a steamboat. In two hours he heard one puffing down the stream, and saw the white wreaths of steam curling up behind the trees. How his heart bounded! He signalled the vessel; she rounded to and lowered her yawl. His pulse bounded high, and he gazed with absorbing eagerness at the crew as they pulled lustily towards the shore. A click behind him—behind him! He turned with a shudder, and *there he was!*—That long rifle was bearing straight upon him—those cold eyes dwelt steadily upon him for a moment—and crash! all was forever blackness to Hinch the Regulator! The men who witnessed this singular scene landed, and found him *shot through the eye!*

And so the vengeance was consummated, and the stern hunter had wiped out with much blood the stain of stripes on his free limbs, and could now do, what I was told he had never done since the night of those fatal and fatally expiated stripes, look at his wife again in the eyes, and receive her form to rest again upon his bosom.

It was an awful deed. In view of all its circumstances, the provocation, the character of Long, we scarcely know how to pass judgment upon it. Long did not remain in Shelby county, but in what direction he had intended to go, after returning to Arkansas for his wife and children, I could never hear. He is probably living now in his old quiet good natured life in the heart of the green wilderness; and is as likely as not that one of those two chubby boys who rolled about the floor of his log cabin on that memorable night, of which I have simply related the event and the consequences, will some of these days come to Washington from Congressional districts beyond the Rocky Mountains.

**THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING**—This is one of the vile, stereotyped falsehoods that loafers and rogues of all sorts use as an apology for their rascalities.

Jeremy Diddler, who sponges on society, comforts himself with the idea that he is thus getting some of the debt which the world owes him.

The thief sometimes intimates, that in helping himself out of somebody's till, he was merely taking his own. It was a part of the debt uncanceled, that society—that enormous bankrupt—had refused to pay.

The whole theory is false and fraudulent. The rule is the reverse. We owe the world an upright life, and in return the world will give us a living.

The lounge about the grog-shops or other places of loafing, may indulge in idleness under the consolation of being so large a creditor; but he will just tell him how the world will pay him ultimately. It will square by an instalment of hunger, poverty, contempt, degradation, and the alms house. It will give him rich dividends of scorn and starvation, and finally pay him in full, with six feet of earth, and a pauper's grave. Perhaps as he goes along,

he will receive occasional payments on account, by generous orders on the county jail or the State Prison. In the latter place we believe the world liberally throws in a new suit of clothes of variegated colors.

Our advice to young men, is, to trust to their good hands, their brains, their industry, their economy, and their honesty for a living. With such aids, and strong self-reliance, backed by indomitable perseverance, there are but few indeed who fail of reaching the goal at which they aim.

The world is full of glorious illustrations of this truth. We see young men rise from obscurity and poverty to reputation and wealth, and we wonder how they get along so well—It seems a mystery, but the whole mystery lies in the qualifications above mentioned. They commence right, they continue right, and they end right.

If we search the history of such a man, we shall invariably find that he has been a hard worker and a careful manager. He has looked after the spigot as well as the bung hole of his business. He has husbanded his earnings, and added them to his capital, instead of leaving them at the box office of the theatre, or wearing them on his back, or pouring them down his throat.

We said he was a hard worker. That we apprehend is the difficulty with the loafer. He would be perfectly willing, no doubt, to hold his hat, if Providence would shower gold into it; or if it would rain roast beef, he would have a platter ready to catch it. But to work hard—there's the rub. Let fortune come to him in any other way but that.

But, young man, work it must be—work! work! work! It was designed from the beginning, that man should earn his bread—not by loafing, but by the sweat of his brow. These drops the industrious man coins into the gold mint drops that fill his coffers.

**THE SEVEN WONDERS OF A MARRIED MAN.**

1. Not going to sleep after dinner!
2. Never going any where in the evening, except "to the Club!"
3. Always being good tempered over the loss of a button, and never wreaking his vengeance on the coals if the dinner isn't ready exactly to a minute!
4. Never finding fault with his "dear little wifey," if she happens to be his partner at whist.
5. Not "wondering," regularly every week, "how the money goes?"
6. Resigning himself cheerfully when asked to accompany his wife "on a little shopping!"
7. Insisting upon the servants sitting up, sooner than take the latch-key with him!!!

**THE SEVEN WONDERS OF A MARRIED WOMAN.**

1. Never having "a gown to put on," when invited out any where!
2. Always being down the first to breakfast! always being dressed in time for dinner! and never keep the carriage (or the cab) waiting at the door a minute!
3. Not always having "delicate health," about the autumn, and being recommended by her medical man "change of air" immediately!
4. Keeping up her "playing and singing" the same after marriage as before!
5. Giving her husband the best cup of tea!
6. Never making the house uncomfortable, by continually "putting it to rights!"—nor filling it chock-full with a number of things it does not want, simply because they are "bargains!"
7. Never alluding, under the slightest provocation, to "the complete sacrifice she has made of herself!"—nor regretting the "two or three good offers" which she (in common with every married woman) had, before she was foolish enough to accept *him!*—and never, by any accident, calling her husband "a brute!"—*London Punch.*

**TIGHT PLACE.**—Johnson says he was never in a tight place but once, and that was when he had a mad bull by the tail. Had he held on, the bull would have dragged him to death over a stubble field, while if he had not held on, the critter would have turned round and gored him to death. The question now is, which did Johnson do—hold on or let go? Answer may be sent by return mail.

**All Sorts of Paragraphs.**

A lady writer in the Monthly Knickerbocker is rather down on "second-hand husbands."—Listen to her: "When the loving arms that clasped me in their embrace are exchanged for the 'narrow house,' when the heart whose love is 'sweeter than life' is left with but the memory of the past and the hope of the future upon which to lavish its wealth; and the eye that looks thrillingly into mine must look 'beyond the veil' to meet an answering glance: let not then *another* be to that heart what I have been!" All that is very nice, and speaks well for "her present yearnings," and yet the arms "that clasped her in their embrace" will not be "a month old in the sod" before she will be seeking consolation in an ice creamery, with that silver-voiced young man who "mingled sympathy with her" at the funeral of the dear departed. Queer people those women.

A Man's spirits depend a good deal on the way he moves. Rush along at the rate of a mile a minute and your sensations will become as buoyant as the stock market. Substitute for this the inanimate crawl of a canal boat, and in less than an hour your soul will feel as if it were laboring under two fifty-sixes and a supper of pig's feet. If you don't wish to become melancholy, and dwell on the advantages connected with charcoal fumes never travel behind a horse that takes over three minutes to do a mile. A special edict with a switch tail. Obey and live.

A little boy, of six years, when undressing for bed one night, with his arms over his head, tying his night-dress on the back of his neck, was heard musing aloud as follows: "I can beat Tom Tucker; I can write my name in writin'; I can tell the time of day by the clock; I can spell Nebuchadnezzar; I can tie a double-bow knot!" Another little fellow, of four, wading in a mudpuddle after a shower, came across an angleworm, and thus delivered himself in audible reverie: "Worms are the snakes' babies; little mice are the rats' babies; and the stars are the moon's babies!"

It has been said of the late celebrated Rothschild that, though no man was less lavish of his money, no man was more ready to detect a love of it in others. It was one day, while at a city feast, that a gentleman observed, that, for his part, he thought venison was very good, but that he loved mutton better. "Ah, ah! I knowsh vy; it is because mutton's sheep, and venison's deer!"

Doctor Franklin said that it cost as much to maintain one vice, as it did to bring up two children. At this rate what an enormous family most young men could bring up!—for bad habits are vices. The cost of respectable intemperance would pay the expense of a family.

A young chap one night came home from church, fretting and crying at a great rate about something, no one knew what. The father asked him what was the matter. "The preacher says that we must all be born again, and I don't like it, cos I's afraid next time I'll be a gal!"

"My dear, I wish to heaven you'd lay straight in bed. You've twisted the clothes completely off me, and I'm as cold as a stone."  
"Are you, indeed, sir? Why, you're always complaining. If you're so very cold, get out of bed, and roll yourself up in the carpet!"

**GRIS BEWARE!**—Jean Paul thus cautions young girls:—The young men fall on their knees before you, but remember, it is but as the infantry before the cavalry, that they may conquer and kill; or as the hunter, who only on bended knees, takes aim at his victim.

A late writer says you should never scold your wife. If you do, she sits up and cries, and the minute she does that you are dished and done for. If you wish to resist her importunities, therefore, keep her good-natured.

The easiest way to "make a clean breast of it," is to take an emetic. People with something on their minds, will please notice.