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### The Lease of the County Convicts.

Mr. Walter Ray, as a taxpayer, through his attorney, Mr. R. A. Burford, Thursday began mandamus proceedings before Judge Bullock, restraining the county commissioners from leasing the county convicts to Mr. B. W. Blount, which the board contracted to do at its last meeting, Mr. Blount to take charge of the prisoners today.

Mr. Blount is to pay \$15 per month for adults; half price for women and boys up to the age of twelve years.

Mr. Burford contended that the board should have given public notice that they intended to hire the convicts instead of working them on the hard roads as had been their policy for the past several years, so as to put everyone who desired such labor on an equality and the county perhaps would have obtained a much larger price for their hire.

He also contended that the board had no right to lease them at all as under the statutes county convicts are to work on the public roads.

Mr. Don C. McMullen, of Tampa, represented Mr. Blount and Messrs. Louis Duval and L. N. Green represented the board of county com-

missioners.

These gentlemen contended that the board has the right to lease the convicts and that this is the practice of nearly every board of county commissioners in the state; that the law does not require them to give public notice and that it does give them the right to use discretionary power in the leasing of the convicts as well as in the other things over which the board has control.

The argument of the lawyers was quite lengthy and spirited and engaged the attention of the court most of the day.

### Will It Prolong Life?

Professor Eli Metchnikoff, an eminent Russian scientist says that a man instead of being in his prime at forty, that he should only reach his middle age at eighty and to this end he advises the eating of curd or curdled milk, which he claims destroys certain germs that prevent man from teaching his allotted span of life.

We don't know how this is, but we do know that when Mr. Ben Raysor, of this city, was so sick and remained so for many months, finding it almost impossible to retain anything on his stomach, he was fed solely on curd and in the course of time got as fat as a pig and has remained in good health ever since, so we are inclined to believe that there is a great deal of truth in Prof. Metchnikoff's remedy. Certain it is that nothing is more healthful than curd and butter-milk and these foods should be used plentifully, especially during the summer season.

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# SAVING JIM PETERS

By Mary Donaldson

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In every village in the land there is a ne'er-do-well who is pitied and condemned in the same breath. In the village of Glenville Jim Peters was the man. He was constitutionally lazy, was a toper from head to heel, and his wife and two children often wanted for clothes and food. Mr. Peters had been struggling with on numerous occasions. Women had given him tongue lashings, and men had hinted at tar and feathers. He had been induced to sign the temperance pledge on twenty different occasions, only to break it each time anybody offered him a drink, and he had been provided with work many times over, only to show his general laziness.

One day when the Woman's Mission society was holding its monthly meeting Aunt Hannah Davis brought up Jim Peters' case anew and declared that something should be done. She was given license to go ahead, and she proceeded to go over the old beaten track. Jim signed the pledge, agreed to stop chewing plug tobacco and go to work, and he even expressed an anxiety to "get religion" and become in time a deacon of the church. His good resolutions carried him along for two weeks, and then he fell down, and he fell hard; not only that, but he boasted around that Aunt Hannah was an easy person to deal with.

The good woman lived about a mile out of the village, having a farm of her own and enjoying the life of a spinster, and one morning she got up, to be told by the hired man that somebody had robbed the smokehouse overnight. Jim Peters was the only person for ten miles around who could be suspected, and when the hired man told his news he added that Jim ought to be arrested and his house searched for the plunder.

"We must not accuse any one without evidence," replied Aunt Hannah. "It may have been Jim Peters or it may have been a dog. I'm rather of the opinion that it was a dog, and I would suggest that you get out the old bear trap and set it in front of the smokehouse tonight. If a dog steals meat once he will twice, won't he?"

"That's what I have heard," observed the hired man as he started for the barn to hunt for the old trap.

Aunt Hannah had started in to reform Jim Peters in earnest mood, and she bragged that she would accomplish what others had failed to do. When the man backslid she was rebuked and criticised on all sides, and, although she seemed to take it in good part, she felt something of a spirit of revenge.

The bear trap was oiled and set, but it was a week before any game appeared. It was the hired man again who brought her news. As he came into the kitchen with the milk pails he observed laconically:

"Well, Mrs. Davis, we have caught the dog."

"I see," she replied after a look from the window.

"It's a dog that looks exactly like Jim Peters."

"Yes? I'll go out after breakfast and have a closer look. I wish you would cut me three or four switches from a peach tree before you go to work. If you hear the dog howling, you needn't stop hoeing corn on that account."

The woman lingered over her breakfast as long as she could, and when she finally donned her sunbonnet and wandered out to the smokehouse she had several switches, a pail of water and a dipper in her hands.

"Good morning, Mr. Peters," she saluted when she had come to a halt.

"I was looking for my jackknife here last night, and I walked into this old trap," he said by way of explanation.

"Yes, I see. Is Mrs. Peters well?" "About the same as usual."

"And the children?" "Hang it, why don't you call Joe up and tell him to get me out of this? This infernal trap has about cut my leg off. If 'twas anybody but you I'd have the law on 'em. Who knows how long I'll be laid up with this leg?"

"Mr. Peters," said Aunt Hannah in very sober tones, "do you remember your promises to me?"

"How am I going to keep promises when all the town is agin' me? You are agin' me, too, or you wouldn't have set this trap for me."

"You have been coaxed, bribed, pleaded with and fairly bought, but you still loaf around and get drunk. It is time that some other plan was resorted to. Drink this."

She handed him a dipper of water, and he drank about half of it. He was about to pour the rest on the ground when she said:

"I know it has a strange taste to you, but you'll have to get used to it. Don't waste a drop. Here—have some more."

"I've had a plenty."

Aunt Hannah picked up one of the switches and proceeded to lay it over Jim's shoulders in a vigorous manner. As it was summer and he had only a ragged cotton shirt across his back he was speedily reminded of his boyhood days. He reached for the dipper and downed a quart of water, and then said:

"I say, I want this trap taken off. Do you think I'm a man of wood or iron? When I tell folks that Aunt

Hannah Davis is pizen mean 'nuff to set bear traps for innocent persons you'll be hauled up in law."

"I've heard on good authority, Mr. Peters, that you lick your wife."

"If I do she needs it."

"Well, we'll see how a licking goes in your case. We'll try one anyhow as an experiment."

"I'll holler and raise the hull county!"

"Then the whole county will be here to see."

Aunt Hannah picked out the longest switch, dampened her hand to keep her hold good, and then began the "experiment." Only the third blow had fallen when Peters began to yell, but no pause was made until he had received the thrashing of his life. The woman had the will and the muscle, and the sprout from the peach tree was supple and lasting. When about thirty blows had been administered Aunt Hannah paused.

"You see how it works," she said, "and you don't seem to like it. Will you ever whip your wife again?"

"I won't promise till you let me out of this trap."

"Oh, you won't! Then we'll have a little more of it."

Six or eight more stinging cuts were enough for Jim. He promised on his word of honor never to raise his hand against his wife again. He was then handed a third dipper of water, and when he refused it the switch came down over his back, and the woman said:

"You've got to learn to like the taste of water, and you've got to learn here and now. Your children had to go barefoot all last winter because you had to have your whisky. Drink it down or you'll get another dusting."

Jim managed to drink the water, and was then asked for his promise not to touch intoxicating drinks for one year.

"But what am I goin' to do when a feller offers to treat?" he protested.

"You are going to remember this," she replied as she gave him half a dozen cuts and brought a fresh chorus of howls.

He promised. Aunt Hannah went into the house and wrote out a pledge. It was a pledge embodying four or five promises, and after he had taken another drink from the dipper Jim put his name to it. The hired man was then called up to sign as a witness and to pry open the jaws of the trap, and Jim went limping away.

That day marked an epoch in Jim Peters' life. Within a week he had work. He turned to water like a duck. He administered no more thrashings to his wife. In fact, before a year was up he was spoken of as a sober, steady man, and had credit at the stores for the first time in his life. Plenty of people asked Aunt Hannah how she did it, and her answer was alike to all:

"Why, I first got my bear trap and then tried an experiment."

### Tracing Back a Common Saying.

It is a curious bit of literary exercise to take a common saying and trace it back to its origin. Take the common saying, for instance, "All that glitters is not gold." It is found in current literature everywhere and in a dozen different forms. Dryden renders it, "All, as they say, that glitters is not gold." Spenser says, "Gold all is not that doth golden seem." Lydgate has the same idea in the words, "All is not gold that outward sheweth bright." Chaucer expresses it in somewhat different phraseology. Middleton has it, "All is not gold that glisteneth," and Shakespeare says, "All that glistens is not gold." Go a little farther back, however, and the same expression is found in the monkish collection of proverbs, and there is no doubt if a classical scholar were to set to work with the determination to hunt the proverb down, no matter how long it took, he would find it in Latin, Greek and most other ancient and dead languages. It is a natural outgrowth of sarcasm as applied to fictitious show and is no doubt as old as the science of metal working.

### Entrapping Marine Monsters.

On the northern coast of Norway the fishermen get a yearly harvest from the whales which stray into the harbors. At certain localities, where the bays are almost landlocked, lofty stands are erected, similar to the other outlooks on the north Pacific, and when a school is sighted scores of boats put out and, by the simple process of driving, hundreds of the oil producing cetaceans are entrapped. The Faroe islands are famous for this method of whaling. One of the largest catches ever made was in Hvarfjord, Iceland, where eleven hundred were driven ashore. The blackfish, or whales, come down the Atlantic coasts from the north, encounter shallow water, then follow it along and are naturally led into the cul-de-sac awaiting them. Here the boats easily surround and drive the whales in.

### Didn't Catch Them.

The following story of Oliver Wendell Holmes was told some years ago by a physician who was a student in the Harvard Medical school when Dr. Holmes was an instructor in anatomy there.

One day the subject before the class was the cranium, and a human skull was passed from hand to hand, the instructor asking the members of the class to describe the prominences, cavities and apertures. Student after student gave the names and locations of the orifices, until finally the inquiry narrowed down to one opening which baffled every one.

Dr. Holmes waited patiently for some one to distinguish himself, but no explanation was advanced. When all had given it up, the doctor rather dryly remarked: "That is Holmes' hole. I made it myself."

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