

with cotton and reached Houston entirely empty. This was more than the company could stand, so the next night a train left Houston pretty well loaded, apparently, and one car near the rear end had bales so piled upon it as to leave a hollow square between them. In this hollow square were hidden a well armed body of Texas rangers. The train pulled past the clumps of trees in the ravine and, as usual, several bales were dragged off. It began to slow up and

the rangers fired into the under-brush. Just as soon as the train had stopped a charge was made towards the trees, and, according to later reports, five men were killed, six were captured.

Since then there has been no more "cotton raising" among the trees in this ravine.

Not many years ago the place was cleared up, a tank dug out, and the water-tank erected.

#### Paradoxes.

Oh, no! 'Tis new, but not immoral  
To feed a fish on powdered coral;  
And, should you fire an ancient swivel,  
I'd call it loud, but not uncivil;  
And folk may even brawl and banter,  
While they ride or idly saunter,  
And not be thought at all derisive,  
Unless they curse in tones incisive  
There are a few who think caresses,  
May well be called absurd excesses;  
But surely such are very crabbed  
And may in time become quite rabid,  
For really one is seldom bitten  
In earnest, playing with a kitten:  
The cure, if needed, comes right after—  
'Tis but a burst of childlike laughter.  
Why, litmus paper does for testing,  
When once a blush has sprung from jesting,  
And saints themselves will find a frolic  
Will sometimes cure a sudden colic.  
I'm told, the worst of frantic gobblers  
Will soon succumb to sherry cobblers;  
And, if you'll weave a web of music,  
'Twill make a wooer well and you sick.

—G. P.

#### A Picture.

I wish, I wish, you'd not say Pish!  
While I am trying all I kin  
To paint a son of Benjamin,  
The tall and crazy son of Kish.  
I fix him at the point of time  
When he has flung a javelin  
Where Jesse's youngling just had been,  
And almost did commit a crime.  
Some falset note upon the harp  
Has stung his nerves right to the quick  
And made him long to give a lick  
To that quick lad who was so sharp.  
His eye is keen to launch the shaft,  
His arm is strung with muscles thick,  
His lip bewrays his soul is sick,  
His mantle flies—it too is daft!  
And all I lack is to portray  
The way his fingers flutter loose,  
Like feathers of a frightened goose,  
What time the dart is on its way.

--G. P.

Samuel Pepys  
Had beautiful hepys  
For walking on shepys.