

asperated, she gently turned him over to a comfortable position, and, running her hand into his vest pocket, she extracted a twenty dollar bill, and remarked: "I reckon I've got the dead wood on that new bonnet I've been sufferin' for." She made a straight streak for the nearest millinery shop. Strong men wiped the moisture from their eyes at the wife's heroic devotion to a husband who had, by strong drink, brought himself so low as to neglect to provide his wife with the common necessities of life.

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DIDN'T KNOW ANY NEWS—MAN SHOT NEAR AUSTIN.

"You picked the pecans on Onion creek, you say?" said an Austin reporter yesterday to a young man on a wagon filled with pecans.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "that's where they came from."

"Many up there!"

"Plenty of them."

"Believe I'll try a few," quizzed the reporter, taking a big handful of the pecans.

"I'll sell you a whole peck for fifty cents," said the man, with swelling eyes.

"Only want a few. Say, do you know any news?"

"Not a bit, sir; everything is very dull up our way."

"Don't you know anything?"

"Well, I believe I did hear some news yesterday."

"What was it?" asked the reporter, cracking a pecan.

"There was a man got 18 buckshot in him near where I live?"

"Who shot him?"

"I did."

"What did you shoot him for?" asked the reporter aghast.