

THE BISON'S EXTINCTION.

Dr. Carver Tells How the Great Herds Were Wiped Out.

"As the Indians hunted them, the race of bison would probably have lasted forever, but about 1866 the white men turned their attention to the shaggy monsters of the plains. Large Eastern firms organized hunting parties and paid the shooters \$2.50 for each bison where he lay dead on the plains. I then went to Southern Nebraska and became a professional hunter. The bison consisted of two large divisions, the one living in the South and the other in the North. Their only common feeding ground was along the Republican river and its branches in Nebraska. The Indians were well aware of that fact, and hostile tribes have had many a fight for that territory. It was not until 1873 that the Government put an end to this by sending the Pawnees South and the Sioux to their Northern reservations. Prior to that time we had to do all of our hunting at the risk of being scalped at any time.

"Our favorite gun was an army model of the Springfield rifle, .45-caliber and loaded with ninety grains of powder. The whites patterned after the Indians and hunted on horseback. Having wagons to haul our game, we did not care to 'circle' them as the Indians did. When a herd was located we would mount our best horses and as quietly as possible approach the herd from the leeward side. As soon as they saw us the fun would begin. Although of a low build, the bison will make a very interesting race with a horse for ten miles. We would press up on the right flank of the herd and ride so close to the animals that our guns would touch the side when fired. The most deadly shot was to fire quartering through the lungs so that the animal would bleed to death. In this way we would follow the herd as long as our horses could stand it. One of these runs I killed 113 bison, none of which were more than 100 yards apart. In riding back an awful sight was presented to the eye. The trail was marked by dead and dying animals. An occasional big bull would have a broken back so that he could only get up on his fore legs, and nothing could look more furious than his shaking head, with coal-black eyes glaring in a death stare from his hairy front. We received our pay for the animals dead on the plains, and wagons followed us up, quartered the animals and shipped the saddle and tallow to Eastern markets.

"About 1871 the hide-hunting began. Prior to this time little or no attention was paid to the skins, but when the demand for them created a high price the meat was allowed to rot upon the plains, and this magnificent race was extinguished simply that extravagant tastes might be satisfied. With the improvements in firearms an entirely different mode of hunting was adopted. The Springfield army gun was superseded by a Sharp 50-caliber and loaded with 120 grains of powder. The hunter used his horse only in finding a herd. This done, we would go to the leeward side so that the scent of the powder and report would not reach the animals, and find a suitable shelter about 1,000 yards distant from them. I have killed them at a distance of a mile. Hunting in this way we had to be very particular, and watch the herd closely. Like a herd of cattle, the bison are always on the go and are apt to walk out of rifle range in a short time. In moving, however, they always have a leader and the trick was to kill any one that started to lead the others off. By thus killing the leaders, we could often shoot for an hour from behind one clump of grass, and when they had moved out of range, the 'skinners' would come up, cut the hide in the ordinary way for skinning, tie the animal's head to a stake, hitch a team of horses to the hide, and jerk it off. No one will ever know what immense numbers of bison were killed by these hide-hunters, but to my certain knowledge three-million hides were shipped from the banks of the Frenchman river in one winter. The hide hunters, by a system of fires, kept the bison from the streams until many of them perished, and thousands of others were easily killed. At the close of that winter a man could go along the banks of the Frenchman for fifty miles by simply jumping from the carcass of one bison to that of another. Considering facts of this kind, it is not surprising that a small, tame herd and a few old circus animals represent the great herds which, less than a quarter of a century ago, blackened miles of prairies as a thunder cloud darkens the sky."—Kansas City Times.

"Athens, Ga., has a man who rents rights to court his daughters to the youthful swains of that neighborhood at five dollars a head per annum. This includes lights and fires, repairs on the front gate, the bottoming of dismantled chairs, Sunday evening cake-and-cider lunches, and strong muzzles for all the dogs. There are six girls under this particular roof, all of whom are young, pretty and amiable, and so none of them are ever more than twenty-four hours at a time without a beau, while the old man is always provided with an income sufficient to keep him in tobacco."—Troy Times.

"The song called 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,' was taken from the Britishers, who have a song called 'Old England, the Gem of the Ocean.'"

"A society has been formed for the granting of premiums for the killing of animals preying upon the elder duck.

THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

An Ominous-Looking Insect with an Interesting History.

A short time before the outbreak of the French revolution there appeared in Europe a large moth, bearing on the back of its thorax a hideous death's head. It had been imported into Europe with its native plant, the potato. It was not long before it was found that this ominous-looking insect destroyed and devastated the lives of bees, feeding on the honey it plundered from them. It swooped down in the dead of night, making havoc of the hive, and resistance was in vain, as the stings of the bees could not penetrate the soft downy covering of the moth.

The owners of bees tried various means to prevent the onslaught of this terrible enemy, but all in vain, and at last the bees solved the problem themselves.

They built a wall of wax with loopholes in it sufficiently large to allow themselves to pass but not large enough to admit their enemy.

In appearance the death's-head moth is large and dark-colored, with yellow markings, and measures about five inches from tip to tip of its extended wings. On the thorax or middle portion of the body are pale markings representing a hideous death's head, hence the name of the insect.

The caterpillar is greenish yellow, with black spots on the back and cross lines of blue and white. It is our common potato worm.

One of the strange characteristics of this peculiar moth is a plaintive, squeaking sound which it emits, the manner of its production having as yet no satisfactory explanation.

On account of the piratical markings on its thorax, it has always been regarded with superstitious dislike and aversion.

In Mauritius a superstition prevails that it sheds a dust from its wings that causes immediate blindness if it falls upon a person. For this reason when one of the moths enters a habitation a scene of consternation ensues.

The chrysalis is quite interesting, somewhat resembling a jug in its shape. The long handle is commonly supposed to be the tail of the insect, but it is in reality the tongue-case. This latter organ—the tongue—is of extraordinary length to enable it to reach after the honey in flowers having a deep corolla. A Madagascar species has a tongue nine and one-fourth inches in length.

The chrysalis is frequently found in digging in the ground where potatoes have been planted.—Noble M. Eberhart, Ph. D., in Chicago Journal.

SUBMARINE BOATS.

The Craft Recently Submitted to Uncle Sam's Navy Department.

The following description of some of the most important features of the subsurface torpedo-boat lately submitted to the Navy Department by the Columbian Iron Works of Baltimore, and the uses for which it is intended, serve to clear up several points which might possibly have caused a misunderstanding as to the nature of the craft. The boat is cigar-shaped, and is capable of being operated under three different conditions: First, above the surface, that is, with nearly half of it above water; second, awash, that is, with only a few inches of the back exposed, together with the conning tower; third, completely submerged, that is, with nothing whatever above the surface. In the last condition, which is the primary condition for torpedo warfare, the boat's means of offense is a horizontal tube directly in its axis, from which are discharged eight-inch projectiles either by pneumatic power or by powder. These projectiles are capable of giving several hundred feet range, and the gun and projectile are constructed on a principle first propounded by Lieutenant-Commander Barber at the United States torpedo station in 1873, but separately invented, and proved successful by Mr. Holland, the inventor of this boat. In lieu of this submarine gun, the boat will be fitted with any kind of locomotive torpedo that the Navy Department may desire to be fired from this or a similar tube. In addition to this tube in the axis of the boat, there is another eight-inch tube, fitted at an angle, for over-water fire at distances of a thousand yards or thereabout. It is intended to use this tube for throwing dynamite shells, under circumstances where the boat can not approach the enemy within torpedo range, or where it may be preferable not to try to do so. The boat has a double skin on the upper forward part, separated by about a foot of space; and this space is filled with water, which flows freely into it. Aft of this, and forward of the gun-room, is a vertical bulkhead of several inches of iron. When, therefore, she is lying awash, and using her upper pneumatic gun (which makes no smoke), she will be almost invisible to the enemy, and, if struck by machine-gun projectiles, she is almost certain to be uninjured.

—Science.

—An Ohio poultry raiser has made a curious discovery. He says that if you go out to feed a flock of chickens and will cause them to wait, they will invariably, as they crowd about you begin a circuit around you from right to left in front, and continue this revolution as long as you stand there. No amount of interruption or maneuvering can confuse them or compel them to take the contrary direction at any time.

—The Pennsylvania Senate recently passed a bill authorizing the appointment of women as physicians in insane asylums where women are confined.

YET WAH.

His name was Yet Wah, With no high sounding 'Ah,' To form a front step to his name.

A wash house he kept, Where he feasted and slept, And rustled for washes and fams.

Now, Yet was a man Whom the rest of his clan Regarded as pure to a fault; So with limitless trust Their boardings they thrust In the tea chest that served as his vault.

Yet winked his old eye As he saw the chink fly Thro' the slot in his improvised bank; 'Me sabbe,' said he, With a chuckle of glee, 'Fool Chinese!—alike same crank!'

Time rapidly passed, Till Yet Wah at last Decided his harvest to reap, So one silent night, He arose, in his light, The had resolution to keep.

'Like Melian clerk,' Said he, with a smirk, 'We steal 'em an' then run away! Me brave—me no care How Chinese man swear— In Canada Yet Wah will stay!'

With half nervous zest He crept to the chest, Unlocked it, and raised up the lid; Then, peering inside, He sprang up, wild-eyed, With a face as pale as the dead.

'What for? Muck a hit!' Was his terrified cry, As he sank out of breath, 'gainst the wall; 'Some heap bad Chinese Been here before me, An' steals my money an' all!'

'Thro' a hole in the bottom Some roguery chap got 'em; Kly!' It make me sick, Bimby some Chinese He lay it on me— Say me stole 'em, and killee me quick!'

'Like a hideous dream, So ended Yet's scheme, And, fearing the crisis, he 'dusted;' Like a shadow of night, He slunk out of sight, Himself, like his bank, nearly busted! —Yankee Blade.

He Played to Lose.

He was a keen, sharp looking young man, and he said to the lady of the house on Second avenue as he stood in the hall:

'Madame, I have called for the suit of clothes which needs brushing and fixing.' 'What suit?' she asked.

'Your husband's Sunday suit, ma'am. He called as he went down this morning.' 'And he said I was to let you have them?' 'Yes'm.'

'Did he appear in good health and spirits?' 'Why, certainly.'

'Look and act natural?' 'Of course. Why do you ask?' 'Because he has been dead eighteen years, and I have some curiosity on the subject.'

'I—I have made a mistake, perhaps!' stammered the young man.

'Perhaps you have. The man you saw go out of here an hour ago is my brother. You may have better luck in the next block with the old fashioned confidence game. Good morning!'—Detroit Free Press.

The Proper Dogs for a Barber.

Mr. Spicer has just settled himself in the chair for a short cut, when the artist in attendance threw over him a calico apron on which were pictured innumerable little greyhounds.

'That is very appropriate,' said Spicer. 'Vy do you call ze little dogs appropriate, Mr. Spizare?' asked the barber, as he tucked the apron into his victim's neck until his eyes bulged.

'Because,' gasped Spicer, 'greyhounds are good to catch the hair.'

'Such a silence fell upon the room that the milliner next door looked in to see if anybody had died.'—Philadelphia Press.

A Sensible Girl.

'Not yet, Henry,' she whispered softly; 'indeed, you must not speak to papa yet. I do love you, love you sincerely, but you must wait a little longer.'

'But why, Margaret?' he asked, reproachfully. 'Why must we wait so long; surely you do not doubt me?'

'No, Henry,' was the low reply, 'I do not doubt you, but I think we will be so much happier when your salary has been increased to \$7 per week.'—Philadelphia Inquirer.

His Apology.

Mr. Billus was standing up in a street car, holding tightly to a strap. The car gave a sudden lurch, he lunged forward, and an exclamation of pain came from the lips of the lady sitting next to Mrs. Billus.

'If you didn't keep your great big hoofs sticking out so carelessly I wouldn't stumble over them,' growled Mr. Billus. 'When a woman hasn't any more sense—I beg your pardon sincerely, madam. I thought it was my wife's foot I stepped on.'—Chicago Tribune.

Got the Quarter.

Dude (to chance acquaintance)—That shabby looking fellow is making right for us. Bet he wants to borrow money. He, he! I'll get ahead of him. Please, sir, can't you lend me a quarter or a dime to get something to eat? Shabby Fellow—Certainly (hands out a quarter). Now, young man, if you are through begging of this gentleman, I would like to speak to him. He is one of the depositors in my bank.—New York Weekly.

His Weary Return.

'When did you get back from Washington, Sammy?' 'Last week.' 'Come back on the limited?' 'No. That was the state of my finances. I worked my way back on the freights.'—Chicago Herald.

Unexpected.

Bella—Don't I look like a perfect fright in my new sacque, though? Clara (absent-mindedly)—Yes. Bella—You mean thing! I'll never speak to you again so long as I live!—Burlington Free Press.

Revenge is Sweet.

'Ho, ho! So you are the boy who plays with pigs in clover, are you?'—Life.

High Speed Warranted.

Chicago Man—No use talking, compared to Chicago everything in Philadelphia is slow. Philadelphia—Everything slow! Just you take a look at our gas meters.—Philadelphia Record.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

'Who are the fools of the human race?' This is an easy one. If the query were, Who are the wise? it would be a poser.—Boston Courier.

—Soar-and-top (grandiloquently)—'Yes; it pays to do right. Honesty is the best policy after all.' Frankly—'Why don't you have it renewed?'—Time.

—The drama is getting more and more realistic. Real babies, real water, real burglars, are among the advertised realities. We have hopes of a future play with real actors.—Baltimore American.

—'What is the future of Ireland?' exclaimed the Senator, in earnest tones. 'Ireland,' said the new school ma'am calmly, 'has no future; it is a noun.'—Burdette.

—As the warmer weather comes on, metals begin to expand. A ten-dollar gold piece reaches a great deal further when the gas-man and the coal-man have relaxed their grip.—Puck.

—Clementine—'If I had known you married me only for my money I would never have accepted you.' Montague—'And if I'd known you were going to be so close with it I would never have proposed.'—Life.

—Miss Backbite (who has been discussing several of her friends' misdeeds)—'Now, you know, I never repeat scandals.' Mrs. Candor—'No, my dear, I've heard you invent them.'—Philadelphia Press.

—Picture Dealer (exhibiting a painting)—'That, sir, is a genuine Turner.' Purchaser—'Yes, I see. You have to turn it around a good many times before you can make out what it is.'—America.

—Old Lady—'My dear, do you really think you are fit to become a minister's wife?' Engaged Niece (from the West)—'Yes, indeed. I don't mind being talked about at all.'—N. Y. Weekly.

—Father—'Well, how did you come out on the bean-guessing contest?' Dull boy—'I guessed there was 150 cents in the jar, and there was 2,200.' Father (sadly)—'I'm afraid you'll never be fit for anything but a weather bureau chief.'—Philadelphia Record.

—A warning: Jay Gould will pass through (or go through) the city at two o'clock this afternoon, en route to the Southwest. If the citizens will exhibit a little activity, perhaps they can get the town nailed down before Mr. Gould arrives.—Terre Haute Express.

—Husband—'Well, love, have you some cold chicken for supper, as you promised?' Newly-made bride—'Yes, darling; I bought a beautiful live chicken, and it has been yelling in the refrigerator for more than two hours. I think it must be cold by this time.'—Lowell Citizen.

—'Yes,' said Dumley, proudly, 'I was a soldier in the war of the rebellion, and if I do say it myself, I made a good one.' The thrill of admiration which was about to start through the party was suddenly stopped by Featherly, who said musingly: 'Let me see, Dumley, it was in '64, wasn't it, that you were drafted?'—Epoch.

—Jones (to Brown who had just dropped in to borrow a fiver)—'Well, I'll do it this time, but I wonder you are ashamed to be always in debt. Look at me. I don't owe a penny.'

Brown—'Dare say not, old man. You haven't a borrowing face. Nobody would trust you.'—Pick Me Up.

—'I remember riding home in a horse-car with Henry W. Paine one day,' remarked a story-teller, apropos of this eminent Maine jurist. 'Paine was reading a sheepskin-bound volume of law reports. A mutual acquaintance hailed him and said: 'See here, Paine, do you have to study law still?' 'This isn't law,' said Paine, 'it's only a collection of decisions of the Massachusetts Supreme Court.'—Lewiston Journal.

Stanley's Love Affair.

Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, had an early love affair at Omaha, Neb., the particulars of which have been recently given out on 'undoubted authority.' It was when he was young, handsome and fond of adventure. He fell in love with an actress who was then on the boards of the old Academy of Music—a vaudeville actress. She was a coquette, and flirted with young bloods of the city who had more money than Stanley. When Stanley got perfectly crazy in his affection for her she arranged a meeting with him after the performance, and, posting her friends, had them stationed behind the scenes to observe the results. Stanley, honest in his infatuation, knelt before the woman and protested desperately. She amused herself at his expense for some time, and then called in her concealed friends, much to her lover's surprise and disgust.—N. Y. Graphic.

An Angel of Mercy.

A little girl was graciously permitted, one bright Sunday, to go with her mamma to hear papa preach. It was a time of great rejoicing and responsibility, and the little face was all alight with happy anticipation. Now it chanced that on this special occasion papa's sermon was on the 'warning' order, and his earnest voice rang out solemnly in the Sunday quiet. After a moment of breathless surprise and horror, the little listener's soul was wrought upon with a great pity for the poor mortals upon whom so much wrath was descending. She rose excitedly to her feet, and, her wide, reproachful eyes just peeping over the back of the seat, called out, in sweet childing tones: 'What for is you scolding all the people so, papa.'—Harper's Young People.

FORTY MINUTES' READING.

The Variety and Extent of Information That May Be Easily Gained.

The question of what and when to read, and more than all, how to read, is most important to every one. There are no exceptions to this among those who are old enough to read anything; they must all read something if they want to keep above ground with live people; the question is one of choice.

The habit of reading is worth a great deal; that of thoughtful reading is worth more. By it one gains information, discipline, power; and it is power we are all struggling for. There are thousands of young men and women aimlessly frittering away golden opportunities. Some are doing it unconsciously, never realizing seriously the importance of a thoughtful course of reading, and so their earlier years wasted, they will find their later years poverty-stricken in mind and morals. One's earlier years are seedtime for harvests of rich and precious enjoyment in the autumn of life.

A writer in the Troy Times makes a strong appeal to the thousands of young men and women to take up some judicious course of reading, and thus enlarge their sphere of life, and the power and enjoyment of living. He recommends the Chautauqua course of reading as having been tested over eight years, and says: 'Today there are over one hundred thousand persons scattered all over the world pursuing this with profit and delight. The school at Chautauqua Lake is a college in one's own house. It is for busy people who left school years ago, and who yet desire to pursue some systematic course of instruction to keep abreast of the rapid progress in all departments of knowledge. It is for high school and college graduates and for people who never entered either; for merchants, mechanics, apprentices, clerks, farmer boys, shop girls, mothers, busy house-keepers, for people of leisure and wealth, who do not know what to do with their time; for poor people who struggle hard to make ends meet; for everybody who may have hunger of heart and mind for something better than they now have. The Chautauqua enterprise is a protest against the idea that scholarship is the monopoly of the professional classes. Education is for everybody who hungers and has pluck. Chautauqua protests against the idea that youth is the only time that an education can be acquired. The man and woman of forty can get an education.'

Nearly every one can so economize time as to give forty minutes a day on an average to a systematic course of reading. Many a one who pretends to be a busy person wastes more than that amount daily. And many read that much time and more, whose reading does not count much because it is at random without aim or direction. It is not wise to spend time and strength this way, it weakens rather than builds up. Life is too important and serious to fritter it away in aimless and indifferent reading. We need the help of the best minds and thoughts in all departments of life and labor.—Treasure Trove.

MOROCCO'S TREASURY.

It is Filled by Means of Exactions and Authorized Theft.

The Moroccan soldier is not so much a man of war as a collector of taxes, and from time to time his master sends him, without law or rule, to visit those whom he finds either too rich, or rich enough for him, the Sultan, to claim his share of the prize. Rapine is the only resource of the treasury. Each Pasha levies his share on all the baragans concluded on his territory. This state of affairs has, however, been improved since the intervention of Europeans in Morocco. But not so many years ago, and in the second half of this century, the most horrible tortures were inflicted both upon Mussulmen and Jewish merchants in order to force them to avow their fatal riches. Mr. J. Drummond Hay, in the narrative of his journey on the banks of the Leucos, relates dreadful details: men shut up in evens, wedges driven in under their nails, children smothered slowly before the eyes of their parents, a man shut up in the cage of a chained lion whose chain was long enough to enable him to come within an inch of the victim, who could not make the slightest movement without being rent by the talons of the beast. Doubtless the stories of Mr. Drummond Hay are exaggerated at the present day, and perhaps they were when he wrote. But this fact remains, in essential points at least, the treasury is filled by means of exactions and authorized thefts; and every official conscience may be bought. This is true from one end of the social scale to the other. When the merchant has tortured the slave, and when the Pasha has rifled the merchant, the Sultan employs similar means to relieve the Pasha of his booty. Many a Pasha, after finally getting rich, is betrayed by one of those around him and denounced to the Emperor as a great capitalist. Thereupon he is sent for to court, and the good sovereign spoils him of every thing, even to the last piece of money that sleeps in his coffers or in his pockets, even to the last *flon*, to the last *rhani*, to the last terra-cotta vase which is sold in the market-place. Then, a second job, the Pasha is sent back to his subjects so that he may begin another period of oppression. If, however, the Master has reason to suspect that any portion of the treasure has been kept back or hidden, he has the Pasha beaten, and then sends him to spend the rest of his days in the contemplative shades of a prison.—Benjamin Constant, in Harper's Magazine.

OUR AWFUL FIGHTER.

A True Story of Why He Joined Us and Why He Left Us.

It having become noised about that we were going to make a horseback trip through a portion of the cattle country, various individuals made applications for situations. We needed only a cook and a man to take charge of the baggage, but the applicants kept coming, and the day before we left a chap appeared who introduced himself as Awful Davis.

'Look-a-here, fellers,' he began in a business way, 'I want to be counted in on this, indeed, it's a sight on me that you hadn't applied for my services. You'd have been in a party pickle to have gone without the undersigned.'

When asked to explain what peculiar value his services might have to us he uttered a long whistle of surprise and replied: 'Well, you are innocents, and no mistake! Who's going to do your fighting for you?'

'As the Indians were at peace we hadn't expected any trouble.

'Oh! you don't! Bless me, but what dear, good little beast! Injun! Nobody said Injuns. It's the white men you've got to look out for. You're going among the toughest lot in the whole world. They are right on the fight all day and all night. Any one of the gang can turn himself loose and hammer Halifax out of the whole five of you in ten minutes.'

He wanted to go along to do our fighting. He would furnish his own mule and make the trip for a dollar a day and his keep. When asked if he had any recommendations he put on an injured air and answered: 'And you never heard of Awful Davis? Never heard of the man who has fit fifty-six fights and come out on top every time? Pardon that you want a certificate of character from a feller who fights, standing, kneeling, or lying on his back! This makes me queer!'

We talked it over and finally engaged him, and when informed of the fact he replied: 'Very well, gentlemen. From this moment you are in my keeping. Just put out the kuss you want pulverized and I'll do the business. I shan't put a fly limit on you. I'm to fight day or night and to lick six men a day. If you could bring about three or four a day for the next week I should feel obliged, as my liver is a little torpid and I want exercise.'

During the first day's ride we met but few people. One of those was an old Indian, lame in the left leg, and Awful Davis halted the party and observed: 'Gents, did I hear any of you tell me to lick this copper reptile?'

None of us had told him so.

'I beg your pardon, gents. I want you to understand that I'm allus on hand. I'd like to get down and hammer him for the benefit of my liver, but of course I'm under orders. We had pitched camp and were waiting for supper when a cowboy rode up. The greetings were friendly, and he got down to have a bite with us. He was hardly on the ground before he saw our Awful fighter and uttered a laugh of disgust.

'What you got thar?' he asked. 'He's our fighter.'

'Your fighter! Did you bring him along to fight anybody or anything?'

'He showed us to do our fighting, but he's had no hire yet.'

'Well, I'll give him a show! Come out of that, you cowardly kyste!'

The Awful was skulking behind the baggage. He rose up at the command, and the cowboy shouted at him: 'Bill Whesson, I know ye and I owe ye one. Come out here and earn yer hire!'

'Is that you, Jim Phillips?' queried our Awful as he advanced a step. 'Of course it's me, you yaller cur from the bottom lands!'

'And you want to fight?'

'I want to show these 'ere gents that you're the biggest liar and coward in America! Come out here!'

'Gents, is it your wish that I produce a funeral here?' asked the Awful as he turned to us. 'Shall I bang his feuchers into our bloody mass—kill him dead'n a beef boss with one blow?'

We answered that it was.

'Here—the one hand behind me—the both hands behind me—the my feet together, and I'll lick him then!' howled the cowboy.

'Jim Phillips, you haven't got two minits to exist!' solemnly announced the Awful. 'I'm comin' fur ye like a dozen cyclones piled into one! Look out, now!'

He spit on his hands and stepped back, as if to get a running start, and next thing we heard was the thump! thump! of his feet, as he fled afar into the darkness. Some time during the night he returned for his mule. Next morning we found the following explanation scrawled on a piece of paper and stuck into a split stick: 'Seezed with sudden illness—good-bye.'—New York Sun.

His Case the Saddest.

'This is the seventh time within two hours that you have asked me when the train left for Lansing,' replied the policeman at the third street depot to a young man with a stonel.

'Is it against the law?'

'No, but it is rather annoying to me.'

'Well, if it annoys you how do you think I must feel about it? The fare is \$2.00, and I've got to think of some way to get out there in \$1.50.'—Detroit Free Press.

Wise and Old.

He rejected suitors—You condescended to look upon my suit with favor once, Miss Bond.

She—Yes, I was young and foolish then. I have gained wisdom with age.

He (savagely)—How very wise you must be by this time.—Yankee Blade.

A Breathing Spell.

A sleepy little soul at bed time found it hard work to keep awake when she knelt down to say her prayer. Half way through she stopped and sighed: 'Well, I've got from the worst of it, mamma.'—New York Tribune.

A Friendly Critic.

Stamp Clerk at postoffice window—You'll have to pay letter postage on this package. It's first class matter.

Persevering Author about to send his manuscript on his seventh trial trip—Ah, thank you. Couldn't you get a position as editor somewhere?—Harper's Weekly.

