



BUFFALOES ALMOST EXTINCT.

Little More Than a Thousand of These Animals in Existence. The American buffalo is fast disappearing from the earth. It is estimated that there are now remaining alive in the world only 1,024 of these noble beasts, 684 of which are in captivity.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street. A hundred years to come? Who'll tread your church with willing feet.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

JACK WARING was bashful, but it was a question if he was any more bashful than Ethel Talcott. They could not speak to each other on even the most trivial subject without stammering and blushing.

only by corralling them and reducing them to captivity.

C. J. Jones, better known as "Buffalo" Jones, of Oklahoma, has a herd of over 100 full-bred buffalo, which he wishes to sell to the government.

corner and then Ethel held the arch until he had built around it. "Now make some bathing houses on the beach," commanded Gus.

FAIR RIVALS IN RIDING TO HOUNDS.

Newport society promises to be torn in twain this season by rival hunting parties, and nothing at present appears to be able to avert it but consolidation of forces, which does not seem likely.

FORETELL COMING STORMS.

Telegraph wires are said to be unfailing weather prophets. According to Dr. Eydian, a German physician, there are no more reliable weather prophets than telegraph wires.

Deaf-Mutes and Blind. The number of deaf-mutes in the United States is over 111,000; the number of totally blind is 88,924.

End of the Baker Howard Feud

If a recent report from London, Ky., that the Baker-Howard feud has been finally settled is correct it will put an end to a warfare which has lasted for more than thirty years, which has cost the lives of more than thirty men, and has several times necessitated the calling out of the State troops with gatling guns and loaded rifles.



MANCHESTER, KY., JAIL.

the tops of two hills, which are 400 feet in height, are less than 200 feet apart. Often a cornfield, which begins down in a gully, will run up several hundred feet in the course of a few rods, and several farmers have been killed by falling off their cornfields.

The citizens of Clay County are almost all the descendants of people who were settled there in 1770 or thereabouts. Strangers are not encouraged to move into the county, and there is nothing to attract immigrants, even if they were welcomed.

Over much of the country the forest is still unbroken and untouched, and the hills are full of deep and mysterious ravines. The only industries are the raising of hogs, mules, and corn, some of which is said to be turned into moonshine whisky at hidden stills.

The people are by nature taciturn and almost sullen. They rarely laugh, and are given to moods and brooding. In personal appearance they are all of the same general type, tall, averaging over 6 feet, and dark, with black hair and eyes.

Some of the people of Clay County have Indian blood in their veins. Others are descended from old Scotch border families. Absolute and democratic equality prevails among them all.

Menial Innocence.

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"If anyone should call this afternoon, Mary, say that I am not well," said a mistress to a newly engaged servant.

"What kind of a man is your employer?" asked one young man.

"Oh, he's peculiar," answered the other. "He thinks that simply because he has satisfied his customers and made money he knows more about how his business ought to be run than I do."

"I see the druggists are forming a trust to maintain retail prices."

"See here," said the lobbyist of the future. "I want you to secure the vote of Mrs. State Senator Jones, of the 'Stealth' district. You ought to get it for \$100."

"O' my," exclaimed his female assistant, "I wouldn't think of offering her that."

"You don't mean to say she'll want more?"

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—sayings and doings that are old, curious and laughable—The Week's Humor.

"Sometimes," said Senator Sorghum, pensively, "I am inclined to look on what some people call honesty as downright egotism."

"I don't quite understand you."

"Well, I don't know as I can make it absolutely clear. But I have always gone on the principle that every man has his price."

"So I have observed."

"Well, sir, the bids that some people have refused would indicate a self-valuation which deserves to be characterized by no less an epithet than 'inordinate vanity.'"

Exaggerated. Gabb-Stretch told me that he once saw four hens' eggs which weighed a pound each.

Blabb—I think it's an instance of eggs-ageration.—Ohio State Journal.

Give Himself Away. Merchant—Are your habits all correct? Applicant for Position—Yes, sir.

Merchant (after a pause)—Do you drink? Applicant (absently)—Thanks. Don't care if I do.

Cumbersome. "Do you consider it good taste for a woman who marries to retain her former name and merely add her husband's to it?"

"Certainly not," answered the lady from Chicago. "There is a charming friend of mine, a grass widow, who, under such a system, would be known as Mrs. Eliza Jenkins-Smith-Thompson-Brown-Smitthers and several more that I can't remember."

Not His Wife. Closest—Does your wife eternally poster you for money? Graspit—No, the people she buys things from do that.—Ohio State Journal.

So Would They A-L. "It's easy enough to tell," remarked the girl in the fur jacket, "that men write the paragraphs in the newspapers. They are always putting in little slurs on women."

"I'd rather have any man write about me than to have some other woman do it," replied the girl with the retousse nose.—Chicago Tribune.

Shower of Ducks. Mrs. Chungwater—Joshua, the paper says \$200,000 worth of oats changed hands in a few minutes. How could they do all that in so short a time?

Mr. Chungwater—The oats didn't really change hands. The cash changed pockets. A woman oughtn't to try to understand these things. They're away beyond her.—Chicago Tribune.

Well, Hardly Ever. Faith—I wouldn't marry the best man in the world.

Hope—Of course not, you goose. The bride never marries the best man.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Isn't this a queer spot to plant seeds, little boy?

"We ain't plantin' no seeds. These are Injin relics for the summer boarders to find."—The King.

Peculiarities. "What kind of a man is your employer?" asked one young man.

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Contradict. "Here's a scientist who says that we think with one-half of our brain."

"Well, I could show him some people who don't."—Puck.

Caught. She—Do you believe in this theory about spreading disease by kissing? He—Well, they say there's something in it.

"Did you ever catch anything by kissing a girl?"

"Yes, once; her father saw me at it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Farce Comedy. "I see the druggists are forming a trust to maintain retail prices."

"The stage is not the only place where one finds farce-comedy."—Ohio State Journal.

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Quite Indispensable.

Towne—I've seen Gazley several nights recently with his field glass. I wonder what his game is.

Browne—O! he's calling on Miss Kulcher, of Boston.

Towne—The idea! What does he carry field glasses for?

Browne—He doesn't. He merely uses the case to carry a dictionary in.—Philadelphia Press.

Know Him Better. Mrs. Caller—Surely, you're not jealous of your husband?

Mrs. Chellins—Yes, I am. He simply can't keep his eyes off the women.

Mrs. Caller—O! yes, he can. You should see him some time when he has a seat in a crowded street car.—Philadelphia Press.

Deary Bought Knowledge. Rivers—This "Order of the Buffaloes" only shows that the fools are not all dead yet.

Brooks—Yes? How much did it cost you to join?—Chicago Tribune.

Yet He Didn't Buy. "These cigars, said the dealer, 'are the kind Senator Lotsumun smokes.'"

"But Senator Lotsumun has sworn off from smoking," the customer reminded him.

"Well, this is the kind he swore off from."—Chicago Tribune.

In China. First Native—And the missionaries want compensation for their property.

Second Native—Dear me! Haven't they a text that if a man takes your coat you are to give him your cloak, also?—Puck.

Two Waiting for Him. Rownders—Well, there's one time at least when a fellow's sincerely glad that he's not a polygamist, and that's when he comes home late from the club.

De Kanter—Well, on such occasions I invariably see apparent evidence that I'm at least a bigamist.—Philadelphia Press.

The Cares of Riches. "Do you find the possession of a large sum of money occasions worry?" said the inquisitive man.

"I do," answered the millionaire. "What sort of worry?"

"Worry for fear somebody is going to get it away from me."—Washington Star.

A Careless Remark. "I am really afraid you hurt that actor's feelings," said Miss Cayenne.

"In what way?"

"You said he played his part very well. You know he is very sensitive, and by using the word 'part,' he may have thought you were trying to imply that he is not the whole show."—Washington Star.

Sliding Scale for Wedding Fees. Erastus—Pawson, what you charge to marry me an' Mary Jane?

Parson—Twenty dollars.

Erastus—Lo'd, dat's high. What yo' charge to marry me to 'Liza Sniff'?

Parson—One dollar. Yo' see, I ad-muhls Mary Jane mahself.

A Molest N'quest. Mrs. Chatterton—I should like to go shopping this afternoon.

Chatterton—But, honest, my dear, I haven't got a dollar in my pocket.

Mrs. Chatterton (lightly)—Oh, well, then, you might give me ninety-eight cents.—Puck.

No Wonder. "I got into an argument with Biggett coming home in a crowded car last night and it didn't take me long to make him acknowledge the corn."

"You don't mean it, really?"

"Yes; I accidentally trod on his foot."—Philadelphia Press.

J at the Reverse. Fresh—I hear our 'varsity team is going to play with the Brooklyn Leaguers next week.

Soph—No, I'm afraid the leaguers are going to play with our team.—Philadelphia Press.

An Unwilling Victim. First Reporter—I guess I'll take a little of your tobacco, if you don't mind.

Second Reporter—I don't care how little you take.—Sommerville Journal.

Paradoxical. Quizzer—You say you don't believe in aerial navigation?

Cy Nick—No.

Quizzer—But what about these people you hear of walking on air?—Ohio State Journal.

An Indication. He—How innocent Miss Priscilla is! She blushes at everything I say to her.

She—That isn't innocence, that's refinement.—Life.

Another Illusion Destroyed. "I wish you hadn't had your hair cut so short, Harold," exclaimed the young woman, turning from him involuntarily.

"What difference does that make, dearest?" asked Harold with tender anxiety.

"You—you have destroyed an illusion," she sighed. "That is all."

"You didn't think I was a poet, did you, Clara, because I wore my hair long?"

"No, I never suspected you of being a poet."

"Nor an artist?"

"No."

"Then, what illusion have I destroyed?" he asked.

"Perhaps I should say, Harold," she answered, with tears in her voice, "that you have unconsciously revealed a fact I never suspected, dear. Your ears don't match!"—Stray Stories.

College-Bred Men. According to recent statistics, there is one man in about 500 in the United States who receives a college training.

Crazy men and fools are poor instructors.



TYPICAL HOME IN THE PIGEON ROOST.

ror, Mrs. Baker, the newly made widow, called her ten children around the body of their father and there swore each of them never to rest until the death had been avenged.

Then "hell bust loose in Clay," as they say on the other side of the Ohio. Both the Garrard-Baker and the White-Howard factions hired and armed a number of men to fight for them, paying \$1 a day and ammunition, bacon, and corn bread in plenty for such services.

Now the word comes from London that more than twenty of these professional fighters have enlisted in the United States army and that old Gen. Garrard, once a distinguished Federal cavalry leader, has given his word to Judge Beverly White that the feud shall come to an end.

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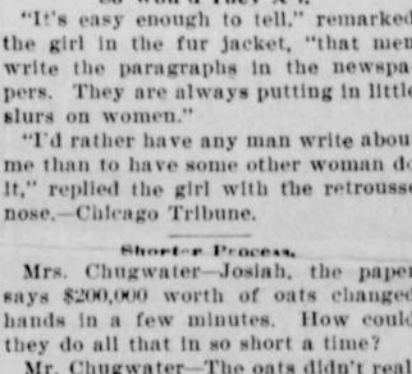
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