

ROMANCE OF A "CUSS-WORD."

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Broad expanse of shiny shirt-front,
Outs and collar white to match,
Overcoat with silken facing—
Just the rig to make a catch.

Pretty lady coming toward him;
He greets her with a mash;
Meets a stumbling horse on crossing,
Mud flies o'er him with a splash.

Man who looked so sweet and gentle,
Like a little suckling lamb,
Now becomes a raving lion—
Girl goes by and hears him cuss.

Girl is shocked beyond expression;
Thinks his language simply vile;
Yet believes that she can save him—
Meets him next time with a smile.

Man apologizes bravely;
Says his anger made him rash.
Girl replies it isn't convinced her
He's a man of proper dash.

They are married in November;
Wife is over all her scold;
Says she thought him soft and sickish
Till the day she heard him swear.

—Chicago News.

THE DOCTOR'S ADVENTURE.

BY SARA B. ROSS.

[The following story is a true one, with the exception of the names, which are slightly changed, as there are descendants of some of the characters still living in the city of Buffalo. The conversations no one could be sure of at this time.]

It was during the war known as the war of 1812 that Dr. Anthony Chartre was practicing medicine in the city of Buffalo, if it could then be called a city. He was a dashing young bachelor, and had turned the heads of more than one of the belles of the town; but had at last succumbed to the charms of a fair damsel, Miss Jennie St. Jarvis, a niece of the widow St. Jarvis, who had a large mansion upon one of the principal streets.

The Doctor, however, was troubled a little with bashfulness, and had deferred making a proposal from time to time, until one day he had determined he would not leave his divinity until he had put the question and knew what his fate was to be.

He had, however, but just seated himself by the fair girl's side, when a knock was heard upon the door of the parlor in which he sat. When the door was opened a 12-year-old boy was disclosed, who asked in a frightened voice, "Be Dr. Chartre here?"

"He is," replied Miss Jennie. "Wal," said he, hurriedly, "there is a man up south what's broke his leg, and he wants the Doctor to come right off and set it."

The Doctor swallowed his chagrin, and asked:

"How far is it?"

"Just a little south of the corners. He telled me to come right along with you, sir."

"Very well; I will get my horse immediately."

He made his adieu to the young lady in a very tender manner, and was soon upon his way, with the tow-headed urchin as a guide. It was a beautiful day, the air was clear and bracing, and the young Doctor sung and whistled on his way, regardless of the open mouth and eyes of the astonished lad.

They had ridden at least ten miles when the boy turned aside from the road down a wooded lane, saying: "This way, mister."

The Doctor followed and soon came in sight of a neat-looking block house and a large log barn, where a pair of patient oxen stood chewing their cud in the yellow sunlight. The clearing sloped in a gentle incline to the shores of Lake Erie, which could not have been more than a half mile distant.

It was a beautiful spot, and the Doctor stopped for a moment to admire the grove of graceful pine trees which on one side grew almost up to the door of the cabin.

He then rapped lightly and the door was opened by a slender young girl with dark grey eyes, and a wealth of beautiful golden hair, which was worn in heavy braids wound round and round the well-shaped head.

She was clad in the homespun linen garments of the time, and was devoid of all the little fripperies which characterized the dress of the young ladies of the town.

"The Doctor?" she asked, in a low, sweet voice.

The Doctor bowed his head in response.

"Step this way then," said the girl, leading the way, through the low red door which led into a small chamber.

The sufferer was a man in the prime of life, and was bearing his pain with the quiet of a hero. His wife was by his side, and the two women stood by when the fractured limb was set, and ministered to the wants of the patient or assisted the Doctor with perfect calmness, and self-possession. When all was over Mrs. Atwood said, "You must wait for supper, Doctor; Dolly will have it ready in a few moments."

The Doctor decided to wait, for he was feeling hungry, as he had missed his dinner and it was now nearly 4 o'clock.

He sat watching the graceful girl as she prepared the large white potatoes for the oven, and fried the silvery fish fresh from the lake near by, and before he was aware of it, he found himself comparing her with the sprightly but somewhat affected Jennie St. Jarvis, and it must be said his comparisons were not in favor of the latter young lady.

It was 5 o'clock when he again remounted his horse, and when he reached the main road he was surprised to see it filled with men, women, and children, all hurrying southward in the greatest state of excitement and alarm. "What is the matter?" he asked, in astonishment, of a lady with whom he was acquainted.

"Oh, Doctor," was the reply, "fly for your life; the British and Indians are in Buffalo, breaking open the stores and pillaging the houses, and not a soldier this side of Batavia."

And she hurried on without stopping for further words.

The Doctor was in a quandary. He had left behind him in his office a large sum of money in gold, and he disliked to lose it greatly, and as his office was in a retired part of the city, he resolved to proceed carefully, and, if possible,

secure this before it fell into the hands of the enemy.

He questioned some others, and found that the town was almost entirely deserted, and that these were the very last of the flying people, who had scatted in every direction. He put spurs to his horse, but the shades of night overtook him before he had half accomplished his journey, and the light of burning buildings began to light up the darkness of the evening.

He hurriedly rode on, however, and by avoiding the half-drunken soldiery, and the painted red demons who had congregated around Bert's large store, which they had ransacked and then set fire to, he managed to reach his office without being seen, and found that it had not been broken into. He secreted his money upon his person, filled his medicine case to its fullest extent, placed in his pockets several bottles of the best brandy, and was about to endeavor to steal away as he had come, when he was confronted by a red-faced English captain and two horribly painted Indians.

"Aha, my boy, you're our prisoner," said the Englishman, patting him upon the shoulder.

"Deliver up your arms, and tell us where there may be any little valuables; this building will be ashes in half an hour."

"I am not armed," replied the Doctor, "and as to my pills, you may swallow them all, if you like."

"A saw-bones, eh? Here, Eaglet; and you, Blackchief, take this fellow to the Colonel, upon the square."

The Doctor was marched off between the two Indians, but the Colonel was not found upon the square, but in the house of the widow St. Jarvis, who was cooking a supper for the English officers, and whose house was filled with silks and merchandise from the various stores of the plundered town.

The lady and her niece, Miss Jennie St. Jarvis, seemed to be in the best of spirits when the Doctor was led in between the two Indians. The elder lady was joking with the Englishmen about the flying Yankees, and the younger was promouncing up and down the hall with the officer for whom they were seeking. They were chatting with the familiarity of old friends, and the arm of the drunken officer was thrown lightly about the lady's slender waist.

Ah, Doctor," said Mrs. St. Jarvis. "So you couldn't keep pace with the others and got captured."

The Doctor's only reply was a frigid bow, and one of the Indians, Eaglet, leaving him, touched the arm of the officer who was walking with Miss St. Jarvis.

"A prisoner did you say? Where is he?" said the officer, pausing.

The Indian pointed to Dr. Chartre, and the Colonel came forward, still with his arm about Miss Jennie's waist. She colored slightly when she saw the Doctor, but she said no word and endeavored to appear as if she was an utter stranger.

"Are you a surgeon, sir?" asked the Colonel.

"I am," replied Dr. Chartre.

"Very well," was the reply. "You may take him across the river, men, and have him attend to those fellows who were wounded this afternoon, and then take him to Col. Harker."

The Indians resumed their silent march, and the Doctor was hurried through the burning town, and bore the insults of the hilarious soldiers and Indians with stern, set lips, and disdained to say a word in reply.

At the shore Eaglet again left them, but very soon returned with a strong but light canoe. The Doctor was placed in the center seat, and, with an Indian in each end, the canoe started to go down the river for a short distance, and then to cross the river to the Canadian side. As soon as they were well started, the Doctor drew from his pocket a bottle of brandy, and, knocking out the cork, was about to pretend to drink, when Eaglet said: "Ugh, me take."

The Doctor handed him the bottle in a reluctant manner, and then took another from his pocket, which was quickly snatched from his hand by the silent Blackchief, and the Doctor had the gratification of seeing them both take long and hearty drinks of the strong liquor.

It was not long before Eaglet began, an excited and drunken quarrel with his companion, which was responded to with short, surly answers in the most defiant tone; tomahawks were brandished, and the Doctor feared he was in greater danger than before, but in a short time the liquor did its expected work upon Eaglet and he fell in a drunken slumber, face downward, in the bottom of the canoe.

The Doctor moved slightly to bring Blackchief directly under his eye, but he saw by the fierce exclamation and uplifted tomahawk that it would be a perilous business to attack him unarmed, and his heart almost sank within him as he saw the lights on the Canadian shore momentarily grow nearer and nearer.

However, to his intensest joy, he saw the Indian again apply the bottle to his lips, and the Doctor saw in a few moments that his stroke grew unsteady, and, striving hard against the potent liquor, the Indian bent every energy to his paddling, but in vain; his hand slipped from the oar, his head began to nod, and, seizing the fellow bodily, the Doctor threw him overboard into the stream. He then turned his attention to Eaglet, who was snoring loudly in the bottom of the canoe. To deal with him as he had the other was only the work of a moment, and then the Doctor seized the paddle, and, with a sigh of relief, started to paddle out of reach far up the lake.

He was still in the greatest danger, for the water was lit up for miles with the light of the burning town, and canoes were crossing to and fro every few moments.

The Doctor, however, was wary, and managed to elude them all; and morning found him chilled and damp several miles up in about the center of the lake. He turned his canoe toward the American shore, and as he worked his way slowly along with his blistered hands, he thought of the woman he once thought he had loved, false to her country, false to him—and worse than all—false to her own womanly mode of life.

He gained the quiet, lonely shore at about 10 o'clock in the day. A forest

of middle-sized pine trees came down to the water's edge, and the Doctor fastened his canoe and climbed upon the little ledge which bordered the shore. About half a mile inland he saw a black cabin and a large log barn by which stood two large oxen chewing their cud in the sun. Could it be possible? Yes, it was the cabin of Mr. Atwood, the man whose limb he had set the day before, but which seemed weeks ago to the chilled and weary Doctor.

He made his way to the cabin and met Dolly Atwood at the door, who gave him the welcome information that the soldiers had arrived from Batavia, and the British and Indians had evacuated the smoking ruins of what had once been called Buffalo.

The Doctor stayed with the hospitable farmer until his limb was firmly knit, but together with Dolly Atwood he rode into the town a week after it was burnt, and saw that the house of the perfidious Mrs. St. Jarvis was almost the only building left standing.

When he set up his office in newly built Buffalo Dolly Atwood was his wife.

Miss St. Jarvis returned to her home in the East shortly afterward, having learned by the coolness of the young people who once were her friends, that her treachery was known; but the Doctor's marriage was the worst blow to her pride, for between two stools she had met with a fall, as she never met the English Colonel afterward.

The Law in Regard to Animals.

Ordinarily wild animals are not protected. Any man may hurt and kill them. In some places, however, regulations are made to protect certain kinds of animals from hunters, so that the species may not become extinct.

Once confined and under the control of man, they become private property, and are protected as such. To take a deer out of a park, or a cow from a pasture, is stealing. The old Norman kings of England punished deer-stealing with death, but this law has been long a dead letter.

Animals that have a money value, such as cattle, sheep, and pigs, have always been considered, in law, as much private property as horses and lambs. Pet animals, like dogs and cats, were formerly held of little account. The man who stole a cow could be sent to prison for theft, but, if he stole a pet dog, he could not be prosecuted as a criminal. The owner, however, could sue him and recover damages for the loss. In later years laws were passed to cover this defect.

Owners of animals have always been liable for any mischief their pets may commit. Formerly they were not liable unless they knew their animals were dangerous. For example, the first time a dog killed sheep the owner was not obliged to pay, but the second time he was not excused.

A man may keep a fierce dog to protect his house from burglars, but must see to it that the dog is chained. If, then, he bites a person who carelessly goes too near the kennel, the owner is not responsible.

Modern laws hold a dog-owner responsible for the animal's acts, even if he thinks that the dog is not vicious. Inasmuch as every dog is liable to become fierce, the law says that whoever keeps one must take his chances.

Any person may kill a dog that attacks him while out of control of its owner. If the dog is worrying cattle or sheep, anybody may kill it. However, the dog is protected while on the land of its owner.

Now-a-days nearly all countries have laws providing dog-owners with licenses to keep their animals. Unless every dog has an owner who is responsible for it, much damage would be done for which no one could be called upon to pay. Under these laws, owners of vicious dogs may be fined. The dogs themselves are killed by public officers who are specially charged with the duty.

The ancient German empire a curious use was made of these animals. The Emperors Otto I. and Frederick Barbaossa condemned persons who were guilty of trying to stir up sedition, and disturb the peace of the public, to notoriety and derision. The offenders had to carry a dog upon their shoulders from one great town to another.

Uses of this kind are no longer in existence. Our dogs and other pets are dearer to us, in that we are obliged to take care of them.

An East India Version of the Flood.

In East India there is a legend that ages ago mankind became so very bad that God determined to destroy all except just enough to begin with anew. The exceptions were mostly preserved along with pairs of all sorts of animals, in a golden palace on a mountain top. A boy and a girl, born of parents who were "neither good nor bad," had been previous carried off by an angel from their respective homes on the day of their birth, and were brought up in a crystal palace suspended in mid-air, where they were tended by a mute female figure of gold. When they grew up they were married, and a girl was born to them. The destruction of the wicked having been effected by fire, the earth was thereby greatly smirched. So giants were sent to wash it clean. They used so much water that a deluge was produced, and the waters rose so high that the golden palace and its inmates were in danger of being submerged. —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

She Would Brave Her Ma.

On an Oakland boat there was a couple that the most superficial observer would set down as spoony. The young man drew from his pocket a small jewelry case, and pressing a spring displayed a handsome diamond ring.

"This is for you, dear," he said.

"Oh, my," she replied, "how pretty and how kind; but I really cannot accept it. What would ma say?"

"Oh, but you must accept it, I bought it for you."

"But, oh, George! really, you know, how can I? Ma doesn't allow me to take presents from gentlemen."

"All right, then; it's of no use to me. I'll give it to Miranda."

"What! Miranda? With the horrid, red-headed thing? Rather than she should have it I'll brave ma and accept."

THE BAD BOY.

"What's the trouble now between you and your pa?" asked the groceryman of the bad boy, as he came down the alley on a jump, after climbing over the back fence at his house in a hurry, attired only in pants and shirt and a coat of perspiration. "There's your pa looking over the fence now, and shaking a piece of barrel stave this way. What have you been up to?"

"O, just been doing what pa told me to," said the boy, as he poked up the cover of a rain-box and began to fan himself. "You see, pa is one of these funny fellows. In a cold day in winter he will come to the table and ask me where his linen coat is, and why she don't put up the mosquito-bars. He thinks it is smart. This morning it was hot enough to roast eggs on the sidewalk, and pa came down to breakfast and asked where his sealskin cap and gloves were, and then he turned to me and said, 'Henri why haven't you built a fire in the furnace? Want us all to freeze to death? If you can't keep a fire in the furnace I will know the reason why,' and then he laughed, and wiped the perspiration off his face. I thought it would be a good joke to take pa at his word, and show him that two could be cunning as well as one, so I went down in the basement and built a fire in the furnace, with kindling wood, and put on a lot of coal. After breakfast pa sat down in the parlor to read the paper, and he began to get a hot box. It was warm enough without any fire, about ninety in the shade, and pa began to heat up. I went through the parlor and I said I guessed it was going to be a scorcher, and a man would get sun-struck if he went outdoors. Pa is afraid of being sunstruck, so he wouldn't go out. He sat there trying to read, and pulled off his coat and vest and collar and cuffs and boots, and tried to find a cool place. He went up stairs, but it was hotter there, and he came down, puffing. The minister and two deacons called to talk with pa about the picnic they are going to have next week, and they said it was the hottest day ever was. Pa said it hell was any hotter than Milwaukee it had no charms for him, and the minister said this weather was a refrigerator car in comparison with what pa would encounter hereafter if he didn't change his course. Pa was mad at the minister for being so personal, but he went on talking about the picnic. The minister looked at the thermometer, and it was a hundred and six, and he said he didn't go out of that house till after sundown, not if he knew it. Pa suggested that the minister and the deacons take off their coats and things, and so they stripped off their things and sat around and loled. The minister said as pa was the committee on lemonade for the picnic he had better make some then, so that they could see if he knew his business, and pa sent me to the kitchen to make some. There was only one lemon, so I asked the girl for some lemon extract, and she gave me a bottle of citrate of magnesia, which she said was so near like lemonade they couldn't tell the difference, and I poured a quart of that in the lemonade pitcher, and sweetened it and took it in the parlor. Well, you'd a dide to see them drink it, and perspire. They talked picnic and looked at the thermometer, and spoke disrespectfully of the weather, and I sat around and watched them from on top of the ice-box about an hour, when suddenly they didn't drink any more lemonade, cause it was all gone. Pa went in the kitchen, and I saw him examining the bottle that I got the lemon extract out of, and he picked up a piece of barrel-stave and went back in the parlor, and just then the minister, who had sat his chair over the register, to get the draft of cold air, told pa there was hot air coming up the register, and pa and the deacons examined all the registers, and found that the air was hot, and then they looked at each other, and pa came to the door and spoke kindly and said: 'Henri, come in here, your pa wants to speak to you about something,' but I knew he was holding that barrel stave behind him to hide it, and I didn't come here, Henri, not very much. I think a boy can't always tell when it is healthy not to 'come here, Henri.' Just as the minister looked at the thermometer and said it was a hundred and twenty, and ma came in the front door from her marketing, and shouted fire, I went out the back way and got over the fence a little ahead of the barrel stave, which struck the fence right under me. I ain't no coward, but I am like the fellow that run away from the fight and said, as soon as the chairs and bungsters began to fly through the air, he decided to get out honorably, and the only way to get out honorably was to get out quick. Pa will get over being mad at 12:30, and I will go home to dinner. I guess the picnic meeting has adjourned, as the minister and the deacons are coming up the sidewalk with their coats on their arms. Pa is one of these fellows that likes a joke if it is on somebody else. The other day a friend was at our house, and pa wanted to play a joke on him, so he said he would get him around back of the house, and get him into a hammock, and as soon as he was in he wanted me to reach around the corner of the house and cut the hammock rope on the tree and let him down. When I thought it was about time for pa to get the man in the hammock, I cut the rope and came out to help pa laugh at the fellow. I laughed, but I was surprised to find that the fellow was sitting on a bench and pa had gone down with the hammock, and he was making up the awfulest face ever was. His pants were split from Dan to Beersheba, and he made a dent in the ground as big as a six-quart milk pan. The fellow laughed, but pa was mad, and said I didn't have no sense. He wanted to know why I didn't look what I was doing, and when I told him I did, he was mad again, and said I didn't have no veneration, how was I to blame? I did just as pa told me to. How was I to know it was pa in the hammock instead of the other fellow. It is mighty hard to do everything right, ain't it? Don't you think our folks are in luck that I do so few things wrong?"

The grocery man said he thought they were in luck that they were alive.

and as the bad boy went out the back door his pa came in the front door and asked the price of lettuce, and looked all around the store as though he had lost something about the size of the bad boy. —Peck's Sun.

The Coming Man.

"De comin' man hasn't come yet," said Brother Gardner. "No, gen'l'men, de comin' man hasn't arrove in dis kentry yet, an' if de rheumatics keeps on boderin' me I can't expect to be on airth when he gets heah, an' take him by the han' an' tell him how powerful glad I is to see him. But some of our chill'en may lib to see him, an' dar will be sick a celebrashun as no Foth of July kin hold a candle to."

"De comin' man, my friends, will go to Congress unpledged an' come home unbribed, an' widout far of meetin' de people who sent him dar."

"De comin' man will be 'lected State, County, or City Treasurer, an' when his term has expired his books will balance an' his accounts will be squar' to a cent."

"De comin' man will have a reverence fur de Constitution of de Union an' a respect fur de laws of his own State."

"De comin' man will look sternly upon embezzlement, bribery, an' all sorts of fraud, an' he will take a squar' stand upon an honest polytical platform."

"If de comin' man should happen to be 'lected to de Common Council, de people of dat city would h'ar such a rattlin' an' shakin' of dry bones dat de music of ten brass bands couldn't drown de noise."

"As I menshuned befo', de comin' man hasn't got heah yet, an' when I pick up de daily paper an' scan de daily record of crime I can't help but feel dat de hero will find sich a job laid out fur him dat he will go down into his bates an' nebber be seen nor heard of again."

"While I don't want to occupy de valuable time of dis meetin' ober an hour an' a-half furdur, I feel it my dooty to remark dat dis Lime-Kiln Club isn't gwine to wait fur any comin' man to come. De Committee on Finance am gwine to look into our lodge safe once a week all fren de y'ar, an' if de money dean' tally wid the Secretary's figgers a cyclone will begin to circle. While de janitor of dis club am only allowed to handle 17 cents per week, de fust time he makes seven an' five cent up thirteen he will be missed from his accustomed paths."

"While dar am materially a fraternal feelin' in a lodge of dis sort, dat feelin' must chop squar' off when a brudder member am seen promenadin' down to de stashun in company wid a purleecoman. Love one anoder, but return borrowed money exactly when you promise. Stan' by a member in distress, but let him know dat as soon as he gets well he will be expected to aim his own meat an' taters at fish-wood. Anticipate a redneckshun in house-rent, but don't move out in de night own de landlord back rent. Be obleegin', but when a man returns your coffy-mill minus de handle an' boaf cog-wheels don't fail to drap a hint dat it would be less trouble fur him to drink tea or pound his coffee in a rag." —Lime-Kiln Club Papers.

Keep Your Lips.

In the desire to make a girl feel at home and pleased with her place, the young housekeeper is sometimes apt to take her too closely into her confidence, especially if she is a pleasant girl and useful in the house. But it is a very dangerous practice and almost always makes trouble. All may go well while she is with you, but in the chances and changes of life she may, and probably will, drift into some other kitchen, where all the news she has gathered in yours may be rehearsed without stint. She will not discriminate with regard to those things you have strictly enjoined her "not to tell." In fact, those who will likely be the first points "fished out" of her by some meddlesome woman. There is a surprising enjoyment in being the first to "tell news," and an inexperienced, undisciplined girl will rarely be found who can resist the temptation.

You can treat a girl with perfect kindness and yet not give yourself into her power. Keep your own counsel about your own affairs. Do not let her sympathy or great interest beguile you into relating what you are not quite willing to have told over in other places. —Rural New Yorker.

Misdirected Mail Matter.

People in general have but a faint conception of the enormous amount of misdirected mail matter which passes through the mails annually. In the Boston office last year there were 49,000 letters wrongly addressed, and in all these cases the proper addresses were ascertained and the letters forwarded to their destination, and yet people wonder why their letters are delayed, although it is owing to their own carelessness. Of course, the Postoffice officials are not responsible, but many people fail to see where the trouble lies. In further evidence of the want of care on the part of the public, it is stated that the number of letters sent to the Dead Letter Office during last year was nearly 4,500,000, or an average of 14,500 per day. These letters contained no less than \$400,000 in cash, and checks to the amount of \$1,500,000. —Boston Herald.

A Singular Coincidence.

A gentleman from the North was spending a few days in Austin. He was stopping with a leading citizen, whose acquaintance he had made. As they entered the house, the stranger asked:

"Haven't you got any old relics as curiosities of the Texas revolution?"

"Allow me to introduce you to my mother-in-law," responded the Austin man, as that old lady the widow of a Texas veteran, stepped up to meet them. —Texas Sittings.

APPLE blossoms are now worn by Boston brides. Whisky blossoms have long been worn by many Boston bridegrooms.

Down in New Jersey they are palming off canned mosquitoes for potted lobsters.

HUMOR.

COMPANIONS in arms—twins.

The woman's cause—bec-use.

Far-in affairs—artesian wells.

A NEW way to pay old debts—liquitate them. —Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

"Young man," said the landlord, "I always eat the cheese rind." And the boarder replied: "Just so; I am leaving it for you."

HERE I sent \$3 to this man for an infallible remedy for my red nose, and he advises me to go on drinking until it turns purple. —Texas Sittings.

A MAN has been arrested in London for simply laying up something for a rainy day. In his room over nine hundred umbrellas were discovered.

The Mayor of a certain town in Maine receives the princely salary of \$1 a year. It is just such salaries as this that cause the American people to be a nation of office-seekers. —Paris Beacon.

"No, sir," said the worldly young man to the life-insurance agent, "I don't feel prepared to have my life insured just yet. I do not care to feel that I would be worth more dead than I am alive."

THERE'S one thing about me," said young Fastboy, "that is always on time." "I know," said his friend, "your clothes." And Fastboy said that wasn't just what he was going to say, but it was true, nevertheless.

A YOUNG young Pittsburg dentist has eloped with the daughter of a Philadelphia nabob, and all the laughing-gas ever used by the new son-in-law wouldn't create the ghost of a smile on the old gentleman's countenance.

THE reason farm hands are so scarce can be accounted for in the fact that a man can't get a moment's rest on the barbed wire fences now in use. The old rail fence offered some inducement to a man to engage on a farm, but this barbed wire business don't give a man any show at all. —Peck's Sun.

"No, my son, prize-fighters never go to war. They know that a cannon ball, bent upon knocking a man out in one round, doesn't stop and go back to its own corner merely because the man lies down. You never hear of a prize-fighter fighting anywhere unless there is lots of gate money behind the fight." —Burlington Hawk-eye.

CONGRESSMAN—"What is that, sir?" Waiter—"That is a small bottle of whisky, sah, and a glass of watah, sah." Congressman—"I did not order it." Waiter—"No, sah; I thought you might want it." Congressman (angrily)—"What I want I will order." Waiter—"All right, sah; beg pardon. Will remove it at once, sah." Waiter throws out the water. —Philadelphia Call.

A PHILADELPHIA man is exhibiting a rat-killing sheep. A sheep that will grow a good fleece of wool and at the same time go into the rat-exterminating business must indeed be an improvement on the usual run of wool and mutton resources. If the breed can be propagated it will soon take the place of the dog, which now, judging from reports, seems busily engaged in killing sheep. This may be the cause of dogs raiding sheep ranches and killing off the sheep, fearing that an anti-dog movement may be inaugurated for rat-killing sheep become common. —Peck's Sun.

It was a dark and stormy night on the seething bosom of the Atlantic. The noble vessel ploughed her way through the writhing billows like a great monster of sentient life. Heavy waves dashed over her bow, and, surging aft, carried the hole of the larboard hawserpipe abaft the main hatch of the starboard gasket. But Admiral Gould stood undismayed upon the bridge, in cool and collected accents directing the labors of the frightened seamen. "Ease her a little!" he cried to the man at the wheel. "Take a reef in Erie 2ds, lower the foretopgallant and run a spanker boom on Wabash. So. Now she takes it." At this moment the captain of the larboard watch advanced and said, with a pallid face, "Sir, there's ten foot of water in the hold." "It ain't enough," cried the Admiral. "Break a hole abaft the poop. She'll stand more water than that, and I know it." —Pittsburgh Telegraph.

One of His Nine Lives.

"I had a rooster onct as lickt a cat."

The hero of this remarkable statement stood in the middle of a group of admiring hearers, and his twinkling eye flashed defiance.

"Don't believe it, do you? It's a fact,