

TRUTH IN DEATH.

But He Regretted It, and Added a False
hood at Last.

We had a man named Burrows in our mining camp, and he was without doubt the most notorious liar Nevada will ever shelter. His fame as a liar spread for a hundred miles around, and men used to stop at our camp to get a look at him. He wasn't a wicked man, and he had no malice about him, but he was a natural born liar. He lied about his father, his mother, his wife, brothers, sisters, and everybody else, and for every hour in the day he had a new falsehood. He had a claim of his own and was fairly industrious, and so we had no excuse to drive him out, although his lies were continually kicking up ill-feeling among the men. One day, a lot of earth and rock caved in on him and inflicted fatal injuries, and a number of us knocked off work to be with him in his last moments. You would have thought the shadow of death would have brought a change of sentiment, but it did not. Lying there with only an hour of life left to him, he told us that he had been a pirate on the Pacific and where he had buried a large amount of plunder. We all knew that he was from Ohio and had never seen any ocean; but he stuck to it. One of the men finally felt it his duty to say;

"Burrows, you have only a short time to live. You had best spend that in preparing for eternity."

"I've allus been good," he quietly replied.

"Yes, but you are an awful liar, you know."

"Yes, I suppose so. I've told a million of them, haven't I?"

"No doubt of it."

"And every one has been laid up again me?"

"Very likely."

"And my chance is rather slim?"

"Rather."

"Well, boys, it's my way, and I can't change at this late day. Just as that cave-in came I struck a nugget as big as my head. It would value up a clean \$15,000. If you'll be kind enough to pull it out and sell it and send the cash to my wife I'll die feeling better."

He went off soon after that, and we said to each other that he had given us the greatest yarn of all. No one took his claim, which was accounted a poor one, and it lay for three months before one of the boys dug into it one day for the pickaxe buried and forgotten. He hadn't got the pick when he came across a lump of gold which balanced \$13,280 in coin, and every shilling of the money was sent on to the widow, as directed. It got there to find there was no widow, but six months later went to a sister. In his dying hour Burrows told the truth about his find, but, alas! he repented of it, and lied about having a wife.

The Wife's Flower Garden.

Is there any more pitiful sight in the world than a man of sedentary habits trying to fix up his wife's little garden in the springtime? She commonly sits at an upper window and gives him directions in shrill tones that attract the attention of all the neighbors. First, the beds must be marked out, and the poor man, before he has satisfied his wife, has been called "stupid" and "dolt" until he really thinks he is half-witted until he reflects that he made a pot of money on July wheat in the morning. Then comes the spading. The unhappy man, whose greatest exertion has been boarding a horse-car, begins the fearful task of loosening the earth. The sweat breaks on his forehead, his hands puff up and blister. His joints crack like pistol shots. His back aches frightfully. Then come the hoeing and the raking, which he does with groaning protest, not daring to rebel under the watchful eye of his wife.

"Hanner," he pleads, as the stars come out and the dew begins to fall on his hot head, "ain't this most enough?"

Hanner looks contemptuously at him.

"Why, my brother Jacob would be glad to do this work. Catch him groaning over it! He'd do it a great deal better than you've done it, too. No; you've not done half enough. There's plenty of time before dark to plant those seeds I brought home. You get the watering-pot and I'll get the seeds."

If brother Jacob was only here he would do it himself, but I suppose I must come down and break my back if I'm to have any flowers this year. Brother Jacob would show some taste about arranging the beds, but—"

"Why'n thunder didn't you send for your brother Jacob, then?" snaps the irritated spouse. "Nobody'd be gladder I'd be to see your brother Jacob puttering over this darned garden?"

And by the time the garden is finished one might imagine from the conversation between the worthy couple that Cadmus had passed by and sown dragons' teeth in the beds.—*Buffalo Courier*.

Goethe and His Doppelganger.

Goethe, when a young man, was resting by the roadside on one occasion when he observed the figure of a middle-aged gentleman approaching him on horseback. There was something in the stature and general appearance of the stranger that attracted his attention in a marked degree, for the face and figure seemed to be his own, although much older and more developed. In their costume, however, there was no similarity whatever, for while the stranger wore the robes of a councilor of state, the young poet wore the ordinary dress of civil life. In the course of years afterward, and when the circumstances had been nearly forgotten it was brought before him

again in the most startling manner, for one day while passing the very spot where he had long since encountered the stranger, he found himself similarly mounted and riding along leisurely and perceived that in form and feature he was now the very counterpart of the mysterious horseman and, to crown the miracle, that his costume was the same to the minutest detail, as he was himself now a councilor of state also.—*Belford's Magazine*.

Pize the Bitter.

Gall, known among the Dakota Indians as "Pize the Bitter," is a noted chief of that tribe. He was for the past eighteen or twenty years the right-hand man to Sitting Bull, whose exploits and atrocities are known to all.

About the year 1866, when the erection of Fort Stevenson was begun on the Upper Missouri, the soldiers stationed at that point were one day attacked by the Sioux or Dakotas, and, after a sharp skirmish, succeeded in repulsing the enemy. The method of attack and the conduct of the Indians led the commanding officer to believe that Gall was in charge. He therefore offered \$100 to the man who would bring in his head. Stimulated by such a reward, some of the soldiers searched among the dead for the celebrated chief, but owing to the rapidly fading twilight the faces of the slain and wounded were not distinguishable. Two of the soldiers in passing thrust their bayonets through the bodies and finally retired to the camp.

Now, among those wounded in the skirmish was Gall, who waited for the night to come on, hoping to steal away under its protecting shadows. On the arrival of the soldiers he feigned death. He received two bayonet thrusts, one clear through his chest.

After all was quiet he managed to crawl away to the camp of his people, several miles distant. He recovered and continued his hostility against the whites with increased zeal until captured in 1873. On one occasion, in 1873, he called upon the Indian agent at Grand River Agency and inquired why the Government persisted in retaining troops in his country. The agent asked in return why he continued his hostility, whereupon Gall (throwing off his blanket and exhibiting a magnificent physique) pointed to two distinct scars (one upon either side of the chest, and corresponding scars upon his back), and said: "That makes me angry against the white men."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Cleaning Clothes.

It is a mystery to many people how the scourers of old clothes can make them almost as good as new. Take, for instance, a shiny old coat, vest, or pair of pants of broadcloth, cassimere, or diagonal. The scourer makes a strong, warm soapsuds, and plunges the garment into it, soases it up and down, rubs the dirty places, if necessary puts it through a second suds, then rinses through several waters and hangs it to dry on the line. When nearly dry he takes it in, rolls it up for an hour or two, and then presses it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the coat and the iron passed over that until the wrinkles are out; but the iron is removed before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny. Wrinkles that are obstinate are removed by laying a wet cloth over them and passing the iron over that. If any shiny places are seen they are treated as the wrinkles are; the iron is lifted, while the full cloud of steam arises and brings the nap up with it. Cloth should always have a suds made specially for it, as if that which has been used for white cotton or woolen cloths, lint will be left in the water and cling to the cloth.

In this manner we have known the same coat and pantaloons to be renewed time and again, and have all the look and feel of new garments. Good broadcloth and its fellow cloths will bear many washings, and look better every time because of them.—*American Alsatian*.

What Becomes of the Rice.

Niagara Groceryman (to new customer)—Two pounds of rice, did you say?

Customer—Yes, that will do.

Groceryman—Are you in a great hurry, sir?

Customer—No, not in any special hurry, why?

Groceryman—Well, you see, the fact is, I'm just out of rice; but if you will sit down for a few moments, I will go over to the Clifton House—that hotel over there—and get a few pounds.

Customer—All right, go ahead; but hurry, please. Er—by the way, isn't that rather a strange place to go to lay in a stock of rice?

Groceryman—Oh, not at all. The grocers of this place get all their rice at the hotels.

Customer—How does that happen?

Groceryman—Why, you see, nine couples out of ten, who get married, come to the Falls on their wedding tour, and when they disrobe at night they leave from a handful to a quart of rice on the floor of their room. The chambermaid gathers it up in the morning, and dumps it into a special bin in the basement, where it is left to accumulate, and subsequently sold to the grocers.—*Peck's Sun*.

Protecting Himself.

"That's a terrible-looking hat you wear, Snooks."

"I know it."

"And carrying a big umbrella on a fair day makes it worse."

"I carry the umbrella to whack those who make fun of the hat."

A GENTLEMAN OF COLOR—A painter.

Verbal Snare.

The popularity of Peter Piper's celebrated peck of pickled peppers will probably never wane as a snare to catch the tongue that would fail to be agile; but that test has formidable rivals. The following short sentences, as their authors maintain, do wonders in baffling the ordinary power of speech:

Gaze on the gay gray brigade.

The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us.

Say, should such a shapely sash

shabby stiches show?

Strange strategic statistics.

Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig-whip.

Sarah, in a shawl, shovelled soft snow.

softly.

She sells sea-shells.

A cup of coffee in a copper coffee pot.

Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.

Three Rebellions a Day.

Three rebellions, obstinate, though bloodless, occur in the stomach of the dyspeptic who partakes of food thrice a day. The digestive organ refuses on each occasion to perform the duty assigned to it by nature, and trouble ensues. How discipline, how regulate it? Simply with a wineglassful of the genial invigorant and appetizer, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, before each meal and before retiring. Digestion will, after a course of this pleasant regulator, become easy, and its forerunner, appetite, also improve. Nervousness and insomnia, always induced by chronic dyspepsia, will disappear with its disappearance thus insured, and constipation and biliousness, its usual attendants, also take their leave. Not only will the system acquire strength but also substance by a more perfect assimilation of the food. Rheumatism, malacia and kidney complaint and neuralgia yield to the Bitters.

Discount.

It used to be the custom, and is now in many localities, to "beat down" in all trades with storekeepers and merchants. An amusing example of this practice is given below:

In the old haggling way of trade it was customary to demand a great deal more than the asker hoped to get. One time, on the Texas frontier, a man came into camp riding on an old mule.

"How much for the mule?" asked a bystander.

"Just a hundred dollars," answered the rider.

"I'll give you five dollars," said the other.

The rider stopped short, as if in amazement, and slowly dismounted.

"Stranger," said he, "I ain't a-going to let a little matter of ninety-five dollars stand between me and a mule trade. The mule's yours."

Another story, somewhat of the same sort, is related of an old tenant farmer who, on paying his rent, told his landlord that he wanted some timber to build a house, and would be much obliged if he would give him permission to cut down what would answer for the purpose.

"No!" said the landlord, sharply.

"Well, then, sir," the farmer went on, "will you give me enough to build a barn?"

"No!"

"To make a gate, then?"

"Yes."

"That's all I wanted," said the farmer, "and more than I expected."

The Wisest Gift.

"I bought my wife a velvet sack."

That's probably true, Mr. Brown.

"She'll be with that velvet sack."

"The best-dressed dame in town."

But velvet sack or diamond ring

Can bring no balm to suffering wife.

Favorite Prescription is the thing

To save her precious life.

The great and sovereign remedy, known the world over, for all female troubles, inflammations, cruel backaches, and internal displacements, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only guaranteed cure.

See guarantee on every bottle-wrapper.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—gently laxative or

actively cathartic according to dose.

25 CTS.

50 CTS.

75 CTS.

100 CTS.

125 CTS.

150 CTS.

175 CTS.

200 CTS.

225 CTS.

250 CTS.

275 CTS.

300 CTS.

325 CTS.

350 CTS.

375 CTS.

400 CTS.

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725 CTS.

750 CTS.

775 CTS.

800 CTS.

825 CTS.

850 CTS.

875 CTS.

900 CTS.

925 CTS.

950 CTS.

975 CTS.

1000 CTS.

1025 CTS.

1050 CTS.

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