

PATHWAY OF GOLD.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water. As I sit on the sand and she on my knees...

CHUMMING WITH AN APACHE

Never go chumming with an Apache, says the San Francisco Argonaut. You smile at such strange advice?

I was swinging my red and blue clubs under the pepper tree at the back of the railroad station. This I did because I had a theory that exercise was good for a man living on a desert.

As soon as I dropped my clubs a squeal of disgust went up from somewhere, and as I turned about I saw a small brown head dart behind a cactus lined rock.

"Come, Tads," I cried, christening him in that fleeting second with a name that stuck to him all his life, "out of that!"

"Killed three women and two babies down at Mustang Wash last Tuesday," said the sergeant to me, "just after one of them had given him his breakfast, too."

"What's his name?" I asked, giving him a no-to delicate poke with the toe of his boot.

"You can't? Why, I can't but your blamed store," said the little man mildly.

When Tads left the station of an evening his little brown feet pattered straight over the road to the wickiups, a half mile away.

away. In time he wore a narrow trail over to the huts. "Pitty vell," was what Tads would grunt to me every day when he came shyly into the office and I greeted him with a friendly "How-de-do?"

Of course I regretted my hot language and wanted the little beggar back again. It was so lonely here on the desert. The wires waited so heart brokenly, while the sun beat down so fiercely in the daytime, and the coyotes yowled so dolefully at night.

It was several days before we were on satisfactory terms again. Tads wanted to be a white man. He wanted to make "talk marks" on "pupper" with a feather.

"Well, the boy has the instincts of a white man," I said, for I was proud of what I fancied I had made of him, "and he'll be a shining light among those devilish people of his."

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THE SOLEMN PASSENGER.

He Approves of the Pleasant Passenger and Makes the Gruff One Stare.

"Well," said the solemn looking passenger in the front seat to the pleasant young man just behind him, "the harvest is past, but the summer is still with us."

"I say three months 'll fleet quicker than three years," replied the pleasant passenger, smiling. "Won't it?" said he to the gruff passenger who sat beside him.

"No, sir! I am not!" replied the pleasant young man. "You rejoice me!" said the solemn passenger, lifting his eyes, while the gruff passenger chuckled.

"Sing Sing!" replied the gruff passenger. "This young gent stays three years with us for having three wives, and none of them dead!"

When the train stopped and the gruff man and the pleasant passenger got up to leave the car the solemn man pressed a card in the young man's hand. The gruff passenger took it and read it. This was its inscription:

ABED GUMBLESTON, Elder Mormon Church of Latter Day Saints, Utah.

They were fierce looking fellows, those three savages. There was one, the youngest, who was a perfect demon, the soldier said.

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A WHALE STORY.

REMARKABLE PET OF A SOUTH PACIFIC PLANTER.

The Big Fish Trapped in a Lagoon—Its Sportive Gambols—The Story of the Proprietor of a Live Sperm Whale.

On a small island in the South Pacific there lives a planter who has for a pet a whale 67 feet long. A correspondent, who went out in a boat with the planter, gives this account of his interview with his whaleship:

"Shut your eyes," said the planter, "if you wish to enjoy a surprise." I closed my eyes, and the boys soon ceased their drumming, and some one blew long blasts upon a horn.

"That's my pet," cried the planter. "I raised him almost from the time he was a baby of 20 feet long, and now he measures 67 feet, and lots more growth to come yet."

When the wise and witty Sir Thomas More was beheaded, his head was stuck on a pole on London Bridge, where it was exposed for 14 days, much to the grief of his daughter, Margaret Roper, who resolved to secure it.

There is such a thing as being too obliging. When Commodore Billings and Mr. Main were on the river Kahima they had for attendant a young man from Kanoga, an island between Kamshatka and North America.

There have during the past 17 years been a series of fashionable crazes in Japan. The year 1878 was the rabbit year. The Japanese went wild over these little quadrupeds.

In London there is a man who follows the business of tattooing. The majority of his patients are men, who have designs of a naval character pricked into their skin, but there are also a great many women who employ his art, if it may be termed such.

When the Salvation Army was started, the Salvation Army has been in existence just 18 years. It had its origin in a sensational way in the English town of Whithy, in the rough coal mining district of Yorkshire, where General Booth, at that time Rev. William Booth, was doing humble missionary work.

A Short Sermon.—When a man becomes so good that he spends all his time reproving his neighbors, the devil smiles and commences to lay up coals for future use.

Ceremonies are different in every country; but true politeness is everywhere the same.

THIS PAPER IS READ EVERY WEEK IN THE BEST HOMES IN THIS REGION IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE ANYTHING KEEP THIS FACT IN MIND.

OLD TIME "SAND CLASS." Sand Took the Place of Slate in the School of Long Ago.

"Sixty years ago I taught the sand class in the schools of this city in the Grand Jury room of the old Court House," said a gentleman to Gossip last evening.

Identifying Ancient Cities in Egypt. Dr. Naville, the well known Egyptian explorer, the discoverer of Bubastis and the treasure city of Pithon, has recently identified other cities in Egypt, more especially some connected with the exodus of the Israelites.

Call a girl a spring chicken and she will laugh; call a woman a hen and she gets mad. Call a young lady a witch and she will enjoy it; call an old woman a witch and your life is in danger.

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