

The Cull Violator.

He had played for his leadership's love. He had played for his leadership's love. He had played for his leadership's love.

But at dawn, when the birds were waking. As they washed in the cooling room. With the sound of a strained cork breaking.

There a string of his violinists. And they heard him in his bed. Make room for a tired little fellow.

When casual savages after a fight. Makes a feast of the bodies of those they have beaten.

The great respect yields a keener delight. From the knowledge that every unfortunate might.

Would have deemed it the deepest disgrace to be eaten. Though the custom is fast dying out in Fiji.

As the influence of Western example increases. In civilized countries you may see. A circle of friends in the highest of ties.

All the best of his in the neighbor is. As he stands behind a person's head. His fish had been baked in no outside or pot.

They don't even trouble to serve them up hot. For the victim still lies in the midst of the feast.

Some good natured friend's papa may make him aware. Of the nature of these hungry monsters' employment.

And though in reply he may stoutly declare. That he writes as the thought of their British empire.

Still one comfort remains. In the Isles of Fiji. No positive vengeance is left for the victim.

He is cooked and eaten. But in Europe he is not. To seek satisfaction; and sometimes we see.

The wounds in exchange for the wounds which have cracked him.

There, where Mrs. Smith; beware, lovely Mrs. Brown.

Be a little more careful of others' reputation. For Thompson's recent nose has set down.

With Miss Green, and a lady sitting up.

THE BETTER WAY.

One evening, as the twilight was dusking in to deep shadows. Farmer Welton stood in his courtyard.

His hands, and saw a dog coming out of his shed. It was not his dog, for his was of a light color.

The shed almost black. With double doors, for the passage of carts; and the shed was a part of a continuous structure.

There he saw the strange dog coming through his shed. He brought his gun to his shoulder.

He had declared in his wrath, that he would shoot the first stray dog he should see prowling about his premises.

On this evening, by chance, he had been carrying his gun from the house to the porch.

Very shortly afterward a boy and a girl came out from the shed as the dog came down back of Welton's farm.

Mr. Welton's eyes were fixed on the boy and girl. They were children of Mr. Welton's.

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FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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appeared before him, coming up quickly and stopping with an angry stamp of the foot. Now, there may be a volume of electric influence in the stamp of a foot.

John Welton, you have shot my dog. The words were hissed forth hotly. "Yes," said Welton, icily. "How dare you say that? It was my dog that I shot."

"You know that I never did harm to a sheep. It was in his nature. It was a mean, cowardly act, and you shall suffer for it." "Oh! We'll find out. Don't you put on airs, John Welton. You ain't a saint."

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"Brother Welton, have you the heart and courage to do this? The farmer arose and took two or three turns across the floor and finally said: 'I will do it.'"

On the following day, toward the middle of the afternoon, Peter Brackett stood in the doorway with his head bent. He was thinking whether he should harness his horse and be off before sundown.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "how the trial will come out? I hope Welton'll hire old Whitman to take his case. Of course the offer will be crowded. Tom Frost says it's noised everywhere that everything'll be there. Plague take it!"

His meditations were interrupted by approaching steps, and on looking up he beheld neighbor Welton. "Good morning, Peter." "Good morning, Peter."

Welton went on, frankly and pleasantly. "You will go to the village to-day?" "I'll go." "I have been summoned by Justice Garfield to be there, also, but only to look on."

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"The Wheat Supply in England. The London Times says: The wheat crop in this country is being lionized as a history full of alarms and surprises. Mr. Caird tells it very pleasantly in all its bearing and consequences, and reminds us by the contrast of the mysterious and gloomy tone with which the staff of life was always discussed as late as thirty years ago."

This is a hard state of things, which is not allayed by the fact that millions of human beings will survive this winter in the hands of the people who are those that are being lionized. Many an agricultural laborer in England, where the wages are higher than in this country, will be glad to get out of the country.

The late James Lick. James Lick, the philanthropist, died in San Francisco. He had been sinking for some time, and death resulted from the more decay of nature. His career in life was a noble one.

How a Bird Dies. The most prominent fact about a bird is its power of flight. For this reason the bird's arms end in only one pair of feathers.

A Cheeky Man's Professed Visit. A gentleman of Philadelphia has written the following letter, which explains itself: "I never come to your city, and I don't think I will."

Size of Countries. Greece is about the size of Vermont. Palestine is about one-fourth the size of Vermont.

Horred Men in Africa. A paper by Captain J. S. Hay, on the horned men of Africa, was read at the recent meeting of the British Association.

A Horrible Tragedy. A horrible tragedy occurred on the top floor of No. 201 West Twenty-third street, New York.

A Terrible Onslaught. A terrible onslaught was made upon the Catholic Christians at Ning-Kuoh Fu, in the province of Ngan-hung, China.

Resolving Bank Robbers. The St. Paul papers do not like the idea of a bank being lionized as a history full of alarms and surprises.

A School Question Decided. The supreme court of Illinois has rendered a decision of great interest in connection with the public schools.

Who Introduced Them? Potatoes, it is said, were first introduced into Europe by Sir Walter Raleigh.

Barkes was Willing. In a trial of a divorce case recently in the supreme court of Michigan.

Remarkable Storm Phenomenon. At the head of Cabin creek, says a correspondent with Gen. Crook's command.

United States Currency. The amount of United States national bank circulation reduced to date, as reported under the act of Jan. 14, 1876.

A Little Too Fast. A favorite programme with the hotel lobby is to hand a large sealed envelope, stuffed with paper, to the clerk.

Currency Outstanding. The following is a statement of the United States currency outstanding at this date:

The Island of Corea. The Japanese mission that lately visited Corea reports the houses of the poorer classes as being built of straw.

He would stake the savings of years on faro, lost and then killed himself. Inquiring mind (reading). "It says here, 'This remains were taken to their last resting place.' Why do they say 'his remains'—wasn't he there?"

The family tree of a Texas family shows a branch on which several members have been banished for borrowing horses. A young poet of the realistic school writes: "Time marches on with the slow, measured tread of a man working by the day."

The old man for Persian cats with long tails has again broken out among the Dutch. The French minister of finance says that he has been packing away since the Commune. A Boston servant girl utilized the telegraph wire that passed over the flat roof of the house for a clothes line, and withal had been packed away since the Commune.

A close fisted man invited a friend to a dinner at his home. Upon removing the cover he said: "My friend, we have a Lenten entertainment, you see your dinner before it is served." The guest to New York, he said, "Yes, but where is your dinner?"

Mr. Wombwell died recently in London, aged eighty-two years. He was the originator of traveling managements. Mr. Wombwell died in 1851, and from that date had been engaged in the same undertaking successfully. In the latter year the extensive collection was divided into two managements, and presented to the public.

"It is impossible!" said a French peasant who was telling me a tough story about a miracle working chair in a neighboring village. "It is not possible!" he replied. "Neither; but you will see that it is."

An curious calculation has been made in the printing office of a Paris newspaper. It is calculated that the paper will use 24,000 letters a day, and that his hand moves one foot with each letter in taking and setting the type. It is calculated that he travels 48,000 feet, or nearly two miles a day, and in the course of a year, excluding Sundays, travels fully 17,280 miles.

Old Deacon Sharp never told a lie, but he used to relate this: He was standing one day besides a frog pond and saw a large garter snake make an attack on a frog. The frog leaped up. The snake seized one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail, and the snake, continuing to grow on another, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of either.

In the London divorce court, lately, a woman prayed for dissolution of her marriage on the ground that she was insane at the time it took place. The judge, who was proceeding on the grounds of her husband as to her reason, and a man in a much happier condition of life than herself, proposed to marry her. The judge, who was proceeding on the grounds of her husband as to her reason, and a man in a much happier condition of life than herself, proposed to marry her.

Two-thirds of the willow for the manufacture of baskets willow they can make a profit of \$150 per acre. A manufacturer of willow baskets—chairs, sofas and baskets being the most common—has been successful.