

## SPELLING TEST.

Here Are Some Tongue Twisters With Which to Grapple. If you can spell every word correctly in the following rhymes—all legitimate expressions—you may consider yourself qualified to enter a spelling bee:

Stand up, sir, others, now I spell—  
Spelling bee, spelling bee, to trill—  
Or take some simple word as chilly—  
Or ginger or the garden lily—  
To spilt or split, or split again  
And hickory and sycamore  
And pentworth and sarsaparilla.  
Apericula and osatina,  
Aspidium and cerasina,  
Pteris and chelidonium,  
Elaeocarpus and pachysandra,  
Mimulus and bellflower, banca,  
Is certainly no easy task.  
Kaleidoscope and Terrene,  
Kanaka and Kauai, Kauai  
And cinnamome and camphor,  
Infallible and physiologist  
Allopathy and rheumatism  
Are all words that are elegant,  
Twelfth, eighteenth, reverend, intriguer,  
A host of other words all found  
On the Island of Hawaii.  
Tuna, Herring and Michaelmas,  
Theromia, jalap, Henna,  
Choya and spikenard,  
And Myrrh, Sandalwood  
And Schravall and a thousand more.  
And words some good speller miss  
Or else he will be beaten.  
Nor need one think himself a scrope  
If some of these efforts fall  
No man can be a winner  
To win the name of either river,  
The Dnieper, the Seine or Gaudalquivir.  
—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

## THE CALAMITY CAME.

ZEB'S WIFE KNEW THAT SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN.

The Possum Hunter Tells How He Came to Have a Lively Bear for a Bedfellow and the Result It Had on Certain Opinions of His.

(Copyright, 1890, by C. E. Lewish.  
"One mornin' at the breakfast-table," said the old possum hunter as I asked him for a yarn, "me an' the old woman get into a yarn, 'me an' the old Lawd made me do it,' we went to bed, but the old woman we talked the meander we felt, an' himby we got down right nucky. It was Sunday mornin', an we was gon off to prechein that day, but when I got my mail up I said:

"As long as I'm fur bohtailed coons an the Lawd didn't make no bostle coons in them, I'll be sure to have bear prechein. I'll stay home, an' ye' go alone."

"I reckoned that would cost her off a lot, but I didn't know where she'd go to have a bear an' them," said the old woman.

"Zeb White, that's bound to be a calamity around this cabin. Can't nobody find the fault the way ye' do without sumthin' happenin'. I'm gon right along to prechein, an if yo' want to fly in the face of Providence yo' must take the consequences."

"I'm contentin' fur bohtailed coons," said I. "If all coons was bohtailed, they'd look a heap purtier an' git along a lot better."

"But how kin they be when it's all fixed?"

"Dumb, but I'm contentin'."

"Then yo' keep on contentin' an see how yo''ll come out. That's bohtailed varmints in the mountins, an' maybe yo' git 'em 'fore them befo' yo' git through alab' Providence."

"If she'd coaxed me a bit, I'd be gone with her," explained Zeb, "but



SHE DUMPED HIM OUT.

When she got ready, she started off through the woods an never even looked at me. My wife was out of order, an my old dawg had run away, so I couldn't go strolling through the woods, so I sat on the dock an smoked pipes two or three at a time a dozen day I began to feel sleepy. I went over untrammled on to the bed, an it wasn't five minuts befo' I was sound asleep. The dawg was left wide open, an 'bout the last thing I heard befo' I dropped off was the old newf layin in the stable. I'd bin asleep an hour when sun shin crepled me over ag'in the wall, I woke up. I thought I'd find a big 'tar on the bed with me. He'd found the dawg open an walked in, an' seen me sleep, he set out to see som' fun. He didn't see me open my eyes, an I took keev to shet 'em ag'in the wall after one look. 'Befo' the Lawd, but I was skeered! I felt the cold dawgs creep up an down my back, an for a time the pillow will be as soft as any.

"I had found fault with the Lawd fur not makin' bohtailed coons," continued the old man as he refilled his pipe, "an a bohtailed b'ar had bin sent in revenge. It wasn't no use to think of jumpin' up or fightin' him. He had all the advantage, an if I made him move, he'd just jump up in a stalk. My wife was out of order, an my old dawg had run away, so I couldn't go strolling through the woods, so I sat on the dock an smoked pipes two or three at a time a dozen day I began to feel sleepy. I went over untrammled on to the bed, an it wasn't five minuts befo' I was sound asleep. The dawg was left wide open, an 'bout the last thing I heard befo' I dropped off was the old newf layin in the stable. I'd bin asleep an hour when sun shin crepled me over ag'in the wall, I woke up. I thought I'd find a big 'tar on the bed with me. He'd found the dawg open an walked in, an' seen me sleep, he set out to see som' fun. He didn't see me open my eyes, an I took keev to shet 'em ag'in the wall after one look. 'Befo' the Lawd, but I was skeered! I felt the cold dawgs creep up an down my back, an for a time the pillow will be as soft as any."

Those who gather it make reasonably fair pay at it, though hardly enough when the danger and the disagreeable character of the work are considered.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

she said all she meant to. When she got ready, she started off through the woods an never even looked at me. My wife was out of order, an my old dawg had run away, so I couldn't go strolling through the woods, so I sat on the dock an smoked pipes two or three at a time a dozen day I began to feel sleepy. I went over untrammled on to the bed, an it wasn't five minuts befo' I was sound asleep. The dawg was left wide open, an 'bout the last thing I heard befo' I dropped off was the old newf layin in the stable. I'd bin asleep an hour when sun shin crepled me over ag'in the wall, I woke up. I thought I'd find a big 'tar on the bed with me. He'd found the dawg open an walked in, an' seen me sleep, he set out to see som' fun. He didn't see me open my eyes, an I took keev to shet 'em ag'in the wall after one look. 'Befo' the Lawd, but I was skeered! I felt the cold dawgs creep up an down my back, an for a time the pillow will be as soft as any.

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**The Cat Catcher.**

The dog catcher is not the only person in the city who is sincerely interested in the welfare of the animal.

There is a cat catcher as well, and he comes in for his full share of antipathy. He makes a living at the business, and a very good one, said. Few are so poor that they don't pay a cent for the most desirable article of commerce.

There are any number of dealers in this city who are glad to pay all the way from 50 cents to \$1 for a cat's skin, according to size and quality.

The method of catching the unsuspecting cat is a particularly mean one. It is a well established fact that cats are very fond of catnip and will troop after it when ready to be used in pillows or wherever this genial animal down is admirable. It doesn't last long because its fibers lack elasticity, but for a time the pillow will be as soft as any.

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**Two Uplifters.**

"What?" exclaimed the orator—"what two things are helping mankind to get up in the world?"

"The alarm clock and the stepladder," answered the dense person in the rear of the hall.—Baltimore American.

**The Two Birds.**

What the employer said: "Thank heaven, I've got rid of that varmint at last. I had given him hints enough, but it was of no use, and finally I actually had to kick him out of the place."

Mr. Tenny, untrammled, replied, "How nice letter would do if you adopted that practice in all your work!"—Saturday Evening Post.

When one woman has a secret to tell another, it always makes her mad to disclose that the other knew it first.—Chicago News.

## FISHES WITH LUNGS.

**One Specimen That Lives Buried Under the River Bed During the Dry Season—India's Climbing Perch and Simon's Inland Traveler.**

Every one knows that most fishes breathe in a different manner from that of the greater number of animals and that they get the oxygen necessary for their life from the water and not directly from the atmosphere. Water dissolves a certain amount of oxygen, and the gills of fishes take this out of the water as our lungs take it from the air we breathe. Fishes have a bundle of fine blood vessels, covered by a delicate membrane that permits oxygen to pass through it to the blood so long as it is moist, but when a fish is taken out of water the gills dry, and suffocation follows.

"I tried to get out of bed to Juno her," said the girl, "but I was weak, and fell over, so I had to stand up again to help myself up. Bimbley I got over to a cheer an dropped it in as I asked:

"Did yo' find the prechein, an was it good?"

"Powerful good," she answered, "but wasn't 'bout coons or b'ars. Anything wantin' of me befo' I puts the kibosh on 'em."

"I wan't go' to help me docin' up 'bout fo' hundred scratches, an I'm also wantin' to be forgivin' for my remarks 'bout coons."

"How is it, Zeb?" she said as she turned on me. "When the Lawd put a long tail on a coon, was it fur the likes of pure human critters to kick about it?"

"Reckon not—not skassly."

"What 'bout 'bout b'ars? Mebbe yo' find fault becasue the Lawd made 'em bohtailed."

"I haven't a word to say ag'in it."

"Just goin to let the long tail an the bohtails ramble around as the Lawd made 'em to ramble?"

"That's it."

"An' goin to hear prechein when that's prechein at the skullhouse?"

"They'll warn up some coon's fat when it's goin to be prechein."

"I reckon that would be an' the Lawd made 'em to be prechein."

"I'm gon to be prechein when that's prechein at the skullhouse."

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