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The Internal revenue receipts are steadily increasing.

Harford (Conn.) Theological Seminary has opened its doors to women.

A matrimonial craze has broken out among the royal families of Europe.

The world's coinage for 1888 was \$222,502,645, against \$283,645,000 in 1887.

Michael Davitt asserts that the idea of separation would die out in Ireland were Parnell's measure to go through.

It is an interesting fact that the proportion of blind people has greatly decreased during the last two decades.

The Legislature of California, at its last session, amended the State revenue laws so as to exempt fruit trees and grape vines from taxation.

The Indian population, since placed on reservations, has increased faster than the black or white, while the rate of mortality has steadily decreased.

"It is estimated," says the Indianapolis Journal, "that \$200,000,000 of British capital has been invested in the United States during the current year."

The railroads of India have almost done away with caste. All sorts of religious now have to mix up, and it hasn't hurt 'em a bit. On the contrary, fanaticism is fast disappearing.

Says the Washington Star: "How many girl graduates of the season have written their commencement essays on the 'Coming Man,' and how few will find him like his portrait when he comes!"

An eminent English surgeon says that a kiss on the lips ought to be felt for at least twenty minutes afterward, and that kissing produces a sensation which the system requires to keep it in a healthy state.

Since the phylloxera has so ravaged France, Turkey is looming up as a wine producing country. Some of the southern provinces are said to be excellent as wine growing districts, both for climate and soil.

A Captain in the Russian Army has been cashiered for saving the life of a peasant woman, "and thereby lowering his standard as a gentleman." In this country such an act would have raised a soldier's "standard" as a gentleman.

The man who seems to have made the most out of the Oklahoma boom is ex-Governor Crawford, of Kansas, who received ten per cent of the amount paid to the Creek Indians for the lands, on account of his services as an attorney in negotiating the sale.

It is a significant commentary on the uselessness of universal exhibitions as promoters of permanent peace, muses the New Orleans Times Democrat, that the "War Palace" in the great Paris show this year is more popular with the French visitors than any other department.

When the Seminole Indians of Florida elect a chief, they choose the biggest fighter and most successful hunter of the tribe. If there happens to be a tie between two candidates, their method of deciding it is to have each candidate place a live coal on his wrist. The one who flinches first loses the office.

It is the immemorial privilege of an alien domiciled in England, if he be arraigned for a criminal offense, to demand that he shall be tried by a jury, one-half of which shall consist of foreigners.

In the jury which tried such a man a few weeks ago, it was discovered near the end of the trial that one of the members, a Frenchman, could not really understand English at all, and the proceeding went for naught.

The Board of Visitors to the Annapolis (Md.) Naval Academy, recommends that the academic course be reduced from six to four years, and that at the end of four years the cadets be commissioned as ensigns.

It also recommends that the maximum limit of age be nineteen instead of twenty years. The board thinks it would be desirable for the Government to find occupation for more graduate cadets than are now taken annually into the naval service, and suggests that Congress put the young men into the marine service.

The metric system is slowly, but surely, becoming established throughout the civilized world. The English-speaking countries, however, are slower in adopting it than those of other lands, and in our own country there is as yet comparatively little use of the system excepting in scientific circles. That it is extending, however, is shown by figures presented at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Science. Countries representing 302,000,000 of people have adopted it—a gain of \$3,000,000 in ten years.

THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shores is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its mooring the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing; one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done,
While busy back and forth between
The splintered benches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl with the dull "too-who,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the almy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Lifting its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower.
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveless love
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
But the twilight wind plays with the boat as it will,
And lazily in and out again
It boats the length of the rusty chain.
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noon tide,
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

MATTIE'S CHOICE.

If any one had hinted to pretty Mattie Woolton that she would ever figure as a heroine in a story, she would have opened her brown eyes wide in amazement. She was the only child of good old Dr. Woolton, of Greyport, a thriving town in Yorkshire, and in the circle of local society was considered at once a belle and an heiress. Hair and eyes the color of a chestnut when first the burr uncloses, a complexion as soft as satin and white as milk, with the prettiest rose tint of color on the round cheeks, white, even teeth set in a pretty, smiling mouth, a figure tall, slight and graceful, were the attractions in appearance of the village beauty.

But those who knew Mattie Woolton well were wont to say that her pretty face and figure were the least of her charms. She had a low, musical voice, a manner graceful and easy, high-bred by intuition of what was dignified and maidenly; she was the neatest housekeeper in Greyport, and all her taste, full dresses and hats were the work of her own deft fingers. She had read intelligently, and could converse well.

So it is no matter for wonder that Mattie had many lovers. But foremost upon the list, to all appearance, was handsome Ned Gordon, who had been to the University, and whose father shared the aristocratic honors of Greyport with the doctor and clergyman, being the only lawyer in the town.

The clergyman was a bachelor of nearly forty years of age, who had come but recently to Greyport to preside over the church where the Wooltons and the Gordons had each a pew. He was a grave, reserved man, whose face bore the impress of sorrow and care conquered, and succeeded by the serene peace that is far above the careless content that has never known interruption. He was not a handsome man, but had large, tender eyes under a broad white brow; and these would irradiate his homely face with a light almost divine, when he preached with an eloquence and simplicity rarely combined; so that men went from his church, slowly and thoughtfully pondering upon truths that were but homely, every-day facts, but suddenly had been illumined by earnest eloquence into paths of salvation.

One of these men, young, wealthy and full of talent, was Ned Gordon, Mattie's ardent admirer from boyhood. He had left her in sobbing pain of love to go to a boarding school, had felt his heart torn when college took him again from Mattie, and had become more devoted than ever when he came home "for good," to find her grown to womanhood, fairer than ever.

He had been wont to say of himself, when he considered the subject at all, that he "was not a bad fellow, as fellows go," being simply an idle hanger-on to his father's wealth, a desultory student of musty law-books when the mood seized him, floating carelessly down life's stream doing no especial harm by the way, but assuredly doing no good either.

Of his personal responsibility in the scheme of creation, he had never thought until the Rev. Harvey Stillman was appointed vicar of the fine old church at Greyport, where Ned's first tutor was quite a feature in the choir. It must be confessed that, under the dull crust of preaching of Harvey Stillman's predecessor, the choir seats had been a gathering place for much quiet flirtation

among the belles and beaux of the town; and Ned's chief magnet was the certainty of sitting near Mattie, and hearing her clear sweet soprano join his own voice.

But before Harvey Stillman had been a month at Greyport, Ned was unaccountably conscious that many of his words were as dagger thrusts at his own aimless, useless life, and waking to this consciousness, he also awakened to another disagreeable fact—namely, that Mattie was also perceiving that life was a more earnest, real thing, than she had before pictured it to herself.

She had never been a drone in the hive, but she had become more actively useful outside of her little house-world, visiting in a quiet, unostentatious way, among the poorest of her father's patients, doing good in an humble spirit, but with an ardent desire to help, as far as possible, those who needed her gentle ministrations.

Ned loved her more than ever for the gentle self-denials she practiced so quietly that only those who were benefited knew of them, but, to his great dismay, there came a little gulf between himself and his love, widening so gradually he could not tell where it had commenced or would end.

For the first time since he was a mere boy he saw that Mattie gave him only the warm friendship of years of brotherly and sisterly intercourse, where he had given the first and only love of his life. She seemed drifting from him, absorbed in her new duties and leaving but little margin of time for the recreations they had shared for years. He was appalled by the fear of losing her, and yet she kept him from telling her either his hopes or fears.

"She thinks I am an idle, good-for-nothing fellow," he thought, "and I never get any chance now to tell her I mean to buckle on my armor, too, and do my share of work. I am studying hard, and father will give me a start in my profession, that can be made a comfort to the afflicted and a light to the down-trodden. I mean to be all even Mattie can wish me to be, but I can't get a word with her now. Last evening she was with that poor dying child of Crossman's, and to-day she is trying to comfort her mother. The last time I called she was at the National School, and when I do see her she is not the careless, merry-hearted Mattie of old. She thinks I am the same, though, and despises me for an idle good-for-nothing."

Some such pondering was in Ned's mind when, driving his phaeton up the main street of the town, he overtook the Rev. Harvey Stillman going in the same direction. He reined in at once.

"If you are going my way, Mr. Stillman," he said, "will you let me drive you to your destination?"

"I am afraid I am going too far for you," was the reply. "I am on my way to Hawson's place."

"How fortunate I met you! It is fully three miles. Get in, and Black Prince will soon carry you there."

"But you!"

"My time is yours. Do not refuse me!"

The clergyman accepted the invitation, and before he fully perceived what he was saying. Ned was making him a consolation of all his perplexities and resolutions, till even his love story came out in earnest words. Led on by the quietly expressed sympathy in all his resolutions to enter upon a noble and more useful life, impetuous Ned, by a sudden inspiration, said:

"If only Mattie could know how much it would help me to feel sure of her love! I cannot say if she ever cared for me as I care for her; but if I could believe she would stimulate me as no other hope on earth could do."

"You think she loves you?"

The Rev. Harvey Stillman's very lips were white as he asked the question.

"I did think so once. Now, I would give all I own to be sure of it."

"There was much more to the same purpose, till Ned, with a sudden gleam of hope, asked the clergyman to plead his cause.

"No one has so much influence as you have. She looks up to you as to a father," said Ned, never seeing how his listener winced at the comparison; and if you were to tell her how her love would aid me, she might believe I do not always mean to be the idler she has known."

"I will see her," was the grave reply. "If she loves you, she shall have the happiness of giving you the encouragement you desire."

But when the drive was over, and the clergyman entered his study, the quiet gravity of his face broke up into an expression of keenest suffering. He had borne many sorrows in his life. Death had taken his nearest and dearest; poverty had laid his heavy hand upon him; temptation had assailed him, only driven back by prayerful struggles. He had hoped to find in Greyport rest, after a long battle in life. His living promised him an easy competence and some leisure for studies he loved, without neglect of his higher duties. But before he had been in his new home many weeks Mattie Woolton's sweet, earnest face, her gentle goodness, her unobtrusive, sincere piety had awakened in his heart an emotion he had never hoped to experience. Love had been a far-off possibility for happier lives, and he had not perceived that it was seeking entrance into his own till Ned Gordon roused him to consciousness of what his deep interest in Mattie signified.

He loved her, and he had undertaken to plead the cause of another to her! Thought became such torture that he resolved to have the dread interview over, to know the worst at once. He found Mattie in the parlor of her father's handsome house, and, fearing for his own strength, told his errand gently.

The girl looked at him with white cheeks and a startled expression, as if she had received a sudden, unexpected blow where she had looked for kindness. Her great brown eyes had a hunted, piteous look that it went to his heart to see. She struggled for composure before she trusted her voice to speak, and it was low and tremulous when she said:

"You see Mr. Gordon's ambassador," said Ned.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

THE ATTIC.
There is not one house in ten that has an attic, and more than one-half of the houses that have one, there is no way to get into it. They are always a source of anxiety to the good housewife, for she never knows when the house may catch fire in that very place, and no way to get to the fire to put it out. Even when she steps out for a few minutes' chat with her next door neighbor, the attic is seldom out of her mind.

She tells the children to be sure not to make a fire, in case the chimney should catch fire and she generally turns a pail of water into the stove before going away. There should be a way to get into the attic, no matter how small the attic is. It would not be very expensive to have a door made, and hung; or a trap door would be better than none. The housewife could then inspect it once a month.

Brush down all the dust and cob webs; there is nothing that catches fire so easy as cob webs and they will smoulder ever so long, and see that there is no defect in the chimney.

Once or twice a year it should be rubbed with a damp cloth. Take an old broom and tie a cloth over it and wash the walls, but do not have the broom too wet; it will clean it so it will not smell musty, as attics generally do. The chambers are thus made healthier and more pleasant to sleep in. The housewife will then go round with a smile of contentment on her face instead of the weary look of anxiety that was there before the door to the attic was made.

Some women will, when they have a large attic, have it full of things, such as the spinning-wheel, and quilts and a box of patch-work. Now this should not be done. Have nothing in the attic that can be avoided.

I will now tell you an excellent remedy for bugs, and that is common salt; put anywhere so they can eat it.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

SOMETHING FOR DESERT.

There is so much to entice one out of doors now, let us save time in the heated kitchen by preparing plain desserts. The recipes here given have been thoroughly tested, and are well liked. Rice, we consider wholesome, economical and easy to prepare; three important points to one who has to consider the outlay of both money and strength.

Rice Pudding With Eggs—One quart of milk, three eggs, one cup of boiled rice, a good pinch of salt, one half cup of sugar, raisins and flavoring. Bake half an hour.

Boiled Rice With Cream Sauce—Boil a cup full of rice the usual way. For the sauce take one pint of milk, yolks of two eggs, one-half cup sugar, a pinch of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of flour or cornstarch. Put the milk in a double boiler. Beat the eggs, sugar and flour together with a little cold milk, strain and thicken the boiling milk. Add vanilla or lemon flavoring when cold. Have the rice and sauce as cold as possible when served.

Pequot Pudding—One-half cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one egg, one tablespoonful milk, two of cream tartar, one-half cup soda, one and one-half cups flour, one-half cup of seeded and chopped raisins, one cup of stoned cherries or currants, and any berry may be substituted for the raisins, and note that we are in the midst of the fruit season we want to make the most of it. Sliced apples are excellent in this pudding, but instead of stirring in with the flour, cover the bottom of the dish and pour the butter over them.

Sauce for Above—No. 1. Butter size of an egg, and as much sugar as it will take up easily; flavor to taste. No. 2. Two-thirds cup of sugar, small spoonful of butter, one cup of hot water. Boil together, and thicken with a heaping tablespoonful of corn starch or flour, add one teaspoonful of vinegar and flavoring just before serving.

Cookies or cakes can be made in the early morning, and with fruit, makes a good dessert. We have tried a good many recipes for cookies, but find none so easy and satisfactory as the following:

Sugar Cookies—One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful butter (heaping), one egg, one teaspoonful soda, two of cream tartar, one-third cup of sweet milk, flour to make as soft as possible. Bake in a hot oven. Cookies should be made and baked as quickly as possible, and handled lightly—don't knead them. If you want to please the children—both big and small—put a thin frosting on them; you will be repaid for the extra trouble. We sometimes add chopped raisins or currants to the cookies, and call them berries. As a young friend of mine remarked after a taste of them, "they taste marshmallows."

Pequot Cake—For a good cake that can be made a different way every day in the week, and which never fails, at least at our house, let me recommend one cup of sugar, butter, size of an egg, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream tartar, one-half cup of milk, two eggs, two cups of flour. Beat sugar and butter together, add the eggs, then the milk with the soda and cream tartar stirred in the milk until foaming, then the flour. This can be flavored and baked in a plain loaf, or in cup cakes—larger cake, ribbon cake—which is made by taking one-third of the mixture and adding fruit and spices, bake in three layers and put them together with frosting. Or baked like marshmallows. One cup of raisins or currants, or both, and spices added makes an excellent plain fruit cake.

Chocolate Pudding—One quart of milk, one-half cup of sugar, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, one-quarter cup of chocolate and vanilla flavoring. Put the milk in double boiler, beat the eggs and sugar and corn-starch together with a little cold milk, strain and thicken the milk, have the chocolate well dissolved, and add slowly also the vanilla after taking from the boiler. Set on the ice and serve with cake.—New York Observer.

Strawberries as large as tea cups grow wild in Africa.

A MIGHTY BEAR HUNTER.

THE GREATEST LIVING AMERICAN SLAYER OF BRUIN.

His Home in the North Carolina Mountains—Some of His Narrow Escapes and Daring Feats.

Around Asheville, N. C., are many interesting points, but none so highly novel as the home of Big Tom Wilson, the most noted living bear hunter in America. Big Tom has killed up to the present writing just three hundred and fifty-seven bears, exclusive of the cubs he has captured and killed. He was born and raised at the foot of Black Mountain, one of the highest peaks in western North Carolina, and has been hunting bear since a mere boy.

It is worth the ride of thirty-five miles from Asheville to visit the home of, and see and talk with, Big Tom. His is a typical mountain home, a small log hut with a crooked and mud chimney at the foot of Black Mountain and on the edge of a small stream known as Gancy River. There is not another house within ten miles, and to any but the most experienced mountain guide the place is inaccessible, there being only one small gap through the mountains by which it is possible to reach the place, for Gancy River a short distance below the hunter's mountain home is suddenly lost from view and appears above ground again miles away on the other side of the mountain.

Tom has a wife and fourteen children, all of whom live in the one room of the small log cabin. But children are not the only live stock that Tom has, for around his home are three large black pet bears. These are his dogs or his hunting companions.

Tom is a great burly fellow, six feet four inches tall, with broad shoulders and muscles of steel. His hair is long and black, slightly tinged with gray. His eyes are as straight as an Indian's, and hangs down over his shoulders. His eyebrows are long and bushy, while beneath them is as piercing a pair of gray eyes as one could imagine. He is a perfect type of the ideal mountain huntsman, and a mere glance at him would indicate to the most conservative that he could grapple with and conquer, empty-handed, the most ferocious bear.

But Tom has had no tussel empty-handed and says he never wants another. As a consequence his face and body are covered with scars and one finger of his right hand is gone. It was in the fall of 1882. He had been hunting over the mountains, and having struck no game, had rested his rifle against a tree and lain down for a nap. He awoke suddenly to find a big black bear on his hind legs with the gun clutched between his paws and almost over him. Tom jumped to his feet in an instant. But the bear was equally quick, and dropping the gun, made for Tom. They grappled, and as Tom expresses it, "there was the greatest hugging match for half an hour you ever saw."

Tom held his own admirably at first, but the bear bit and tore at his clothes until they were all off, and then tore the flesh from his shoulders in hunks. Tom was choking the bear with his great hands of iron and the bear was lunging and tearing at his arms and shoulders. He was bleeding from a dozen different wounds and rapidly growing weak when he stumbled on a rock and fell, with the bear on top. His back struck something hard. It was his rifle.

His hopes arose, and with a great effort he turned, caught the muzzle of the rifle with one hand, pressed it against the throat of the bear and quickly pulled the trigger with the other.

The ball crushed through the neck and brain of the bear and he fell over dead. Tom was saved, but to use his own expression he "never tackled another bear without ole trusty," his rifle.

Tom was never known to trap a bear. He says that is taking an unfair advantage of the "critter's."

Just after his single handed experience with the bear Tom got three large ones out of one tree. He and his boys were going over the mountains unarmed. They were nine miles from his cabin and it was late in the afternoon when he spied three bears in the limbs of a chestnut tree eating the fruit. He immediately built a large fire around the trunk of the tree and sent his boys home for his rifle, while he remained to keep up the fire and prevent them from getting away.

The trip was a long and rugged one and the boys did not return until the next morning, but Big Tom kept the fire burning and watched all night. At sunrise the boys had returned, and Tom got all three in that many shots.

Big Tom does not hunt as much now as he used to, but he never returns without game. The three bears he has at his home he raised, having captured them when cubs. They are as obedient to his command as dogs, and always accompany him on his hunts. He says they never fail to find bear, and as a wild one seeing them will approach he can kill them without difficulty. Two of them are scared and bitten up quite badly, for sometimes Tom carries them out to see them fight with and kill the wild one around the mountains. They sometimes, however, have very tough fights, and on one or two occasions Tom has been compelled, in order to save his pets, to enter the meleé armed with a knife and assist them in the fight. At home they are generally chained, but the big man's children play around them and the little ones often ride on their backs around the cabin.

Tom says he is getting old now, and is going to give up hunting after next winter, but those who know him say he will never give it up until he is too old to climb the mountains. He is now apparently about fifty-five years of age, and partly about the most perfect specimen of physical manhood to be found in this country.—Atlanta Constitution.

Sir Lepel Griffin proposes to colonize Cashmere with 3,000,000 Englishmen as a bulwark to the Indian Empire.

MATIN SONG.

The bee is beginning to hum in the flower,
And the blossom to break on the vine;
The clock in the steeple is striking the hour,
And the sun is beginning to shine—
Beginning to shine on the factory tower,
And to kindle the crest of the pine.

There's a wee wren that sings at your pane;
Twice, thrice, she has sung there to you;
I woke, and I wondered, so sweet was the strain,
But the dusky wings fluttered and flew;
She has gone where the rospers are gleaming
The grain,
While the berry is swollen with dew.

Rise up, little heart; oh! be joyful, and rise
While the morning is misty and red,
For the sun will grow mighty and blaze in
The skies,
And the primrose will bow down her head,
The hyacinth will slumber and snore where he lies,
And the locust will shrill there instead.

Rise up, for the owl is a doze,
His eyeballs are dazzled with day,
Oh, come! for the waters are crimson and rose
Where the river winds down to the bay,
And the little brown boat, where the sweet
Corn glows,
Is waiting to bear us away.
—Dora R. Goodale, in Young People.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Cool treatment—a plate of ice cream.
Want of principal is the principal want
of many people.

Boarding-house people ought not to expect dressed beef in hot weather.
Love is blind, which probably accounts for the spectacles some young lovers make of themselves.

Everything is smooth sailing with us when we have so difficulty in raising the wind.—New York News.

Plenty of sleep is conducive to beauty. Even a garment looks wren when it loses it nap.—Birmingham Republic.

A modest blush sufficed her gentle face,
For she had just been asked to wed,
And she replied with sweet St. Louis grace,
"Why, cert," she said.

It is refreshing to see how a tramp who finds a woodpile will pull his coat off and lie down to sleep.—Merchant Traveler.

Namby—"I hear, Pamy, that you possess an estimable wife." Pamy (sadly)—"No, she possesses me."—Yankee Blade.

"I like Von Jones, he can always see the points of my jokes." "Indeed! Since when did he become a microscopist?"—Men's Outlook.

The lad who fails in his effort to run away and be a bandit does the best he can, and gets a situation as train boy.—Merchant Traveler.

As the butcher adds his hand to the weight of the stake, he piously sighs to himself, I love to steal, a while, a weigh.—Florida Times-Union.

"How long do mosquitoes live?" asks a correspondent. That depends a good deal on the kind of fellow they light on.—Burlington Free Press.

At school—"Now, my little dears, can you tell me the plural of child?" Youngster (frantically raising his arm)—"Yes, sir; I can. Twins!"—Paris Pigaro.

"As an evidence quite certain
Of a woeing rather rash
When you see a trace of powder
On a young man's dark moustache."
—Boston Courier.

Mrs. Paryen—"No, I don't like sea bathing. It always gets my hair so wet." Mrs. Quickerly—"Why don't you leave it in the dressing room?"—Burlington Free Press.

Mr. South Church, of Boston—"The dicker birds tell me—" Mrs. South Church (interrupting with severity)—"The Richard birds, Mr. Church."
—New York Sun.

First Omahan—"And did she return your love?" Second Omahan—"She did even better than that. She returned the ring I gave her and all the letters I had written."
—Omaha World.

Appropriate.—Mrs. Nuborder—"That's a very pretty motto you are working, Mrs. Browne-Haash. 'Learn to Say No,' is it for your son?" Mrs. Browne-Haash—"No; it's for the dining room."
—Boston Gazette.

Dule (to doctor)—"Anything seriously wrong with me, doctor?" Doctor (slowly)—"Your condition is serious, but not necessarily fatal. I have discovered evidences of a growth of brains."
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Sitting Bull, who has been seriously ill of pneumonia, is reported "much improved." He can now be regarded as a member of the Improved Order of Red Men—but at the same time he is not.—Norristown Herald.

Adoree—"Oh, how your words charm me! To think that you should daily discover more similarity between me and your sainted husband. May I ask how I resemble him?" Young Widow (gravely)—"You have all his bad habits."

Rat and Poultry Parrot.

Chris Pharo owns a poll parrot that is a chandy. The other morning a rat, lured by the delicious smells of the bake shop, left the stanches of the cellar and seaver, and climbing up stairs, made a raid on cream puffs, gorged down a few tarts, nibbled the marmosins, and sampled the pie and gingerbread before his legerdemains were discovered. Then he was hustled off with a vengeance, and rushing into the room where the parrot was, succeeded in breaking into Polly's cage. Polly was playing circus with her claws and bill, and when she spied the rat she came down on his back with both claws and held it firmly to the bottom of the cage. The rat rolled over and twisted its head around, squealing like mad as Polly pecked at its eyes and soon had them both out. The rat snapped and tore out some of Polly's feathers, but she held fast to the varmint and succeeded in killing it. Then mounting her perch and ruffling her feathers about her neck, she announced "Polly wants a cracker."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.