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Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

PETER'S QUESTIONS.

When Peter was a sturdy lad He moved from Grassvale with his dad; And left behind him Joe and John, And little Jake and Jefferson; Four chums of his by day and night With whom he used to play and fight; Now where is Joe, and where is John; And where is Jake and Jefferson?

THE BUSHRANGERS.

After a voyage from Liverpool to Melbourne I went up country with an American acquaintance named Shaw for a sort of vacation. I had sailed with Shaw while he was Captain of a New Orleans ship, filling the berth of second mate by his satisfaction, and as I had saved his life on one occasion, there was a warm feeling between us. He was now the owner of a big sheep ranch on the Murray River, and I was only too glad to get a run ashore and see something of a country noted for its anomalies. This was before the days of railroads and while the penal colony was in full blast and the bushranger king of the road.

blacks had been killed, and we pushed on to the larger hut to find Thomas with half an hour of breathing his last. He could speak in whispers, and he told us that seven bushrangers had appeared the evening before and committed the atrocities visible on every hand. Although he had made them welcome and prepared supper, they had come for a different purpose. The blacks, one by one, had been tortured in the most horrible manner, and when the last one was dead they had turned on Thomas. They had sliced off his ears, broken his fingers, cut off the end of his nose, hacked off his toes, and tortured him in other ways and had not left the place until about an hour before our arrival. Everything of value which could be carried off was gone, and a bloody knife was left sticking in the door-sill as a sort of deft to Shaw and the officers of the law.

outlaws reasoned that they had given up the pursuit. I got a pretty good look at the surroundings, and, as near as I could make out, the path was the only way out of the ravine. As we came down one of the men took his seat on a rock, with his revolver in hand, to act as guard, and, as I got no orders, I sat down on another rock near the hut. One of the men started a fire, another cut some meat, and a third went to a spring. While supper was preparing the leader of the gang took a long pull at the whisky jug and then came over and stood in front of me and indulged in a tirade of oaths, threats and abuse. He swore he'd clean out every ranchman in the district, and that he would have twenty lives for the death of his comrade. He boasted of the number of his victims and the amount of his plunder, and ended up by declaring that I should be skinned alive and my head sent to Shaw as a reminder of what was in store for him. I made no answer, knowing that anything I could say would only add to his fury. I was hopeless. I could not figure out the slightest chance to escape my impending fate.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Some persons advise scattering small bits of wet paper over the carpet, to take up the dust when sweeping. This may answer well where a broom is used, but if you use a carpet sweeper, you will find that the paper does not always come off the carpet readily. It lugs down so closely that the sweeper slides over it without being able to take hold of it. We have found nothing so satisfactory as bran and salt wet-moistened but not wet. The bran takes up the dust, and the salt seems to freshen up the colors in the carpet. The sweeper will take up every particle of dust without any trouble. —American Agriculturist.

A BIG WESTERN WOLF HUNT

Exciting Sport of the Wyoming Ranchmen. Wolves and Coyotes Driven From Their Dens by Dynamite—Clearing the Country of Wild Animals. A correspondent of the New York World writing from Cheyenne, says: Although hunting parties have frequently gone out in Wyoming for the royal sport of wolf-hunting, yet the idea of a systematic drive, having for its end the extermination of these animals, has attracted widespread attention among Wyoming people. The rapid settling up of Nebraska has driven many wolves and coyotes across into Wyoming. The repeal of a scalp-bounty law by the last Territorial Legislature has removed much of the incentive, to killing the animals and has resulted in their increase to phenomenally large numbers. The stockmen have been young losers from this condition of affairs. Young calves and colts fall easy victims to a pack of hungry gray wolves or coyotes. Even yearling calves were pulled down and killed if they strayed away from the herd of cattle to which they belonged. Hundreds of dollars have been lost this season by the cattle and horse raisers of Southern Wyoming, and a big wolf drive was the outcome.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion..... \$ 1.00  
One Square, one inch, one month..... 5.00  
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Two Squares, one year..... 15.00  
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Half Column, one year..... 30.00  
One Column, one year..... 100.00  
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.  
Marriages and death notices gratis.  
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.  
Job work—cash on delivery.

THE HOPE THAT LIES AFAR.

A traveler over the desert bound Longed for some fertile spot, And to the goal that lay beyond The traveler hastened not. And longing, turned his feet aside From the one desired goal, And on that wished-for fertile spot He set for heart and soul.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Called to order.—The waiter. People who call each other liars often get hurt for telling the truth. The surgeon is the only man who cuts friend and foe indiscriminately. No one has a right to complain when whipped cream turns sour.—Boston Post. When you hear a young man say that a girl has no heart you may be pretty sure that she has his. A citizen who has been run into by a safety bicycle says it hurts just as much as the old kind.—Hawthorn Journal. Lover (ardently)—I love the very ground you tread on. Heiress.—I thought it was the farm you were after.—Life. "Judge Lynch is not a real Judge, is he?" asked Mrs. Fimple. "No," replied her husband; "he's usually in the suspension business."—Tins. No matter how many times the Captain of an ocean steamship breaks her record, the company is perfectly willing to stand the expense of mending it. "I canna leave the old folks now." "To work 'em out!" "I can not sing the old songs." "Cause my life is not insured.—Light. The discovery by a Californian of a process of making leather indestructible will enable the modern mother to rear a whole family on one pair of slippers.—Mississippi Tribune. "Smithers is a perfect specimen of self-made man," remarked Bilson. "Yes," replied Gibson, "and he met the fate of most people who go in to save the expense of an architect."—Washington Critic. Lottie—"Why, Victor, are you not ashamed to kill a poor little bird like that?" Victor—"Well, you see, cousin, I thought it would do to put on your hat." Lottie—"Ah! so it would; it is the same shade of gray." Tommy (to the bashful young man calling on sister)—"Hello, Mr. Bush. You ain't caught yet, are you?" Mr. Bush—"Caught? Why, what do you mean, my little man?" Tommy—"Nothing, only sister said the fool-killer would catch you one of these days."—Kouray Enterprise. "Harry, I do want a new dress so bad. Why can't I buy one like Mrs. Dollars? It only cost \$49.90." "But, Laura, I can't afford it out of a salary of ten dollars per week; it is impossible for me to save enough to pay for it." "Well, Harry, won't you give me your salary and I'll save it."—Commercial Traveler. A School for Professional Beggars. At Westminster Police Court, two boys of thirteen, named Frost and Oakes, living with their parents, were charged with begging. The boys alleged that a woman trained them and other lads as beggars, and that she used to mind their decent clothes and supply them with rags to go out in. Her own boy, it was said, was the head of the gang of juvenile beggars, and used to take the money, which partly went to his mother, and part in refreshments and visits to transpontine music halls. Mrs. Frost said that she had been to this woman and warned her that if she heard that her boy's clothes were kept again she would lock her up for unlawful possession. This was the advice of the School Board officer. The defendants adhered to their statements about being supplied with rags, etc., and the magistrate said that if it was true the woman really ought to be prosecuted. A police constable said he had seen the woman and she denied taking care of the boys' clothes. Only the evidence of the boys could be obtained.—Pall Mall Gazette. A Predatory Dog Outwitted. The other day a spaniel that had a bad habit of stealing poultry, was seen approaching the house at a moderate trot with a large rooster in his mouth. The fowl seemed to be defiant, and so the spaniel evidently thought, for being somewhat wearied by his excursion, and the weather being warm, he laid down his prey for a moment in order to rest. But the rooster was alive and in full possession of all his faculties, for as soon as he felt himself released from the jaws of the fed beast that had captured him than he fluttered his wings and struggled up among the branches of a convenient tree. The dog was an ass-founded at this miracle, as it was an assumed to him, that he lost his presence of mind for a second or two, and in that interval his booty escaped.—Boston Post. The Clay Pipe Industry. The clay pipe industry is remarkable from more than one point of view. This manufacture is essentially French, and its importance is daily increasing, despite the formidable competition of wooden pipes and of cigarettes. A pipe manufactory occupies an area of about 100,000 square feet, and gives employment to from 500 to 600 persons exclusive of children less than twelve years of age. The annual production is 120,000 gross. The number of styles is infinite and is daily increasing, as the dealers are continually asking for new models.