

**TALL FISHING STORIES.**  
AS TOLD AT A MEETING OF THE DENVER FISH CLUB.

Some Historical Facts from Sketch Books Describing Experiences in the Forest-Grappling for Salmon Trout on the Fly—Tackling a Grizzly Bear.

OW that the season of the year which is marked by long evenings has arrived, the Denver Fish Club, a very exclusive organization, has resumed its usual weekly meetings. Last night, says the *Nerve*, the Secretary was called to the platform to give the first experience.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "I am quite unprepared for the occasion, and if you could have waited till the next meeting I would have prepared a story worth your hearing. However, I will do the best I can, and give you a simple little incident which occurred last June. I was fishing in a stream near O'Ray mountain trout, and had been there ten days, fishing every day. It was delightful weather, and I spent each day on the stream, taking my lunch with me from the ranch. At one turn in the stream there is a cliff about eighty feet high, and at the base of the cliff is a deep pool. A smaller stream falls over this cliff into the pool, and every few minutes a dark object would come headlong over the cliff dashing with this smaller stream of water into the darkness of the pool. These were trout, and in a few seconds they would disappear above the surface of the pool and ascend in the air five or six feet and then fall back again, look a little tired and very much surprised and then sink below the surface to rest. I had been fishing with bait, but could not get a bite and finally determined to change my tactics. I made a small raft, about six feet square, and made it over the foot of the cliff, and as the trout came up out of the pool (after coming down the fall) with the rebound I caught as many as I wanted with my hands, some of them weighing as much as three pounds."

"That was not sportsmanlike. What kind of fishing would you call that?" asked the President indignantly. "Well, I should call it catching them on the fly. And the story went down on the minutes. 'You can tell your story now, Frank,'" suggested the President, as soon as order had been restored. Frank is one of the younger members, and his tale was as follows:

"Some years ago I was in British Columbia at a Chinook camp on one of the rivers there. The Chinooks are a tribe of Indians there who live by hunting and fishing, and so plentiful is the supply of fish and game that they do not have to work very hard. They are clean Indians—for Indians—and I had a pleasant visit of several weeks among them. In the rivers there, when the salmon are running, it is really an indisputable fact that the water rises eight or ten feet in height to make room for the salmon to ascend the river, and when they are returning down stream after spawning they push a solid wall of water in front of them. I know this is true, because I have seen it myself. To catch these salmon, many of them weighing thirty to forty pounds, all

such short notice, we set out about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and got three fine males in about two hours within a mile of our prospective camp. We soon came across another fellow, the biggest we had yet seen, and got quite close to him in order to make sure work of him. We fired together at him, or rather intended to do so, but my rifle missed fire for some account, and the other fellow, who was an account of the reason, and the bullet from the scout's rifle only wounded the grizzly in one of his fore paws. He was onto us pretty quick, I can tell you, and we made for trees in a hurry. I got up all right, but the scout missed his grasp and fell to the ground. Before he could

get up the grizzly was onto him, and a terrific tussle ensued. The brute hugged and hugged and bit ferociously, and the scout kept stabbing and slashing with his knife. I got an opportunity finally and fired, taking charge. Fortunately I shot the bear through the brain, and the scout was saved, and, you know, he was not much hurt after all. I asked him how he liked the hugging, and, do you know, he actually said he did not mind it very much. He said he was used to something of the kind. I asked him how that was, and he replied that he had been married seventeen years in Utah, and had eight wives.

"No; he was not afraid of grizzlies. He afterward said he preferred to take his chances with them than to go back to Utah."

**It Will Ever Be Thus.**

A citizen of Harlem who was approaching the railroad depot, followed by a dog, halted and picked up a stone and flung it at the canine with the exclamation:

"You good-for-nothing cur, but I'd like to knock your head off!"

Just then a man came down a side street followed by another dog, and halted to say:

"I've got another just such cur here. He isn't worth his weight in soap grease."

"I'll poison mine this very night!"

"And I'm going to throw mine under the locomotive."

"Say, said the second man, after a moment's thought, 'call your cur up here and let us get 'em to fighting.'"

"Good idea. Here, Jap—Jap—Jap! Come here, doggie!"

The dog cautiously approached, and as the two animals began growling and walking around each other a sudden "Stubby" brought a climax, and they began fighting. Both men laughed, but it wasn't a minute before the first man, whose dog was underneath, kicked the dog on top.

"Hold on, now. Give my dog a fair show!" shouted the other.

"He's the biggest!"

"No, he ain't! Don't you kick my dog again!"

"I'm a good mind to kick his owner!"

"I'd like to see you try it?"

"I can do it!"

"You're a liar."

And with that they began whaling away at each other with the greatest vigor, ending after five minutes in a draw. Meanwhile the dogs had quit and disappeared into the bushes.

"I allow no one to kick my dog," gasped one, and he wiped at his bloody nose.

"And no living man can call me a liar," growled the other, as he held his black eye.

"I'll see you again."

"And I'll see you."—*New York Sun.*

**No Angels for Them.**

Early last summer a New-Englander moved out to a small town in Arizona and announced his intention of opening up a first-class grocery. He had a number of bills posted up, dwelling particularly on the fact that the business was to be square and above board. Just as he was getting ready to open shop a deputation of citizens waited on him and asked the new-comer if the statement on the placards were made in good faith.

"You ought as well give us the hull truth about this thing," said the leader. "You mean to say there hasn't goin' to be no water in the river?"

"That's what I mean, sir," replied the stranger, a little surprised. "Nor no sand in the sugar!"

"Ain't there goin' to be beans in the coffee?"

"Most decidedly not, sir!"

"Nor chioric, nuther?"

"Never, gentlemen; I give you my word for it."

The crowd seemed nonplused for a moment, and the leader held a short consultation, at the end of which he returned and said:

"Say, stranger, we've concluded that you air a suspicious character. But first let me ask you if your cigars are goin' to be loaded—with cabbage, you know?"

"Not while I—"

"That's all we wanted to know. We give you twenty-four hours to leave town, and you better leave. When we're in need of angels we'll drop you a postal card. Good day, stranger!" And the deputation filed out.

**Sundays in England.**

The question of Sunday observance is one which disturbs the clergy of England more, perhaps, than any other, says an exchange. In some places the clergymen themselves have, in order to secure some sort of respect for the day, inaugurated Sunday cricket, and the other side of the coin being that as soon as the church bells ring, the players shall leave the game and attend to their religious duties. An effort is also being made to encourage the opening of museums and picture galleries on Sunday. The position is taken that it is better to provide some innocent amusement than to allow the men to idle about the streets and otherwise pass the Sabbath in vicious idleness.

A Russian mineralogist, K. D. Chruschoff, claims to have discovered a new metal, which he proposes to name "Russium." It resembles thorium.

**OLD MRS. BLIVINS OF POKE.**  
BY KIL COURTLAND.

Old Mrs. Blivins lay all alone Under a neat gray marble stone, Carved thereon was a broken rose, And a sweet angel with stubby nose.

The gossip of Poke all said, "Poor dear! She has passed the news for many a year; And such tales, too" (here they nod and frown).

"When you think of the very small size of the loaves."

"Then your flow over field, they flew over brier, They passed the depot, they passed the mill, They crossed the bridge and climbed the hill, To be at the reading of Blivins' will."

They met in the office of Lawyer Brown, One of the smartest men in the town; Who cleared his throat and jerked his head, And then these very strange words he read: "The gossip of Poke, without fear or favor, Must visit my grave in the lone midnight; And when 't has been gone for a year and a day, Must bivacone there and have a sojourn."

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**SPARKS OF WIT**

PLANE sailing—in a prairie schooner.

A WIRE puller—the telegraph line man.

JAGGS—Pawnbrokers are ornery cusses. Baggs—Yes; but you have to put up with them.

WHILE the English drum-beat is heard around the world, the American dead-beat isn't far behind.

JONES—"Say, Brownie, why do you call your eldest boy Telephone?"

BROWN—"Because he never works."

A SCHOOLBOY, being asked in an examination to state the significance of LL.D., wrote: "LL.D. stands for lung and liver doctor."

A SPORTING character hearing of a horse eating meat said he had seen many nags running for stakes, and he can chuck-le over that.

"GRACIOUS," exclaimed Mrs. Malaprop, "I read in the papers of a 'Congressman at large.' Do I hope they'll capture him before he does any harm?"

By a quick shot he had just rescued her from the clutches of a bear. "What were your thoughts when brain commenced to squeeze?" was his inquiry.

"Oh, Charlie, I thought of you!"

When the old lady had fallen into the well, and was rescued with some difficulty, she declared that "had it not been for Providence and another man," she never would have been got out alive.

"UPON my soul," exclaimed Mrs. Flyaround, "I never saw such an old gadder in all my life as that Mrs. Neverhome is! Actually, I called seven times at her home and couldn't get in once."

"Isn't it lonely here, George? Did you ever know anything so still?" "Oh, yes. Once." "When was that?" "I hired a plumber once to do a day's work for me, and he never worked from morning to night."

IRATE POLITICIAN—Look here, you published a lie about me this morning—an infamous lie. I won't stand it. Serene editor—But just think where you would be if we were to publish the truth about you.

STRANGER—Excuse me, sir, but did not you buy a bottle of hair invigorator in that barber shop? Binks—Yes; why? Stranger—Oh, nothing; only I wish to inform you that I am the most artistic wig-maker on the street.

JONSMITH—Delrowd has changed wonderfully since he went to work on that religious paper. He leads a blameless life now. Jonjones—Yes, he does nothing wrong now except to lie about the circulation of his paper.

FOOLISH MAIDEN. Of all the foolish fashions, That foolish women wear, That nothing more unbecomish Than bawling of the hair, It is a dangerous habit, too, And all girls should beware, Least after they are married They still should wash their hair.

"SHALL I vind the clock, valder?" asked young Jacob Isaacstein, as they were about to close the store. "No," said the old gentleman with a sigh. "Izness was too pad. Choost let it alone, Jacob, and we will save the year and tear of the veels."

MESSES. GIBBON and Redman (calling)—Is Miss Flirtette in? Bridget—Faith, I don't know. She said of it wuz that rid-hidded, freckled dnde, she wasn't in; but if it was that handsome Mr. Gibbon, she was. But, begorry, you're both here together.

MISS PRITTE—Grandma, Mr. Pattole's going to give me an elegant ring set with a carbuncle. Grandma (horror-stricken)—You mustn't take it, child! Don't touch it! For your grandpapa's Uncle Joe had one of 'em carbuncles, and died with it inside o' three weeks' time!

THERE is a benevolent gentleman in Boston who gives twenty-five cents for religious purposes every time when he sneezes. He has already d—d a new steple on the Presbyterian church, and is now engaged in "cursing up" a donation to the Home Missionary Society.

A COOK who had burned up a piece of veal weighing four pounds threw it away, and afterward explained to her mistress that the cat had eaten the meat. "Very well," said the lady, "we will see that directly." So saying, she took the cat, put it on the scales, and found that it weighed exactly four pounds. "There, Fredericka," she said, "are the four pounds of meat—but where is the cat?"

To the Minister's. He—Now, dearest, that we are out for a walk, is there any place that you are particularly desirous of going to? I am at your service.

She (shyly)—Yes, George; I would like to go to that big white house over on the next corner.

He—All right, dear. Some friend of your lovers there, I suppose?

She—Yes, George, the minister.

He—Caught on.—*Yankee Blade.*

The flooding of a Fiji plantation by an unusually high tide lately resulted in the important discovery that disease of bananas may be prevented, and a healthy growth secured in young plants, by the application of sea-water to the ground.

What difference is there between a bold, bad man and a flannel shirt? The difference is that a bold, bad man shrinks at nothing, while flannel only takes umbrage at water.

A REGION where buffaloes are increasing, and that at a rapid rate, is North Australia. Specimens of the wild buffalo (*Bos Indicus*) were introduced in 1829, and vast herds are said to be now wandering over the country.

**Corn as Fuel.**

Some people seem to be horrified when they hear of corn being used for fuel. Now, if corn is cheaper than coal, what possible objection can there be to using it for fuel? A Kansas farmer can get thirteen cents for a bushel of corn. Let us see, that is \$3.70 for a ton. To get that he may have to haul his corn six or eight miles to market. If he buys coal he will pay from \$4 to \$5 a ton, and haul it the six or eight miles back home. The matter simply comes down to the question of how he can get the most effective fuel for a dollar. You could hardly expect a farmer to pay a bonus in order that he might burn coal if he could get the heat some other way. Corn at \$3.70 a ton is cheaper fuel than coal at \$7.70 a ton, and, besides, it has in its favor the fact that the farmer has the corn at home. There is no more reason for a sentimental objection to burning corn than there is to burning wood.—*Chicago Tribune.*

**A Whistling Tree.**

The musical or whistling tree is found in the West Indian Islands, in Nubia and the Soudan. It has a peculiar-shaped leaf, and pods with a split or open edge. The wind passing through these gives out the sound which gives the tree its peculiar name. In Barbadoes there is a valley filled with these trees, and when the trade winds blow across the island a constant moaning, deep-toned whistle is heard from it, which in the still hours of the night has a very weird and unpleasant effect. A species of acacia, which grows very abundantly in the Soudan, is also called the "whistling tree" by the natives. Its shoots are frequently by the agency of the larvae of insects distorted in shape and swollen into a globular bladder from one to two inches in diameter. After the insect has emerged from a circular hole in the side of this swelling, the opening, played upon by the wind, becomes a musical instrument, equal in sound to a sweet-toned flute.

—There are only twenty-nine free-traders in the French Parliament, the remainder of the deputies standing up stoutly for the protective home industry creed of the Thiers school.

When the summer's nose has faded, What shall I make it fair again? When the face with pain is shaded, What shall I drive away the pain? Never shall a blossom brighten After blighted by the frost. But the kind of pain may lighten, And we need not count as lost all the pleasures of life when the wife and mother upon whom the happiness of home so largely depends, is afflicted with the delicate disease peculiar to women. It is terrible to contemplate the misery existing in our midst because of the prevalence of this disease. It is high time that all women should know that there is one sure remedy for all female complaints, and that is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Do not allow it to be taken in itself upon you. Ward it off by the use of this standard remedy. If it is taken in time, it will put it right. You can do it by the use of the "Favorite Prescription." It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be returned.

For ill-natured, sick headache, indigestion and constipation, take Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure.

—Liberalism is the trust of the people tempered by prudence; conservatism, distrust of the people tempered by fear.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grapes, etc., raised in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Improvement Board, Portland, Ore.

In love, as in everything else, experience is a physician which never comes until after the disorder is cured.

It is effected with some eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Brought to \$20 per bottle.

—God intended for women two provisions against sin—modesty and remorse.

One by one the roses fall, but Tansil's Punch '5c. Cigar outlives them all.

—Things unhopd for happen oftener than things that we desire.

Entitled to the Best. All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when constive or bilious. For sale in 50c. and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

—You may find people ready enough to do the good Samaritan without the oil and two pence.

Cataract Can't be Cured With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Cataract Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of these ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing cataract. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHERRY & Co., Prop., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

—Remove but the temptation of lechery, and the bow of Cupid will lose its effect.</