

DAYS AND NIGHTS.

Higher the daily hours of English rise, And mount around me as the swelling deep...

A NIGHT RIDE.

"Yes, boys, they've left the Reservation, and are killing and scalping their beat thunders...

"We were only seven men, cutting the Mexican cook, in the dug-out attached to the corral, and were employees of the big I. C. Company...

"The kind of a comforting, Did yer here tell of any news down there?" "Nothing perticular, they was a talkin' 'bout that settler, over on Antelope Flat...

"I don't know, please, Mr. Big Jack, perhaps he's hurt, 'cause his eyes were wet and mamma was crying."

"Sissy, don't yet feel like eatin' a bite of grub and drinkin' a cup of coffee?" "No, thank you, sir, but I am sleepy; and very tired, and—"

"No, the little gal know the trouble?" "Wal, let's ask her if her dad had got shooting iron."

"Yes, sir, he's got a shotgun, and he hasn't a shot left, that shoots without loading, and please, Mr. Big Jack, can go to bed now?"

"I heard you when you charged by men, but it took me some time to open the door, as I had a hull lot of things piled right in."

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With a rush and a crash we tore through the brush and rode at full speed into the clearing, now almost as light as day, for the big, heavy barn timbers were burning clearly and steadily.

"Down went our brave horses, and down went their riders. Four of us scrambled to our feet as we cleared ourselves from the stirrup leathers, only to throw ourselves behind our lead-riddled, dying animals just in time to save ourselves; for again the villains poured on horseback on journeys that cannot be made by sea."

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THE FALKLAND ISLES.

AN INTERESTING SPOT ON THE SOUTH ATLANTIC.

A Climate So Cold That Trees Cannot Grow—The Sea Lion at Home—A Penguin City.

The total population of the Falkland Isles, writes Fannie B. Ward, is only about 2,000, mostly Englishmen, Scotchmen and Argentine Gauchos.

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them. As is well known, penguins spend their lives on the water except during the breeding season, when they are obliged to seek the shore.

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THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Bliss or Woe—The March of Science—Caught By a Compliment—An Expedient—Unavailing, Etc., Etc.

Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts so wonderfully joined, A minister, a nuptial knot, And—who can tell the rest?"

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A MEAN INSINUATION.

Mrs. Hicks—That girl I hired this morning is a mean old thing.

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