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SNAILS sometimes sleep for four years at a time.

NORTH CAROLINA has 800,000 acres of swamp land to sell for the benefit of her education fund.

THREE years ago Archibald Clavering Gunter was unknown as a novelist. Now his books are read everywhere, and he is $100,000 ahead.

A LITTLE Auburn, Me., baby's paternal great-grandfather, his grandfather, grandmother, and his father were all born within a stone's throw of each other.

SENATOR EDMUNDS, of Vermont, has served longer in the United States Senate than any of his colleagues. On April 5, 1890, he will have been in the Senate without a single break for twenty-four years.

A BRIGHT young fellow in London earns his living by writing speeches for wedding breakfasts. In England speeches are still expected from the bridegroom, and they are generally very bungling affairs.

THE schoolma'ams of St. Paul not long ago were instructed to give occasional instruction in plain and fancy sewing to the girls under their charge, and the horrible fact came out that few if any of the teachers could do any kind of sewing whatever.

CABINET officers receive many strange requests, but one of the oddest was that contained in a letter from a man in Pennsylvania to Secretary Tracy. He wanted, he said, six gold quarter pieces for Christmas presents to his friends. He inclosed a 2-cent stamp.

EXPLORER STANLEY once said to a friend: "I dread each fresh return to Europe because each friend asks me as soon as the first talk is over, 'Well, when are you going back to Africa?' This question always operates upon me like a red rag shown to a wild bull."

DOM PEDRO stands right up on his dignity. He does not want any solace in the shape of a Brazilian pension as a retired Emperor, but will demand that his regular salary be kept up just the same as if he hadn't been exiled. This is what may be called imperial nerve.

HENRY M. STANLEY is now almost 50 years old. He was born in Wales and his name was originally John Rowlands. It was changed on his being adopted by a New Orleans merchant, who found him, at the age of 15, a cabin boy in a sailing vessel, and took a fancy to him.

AT the recent fire in Boston one firm was entirely cleaned out, not even a penholder left, and added to this the papers in their safe were also destroyed. Since the great Boston fire many firms have a duplicate of their monthly trial balance kept at the residence of some member of the firm.

THE cannon used at Columbia, S. C., in firing the Davis memorial salute exploded. The cannon was that used in firing the salute when South Carolina seceded from the Union. It was fished out of the river some years ago, where it had been thrown when Sherman's army was about to enter the city.

"THAT is very nice butter, Johnny," said a Punxsutawney (Pa.) groceryman, as he took the roll out of the basket and laid it on the counter. "Tell your mother to send all her butter here, and we will pay her a good price for it." "Yes," said the little fellow, candidly, "I s'pose you would. The only reason you got this was 'cause the cat fell inter the cream crock and got drowned, and ma'am didn't want ter sell it till 'er reg'lar customers."

THE Presbyterian Synod of West Florida and Alabama has been in session at Pensacola. The Rev. Dr. Shearer, President of Davidson College, North Carolina, in his address, created a profound sensation by denouncing the common school system of the country, alleging that its nonsectarianism prevented the education of youths in the religion of their fathers. He advocated strongly the advisability of having the children of Presbyterians educated in schools fostered by the church.

AN officer of one of the accident insurance companies asserts that the records show that every freight brakeman in the United States stands one chance in three of being killed within a year. Doubtless some such frightful risk and employers' negligence was explained to the President or he would not have inserted his allusion to railroad car-couplings in his annual message. But if this is true, if there is any such rate of mortality among freight brakeman, it is time that some public expression of the popular feeling on the subject was made. It seems incredible.

A LONDON workman experimented upon the speaking doll for nine years before it said "papa" and "mamma" in a natural way. Since then other mechanical dolls have been invented, very attractive in their novelty, but beyond the means of ordinary purchasers. There are no less than forty doll manufactories in London and almost as many in New York and the New England States. There are secondary industries in the trade, such as the manufacture of dolls' gloves, gaiters, costumes, fans, parasols, carriages, hammocks, etc., all of which must be kept in stock.

DREAMING.

BY C. LOWATER.

Purple mists upon the hills
In the distance quiver;
Noiselessly the bubbling rills
Glide on to the river.
In the breeze the maple trees
Flaunt their foliage gay;
All the spectrum's fleeting tints,
Silver shades and golden hints
Give of distant May.
Lazily I lie and dream
Of the winter coming,
Mingling fancies with the stream
And the wild bees humming.
Will it be so blest for me
As the year now past?
Will it—ah me—will it fly
Quickly, quickly, quickly by,
Leaving me at last?
Summer brought me hopes so bright,
Autumn sees them flying;
Summer came with life and light,
Now the light is dying.
But I lie while moments fly,
Dreaming what 'twill be
When the winter days are here,
And once more the white New Year
Bids me enter free.

PLUM CREEK, Wis.

OUR PLAN DIDN'T WORK

BY MOLLIE RICHARDS.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were humble people, in moderate circumstances, and lived upon a small farm. They had but one child, a daughter, who was always called Sissy.

Sissy was about my age, and I was about six years old, when "Father" Jones adopted me into his family. When I was about eight years of age a relative of Mr. Jones died. To attend the funeral was a big day's journey for his slow horse.

They did not like to leave us with the sole care of the place on the day of the funeral, yet they seemed to think of no way to prevent it. So, for that entire day we were left in charge of everything.

They kept one horse, two cows, a pig or two, and a great deal of poultry. It was my work from the start, mine and Sissy's, to do what we could for the cattle and poultry, and we quarreled not a little over the work.

We shared alike sport as well as work, and were much together. Sometimes Sissy exercised authority over me, claiming her rights as lawful possessor. This her parents would not permit when they knew of it.

The work assigned for us to do was to water the cows at noon, at night put them in their stable, feed the poultry, and, if they returned late, provide wood and coal and kindling.

I can see yet how Mother Jones looked when she started. She was dressed in plain, old-fashioned garb, and her eyes had a peculiar, wistful expression. She cautioned us over and over not to turn things topsy-turvy, not to leave the house alone, or make fires, as none was needed.

Mrs. Jones was a very careful housekeeper. Our dinner was spread on the kitchen table and neatly covered with a spotless linen cloth.

After she had closed the kitchen door she passionately embraced both Sissy and I, as if she never expected to see us alive again. Then she slowly walked to the old square-top carriage and reluctantly climbed into it. Father Jones looked worried as he stepped in after her and drove slowly away. We had previously planned our sport and were very impatient, so we thought that they would never get started.

Next to the yard was a small field; below this field was a large apple orchard, in which we were raising a calf. This calf was very tame. Sissy and I had made a pet of it, and had quarreled not a little in selecting a name. Finally, we decided on Daisy-Dingle, that each might have an individual claim upon the name.

I had often told Sissy that I thought if we could get the chance we might ride upon Daisy-Dingle's back. When we discovered that we were to have this Sunday to ourselves we at once decided that this would be a golden opportunity.

We planned our ride with many fears, lest it might be rainy, or perhaps we might be seen and have our doings reported.

The weather proved to be all that we could desire.

As soon as Mr. Jones drove off Sissy and I skipped up stairs, for it had been decided that Sissy must have a side-saddle, and she had things in readiness to make one.

First, she produced two of her mother's dresses, which were slightly worn; then, with a big husk needle and twine, we fashioned a saddle; the sleeves served for stirrups.

Our nearest neighbors had gone to church and their house was closed, as was nearly every house in the neighborhood.

The coast was clear. Daisy-Dingle being a pet, did not object to the saddle.

I insisted that Sissy should have the first ride. She had no trouble getting on, but her weight, together with fixing her feet in the stirrups, scared Daisy-Dingle, who started at a full gallop before we were ready.

Sissy, having no hold, fell off, her feet entangled in the stirrups.

The saddle had been securely fastened to the calf's back, and Sissy was dragged a considerable distance. I was badly scared.

Sissy was stunned and semi-conscious for a time, but with the exception of a few slight scratches, the worst in her face, she escaped uninjured.

The lower portion of the orchard was low and swampy; through this Sissy had been dragged.

Her dress was a sight to behold. It being Sunday, she was permitted to wear one too fine for our occupation; besides being torn, it was brown and green-stained from mud and grass.

After the fright, finding Sissy not badly injured, and being plucky, she urged me to take a ride. Being a boy, I thought I could manage better. I got on and met with the same success, only that I was not dragged when I fell off, for the saddle had been abandoned.

Poor Daisy-Dingle did not know what to make of such treatment. She became wild.

We were now determined to have a ride both together. How to get her to stand still long enough for us to mount upon her back was the question. As we found it impossible to do this, we became enraged and took turns in beating and racing the poor calf many times around the orchard and over Mother Jones' dresses.

Finally Daisy-Dingle became exhausted. It was dinner time, and we were hungry. So we concluded that if we stopped to eat, perhaps by the time we came back Daisy-Dingle might permit us to take a ride.

Hastening to the house, we were hardly courageous enough to enter. We had neglected to fasten doors or windows. Our appetites got the better of us, and we cautiously entered. Fortunately nothing had been disturbed.

While eating we quarreled over a certain piece of pie. Pie and plate were broken and trampled upon the kitchen carpet. We were coming to a "fist fight," when Sissy remembered that there was another pie of the kind in the cellar. She brought it, and we devoured the most of it in peace.

While eating the pie we resolved upon a new plan. In our eagerness to try it we forgot our noon work, and again leaving the house went to the orchard.

Poor Daisy-Dingle! It was a rather warm day in July, and at noon the heat was oppressive for a poor worried calf. Our plan did not work. Daisy-Dingle would not stand, so we gave her more exercise until at last she was conquered.

Just as Sissy had taken her place astride the calf's back our neighbor, who had returned from church, and who had been watching us unobserved, came along, interfered, and we were obliged to abandon our sport.

We were mortified and worried to think we had been discovered, and thus made liable to exposure as well as punishment. We ran into the barn to hide, each blaming the other for what had been done. Soon tiring of this, we looked about to see what next we could do unobserved.

Mr. Jones made cider for vinegar. He kept barrels of it in his barn. There were three barrels that Sissy and I had often thought might still be fit to drink, but how to get some had always been a puzzle.

We thought this an excellent opportunity for tasting it.

The bungs were tight in each barrel, and we saw no possible way to get them out; but instead of spigots there were plugs that we thought might be easily knocked out. I gave one hard hit and the cider, or rather vinegar, came suddenly spurting over both of us in a stream, and we were thoroughly drenched.

We had planned to drink with straws, but did not even taste it, for we made an effort to replace the plug. As it finally ceased flowing we concluded that we were successful in stopping it.

We tried the second and third barrels with almost the same result.

Next we hunted eggs. These we took to the kitchen, made a coal fire, filled the tea-kettle with eggs and water, put it over the fire, and closed the stove.

While waiting for the eggs to boil we remembered our work. As it was getting late we dropped everything, and, leaving the door wide open, proceeded to water cattle.

In the midst of this Mr. and Mrs. Jones returned. They had been very anxious about us, and came back much earlier than was anticipated. When Mother Jones caught sight of us she screamed, but when she reached the kitchen door and saw at one glance the hot stove and a hungry tramp feasting upon the remains of our dinner, she gave one piercing shriek and fainted away, which so scared the tramp that he fled.

The kettle had boiled dry and was emitting a strange odor.

The stove was hot enough to burst, and the carpet was irreparably spoiled.

Mrs. Jones was sick all night from fright. The next morning Daisy-Dingle was found dead.

Our neighbor came to tell of our doings in the orchard, just at the moment Mr. Jones discovered, by the smell of vinegar, what had happened to his barrels.

Mrs. Jones about this time discovered the eggs and the ruined condition of the tea kettle. She could not find the dress she had wished to wear that day, nor could she for a long time get over the loss of two, or the ruined condition of our clothes, besides everything else.

They wisely concluded to never leave us alone again.

Both were too indulgent to punish us severely, so we got off with a mild reprimand. They blamed themselves for not getting an older person to take charge of us.

Years have passed. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones are dead. Sissy and I are married. From this we learned a good moral, and it serves us well in our own family of little ones. It is this: Never leave children alone with the care of a house.

Be Wary of Choosing, Girls.

It was excellent advice I saw lately given to young ladies urging them to marry only gentlemen or not marry at all. A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his sisters and discourteous to his mother is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered yes or no. You need not die old maids. But wait until the prince passes by. No harm in delay.

You will not be apt to find him in the ball-room. Nor is he a champion billiard player. He has not had time to become a "champion," for he has had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world. I have always observed that these "champions" were seldom good for much else.

Be wary in choosing, girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for undying love. Marrying in haste rarely ends well. Do not resent too much the interference of your parents. You will travel long and far in this world before you will find any one who has your true interest at heart more than your father and mother.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Severe Test.

"My dear sir, this position carries with it a great responsibility. Can you convince me that you are capable of filling it?"

"I think I can, sir."

"You must be a man of great discretion, possessed of a keen insight, capable of judging accurately between right and wrong."

"I think I can satisfy you, sir."

"You must be able to discover the truth, no matter how it may be disguised, and must be well read on current events."

"Yes, sir; I think I can fill the bill."

"Well, what are your credentials?"

"I have been examined for a jury six times, and been rejected every time."

"I think you will do. You must be a man of great capability and intelligence."

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.

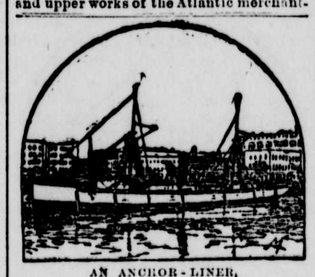
MERCANTILE MARINE.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LAKE AND OCEAN ARCHITECTURE.

Opinions at Variance as to the Relative Merits of the Two—Both Sides of the Question—The Laker the Best Carrier—The Change from Wood to Metal.

HE marine architecture of the great lakes is distinctive. There is as much difference between a freighter on the inland seas and the carriers on salt and tide water as there between a steam and a horse car.

But the difference in the construction of lake craft, as against the steamers plying the ocean and deeper rivers, lies mostly, in fact almost wholly, beneath the water line. The rakish build of the hull and upper works of the Atlantic merchant-

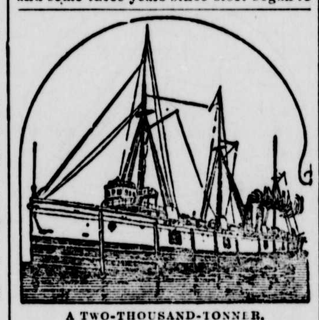


AN ANCHOR-LINER.

men has been aped on lake vessels. The arrangement of cargo holds, driving power and rig of the salt-water steamers, to a great extent, has been copied by the steamship builders on the lakes, with varying modifications.

The fast freight and passenger boats of Long Island Sound, with their towering double and treble tiers of saloons and deck-houses, the shallow-drafted, broad-bottomed boats for trade with the barred harbors and in the shallow rivers of the South, the deep-drafted ocean carriers, with their freeboard of the Atlantic, and the freighters and passenger steamers of the great lakes, represent to an unmistakable degree opposing types, the construction of which involves a varying distribution of proportions and materials.

It is now some twenty years since iron and some three years since steel began to



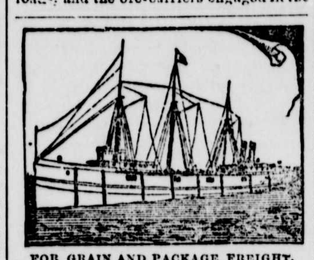
A TWO-THOUSAND-TONNER.

enter largely into the construction of the mercantile marine of the United States, says a writer in the Chicago *Inter Ocean*. Since this change the use of metal in ship-building has greatly increased, and in vessels propelled by steam has practically usurped the place of wood. It has extended over the transatlantic, transpacific, and coastwise trade to our own lakes, and the network of rivers and canals, whose ramifications extend the advantages of water transportation over a great area of the United States.

It has been said that the change from wood to metal was not a good one; that stout oak would withstand a greater strain than steel, and that a wooden vessel on a rocky reef would live longer than a ship constructed of iron or steel.

Without touching the relative merits of material used in the construction of the hulls, the purpose of this article is to show to what an extent, in architecture, the boat of the lakes differs from that of deep and tide water.

The propellers running between Chicago and Buffalo in connection with railroads, and the ore-carriers engaged in the



FOR GRAIN AND PACKAGE FREIGHT.

transportation of that mineral between the mines of the Lake Superior region and the Lake Erie furnaces, may properly be called the representative steamers of the lakes. They represent an outlay covering upward of 60 per cent. of the entire value of floating property on the lakes, and carry more than half of the merchandise transported.

As to the relative merits in general build of the lake freighter as against the salt water steamers, opinion appears to

A RAILROAD FEEDER.

be about equally divided. "You cannot compare the two," said an old and experienced vessel-owner and ex-master yesterday. "The lake steamer is so far the stronger and better of the two in every respect that comparison is out of the question. This refers alike to the sailing vessel and the steamship. Of the former I will relate an incident which will bear me out in the assertion.

"In the fall of '75 the schooner Pamlico cleared this port for Liverpool with a cargo of grain. She was a regular lake trader. It was the first load of grain which ever was shipped direct, and the first American bottom the Canadian Government granted permission to go through the St. Lawrence River. The boat got out and ran into the Atlantic in the teeth of a westerly gale. She was a typical laker, bluff-bottomed, roomy beneath the water line, and of little draft. Well, sir, she got the weather good and hard. She lost one of her spars, and her canvas was torn into shreds. To make a long story short, she was driven before the westerly gales for six weeks, disabled and without enough canvas to give her steerageway. In this fashion she scudded from St. Johns to within 500 miles of Cork, where a steamer picked her up and towed her into port. If ever a vessel was put to the test, the Pimlico was. I hold that the one thing that saved her was her bluff hull. She would mount the heavy seas as they come along, instead of having them jump and spend their force against her sides, as in the case of the deep-draft vessels. A shoal vessel will make better weather in a gale of wind and a heavy sea, and will show up with comparatively dry decks alongside a vessel of the same size drawing eighteen or twenty feet of water.

OUTSIDE TUG.

When a survey was held on the Pimlico, to ascertain what strain and wear she had sustained in her six-weeks' ordeal, she showed up as sound and as tight as she was the day she was launched. A regular ocean sailor, I warrant, would never have weathered that storm as she did.

A STEAMBARGE.

"Why, there is not a bottom on those lakes but will drown an ocean vessel in a storm. I would consider myself safer aboard the Owego, the Chemung, Susquehanna, or a dozen other vessels I could name, in a storm on the Atlantic than I would on any of the big ocean-liners. They are more buoyant. They have not got twenty-six or twenty-eight feet of hull under water. They rise up with the swell and ride it out. The seas would not mount them and sweep everything off the decks. Their lifting power is greater and their displacement less. I hold, too, that all gales on these lakes are a great deal more severe than on the ocean, and that our shipping passes as severe tests as any in the world. The seas here are shorter and more choppy. The heavy, short, breaking sea is the dangerous one.

"And, then, look at the rapid strides our lake marine has been making. Take, for example, such boats as the America

HARBOR TUG.

or the A. P. Wright. Either of these will take on a load of 100,000 bushels of grain here and go to Buffalo, and the running expenses of either boat will be less than incurred by the old-fashioned carriers of twenty years ago, that had all they could take care of in a load of 25,000 or 30,000 bushels. The evolution in marine architecture on these lakes has been something remarkable. Where in former years they launched ten schooners for every one steamboat the order is now reversed. The schooner in twenty years hence will be an obsolete institution. Steam has almost wholly supplanted canvas. Steam steering gear, steam capstan and the many auxiliary engines now aboard of a steamer, in former years were unthought of. No; I am a laker from keel to masthead. I believe we are far ahead of the salt-water merchantmen. Our models, our strength of build, our capacities, everything save speed, have been keeping pace with the modern style of construction."

Picturesque Persian Bazaars.

Nothing could be more picturesque than the bazaars in Persia. Around the square are open booths, generally filled with fruits and vegetables arranged in masses to produce brilliant color effects. Here and there is a group of horses or camels, whose drivers are lying on the ground smoking or sleeping. In another

A PERSIAN STREET-VENDER.

corner, perhaps, is a pack of street dogs, engaged in the various pursuits which relieve the monotony of a canine life in the far East, such as searching for fleas, and "such small dear," fighting over a bone, or sleeping.

Under a tree a vender of sherbet is surrounded by a group of small boys, as irrepressible there as with us. Or a hawker of pilaff, the national dish of rice, has an immense kettle full of the toothsome dish, steaming hot and savory. From all quarters shopkeepers come to him with dishes, which he fills by the aid of a large wooden ladle.

In another corner, perhaps, an itinerant musician is thrumming on his guitar and singing love ditties or reciting strophes from Firdousee, and surrounded by idlers of all sexes and ages, listening with rapt attention.

Across the open space men may be seen constantly passing, bearing lighted narghiles or water-pipes, and tiny cups of aromatic coffee on carved disks of brass for the shopkeepers in the neighborhood.

In the tree-tops, or on a neighboring roof, the long-legged, white-winged stork solemnly stands on one leg and surveys the scene, or beats its slender bill with a long, sharp drumming, while doves of all colors flutter down, and strut and coo on the ground as unconcernedly as if no one was there but their little graceful selves.—*The Homemaker.*

A 11-year-old son of Lawyer Flint, of San Francisco, shot himself because he thought he was going to get a whipping

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.

NOW 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 *News*, 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 Ouray for 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 fell 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 reappear 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 paddled it over to the foot of the fall, 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,

GRAPPLING FOR SALMON.

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

TROUT ON THE FLY.

one had to do was to throw a grappling-hook into the river anywhere and pull it in to shore with a salmon or two hooked. There was no need of any bait or anything else. It used to be a nuisance Sometimes these fish were so thick in the stream that we could not use the canoe till night time, when the salmon would be asleep and still. Two or three feet of water would be running over them like over a dam. We had all the salmon we wanted to eat and more, too."

"I have heard," said the Vice President, "that the Chinooks eat the salmon raw."

"That is not true," said Frank; "all our salmon were boiled in the river."

"How could you boil them in the river?"

"Boil them? Why, the river was teeming (steaming) with them."

"Oh!" and the story was duly recorded.

The President had fallen asleep, so the Secretary called on one of the oldest members to contribute something of an interesting nature.

"I do not know, friends," he began, "that I have anything of an interesting nature to communicate, and you know the rules of the club forbid our telling anything that is not true; so I am in rather a quandary what to tell you. Years ago I was up in Montana near a place now known as Three Forks, Gallatin County, and a powerful place it was for grizzlies, too, I can tell you. Why, I have seen as many as thirty grizzlies in one afternoon, and big fellows, too, and they did not seem to be afraid of any one, either. Well, one day an old scout and I deter-

TACKLING THE GRIZZLY.

mined we would kill a few for their skins, and to frighten them a little, as they were beginning to be a little too familiar on 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 unaccountable 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 fiercely, and the scout kept stabbing and slashing with his knife. I got an opportunity finally and fired, taking chances. Fortunately I shot the bear through the brain, and the scout was saved, and, do 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."

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 little angel with stubby nose.
The gossips of Poke all said, "Poor dear!
She has passed the news for many a year;
And such tales, too" (here they'd nod and frown),
"When you think of the very small size of the town."

Then they flew over field, they flew over brier,
They passed the depot, they passed the spire,
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 gossips of Poke, without fear or fright,
Must visit my grave in the lone midnight;
And when I've been gone a year and a day,
Must bivouac there and have a soiree.

"MUST VISIT MY GRAVE IN THE LONE MIDNIGHT."

Then, if I'm feeling like having the blues,
'Twill cheer me to hear them all passing the news."

Old Mrs. Blivins' grave was green,
The hour was twelve, the night was serene,
The moonbeams danced in the April air,
When the gossips of Poke, each bearing a chair,
To the rendezvous came. And down they all sat,
To have a delightful neighborly chat.

They talked the choice bits over and over,
Sometimes stopping their breath to recover,
And then they'd sigh, and say: "Poor dear!
Oh, how she'd enjoy this tale about Spear
And this awful sad thing about Ross Key;
How she'd like it, along with muffins and tea."
And now and again they'd stop and they'd squeal,
"Dear good Mrs. Blivins, oh, how do you feel?"

You'd have thought, with such a harvest to reap,
They'd have let Mrs. Blivins eternally sleep.
But no. As time flew and scandals gave out,
They pitched into the dead, though 'twas painful, no doubt,
As Miss Flipps told the party; and then they began.
(Flipps sat next the angel, and as her tongue ran
She prodded his legs with her Japanese fan.)
"She married first. Did you know it, Miss Hodge?

"HOPPED THE UGLIEST GOBLIN EVER WAS SEEN."

A very low man, his name was Mick Dodge,
And afterwards Blivins; and Blivins, they say,
Died at last in a VERY MYSTERIOUS WAY.

Now, all of a sudden a rumble was heard,
The ground underneath them seemed to be stirred;
A broad flash of light, a big cloud of smoke,
And into the midst of the gossips of Poke,
O'er the tall, the short, o'er the fat, the lean,
Hopped the ugliest goblin ever was seen;
His face was black, his eyes were red,
And a horn curled over the top of his head.

The gossips of Poke they screamed, they ran,
And last came Flipps, with the Japanese fan;
The imp laughed loud and clanked his chains,
Then grabbed their sashes and trod on their trains,
And seemed to be having, the brimatony elf,
A nice little circus, all planned by himself.

They flew over field, they flew over brier,
They passed the depot, they passed the spire,
And when the clock in the church struck five,
They reached their homes more dead than alive.
And this is the end—you may think it's a joke—
Of the story of Old Mrs. Blivins of Poke.
—*Chicago Ledger.*

The latest definition of a gentleman comes from an 'etiquette book'—'a man who, when he goes into a saloon, takes his drink and gets out.'