IT WAS JIM'S FAULT.

He Made a Bad Break When He Set His Dog To Work.

"Durn him, he don't look to be wurth his weight in pumpkins!" said the Taylor Township farmer, as he pointed to a faded and dejected-looking dog which he had just tied to the hind axle of his wagon with a piece of clothes-line.

"Going to take him home?"

"Yes."

"He doesn't look much like a farm dog."

"No, but he'll have to do till I get somethin' better. Durn my son Jim, but he ought to be made to play dog fur the hull winter! It's his fault that we lost the best dog in Wayne County last week."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"Wall, me an' Jim was huskin' corn along-side the road fence one afternoon, an' our dog was nosin' about after mice. Talk about dogs! Why, we'd raised him from a pup, and no man's $50 could a-bought him! That dog knowed mor'n lots of people I've met, includin' my son, Jim. We was a-huskin' away when one o' them blamed foreigners came along with one o' them performin' bears. The minit Jim sot eyes on them he got up and says.

"'Dad' do you want mor'n a bar'l o' fun in less'n three minits?'

"'What d'ye mean?' says I.

"'We'll put Towser on to that b'ar and run him seven miles,' says he.

"'But mebbe the b'ar won't run.'

"'He's sartin to. Them sort o' b'ars haint got no sand. He'll do some of the all-firedest runnin' you ever saw in old Wayne county.'"

"And so you set the dog on?" I asked as he paused to kick at the cur under the wagon.

"Yes. That is, that infernal doughhead of a Jim did! He didn't give me time to think it over. The man and the b'ar had got past us when Jim lifted the dog over the fence and told him to go in. It just makes me seasick to think of it."

"The dog went in?"

"Of course. That dog would have tackled a Bengal tiger nineteen feet high if we told him to. He got sight of that b'ar amblin' along and he laid out to surprise him. I got up on the fence jest as he overtook the b'ar and rolled him plum over and over about six times. When he did that Jim hollered so you could hear him a mile, and I was so tickled I couldn't laff."

"Well?"

"Wall, I wish I hadn't started in to tell you about it, for it makes me dizzy. The b'ar finally quit rollin', and about that time I got over bein' tickled. Towser had a good grip on him, but that old b'ar riz up like a side hill, shook him off and then grabbed him to wipe out the insult. How long d'ye s'pose that dog lasted?"

"Three minutes?"

"Three turnips! You couldn't hev counted fifty after he got up afore he had killed Towser and flung his carcass into the ditch. Jim and I both heard the bones crack."

"And what was the man doing all this time?"

"Oh, he was sittin' down to light his pipe and when we got up to him he wanted to know if we didn't want to turn the rest of the dogs loose."

"And that was all?"

"Purty nigh all. I run Jim over a mile through the woods, but he got away and hasn't dast come home since. Look at that cantakerous cur I'm a takin' home in place of a $50 bulldog! Git along, thar! Stand over and shet up or I'll be the death of you in less'n two minits!"—Detroit Free Press.

Frightened by Ghosts.

Two Indians from the La Point reservation arrived at Bayfield, Wis., a few days ago paralyzed with fear. They told a wonderful story of adventure. They had started on a hunt in Madeline island, and intended to visit some friends. They camped on a spot about four miles from the village. At midnight the Indians were aroused by a fearful struggle.

Before them were two men and a woman battling, the contestants being covered with blood. The Indians say the forms disappeared afterward, but the sounds and groans were kept up all night.

People in the vicinity claim there was a terrible murder committed on the island some time in the past, and that the "ghosts" of the parties were seen by the Indians.—Chicago Press.

Japanese and Chrysanthemums.

The Japanese consider it especially difficult to arrange the chrysanthemums, and seven faults are noted which must carefully be guarded against in disposing of large blossoms of this plant. A blossom must not present its back in a composition, nor yet turn its full face to view. The different flowers must not have stems of the same length; three must not be arranged in a triangular form, nor may any number be placed in a regular steplike way; the flowers should not be hidden by leaves, nor should a large open blossom be put near the base of the composition, and, finally, the artist must not fall into the sin of color sandwiching, or placing a blossom of one color between two others of another tint.—Garden and Forest.

The Silver Question.

Sam Johnsing—I has been readin' in the papers about de silber queshun. What is de silber queshun, anyhow?

Jeems Crow—Fool niggah! Don't know what de silber queshun is! Huh! De silber queshun is, lend me a quarter.—Texas Siftings.

No Complaint Recorded.

Smiley (as a hearse passes)—There goes a carriage that no one wants to ride in.

Cooley—Did you ever know any one who rode in it to make any complaint?—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

WORK OF THE INVENTORS.

The bark of the mangrove tree is used in tanning leather. Experiments at the University of Pennsylvania show that it may be grown in the United States.

The Scientific American thinks that the devices for sending torpedoes to destroy any vessel three miles from shore in safety, through any kind of sea, may also be used in sending lifeboats an equal distance to rescue passengers from a wreck.

A traveler's pipe is an English invention. The bowl has a hook attached to it which can be inserted in the button-hole of the coat, while a tube communicates with the mouthpiece. The smoker thus has both hands free to be occupied as he finds necessary.

Capt. L. K. Morse, of Rockport, Me., has invented a course indicator which is expected to prove of great value to navigators. He believes his device will show the actual course steered for any length of time, as it records every movement of the compass and registers the difference between the direction of the vessel's head and points of the compass intended to be followed. Any deviation from the course ordered, either from carelessness or otherwise, will be shown.

BITS OF PHILOSOPHY.

"A brute can face a sword. It takes courage to face a sacer," says Rev. Gunsaulus of Chicago.

The really disastrous stage of laziness is reached when a man feels that it is too much trouble to avoid trouble.

"Even were an angel to come to us from heaven with offers of peace," impressively asked the Rev. Mr. Wilgus, "how many of us would go out and meet him half way?"

When a woman rises to terminate a visit she has more to say than during her whole stay. In this regard a woman is like a gun, which makes the most noise when it's going off.

Five minutes lost each day is in a year 3 days 2 hours 5 minutes; 10 minutes is 6 days 4 hours 10 minutes; 20 is 13 days and 20 minutes; 30 minutes is 19 days 4 hours 30 minutes; 60 minutes is 39 days 1 hour.

A wealthy Austrian woman has just founded an asylum for mothers-in-law. The building is to be big enough to accommodate 500 guests, and the institution will serve as a pleasant refuge for ladies whose company is not agreeable to the ungrateful men who have walked off with their daughters.

SO TRAVELERS RELATE.

A petrified forest has been discovered in Mendocino county, Cal., on the Reeves ranch, about six miles north of Willets.

Col. Godwin-Austen says the Chogo glacier, in the Himalayas, is one of the most beautiful in the world. It is an almost impassable sea of ice waves on edge.

One of the largest camellia plants ever known is now growing in a nursery near Birmingham, England. It quite fills a large green-house. Some 2,000 buds have been trimmed from the tree, and it still has 6,000.

Search thine own heart.

Character is capital.

Loafers are never happy.

If you hesitate you are lost.

Old men are always lonesome.

An aimless life is a fruitless life.

There is no rest in doing nothing.

The busybody is a very idle person.

Thoughtlessness is the curse of the age.

A covetous man never owns anything.

The devil can make almost anything he wants to out of a loafer.

The nearer we get to the Father's hand the less the swift's hurts.

The Bishop of Chichester, England, is 86 years old, but still performs his regular round of diocesan work.

Do less growling, brother, and perhaps you will do more growing.

Darkness can not put out a light. All it can do is to make it brighter.

For every drop we need, God has an ocean that He is trying to give us.

The devil never overcomes the man who knows that God is with him.

European travelers and merchants have gathered up all the ancient carpets that were for sale in Persia.