"Here, you," said a stern faced brigand, "are you counting those pigeons?"

"I was," replied the baron humbly.

"Did you not know it is against the law of the country?"

"I was not aware of it, good sir."

"Very well, you have to pay me 1 lire for every pigeon you counted."

"If that is the law, here are 40 lire," responded the baron, counting out the money.

The brigand looked over it carefully and took his departure. Then the baron became convulsed with merriment and shook his fists boisterously after the retreating figure.

"Fool! Idiot!" he exclaimed. "I gave you 40 lire, and I counted 160 pigeons!"—Detroit Free Press.

Slaves In the Spirit World.

S[illegible] rapping is unknown to the natives of [illegible], but, according to the report of a recent traveler, they are not without methods of communication with departed friends. The customs of "Surmungup," which take the place of table turning in Borneo, are curious, to say the least of it.

When the friends of a dead chief wish to communicate with him, they subscribe together and purchase a slave. After certain preliminary dancings and howlings, each subscriber drives his spear into the victim while at the same time he shouts out a message which he wishes to have conveyed by the slave to his friend in the other world. This pleasing practice is capable of the following variation:

A spear of extraordinary length is selected and grasped simultaneously by all the subscribers. It is then thrust through the body of the slave, into whose unhappy ears are shouted the words which he is expceted to repeat when he joins the departed chieftain in the shades. The "Surmungup" is supposed to be equally effective conducted according to either of these methods.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Costly Cow.

Ex-Senator Philetus Sawyer of Wisconsin told the following story: "When we were living on my farm at Rosendale, it became necessary to sell a cow. The buyer wanted a certain cow or none at all. It happened to be the cow I had given to my wife. I went into the house and told my wife. She, the good soul, said, 'Sell her, but I want the money.' I sold the cow, gave my wife a couple of dollars and said, 'Call on me when you want more.' When she wanted to buy a dress, bonnet or wedding present, she would ask for some of that cow money. I had paid back several thousand dollars of the cow money, and was wondering when the demand would cease. A house was built. It had to be furnished. We figured up what the furnishing would cost. It amounted to several thousand dollars. I said, 'Wife, I'll pay you the balance of that cow money, and you can pay for furnishing the house with it.' It was a bargain, and the cow deal was over." The $20 cow cost the old senator not far from $20,000, but he never complained of the price.

A Story of Zach Taylor.

Dan Beard, the artist, told the followin, story of his father: "While painting Zachary Taylor father said to him, 'Well, general, I suppose you are to be our next president?' 'I hope not,' grunted the bluff old hero. 'No military man has any business in the presidential chair, but if they offer it to me I suppose I'll be —— fool enough to accept it.' And he was."

HUMAN FOOD FOR VULTURES.

The Uncanny Methods by Which the Parsees Dispose of Their Corpses.

The Parsee towers of silence are among the most curious of the many burial places of the eastern countries. But little is known of them, and no tourist has succeeded in gaining entrance to one of the towers, no matter what pretext he might devise nor what amount he might offer. The Parsees keep vigilant watch over their dead and resent any attempt on the part of foreigners to pry into that particular part of their peculiar customs and habits.

The towers are perched on top of the famous Malabar hill, just out of the city of Bombay. Nobody but a priest is allowed to approach within a certain distance of them, and guards are kept posted at every possible avenue of approach to stop the curious from getting too near. When a corpse is taken to the tower, the mourners are compelled to stop at the line drawn where priests may enter, but others are debarred. The holy men take the body from there to its final resting place. Each body has a separate tower, and the position of the tower is gauged by the sex, age and social position of the corpse before death. They are not protected, and the body is left to the mercy of the wind and rain, and the beaks of the ghoullike birds that may be seen perched upon the walls, drawn thither probably by the odor of decomposition, finish off the flesh in quick time.

The bones of the body pass under the influence of beds of quicklime and are thus consumed, while the fluids are conducted by underground channels to the sea. There have been many grewsome finds reported in the neighborhood of the towers of portions of arms, legs and other parts of the bodies being found by passersby which have been dropped by the vultures in their flight. But of all this there is not a word in verification. They might come from the towers or from some other place. The Parsees maintain their strict secrecy in all cases. The burial places are well named the towers of silence.—New York Journal.

A Sincere Estimate.

"Fairness," remarked the justice of the peace in a small community, "is a regular hobby with us. There's many a time that a prejudice tries to sneak in and get the better of me, but I always say to myself that a man who can't be fair had better go out of business."

"That's a good way to be," responded his neighbor in a noncommittal tone.

"And that's the way I am, ain't it? Did you ever hear anybody say anything to the contrary?"

"No; I don't know that I ever did."

"And haven't you heard that I never took up a case with my mind made up on either side?"

"A friend of mine who recently lost a suit before you was saying something like that this morning."

"I know it. Even those whom I am obliged to disappoint are compelled to give me credit for that quality. What did he say?"

"It's kind of awkward to tell it to your face."

"Never mind. A man who is truly modest can distinguish between honest praise and mere flattery. What did he say?"

"Well, what he said was that he didn't blame you for giving him the worst of it; that the fact that you didn't have gumption enough to form an opinion prevented you being in any way biased beforehand, or afterward either."—Detroit Free Press.

True In Both Cases.

"There are many stars that are never seen," said the astronomer reflectively.

"Yes, and there are a lot that never ought to be seen, too," returned the theatrical manager, with some emphasis.

It was two days later before the astronomer finally got it through his head that the theatrical manager was not a plain, everyday idiot.—Chicago Post.

The first regular factory for manufacturing glass was established at Temple, N. H., in 1780, and was operated by imported German glassmakers.

When dogs are sleepy and appear dull and heavy when aroused, a storm is near at hand.

Dr. N. B. McNULTY
Painless Dentist,
"Tand Läkare."
OVER OLD GLASS BLOCK,
118 WEST SUPERIOR STREET.

Lutes' Laundry...
CHAS. LUTES, PROP.
Try our patent wing point turner on your collars. No broken edges; gives new finish to old ones.
TELEPHONE 447.
808 EAST SECOND ST.,
DULUTH, - MINN.

Go to
MITCHELL'S
RESTAURANT
417 WEST SUPERIOR STREET,
DULUTH, - - MINN.