It is computed that there are nearly a thousand women in Iowa who own farms, and give them their personal attention. Only eighteen of these farms are mortgaged.

A farmer of Belmont, Ohio, is proud because among his other live stock he has a pig with toes, another with three ears, a cat with an ear growing wrong side out, and a boy with three thumbs.

As an evidence of the progress made by the negroes in the South since the war, it is shown by late statistics that in three States—Georgia, South Carolina and Louisiana—they pay taxes on $48,000,000 worth of property.

The fact that breech-loading guns of great tonnage project from the turrets of war ships has now led to a controversy as to whether, on the whole, the old muzzle-loaders, which could be wholly withdrawn within the turret, are not preferable.

In 1890 will end the term of 100 years during which the cities of Boston and Philadelphia have each enjoyed the income of a bequest of $5,000, made by Benjamin Franklin with the proviso that the interest from the funds should be loaned out to young married mechanics. In Boston the fund has grown to nearly $328,000, while in Philadelphia it has reached only $70,000.

A novel industry has been started by boys in the San Monica Mountains in California. They catch rattlesnakes by means of a slip noose of cord, box them up and take them to Los Angeles, where they sell them. The Chinese are the purchasers. They use them as medicine, and the snakes sell for from 50 cents to $1 each. It is said that the Chinamen handle them fearlessly and never get bitten.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette exposes a neat scheme practiced to stretch out the crop of "Florida" oranges by local venders. It says: "The choicest orange has a dark tinge upon its cuticle, as if half shined by an itinerant bootblack. But the ingenious Italian being well aware of this fact, so artfully arranges that all of his Florida oranges present this most desirable dark-skinned appearance. Nor is this all. After the Florida orange passes away there takes its place as the choicest feature of the market the little blood-red orange, sweet and juicy as a hashish dream. These the artists manufacture by inserting in the neck of a white orange a tiny glass syringe, filled with sweetened analine dye. So wags the world away."

In a recent interview with a representative of the Chicago Journal, Bishop McKnight of the Mormon church has this to say about the great temple and the manner in which church property is held:

"The temple is still in process of construction. The great towers are now going up and we hope to complete it all inside of five years. It was commenced in 1853 and will cost about $10,000,000. Under the Edmunds law no church in Utah can hold property above the value of $50,000. This provision is, of course, aimed at our church, and the motion to appoint a receiver to take charge of our property is bitterly fought in the United States courts. The best legal talent procurable, headed by Broadhead of St. Louis, for two weeks defended the rights of the Mormons but the judges decided to appoint a receiver. He will find himself considerably hampered however, by the fact that the bulk of the church property has been deeded right and left in to the hands of the apostles and bishops for safe keeping. Bishop Hyram B. Clawson now owns the land whereon the temple stands and the work is going right on."

A little practical information is received from Duluth, Minn., in regard to how Western mortgages are manufactured. An ingenious operator bought a tract of twenty acres of swamp land that, while fourteen miles from Duluth, bordered the suburb of Lakeview Division. This property he conveyed to a confederate for the expressed valuation of $96,000; and the confederate then executed sixteen separate mortgages back to the operator for sixteen lots valued at $300 each. Then they named the tract Lakewood Addition and proceeded to sell the mortgages for what they would fetch. Persons in doubt as to the value of the property were requested to telegraph to Duluth for information in regard to the value of lots "in Lakeview," and as the "Addition" was unknown in Duluth, replies of a satisfactory sort were returned, under the impression that the "Division" was referred to. It was not until an investor more cautious than the rest asked for the value of a particular lot by number, giving a number that was not to be found in the "Division," that the fraud was discovered. In the meantime the sales of mortgages had gone so well that the profits of the scheme are placed at $100,000.

The Limit of Visibility.

Just how large is the minutest object it is possible to see under the microscope, is a speculation of considerable interest. Sir Henry Rosco having treated the 1-100,000 of an inch as the limit of visibility with the highest known magnifying power. Mr. Crisp, of the Royal Microscopical Society, affirms that the real limit may be quite safely placed below 1-500,000 of an inch, though it cannot be definitely determined. Rev. Dr. Dallinger, the eminent president of the Society, endorses this view, stating that he has himself seen objects which were certainly between 1-200,000 and 1-300,000 of an inch.

My Mirror.

Between the orchard and the mill
The brooklet of its laughing tires;
Its waters there grew deep and still
About the piers, old and moss-grown,
Ben eath the little bridge of stone
Clasped here and there, with wildrose briers.

I was a vain young country maid,
Each day at noon sent to the mill,
And used to loiter in the shade,
And lean above the jagged pier,
Beyond the wild rose creeping near,
And peer into the placid rill.

Twas not the water lilies there,
Nor pale green cresses that I sought;
But back to me bright eyes and hair,
Sun-tangled, framed in shadowy green,
Reflected, threw their glamorous sheen
And kept me longer than they ought.

One day I lingered, looking down,
Long past the sunshine of mid-day,
When close beside me, big and brown,
Two eyes, so full of laughter met
My own within the rivulet,
My eyes drooped low and turned away.

You see, 'twas father's harvester—
"Our John," we alwas called the lad;
Like to his own my parents were,
And I—I cannot rightly tell
By what strange chance it e'er befel—
His coming made me always glad.

How shallow seemed the brooklet then
After the glance of eyes like his!
I slowly raised my own again
And found him gazing slyly down—
I never knew that eyes of brown
Were full of such sweet mysteries!

For, looking up, how could I guess
To find my imaged features there?
A mirror full of tenderness
His dark eyes made; the rivulet,
in all my loiterings, never yet
Had made me seem one-half so fair!

The wild rose blossoms all are dead;
And, where the water lilies were,
The brook sleeps in its frozen bed.
Unheeded let the winters pass;
I have a truer looking-glass—
The brown eyes of my harvester!

Uncle Rudolph's Choice.

It was a bitter cold night in February, snow lying high heaped along the village street and icicles tinkling in the bleak wind at every gust that swept through the boughs of the old cherry tree in front of our door, while a full moon, shining in the frozen dome of heaven, made the outer world look even more frigid than its actual reality.

The little clock on the mantel—an ancient, japanned toy, that had once belonged to our great-grandmother—for we had ancestors, although we were poverty-stricken enough now—had just chimed eight, the faded moreen window curtains were closely drawn and we were all three of us sitting around the dining-room fire (our parlor was only warmed on state occasions), trying to keep up the caloric, when mamma came in, holding a newly-opened letter, and with a sort of scared look on her face.

"Another unpaid bill, mamma?" said I, but she paid no attention to me.

"Girls," said she, "I've got a letter from Uncle Rudolph. And he's coming to visit us."

I jumped up and clapped my hands. "Splendid," cried I. "I should be thankful for anything to rouse us up, even if it were an earthquake!"

Philippa (our beauty) contracted her dark eyebrows.

"Oh, dear!" cried she, "what a pity it is we haven't got those new Turkey red curtains, for the best bedroom."

"Not a decent new dress among the lot of us," groaned Laura. "Mamma, when is he coming?"

"Now. To-night. Probably within an hour."

"Oh! my goodness," said Philippa, jumping up. "Light a fire in the best parlor, Laura. Polly," to me, "get down the flowered china tea-pot at once. Mamma, I think you'd better open a can of lobsters, and——"

"Quite unnecessary—quite unnecessary," spoke up a gruff voice, just back of mamma's shoulder, and then we all became conscious of a round, red face, like a full harvest moon, a pair of leg-of-mutton whiskers, and a head as bald and smooth and polished as the ball of vegetable ivory on the parlor mantel.

"Uncle Rudolph," we cried in chorus.

"Yes," said Uncle Rudolph, beginning to unroll about six yards of spotted red muffler from around his neck. "Came by the evening train. All I want is a sight of the fire and an old fashioned bowl of your mother's tea. So you are my three nieces, eh? Come and kiss me."

And this was the off-hand manner in which we became acquainted with the rich and eccentric uncle we had hitherto only known by reputation.

We had lived in Sibleyville all our lives, and Uncle Rudolph had been a wanderer over the face of the globe—a far-off and distinguished individual, of whom our mother had spoken reverentially, as people will speak of their rich relations.

"A pretty good-looking set of you," remarked Uncle Rudolph, as he viewed us over the edge of his tea-cup. "Let me see. I think I've got your identity pretty well decided in my mind. This is Philippa, the beauty; this is Laura, the literary one, and this," with a kindly touch of my curls, "is Polly, the one that has no particular vocation, and consequently is set to doing everything. Well, girls, I've brought you each a present."

Philippa's imagination, so she afterward told me, jumped at once to diamonds. Uncle Rudolph might have strung us all over with precious jewels and never missed it out of his wealth. Laura thought, vaguely, of a new set of parlor furniture; I hoped it might be a black silk dress for each of us, not forgetting mamma, whose Sunday gown was positively shabby.

But Uncle Rudolph's next words dispelled the illusion:

"Here's a fifty-dollar bill a-piece," said he; mind, now, you spend it sensibly."

Of course we thanked him and expressed our gratitude in the choicest terms we could select at so short a notice, but our tongues were not fairly loosed until we were in our room at night, crimping our hair and putting away our ribbons and furbelows.

"Mean old hunks!" said Philippa, indignantly. "If it had been five hundred, now, it wouldn't have been so disgraceful. But fifty dollars! My gracious!"

"Never mind," said Laura, laughing, as she crouched on the hearth-rug, warming her hands—Laura always contrived to secure the best and snuggest place—"it serves very well for an opening wedge, I mean to study all the old gentleman's peculiarities, and get the blind side of him. Didn't mamma say he meant to adopt one of us? It shall be me."

"It wouldn't hurt him to adopt the whole family," said grumbling Philippa.

"But I wish he didn't talk so abominably through his nose," said Laura, mimicking the old gentleman's peculiar accent with a correctness that sent Philippa off into a peal of laughter.

"Girls!" cried I, jumping up from the footstool, where I was twisting my yellow hair over a long hair-pin; "you ought to be ashamed of yourselves!"

"Indeed!" pouted Philippa. "Who are you, Miss Polly, to set yourself up in judgment over your elder sisters, I'd like to know?"

"I don't care," stoutly persisted I, "Uncle Rudolph is a dear, generous-hearted gentleman, and I won't sit here to hear him laughed at. Now you just keep still, both of you!"

"Hateful thing, she's jealous," said Laura. "She can't bear the idea of my being adopted by the rich uncle of the family."

"I don't care a pin whether he adopts you or not," said I, pulling savagely away at my hair. "But I won't hear him made fun of when his back is turned."

"He'll not adopt you, anyhow," said Philippa; nobody wants such an ugly, wide-mouthed little gnome about their house."

I winked back my tears. Philippa knew that I was sensitive about my mouth when she aimed that wordy shaft so skillfully.

"If you say another word in ridicule of Uncle Rudolph," said I, "I'll go straight to mamma and tell her."

"Mamma won't care."

"Mamma will care," said I. "Mamma loves her brother dearly, and she won't allow you to laugh at him."

A sullen silence ensued on the part of my elder sisters. I had gained my point, but they contrived to make it very uncomfortable for me.

However, neither Laura nor Philippa were girls to bear malice very long, and they came down the next morning to help get breakfast, as good-natured as ever.

"Mamma," said Laura, "give me the key of the blue room and I'll go up for some of the larger napkins. These are mended and darned until they are hardly decent, besides being too small."

"You can't go now," said mamma, who was busy brewing chocolate. "Your Uncle Rudolph is in the blue room. I put him there to sleep because there's a DRAFT—in the roof of the best bedroom, and I was afraid it might be a little damp. Why, girls, what's the matter?"

For Philippa had uttered a little shriek, and Laura dropped the double damask table-cloth into the coal-scuttle, while I stood transfixed to the floor.

"Uncle Rudolph in the blue room!" gasped Philippa. "Close to ours! With that doorway between! Laura, he must have heard every word we said!"

And she sat down and began to cry.

Laura looked aghast, but she was quicker to recover herself.

"Hush, Philippa," she said. "Don't make a fool of yourself. Here's Uncle Rudolph coming down now. I'm just as sorry as you are, but all the whimpering in the world won't do any good. We must just make the best of it."

"Girls," said poor, bewildered mamma, "what does all this mean?"

But before we could explain, Uncle Rudolph came down stairs, snug, smooth shaven and looking as fresh as a water pippin.

"Good morning, Sister Rockfield," said he, sitting down opposite the fire. "Good morning, girls. I was talking last night, sister, about adopting one of the three, and making her the heiress to what little I've got to leave."

"Yes?" said mamma, wondering very much what was coming next.

"Well, I've made my choice. This is the one," drawing me close to him.

"Not Polly!"

"Yes, Polly. True, she hasn't Philippa's wax-doll face, nor Laura's quickness of repartee, but I think she'll get fond of me all the same. Philippa thinks me a mean old hunks. Laura don't approve of a way I have of talking through my nose. But little Polly stands up for the old gentleman, like a brave girl as she is, with a heart of genuine gold!"

"I'm sure I don't understand what on earth you mean, Brother Rudolph," said mamma, with a puzzled wrinkle between her brows.

"But these girls do," said Uncle Rudolph, with curious roguish sparkles in his eyes.

"The next time you've got company staying in the house, young ladies," to Laura and Philippa, "you must do up your confidential conversation in a low tone of voice."

Philippa pouted. Laura hung down her head. I cried. I couldn't help it.

"Uncle Rudolph," said I, "I don't want anything that my sisters can't share!"

"But, you see, you haven't any say in this question, miss," retorted Uncle Rudolph laughing.

So, that is the reason that I, little Polly Rockfield, whom my sisters always declare was born for a kitchen maid, live in a great house, with a swarm of servants at my beck and call, and Laura and Philippa, who would have graced a ducal castle, keep house together in a cottage. Mamma lives with us, but Uncle Rudolph won't have the girls.

"They don't like my way of talking through my nose," said he. "And I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks at my time of life! No! no! little Polly suits me the best."—[New York News.

"Bula Matari."

The words "Bula Matari" are known throughout a large part of the Congo basin, and they have a potent influence upon the minds of many of the native tribes. They mean "the stone-breaker," and this is the name the natives of the Lower Congo gave to Stanley when they saw him blasting rocks along the bank of the river, while building his road to Stanley Pool. The name clung to him ever after, and as it became representative in the minds of the people of the idea of power and authority, the name is still made to serve a useful purpose.

When Governor Janssen of the Congo State a while ago sent an officer to tell a certain chief, who had not previously been visited by the whites, that he must desist from the practice of making human sacrifices, it might not have produced any serious impression upon the savage to be told that Governor Janssen or King Leopold ordered him to do thus and so. He probably would not have known who they were, and would have sent them word to mind their own business. The officer did not mention their names, but he told his Majesty that Bula Matari wanted him to understand that unless he quit killing people it would be the worse for him. The chief was well acquainted with that name. He regarded the message as a threat from a very formidable person, and lost no time in making profuse promises of reformation. In his relation with many of the Congo natives, Governor Janssen, who has proved himself a very able administrator of the new state, refers to himself only as Bula Matari.

A while ago a party of German travelers were exploring the region of the Lower Quango River. One day they ran across a tribe who disputed their passage, and almost before the white men were aware that danger threatened they were confronted by a large force of well-armed savages, who advanced to attack them. The explorers seemed to be in for a fight, but a happy thought which inspired one of the party averted the threatened danger. He shouted: "We have come from Bula Matari, and we are his men."

The effect was magical. The leaders of the mob of warriors called for a parley, professed the greatest friendship for the strangers and said they would never dream of attacking the people or allies of Bula Matari, whom they recognized as a very great man, and they wanted to be numbered among his friends. The genuine and only original Bula Matari had never been within a hundred miles of these people, nor had any of his subordinates ever visited them. But his fame had traveled far and wide, his name was an excellent one to conjure with, and the fact that the natives generally are still very anxious to keep on the right side of Bula Matari, makes that potent name an important feature among the political expedients of the new state.—[New York Sun.

Thriving Times in Manitoba.

Travelers for Manitoba houses, who have lately returned from Manitoba and the vast territories beyond speak in the most glowing terms of the marvellous expansion of trade there within the past twelve months. The last wheat harvest of Manitoba has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the farmers themselves, the majority of whom have experienced much better results from their threshings than they had previously calculated on. A gentleman, well posted in the grain trade, who recently arrived from Winnipeg, states that there is a growing belief that the Canadian Northwest will have an available surplus for export of between ten and eleven million bushels of wheat, instead of 7,000,000 bushels as at first estimated. Growers who at first placed their yield at 25 bushels per acre have threshed out 30 to 35 bushels, and in some instances 38 and 40 bushels; whilst an almost unprecedented demand has been recorded for all offerings at goop remunerative prices.—[Montreal Trade Bulletin.

The Reality of Dreams.

There are some very remarkable things about dreams. In the first place, they are twice as real as reality. Did you ever fall down stairs in dream? If you have you must have observed that it is a much more terrible experience than when you are awake—except that you don't have the bruises to nurse afterwards. But the mental experience of falling down stairs in a dream is something awful. There is nothing like judicious abuse of the stomach for the man who enjoys real exciting dreams with some plot to them.—[Burlington Free Press.

Looking for a Novelty.

"Your town seems to be very quiet," said the traveler. "Yes," replied the Dakotahan. "She's lyin' low for a rise. We're all primed for a boom, but we can't agree whether to work it on natural gas, a new wheat belt, or platinum mines. But when we've decided just how to cut the fuse she'll go off like a bomb."—[Burdette.

A MEXICAN DRINK.

Pulque, What it is, How it is Made and How it is Taken.

It is Only the Fermented Juice of the Century Plant.

In the course of a few months, writes the Boston Herald's Mexico correspondent, I have received several letters from the States inquiring about the national beverage of Mexico, the fermented juice of the maguey plant, popularly known as pulque (pronounced pool-kay).

It may be said, with historical accuracy, that pulque, or, as the Aztec name is, "octli," was not known to other tribes than the Aztecs, and it may be called their peculiar beverage. How the discovery of the thirst allaying properties of the juice of the maguey was made nobody knows, but I cannot help believing that the plant was destined by Providence to furnish the drink of the dwellers on the tablelands where, for six or seven months in the year, little rain falls, and where men grow phenominally thirsty, owing to the dryness and thinness of the atmosphere. Many a time I have slaked my thirst in country villages with a huge draught of pulque and felt immediately refreshed and strengthened, for that pulque is a tonic is undisputable.

The maguey is a hardy plant, and by a new process for manufacturing fibres it is destined to yield asomuch money for fibre as it now gives for pulque, and that, too, after its pulque yielding period is over. It is a vegetable cow, or reindeer, with a score of uses. The Indians find in it needles, thread, twine and fuel, besides drink. What they would do without this strange octopus-like plant I cannot imagine.

The maguey is nothing more or less than the "century plant," which you see on American lawns, where it is cultivated as an exotic, and has to be housed on the approach of frost. A great maguey hacienda is a fine sight, with its miles and miles of great plants armed with an infinitude of spines, and through which you see the peons going about like some sort of queer insects sucking the juice from the efflorescent plant by means of the strange-looking instrument. From some of the plantations an annual income of from $100,000 to $200,000 is derived by the fortunate owners, who, for the most part, live in luxury in great houses in the City of Mexico, or are, to-day, driving in the Bois in Paris, or spending themselves on Italian terraces. Buy a big tract of land, set out 40,000 maguey plants, wait from five to eight years, and your fortune and that of your children is made.

The magueys are set out some five feet apart in rows, like soldiers on parade, and the spectacle of a huge plain filled with giant magueys is imposing enough. When the hampe or flowering stalk is formed, the maguey begins to yield "aguamiel" or honey water, tasting not unlike maple sugar sap. To be able to ascertain exactly the time of flowering is the great art, and in this the older Indians of the maguey haciendas excel. When the maguey is on the point of flowering, the radical leaves, which have been lying on the ground, suddenly lift themselves, and seemingly endeavor to form a tent-like canopy over the flowering stalk. The central bunch of leaves, the heart, or "corazon," becomes of a beautiful green color, and extends itself quickly.

When the flowering stalk begins to form, the Indian laborers cut the "corazon" and gradually open the wound, covering it with the great lateralleaves, which they draw over the "corazon," tying them in place. The maguey, unable to produce a flower, secretes a great quantity of the sweetish juice described above. From this artificial well the Indian draws juice several times a day for two or three months. Often the plants yield fifteen quarts daily. Out of the dry, gravelly ground comes this wonderful quantity of juice. The plant, on flowering, may fairly be valued at $5 or $6. After having yielded its juice, the stalk perishes, but a very great number of shoots start up, which may be set out in new ground to keep up the plantation.

After the "tlachiquero," or juice-sucker, has extracted the aguamiel, he takes his pigskin to the point where it is emptied into huge casks for fermentation. A little sour pulque is added to accelerate fermentation, and in three or four days the operation is completed, and you have the pulque of the shops, an acid, buttermilk sort of beverage, for which most foreigners must acquire a taste, although I myself liked pulque from the first taste.

Variations in Lung Capacity.

From many observations on healthy men, Dr. Theodoroff, of St. Petersburg, learns that the vital capacity of the lungs increases from morning till evening, decreasing again during the night. After each meal, too, there is a special increase, followed by a slight decrease; the vital capacity being at its highest shortly after dinner, and at its lowest after getting up in the morning. The force of inspiration and expiration follows nearly the same law.

Striving to Please.

Old Lady (sharply to boy in drug store)—I've been waitin' for some time to be waited on, boy.

Boy (meekly)—Yes'um; wot kin I do for you?

Old Lady I want a two-cent stamp.

Boy (anxious to please)—Yes'um; will you have it licked?—[New York Sun.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The line of life is a ragged diagonal between duty and desire.

Whatever you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

Never think you can make yourself great by making another less.

Genius without ambition is as useless as a cannon ball without powder.

A great many petty trials of life would cease to trouble us if we only thought how little they will matter a thousand years hence.

This mystery of sleep! This greater mystery of waking! If we could fathom them we should have fathomed ourselves and life and death!

Let every man take care how he speaks or writes of honest people, and not set down at a venture the first thing that comes uppermost.

I have always looked upon it as the worst condition of man's destiny that persons are so often torn asunder just as they become happy in each other's society.

We find it hard to get and to keep any private property in thought. Other people are all the time saying the same things we are hoarding to say when we get ready.

Inexhaustible good nature is the most precious gift of heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought and keeping the mind smooth and equable during the roughest weather.

A man without reproach, from whom the breath of scandal passes like common breath from any other polished surface, could afford to do what common men could not.

Mormon Superstition.

"You can tell a Mormon house by the number of doors," I heard some one say as we approached Salt Lake City, writes a Minneapolis Tribune correspondent. Sure enough! There they were, two doors, side by side, even in the smallest houses. Sometimes there were two woodsheds, or two wells, and we saw one house that had begun with a single room, and been lengthened out room by room and door by door. That patriarch must needs look about him sharply on the resurrection morn, or he will overlook some poor wife and have her sleeping through all eternity. The Mormons have a doctrine that in the resurrection the men rise, but the women lie in their graves until their husbands please to call them. If the liege lord pleases to be so gracious he goes to the grave side of his spouse and speaks the new name he received in the endowment house at the time of his marriage, which has never before crossed his lips. She answers with the name which she received at the same time, and rises. One of the most potent means of domestic tyranny among the ignorant Mormons is the threat, frequently resorted to by the head of the house, that he will not raise his wife on the resurrection morn "unless," etc., etc.

Drifting Into the Sea.

The Provincetown, Mass., Advocate says: "It seems to be only a question of time, and that not so remarkably far distant, when the whole of Cape Cod below Wellfleet will drift into the sea and loose itself. Less than 100 years have passed since a lighthouse was placed here by the Government. The original purchase included a plot of land ten acres in extent. At the present time this enclosure embraces barely six acres. The waste is steady, gradual and certain, it never builds up and the sea is moving slowly but surely inland. At points where there is little or no sod to hold the lighter sod beneath, the wind gets a firm hold and lends its aid to the efforts of the sea and rain. On a point just north of the marine stations at Highland Light the face of the bluff has moved inland 200 feet during the past five years. With the present rate of waste in thirty years the lighthouse will stand on a dangerous foundation."

Dock Thugs.

A trick of the dock thugs which is little to succeed with the shrewdest of travelers is practiced in broad day. As he passes the not attractive approaches to most ocean steamer wharves, a ragged and vicious looking youngster runs up behind him, whips off his hat and is away with it in a jiffy. The most natural thing in the world is to turn and run after him. He leads his victim a smart chase into a wood yard or rough corner, from whose recesses in an instant the gang is out to knock the stranger down, rob him and, perhaps, toss him over the edge of the wharf.—[New York World.

Live Weight and Dead.

First Omaha Man—Does a dead animal weigh more than a live one?

Second Omaha Man—I should say so. Last summer Jack and I went fishing, and Jack caught a big fish, which I weighed at once before it was dead, and the weight was three pounds.

"Yes."

"Well, Jack took that fish home, and the next day I heard him tell a man it weighed ten pounds.—[Omaha World.

Easily Pleased.

She (just through playing)—"I fear Mr. Sniggles, my music is too poor to give you enjoyment."

He (assuringly)—"Oh, indeed. I do enjoy it. It does not take much to please me in the line of music, you know."—[Judge.

If the stove is cracked, take wood ashes and salt, equal proportions, reduced to a paste with cold water, and fill in the cracks when the stove is cool. It will soon harden.

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References—Hon. Geo. W. Hudspeth, H. I. Garland, Atty., L. I. Tansey, Atty., E. D. Estilette, Hon. B. A. Martel and J. O. Chachere, clerk of court.

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