Truth and Love.

There are but two things true, dear,
Since time began to run
His wondrous race right through, dear,
The world and round the sun;
And these two things so sweet, dear,
I'll sing while I'm above
The grass beneath my feet, dear:
Truth and Love.

There are but two things sweet, dear,
Forever and a day—
For man is incomplete, dear,
And all things pass away;
But these two things I sing, dear:
Are ever as our youth;
They to the old world cling, dear:
Love and Truth,

They flourish even now, dear,
In spite of lies and death.
I see truth on your brow, dear,
And love is in my breath;
And love will be with truth, dear,
And truth will be with love,
Till we renew our youth, dear,
Up above.
—[John Ernest McCann.

"Hold Number Twelve."

BY LUKE SHARP.

"Oh, you heard about that, did you? Who told you?"

"Charley Branscome, the conductor. He said he was running the train at the time."

"So he was. What did he say about it?"

"He said it was the most daring thing he ever knew a fellow do. You see, we were all in his room talking about railroad escapes and that sort of thing, and then he told how you saved the train."

"Jess so," replied the telegrapher, without seeming to be very well pleased that his heroism had been the subject of conversation. "Now, honor bright, didn't he add anything by the way of explanation to the story?"

"No. What explanation could there be? You did save the train didn't you?"

"Oh, I saved the train all right enough. Charley is a good sort on fellow, I tell you. Yes; he was conductor on No. 12 at that time, still he might have added something to the story of heroism that would have been true enough, yet it shows what a good hearted fellow he is not to have told it."

"Why, were you to blame any about the dispatch? I understood him to say that it was no fault on your part."

"No, it was the train dispatcher's fault. He should have let me know sooner. I don't brag much about that episode, but I'll tell you the whole story."

The operator paused a moment, and seemed to look back on that most exciting period of his life. The telegraph machine chattered away on the table, but the messages were for some other place.

"You see," he began, "No. 12 was due here at 1:45 a. m. She stopped here for water, and for orders. She was the fastest train on the line at that time, and Branscome did the ticket scalping on board. That night it was raining cats and dogs, when Charley came in with his lantern hung on his arm, and stood at the desk till Pete backed the engine from the water tank. Then he said, 'nothing for me, eh?' and I said there was nothing, and he says, 'well; so long, then,' and out he went. At that moment there was a call for me at the instrument, and I answered it. I only waited to hear three words of that message, but I tell you those three words just made my hair stand on end. They were:

"'Hold No. 12. * * *'

"I gave one glance out the window and saw the last Pullman sleeper slowly passing. The remainder of that instant was taken up in springing clear over that counter and bolting out on the platform. Luckily we had a long platform at that station and I guess I made the quickest time up that set of planks that was ever made along that road. You see on a day train it would not be so bad, for the conductor always swings himself on the last coach, but on the night trains, especially at that hour, everybody in the sleepers are sleepers themselves, and so he gets on the last regular car, which is about the middle of the train. No. 12 generally had three sleepers. She had four on that night.

"Well, I swung on the platform of the last sleeper just as it was passing the end of the station, and I was never so thankful for anything in my life for the train was beginning to go pretty fast, and it was that or nothing.

"I knew that even then there was not a second to be lost, and I must confess that I was pretty badly rattled. Although I had only heard the first three words of the dispatch I knew that somewhere on the line, near or close, there was another train coming, that expected to pass No. 12 at our siding.

"I tried the door of the sleeper and was horrified to find it locked. I kicked and beat at the door, but the porter was at the other end of the car, probably polishing up someone's boots or very likely asleep. Then I tried to break the glass of the window so that I could put in my arm and push back the door catch, but you know how thick the plate glass is in a car door, and I had nothing but my elbow to break it with. Every moment I lost was putting me in a frenzy. I gave one despairing kick at the door hoping to break it in, but it was no good.

"The next instant I resolved to get at Pete, the engineer, by climbing over the top of the train. How I ever got up there I don't know. I don't believe I could do it now on a standing car to save my life and by this time the train was rattling along at forty miles an hour, swinging around those curves in a way that took my breath away.

"The top was slippery with the wet and there was nothing to hold on to. I started to run along the top with the blinding smoke and sparks in my eyes and remembered, when I sprawled full length on the roof, that there were iron pipes to let out the stove smoke.

I went the rest of the way on my hands and knees. The ends of the car roofs, as you know, come close together and there was no difficulty about getting over the junction, yet, I tell you that was a terrible crawl. It was as dark as black cats and the smoke was blinding, besides the sudden jerks around the curves and me on those slippery roofs with nothing to hold on to, and all this at over forty miles an hour, was no joke.

"At last I came to the end of the baggage car and tried to yell to Pete, whom I saw there holding on the lever, but my voice seemed gone. The fireman, I forgot his name, was shoveling in coal. I gathered myself up and made one grand leap down on the tender, landing on my hands and knees among the coal. I crawled over into the cab and said in a voice so hoarse that it sounded strange to myself:

"'Back her, Pete, for God's sake; there's another train ahead.'

"Then I keeled right over where I stood and fainted dead away. The strain had been too much for me.

"I can just remember Pete's scared face as he saw a coal-begrimed tramp, dripping and without a hat, apparently jump down on him from out the clouds, but he didn't hesitate a moment. Just as I went off I heard the scream of the air brakes, and noticed that Pete flung her clean over.

"Pete wasn't a man to ask any questions. He always did his business first and left the talking until afterwards.

"Pete and the conductor helped me into my room after they had sidetracked the train. While he waited there I told them all about it. Then Charley looked at Pete and Pete looked at Charley. That look had a peculiar meaning.

"'What's the matter?' I said. 'Don't you believe there's a train ahead?'

"'I guess so,' answered Charley. 'But why didn't you pull the bell rope from the end platform?'

"'Yes,' put in Pete, 'or kick the underpinning from the semaphore cogs and show the red light ahead of me. That would have stopped the train.'

"Well, I felt pretty cheap, for either of those plans would have worked all right if I had had my wits about me.

"Before I could say a word, although I don't know that I had anything much to say, the special came past with a rush and a roar that shook the depot and Charley said as he picked up his lantern, 'Well, never mind, old fellow. It was the bravest thing I ever knew of and anyhow you saved the train.'

"So you see, as I told you, if Charley did not tell that part of it he is a pretty good sort of a fellow, don't you think so?"—[Detroit Free Press.

Care of the Ears.

Never put anything into the ear for the relief of toothache.

Never wear cotton in the ears if they are discharging pus.

Never attempt to apply a poultice to the inside of the canal of the ear.

Never drop anything into the ear unless it has been previously warmed.

Never use anything but a syringe and warm water for clearing the ears from pus.

Never strike or box a child's ears; this has been known to rupture the drum and cause incurable deafness.

Never wet the hair if you have any tendency to deafness; wear an oiled-silk cap when bathing, and refrain from diving.

Never scratch the ears with anything but the finger if they itch. Do not use the head of a pin, hairpins, pencil-tips or anything of that nature.

Never let the feet become cold and damp, or sit with the back toward a window, as these things tend to aggravate any existing hardness of hearing.

Never put milk, fat or any oily substance into the ear for the relief of pain, for they soon become rancid and tend to incite inflammation. Simple warm water will answer the purpose better than anything else.

Never be alarmed if a living insect enters the ear. Pouring warm water into the canal will drown it, when it will generally come to the surface and can be easily removed by the fingers. A few puffs of smoke blown into the ear will stupefy the insect.

Never meddle with the ear if a foreign body, such as a bead, button, or seed enters it; leave it absolutely alone, but have a physician attend to it. More damage has been done by injudicious attempts at the extraction of a foreign body than could ever come from its presence in the ear.—[Health and Home.

Quite a Deep Interest.

A young lady on Houston street had several callers the same evening. One remained rather late, and at length, edging his chair toward her, asked, "Miss ——, I am sure you have an interest in my welfare." She was yawning behind her hand, and got the word tied in a knot on her tongue as she graciously replied, "Why, Mr. ——, you know I take a great interest in your farewell."—[Chattanooga Times.

"It's a Poor Rule," Etc.

A Dexter five-year-old was put to bed the other night a little earlier than she herself thought desirable. Soon after she called for some bread and milk, and got it. After eating a few spoonfuls, she looked up to her father with a most unconcerned air and remarked: "Papa, I believe I've heard you say it wasn't a good plan to retire immediately after eating. I guess I'll get up."—[Dexter (Me.) Gazette.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Feminine Violin Playing.

"The present favor the violin is receiving from young ladies," said Professor Simon Jacobson, "has not been exaggerated in the published accounts. Originally a mere fad of a few social leaders in the East, particularly Boston, it has become an enthusiasm with ladies, and in Chicago there are several hundred young ladies learning the noble instrument. Possibly the example of Camilla Urso's playing is something of a stimulus; but, at any rate, there are scores of young ladies engaged, and with wonderful zeal. The difficulties at the outset in learning the violin daunt a good many men, but these only seem to encourage young ladies. Every instructor notices this remarkable difference between the sexes. The girls, too, practice harder and longer. Do they make good performers? Indeed, yes. The violin is a lady's instrument, giving forth its sweetest sounds to her delicate touch and reflecting her warm, sympathetic nature. Oh, yes, ladies make fine performers. There are several in the city whose work not so very men can surpass."—[Chicago News.

An Industrious Housewife.

Mrs. E. F., of Lapeer County, Mich., one day prepared breakfast for nine persons, and, after washing dishes, doing her housework and milking four cows she hitched up a two-horse team, drove about half a mile, loaded thirty-five or forty bushels of sugar beets, which she fed, one half to the cattle and the rest to the hogs. Then she drove to the house, prepared and put dinner cooking, and while the meat and vegetables were boiling on the stove, drove one mile to the cornfield and helped to load a load of corn; then drove back to the house, finished her dinner, and, after washing the dishes and cleaning up things, baked four large loaves of good bread, five pies, stewed a kettle of apple sauce, peeled a pail of sweet apples, scrubbed three rooms, then went with her husband and helped him load another load of corn. After she came back from the cornfield she prepared supper, and after everything was properly put away and the family was gathered in the parlor, she went to the organ and played and sang as sweetly as any city belle, "Dreaming of Home and Mother." After all, she did not call it a very hard day's work.—[Chicago Herald

Algerian Women.

The lives the women lead in Algiers, particularly if they are young and pretty, are simply terrible. When about 14 an Algerine girl is married—or rather sold, for it is scarcely more than a money transaction—to a man whom she has probably never seen, but who from that moment possesses absolute authority over her. If she belongs to the higher classes she is usually restricted, even in her husband's house, to one or two rooms. "If she were allowed to wander up and down stairs she might meet a man," the husband says. The windows of the rooms into which she may go, always look into a court yard, not a public street, but for all that they are carefully covered with lattice-work, so that she may have no chance of holding communication with the outside world. The only amusement she is allowed to indulge in is a weekly visit to the cemetery, where she is supposed to go to moura for the dead. This mourning, I must confess, is performed in a manner peculiar to the country. On Fridays all men having been carefully excluded, the Algerine ladies drive, closely veiled, to the cemetery. Once inside the gates, they throw aside their veils, and, seating themselves upon the tombstones, prepare to make a day of it. They also go provided with a substantial luncheon, and they spend the whole day laughing, chatting, and gossiping with their fellow-mourners. At sunset, they resume their veils, mount into their carriages, and are driven back to their homes, which they will not quit until the following Friday.

Styles for the Hair.

Only dowagers wear diamonds and feathers in the hair.

Rhinestone, shell, and amber pins are worn at dinner parties.

The tendency is to wear the hair low on the back of the head.

Bangs of all shapes are worn by young ladies; the "chic," a pointed bang, is the style in New York.

Front coiffures in fashionable shapes are much worn; they do not become disarranged in a ball room so readily as natural curls.

The "curl and pompadour" is much worn; it has the hair curled back in the centre to imitate the pompadour and a few flat curls at the sides.

Long wavy strands of hair curled at the ends are much worn for coiling and twisting with the back hair, being lighter and more graceful than switches.

For evening wear the hair is arranged in wavy twist and large flat curls, covering the crown of the head rather high and narrow, extending in pointed shape to within a few inches of the nape of the neck.

The front coiffure a la mode is the pointed shape, loose fluffy curls coming down low on the center of the forehead, forming a sharp angle, dressed high towards the crown of the head. The hair on the temples is slightly waved and drawn up to the top of the head.

A new coiffure introduced in Paris is a combination of Grecian and modern, graceful only when made with waving biss. The hair is gathered and brought loosely to the top of the head, the loose coils meeting in front curls. A ribbon about two inches wide passed in and out half way up the back, holds the hair in place, and a curl or loose wave is pulled out here and there to give it a soft, unstudied appearance. For full dress nestle a natural flower or a spray of fern wherever it may be most effective and becoming.

Fashion Notes.

The fancy for braiding is surely on the increase.

Smart winter frocks for little girls are heavily braided.

Gold embroidery is used upon dark dresses, both woolen and silk.

White waistcoats braided with gold are worn with dark dresses.

The latest Parisian idea in millinery is a hat band of narrow ribbon, finished in a stiff bow in front.

Stylish and becoming bonnets are made of red plush and trimmed with Alsatian bows of black watered ribbon.

In accordance with the demands of fashion the crowns of bonnets and hats, and even the outside of muffs, are braided.

A novel shawl is made of feathers. It is very soft, but looks like a fine woolen shawl, not resembling feathers in the least.

Boas composed of uncurled ostrich feathers are worn by Parisiennes. Muffs to match these boas have cocks' heads attached, combs and all.

Toques were never more popular than the present season. Very pretty ones are made of ruby velvet and cloth and similar combinations.

"Pinking" upon the edges of the skirts and draperies is very effective. It is often in double rows and sometimes rests upon a band of velvet.

Reindeer gloves are the very latest novelty in their line. They look like thick wash leather of an almond color, and are said to be very durable.

Among recent novelties in tea gowns was noted one of cream-colored China silk trimmed with fluffy gray fur and a profusion of yellow ribbon.

A charming evening toilet was made wholly of pink moire ribbon. The straight skirt of lace was completely covered by loops of ribbon falling from the waist to the hem.

The gossamer fabrics of Eastern weaves are most exquisite for evening gowns, particularly those wrought in metal threads in some floral design.

Yellow and blue is a combination which the Parisian modiste dotes on this season and loves to display in evening dresses and dinner costumes.

Evening cloaks are made in light shades of plush heavily wadded with cider down, and have a fur trimming about the neck and down the fronts.

A large but soft worsted cord finishes the pretty cheviot coats for little girls or boys. This is the Cordelaire. It is finished with a tassel on the end.

Cloth princesse gowns demand trimming of fur, as their make-up forbids drapery.

For very little folk, hoods of chinchilla, with lining and loops of shell pink, are the highest fashion.

The very newest seal coats are short at the back, with the long fronts deeply bordered with fox fur.

Diamond pins jeweled both at point and head are now fashionable, worn thrust carelessly in the hair.

A pretty method of applying watered ribbon on a tulle skirt is to lay it across the front in diagonal rows, separated by tucks of the tulle, the ribbon being gathered into scallops at the hem.

Stripes of watered ribbon, edged with rows of small beads, arranged in triplets on a tulle ground, is a new and effective material for evening dresses.

The First Run on a Bank.

The extravagant luxury of the court of Charles II., combined with its utter want of principle and incapacity to carry on the memorable contest with Holland, produced the first run upon bankers that ever was made. The government had suffered a succession of humiliating disasters; the extravagance of the count had dissipated all the means which Parliament had supplied for the purpose of carrying on offensive hostilities. It was finally determined to wage only defensive war, but even for that the vast resources of England were found insufficient. The Dutch insulted the British court, sailed up the Thames, took Sheerness and carried their ravages to Chatham; the blaze of the burning ships was seen in London; it was rumored that a foreign army had landed at Gravesend, and military men seriously proposed to abandon the tower.

The people, accustomed to the secure reign of Cromwell, were in consternation. The moneyed portion of the community were seized with a panic. The country was in danger! London itself might be invaded. What security was there then for the money advanced to the Crown. The people flocked to their debtors and demanded their deposits. London now witnessed the first run upon the bankers!

The fears of the people, however, proved groundless, for the goldsmiths, as the bankers were then called, met all demands that were made upon them. Confidence was restored by royal proclamation that the demands on the exchequer should be made as usual, and the run collapsed.—[Detroit Free Press.

The Smart Boy's Hair.

Teacher—"Yes, children, the hairs of our head are all numbered."

"Smart Boy (pulling out a hair and presenting it)—Well, what's the number of this hair?"

Teacher.—"Number one, Johnny; and (pulling out several more) these are numbers two, three, four, five and six. Anything else you want to know?"

"Smart Boy—N-no, sir."—[Harper's Bazar.

READY-MADE SPEECH

Mark Twain's Recipe For an Impromptu Address.

Ready for Any Occasion by the Change of a Few Words.

Mark Twain, who was one of the speakers at the recent celebration of Forefather's Day in Boston, included the following in his speech, which was received as all his speeches are, quite enthusiastically:

A man ought always to come prepared to speak whether he is likely to be called on or not. My scheme is this—that he shall carry in his head a speech that will fit any conceivable occasion in this life. He could fit it to a dot. I have built a speech of that kind, and I brought it along to exhibit it here as a sample of what can be done. Suppose a man that has got a speech of this kind is called upon to deliver a funeral oration, or talk at a granger gathering, or a wedding breakfast, or a theological disturbance, or a political blowout, or anywhere you choose to mention. All that he has got to do is to change three or four words in that speech, and make his delivery chipper or solemn, or just what the occasion calls for, and turn himself loose, and then he is all right. I will illustrate. But I will deliver eight or nine lines, just enough for you to see the possibilities that lie in that speech. Now for the speech to the granger. He gets up with some hesitancy and repetition, so as to give the speech a right impromptu air. If he has delivered it a lot of times, he can venture outside and make some impromptu remarks. If there is a distinguished man present, he can speak of his talent or his clothes. Such a thing as this gives it a sort of newness. He then wants to leave his audience to wonder at his readiness, just as they were getting ready to pity him. He wants to fire the farmer with his words from his mansard down to his cellar. Then he goes on:

I am called up sudden and am, indeed, not prepared to make a speech. I was not expecting to be called up sir, but I will, with what effect I may, add my shout to the jubilation—to this spirited star occasion, Agriculture, sir, is, after all, the palladium of our American liberties. By it we may be said to live and move and have our being. All that we have, all that we are, all that we hope to be, is, must be, and must continue to be, providentially, by the mighty industry of man through this glorious agriculture. While we have life, while we have souls, and in those souls sweet and holy sentiments—agriculture will be that boon by which we thrive and aspire, and with it is born far reaching grace and duty and purity and loveliness. But the least of us know, but the least of us feel, that we are as—but the time is late and I will not—"

Suppose it is not a granger gathering, but a wedding breakfast. That speech has got to be delivered in an airy and gay fashion. But it must terminate gravely. He says:

"I am called up suddenly, sir, and am, indeed, not prepared to make a speech. I was not expecting to be called up, but I will, with what effect I may, add my shout to this spirited star occasion. Matrimony is, after all the palladium of our domestic liberties. By it we may be said to live, to move and to acquire our debts. All that we have been, all that we are, all that we hope to be, is, must be, and must continue to be, providentially moved by that great and glorious matrimony. While we have life, while we have souls, let us with generous accord attune our souls to songs of praise for that most precious boon whereby we numerically thrive, whereby our otherwise worldly existence is made grand, and we aspire to embrace grace and duty and purity and loveliness. But the least of us know, the least of us feel, and doubtless many of us will confess—but the hour is late, and I will not—"

But suppose the occasion—I just want to show you that it will cover the whole ground—suppose this occasion is an inquest. At the funeral of a person you want to be as melancholy as you can, but in the case of an inquest you simply want to be impressive and awful. Say this inquest was on a second cousin, a wealthy second cousin, who has remembered you in his will. Perhaps he has left you a horse or pair of horses, not the finest Morgan stock, but horses that can go in three minutes. He is a second cousin and he has lost his life trying to save somebody from drowning. Say it is a mind cure physician he was trying to save from drowning but didn't succeed, but she did not want him to succeed on the old plan. He would have to have a great deal of experience and a diploma or he could not save anybody from drowning with the mind cure. I just want to make this explanation to show you that the speech is all I claim for it. Why, his reputation would go everywhere. He could go to any intellectual gathering in the United States, Boston included [laughter], and he would draw like a prize fight. This man gets up with graded emotion and he says:

"I am called up suddenly, sir, and am indeed not prepared to speak. I was not expecting to be called up, but I will, with what effect I may, add my voice to the lamentations of this spirit-crushing occasion. Death, death, sir, is after all the palladium of our spiritual principles. By it we may be said to live and move and have our ending. All that we have, all that we are, all that we hope to be, was, is, and must continue to be. While we have life, while we have souls, let us with generous accord attune our hearts to songs of praise for that most patent boon by which our otherwise sterile existence is turned with the far-reaching grace, and piety and purity and loveliness, the least of us knows, the least of us feels, and the humblest among us will confess we are, we are, we are—the hour is late—."

True.

She—John, what is a coastwise steamer?

He—One that knows how to keep the rocks, darling.—[Puck.

A Traveling Quack's Device.

A short time ago a quack experimented in Lambeth with considerable success upon the pockets of an awestricken crowd. After a preliminary harangue and a terse little lecture on the viscera, which the charlatan sketched in with colored crayons upon a blackboard on which the human skeleton was outlined in white paint, the fellow came to business. "I am going to demonstrate to you," said he, "by a startling experiment upon one of you by-standers, that my miraculous remedy can cure all diseases of the lungs and chest. Now whoever's got a bad cough or cold on the chest, let him stand forward." There was some little hesitation and a good deal of giggling. "Don't be afraid, my friends," said the quack; "it's all free, gratis, for nothing. Let any afflicted person come forward and I'll show him the nature of his disorder, and give him a packet of my lung healers for nothing." At last a man with a violent cold and cough came forward. The quack doctor pretended to sound his chest with a stethoscope of almost pantomimic proportions and informed the staring crowd that the patient was in a galloping consumption.

"My friend," said the quack to the unfortunate victim, "so terrible is this disease that you can actually see it." He handed a glass tube to the patient and then poured a pint of clear water into a large tumbler. "Just you blow into that water, my friend," he cried. The man obeyed, and the water grew discolored, turpid, and at last as white as if it had been mixed with milk. The patient himself became as pale as ashes. "This unhappy man, my friends," said the quack, as he held the glass on high, "if he hadn't had the good fortune to come across me to-night wouldn't have been long for this world. I should have given him about a fortnight; that's all. Now a packet of my lung-healers will cure him. What you see in the glass of water are his vitiated humors, the products of corruption. My magic lung-healers destroy these humors in the body or out of the body. Observe, my friends, watch me carefully, there is no deception here." The quack dropped a pinch from one of a packet of powders into a glass, and directed the patient to stir it with the tube. The water became immediately clear. Then he reaped his harvest. The water was lime-water, and the carbonic acid in the man's breath naturally threw down the carbonate of lime at once, and rendered the water turbid. And the miraculous lung-healer was simply a little citric acid and sugar, which instantly dissolved it.—[London Saturday Review.

The Old-Fashioned Country Ham.

Why is it we cannot buy now the sweet, old-fashioned country ham? Judge Samuel Lumpkin lately sent to the writer a half dozen from his private smoke-house of the vintage of 1884, that are simply poems in ashes. Any self-respecting pig would have died gladly to have been so idealized. In these hams you catch the flavor of the smoke of the half covered oak chips above which they drifted with the seasons into perfection. And the red gravy (excuse these drooling lips) clear, consistent, flavorous; it is such gravy as you used to find on your mother's table when you came home from a long day's hunt in the December wind. I had rather have a smoke house with its loamy floor, its darkened rafters, its red-pepper pods, its festoons of sausage odorous of sage and a hundred such hams suspended between earth and roof, like small Mahomets than a cellar of dust-begrimed bottles of Madeira of '23. Has the art of curing hams in the Georgian smoke-house become a lost one? Shall red gravy go, with Tyrian purple into the realms of the impossible?—[Atlanta Constitution.

A Mighty Bear Hunter.

Considerable excitement was occasioned this morning about town when Mike Wallace, the old-time Water Canyon miner, came in from the West with a wagon loaded with dead bear, there being four carcasses, which he disposed of to the Blanchard Meat and Supply company. It appears that a day or two ago Mike Wallace, accompanied by a Mr. Hanna, took a stroll up the canyon some distance from the residence of the former, and suddenly Wallace discovered several big bears before him. Almost at the same moment bears rose up all around him, the timber being full of them. Wallace began work with his Winchester, and when the magazine was emptied, he seized Hanna's rifle and continued to lower the price of meat in this vicinity. In but a few moments he had succeeded in killing seven big bears, and with the help of miners further down the canyon, who were summoned to assist five of the animals were carried to the camp. The last two were killed within ten feet of Wallace and charging down upon him when he shot them, so that his escape was a marvellous one. Nineteen bears in all were counted in the bunch.—[Socorro (N. M.) Chieftain.

His Strength.

Daughter—Wasn't Julius Cæsar one of the strongest men that ever lived, pa?

Father—What makes you ask that question?

Daughter—I was just reading that he threw a bridge over the Rhine.—[Boston Commercial.

Not Exactly Complimentary.

Tramp—Did you make this bread yourself, madam?

Woman—Yes, an' if I do say it myself, you've eat wuss bread than that.

Tramp—I know I have, but not much worse.—[Epoch.

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