

UNARMED AND DEFENSELESS.

California Girls Dying For Fun.

Another one of these annoying sleeping car mistakes occurred on the Union Pacific the other night. In the car were two young California girls, two kindred old maids and a Montana miner. When the berths were made up at night the two old maids had a double berth next to the Montana miner, and on the opposite side of the aisle were the two California girls, dying to have some fun. One of these old maids retired moderately early, but the other one kept flitting back and forth between her berth and the dressing room until everybody got mad. Finally she went to the dressing-room with her tooth brush, and after scrubbing her teeth pretty thoroughly, she came back to retire. In order to avoid any error she had pinned a piece of paper on the curtain of her berth, which piece of paper one of the California girls had changed to the curtain which concealed the Montana miner.

When the old maid returned she had her teeth in one hand and her brush in the other. She put the brush inside the curtain and laid the teeth down near the old miner's head and began to slowly climb in, softly humming the fragment of an old song as well as any one could who hasn't any voice and who has taken out her teeth for the night.

The harmony awoke the miner, who looked reproachfully at the venerable maid and said: "You must go right away from here now or I shall scream right out and betray you. Please go away, or I shall tell your sister. I will hand your teeth back to you and you can steel back to your own bed without being detected."

"Even if you have no respect for yourself, consider my prospects and don't come any nearer than you are. Consider your age, too. A woman at your age should be making her calling and election sure. She should be circumspect and considerate. Go back quick before the conductor comes, and my life is clouded forever. I am unarmed and defenseless. I have only the memory of an upright life and a ticket to Omaha. I will give you the ticket if you want it, but I don't want to blast that blessed memory."

Then he lammed her on the nose with a pillow and threw her teeth out on the floor with a crash. As she rode in the car during the following day with her mouth caved in, people pointed her out to each other and shook their heads sadly and said they would not think it to look at her, and a commercial traveler from Dubuque went and slept the following night in the second-class car, where he felt that he would be safe.—Boomerang.

Most too Briny.

"Father," began the boy as he looked up from his first history, "are silver mines very fresh?"

"Fresh! What do you mean?"

"Why, they have to put salt into 'em to make 'em keep don't they?"

"Nonsense! I don't understand you?"

"Well, I heard some men in the car say that you salted a silver mine and made a hundred thousand dollars, and I wanted to ask what the salt was for."

The way that boy was hustled off to bed made him dream of cyclones all night.

Cost of Milling Ores.

The Pinal Drill, of Arizona, has the following in regard to milling ores and reduction machinery: A great many changes have taken place within the past four years, and none so noticeable, perhaps, as that of milling ore. The cost of having the free gold ore treated in a twenty-stamp mill during the year 1877 was \$20 per ton. In 1878 it was reduced to \$8 per ton. In 1879 it was further reduced to \$4 per ton, and at the present time it is in some districts only \$1.25 to \$1.50. At this reduced figure, by using the desired economy, there is a profit of about thirty-five cents, and with modern attachments the profits will be something like fifty-five cents per ton on the lowest grade of ore worked. From the above figures it appears that the milling is not the most expensive operation connected with the low grade of ores, but it is mainly due to the cost of transportation and the manner of handling the ores, providing all things are equal. The stamp mill may yet be considered but little beyond its infancy, as are at present all processes connected with the reduction of ore. There is little doubt but every year will see improvements brought out, tending to the more economical working of all descriptions of ore. It is but twenty years since this country began to produce silver on a large scale, and the problem of extracting that ore at a reasonable price, when found in conjunction with base and rebellious metals, have yet to be solved. It is a problem which involves thousands of millions of dollars. Hundreds of mines are con-

stantly working on it, and its solution is only a matter of time. When that time comes, fresh life will be infused into districts which now lie idle, and great cities will spring up in deserts which are now abandoned to the vulture and coyote.

FLOATING FANCIES.

A fish has been caught having eight jaws, at Santa Monica, Cal. Scientists pronounce it a variety of what is known as the mother-in-law fish.

It is a glorious triumph for the American Navy that it has a vessel off Alexandria capable of keeping out of the way of the bombardment.

A girl who sets out to look graceful in a hammock has as much work on hand as the man who tries to look languid, with a saw-log following him down hill.

Frank James is said to have moved into Kansas and gone into the lightning rod business. Thus ends all talk that he has decided to reform and live an honest life.

"Mamma," said a little boy, waking up from a sound sleep, and hugging her, "I love you. I love your head, and your hands, and your feet and your soul and your body and all your stuffings."

Fogg asserted the other evening that he knew a woman who never appended a postscript to her letter. Everybody was astonished until he informed the company that the woman didn't know how to write.

A Sunday school teacher read to his class that the Ethiopian eunuch went on his way rejoicing after Philip had talked with him, and then asked, "Why did he rejoice?" A boy answered, "Because Philip was done a teachin' him."

"Are you going to take that ugly pug dog with you again, Carrie?" asked Charles, "I really believe you take him to make yourself look prettier by the contrast." "Don't be jealous of poor Pug, Charley," replied Carrie, "I'll take you sometime, when I want to look especially handsome."

The Bloomington Eye has the following: "Girls, come west! A Massachusetts man paid only \$10 for hugging a girl. A Brooklyn man paid \$5 for osculating an unwilling damsel. An Iowa man had to put up \$3,000 for kissing his cook. The cook is the thing. Come, girly, girly, O, come!"

Tommy and Jennie were playing cars. Tommy got cross and hit Jennie with a stick. Her cries brought their mother with inquiries into the matter. "Why, don't you see?" cried Tommy, "we were playing cars, and I just switched her off the track a little ways." So Jennie thought it was all right, and played on.

A western man is said to be curing himself of consumption by taking a dog to bed with him every night. The worst feature in the case is that the poor animal gets the consumption, coughs a few days and dies. If this man could only be induced to take Lydia E. Pinkham to bed with him—but no, it would not be proper.

When Lottie hurts her, she says, "I want to be pitied," and mother's pity often makes her well. They were canning cherries at Lottie's house, the other day, and some one remarked, "We canned very fast, for Jane pitted them." After a moments study, Lottie looked up brightly: "I know why Jane pitted them, mamma. Because their little stones had to be punched out. Didn't you pity them, too, mamma?"

When the Century Plant Blooms.

A young couple on Prairie avenue had conversed long and earnestly one night last week about the weather and other thrilling subjects, and at 10:30 Llewellyn grabbed his soap-dish easter from the \$85 hat rack and prepared to go home. In the hall were some rare exotics, among them a young century plant, only a year old. "They are a curious flower," said Maud. "They are that," replied Llewellyn. "How I would like to see one in bloom." "Would you truly?" inquired Maud, with a radiant, artless look in her soft brown eyes. "Indeed I would," said Llewellyn, a wild hope springing up in his experienced heart. As they stood in the doorway beneath the warm, bright stars of June, and he held her snow white, jewelled hand in—his'n—Maud asked him to call again. Llewellyn ventured to squeeze the tiny unresisting hand. "Yes, call she said softly, and sweetly, and tenderly, "call again, Llewellyn—when the century plant blossoms."

Unpublished Page From the Life of George Washington.

It is the merry summer time. To him the mother of the father of his country: "George, dear, where have you been since school was dismissed?" "Hain't been nowhere, ma." "Did you come straight home from school, George?" "Yes, ma'am!" "But school is dismissed at 3 o'clock, and it is now half past 6. How does that come?"

"Got kep' in." "What for?" "Missed m' joggrafy less'n." "But your teacher was here only an hour ago, and said you hadn't been at school all day." "Got kep' in yesterday, then." "George, why were you not at school to-day?" "Forgot. Thought all the time it was Saturday."

"Don't stand on one side of your foot in that manner. Come here to me. George you have been swimming."

"No, me." "Yes you have, George, haven't you?" "No a p."

"Tell your mother, George?" "N u e k."

"Then what makes your hair so wet, my son?" "Sweat. I rnn so fast comin' from school."

"But your shirt is wrong side out." "Put it on that way when I got up this morning for luck. Always win when you play for keeps if your shirt's on wrong side out."

"And you haven't the right sleeve of your shirt on your arm at all, George, and there is a hard knot tied in it. How did that come there?"

"Bill Fairfax tied it in when I wasn't looking."

"But what were you doing with your shirt off?"

"Didn't have it off. He jest took an' tied that knot in there when it was on me."

"George!" "That's honest truth, he did."

About that time the noble Bushrod came along with a skate strap, and we draw a veil over the dreadful scene, merely remarking that boys do not seem to change so much as men.

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