

He Stood to Reason.

"Judge," said the Montana lawyer, as he leaned back in his chair and threw one foot on the table, "I object to the witness answering that question, and I'm ready to argue the point. It stands to reason—"

A Mean Disease.

Alexandra has them like every other town with less than 4,000 inhabitants. We mean gossips—men and women who would rather talk about other people than to eat pie. Shame on the man or woman, who, without any direct evidence whatever, endeavors by words or insinuations to ruin the character of other people.

The writer has long since heard that the greatest enemy woman has is women, and how can those who have the gossip rtailed out by certain feminine gossips dispute it? It is a fact.

Everp chronic gossip, woman or man, should have her or his name published to the world through the public press, so they could be avoided or strictly quarantined against. There is only one difference between the yellow fever epidemic and the gossip epidemic. One attacks the body and the person attacked has a good chance of recovering. Gossip attacks the character, and there is no chance of recovery, because the victim seldom knows that he or she is attacked and can make no defence. If a woman, the yellow fever is far preferable to having a score of women gossips trying to ruin her character.

Women should be more charitable, especially to those of her own sex.—Town Talk

An Unkind Cut.

He looked sadly at the pie on the boarding house table and seemed to be much affected. The landlady at first thought he was mad and was prepared for some remonstrance. But he said nothing, only looked sad.

"What is the matter, Mr. Jones?" "Madam, this touches me?" "What?" "This pie. It looks so much like one of the pies my mother made for me thirty years ago." "Well, Mr. Jones, I'm sure I appreciate the compliment." "Yes madam, I believe this is one of the pies my mother made thirty years ago."

The Wolf, the Fox, and the Lion.

A Wolf one day bought out a Fox who had been Particularly Recommended to him for his Astuteness, and said:

"I have passed the Lion on several Occasions, and he does not Deign to Notice me." "And you want Revenge, of course?" "I do. I want to make His Heart Sad—very Sad." "He is Honest in Business?" "Oh, yes." "Pays his Debts Promptly?" "He does." "Goes to Church and keeps clear of scandal?" "Yes." "And is too Strong for you to Attack?" "Exactly, you see how I'm Situated." "I do. There is but one way for you to get Even. Pitch in and secure his Nomination for office, and then Lie about and defeat him."

MORAL.

It was shown during the Campaign that the Lion was an Embellisher, Defaulter, Horse thief, Liar and Sneak—that his Father was a convict and his Mother a Ballet Dancer—that his Grandfather was Hung and his Brother sent to Prison for life, and he was duly Defeated.—Detroit Free Press.

Ladies Dress Goods at Frank Shober's. 21 1/2 cent the yard of the most fashionable and within reach of everybody's pocket. Come and see for yourself.

Saving Corn-Fodder.

The slipshod methods of caring for corn fodder have much to do with the aversion to it. Many farmers never bind the shocks, and a large number of them twist and fall down, and the fodder is quickly spoiled. Others leave them in the field all winter, hauling in one or two at a time as needed, and naturally rats and mice gather in them and destroy much of the grain. When they are covered with snow the hauling is such a disagreeable job that only natural necessity will induce any one to undertake it.

The shocks should not be over twelve or fourteen hills square, and should be firmly bound near the tops with strong twine about the third day after being cut; then they will stand straight and the fodder will keep bright and good for a long time. Husking should begin as soon as the fodder is fairly cured, and the fodder hauled in and stored under shelter at once. Some bind it in handy bundles with binder twine as it is husked, and when this is done it is easily handled and stored. The twine is saved when the fodder is fed out, and serves for two or three seasons.

Many of those who have no shed room for storing fodder (all it needs is a roof) bind each shock into two or three bundles, haul them home and stack in single rows, or ricks about a foot apart, so the air can circulate between them, each lick being laid on a foundation of two or three rail resting on blocks about a foot high. The bundles are unbound as they are placed on the rick and spread out as desired. A post set in the ground at each end of the ricks holds the end up square. When the ricks are built up as high as convenient they are covered with a little prairie grass or hay, which keeps all rain from soaking in.

An enormous quantity of this fodder can be stored under a cheap roof set on ten-foot posts and it is bound in large bundles in the field two men can handle a great deal in a day. In storing or ricking this stuff it is advisable to begin at one end and finish as you go along. It can be taken out so much more easily. Corn fodder preserved in this manner is much better food for young stock than much of the hay usually found on the farm; they will eat it and thrive upon it much better.

The stumps left standing in the field are broken down with a heavy pole drawn by two or four horses. On a sharp frosty morning when the ground is frozen, they will snap off like rotten twigs. Most of them are buried by the ploughs, so that they interfere but little with the cultivation of the subsequent crop.

I am satisfied that if farmers would grow less hay and save more of the great crop of corn fodder which now goes to waste every year they would be better off. The harvesting of the hay crop comes in the hottest portion of the year, while that of corn fodder in the most pleasant—when it is neither hot or cold—and with the same preparation and care as good an article of stock feed can be gathered from the cornfield as from the meadow, with less than half the hard labor, rush and worry, and with no diminution of the corn crop.—N. Y. Examiner.

Why They Raised.

Dealer (to clerk)—I'm going to make the diagonal suits \$15 to you, C. Newton. Clerk—the first ballot. "Why, we've raised the rule been adopted. C. Newton would have been elected if not nominated, on the third ballot." "Did he?" "Yes, he did." "He got down of the two-thirds rule." "Yes, and unanimous convention."

THE FOX

HOW TO SAVE BOYS.

Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon your walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you. With exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—Appleton's Journal.

An Old Traveler in Jerusalem.

"When I was a young man," said a Pittsburg iron manufacturer yesterday, "I traveled extensively with two or three others. We visited every continent on the globe, and spent five months in the Holy Land.

"Jerusalem was just such a city then that it is now. Its inhabitants were disreputable and dirty, and always on the lookout to beat a traveler either by fair or foul means. The walls of the ancient city had crumbled and its only descent was the Via Dolorosa, over which Jesus passed on the way to Calvary. But what I wish to say is that I don't believe a skeptic ever visited the place in which Christ lived but that he came away thoroughly convinced of his divinity. There is the doorstep on which he sat for a moment to rest under the burden of the cross and if I have gone over the road to Calvary once while I was there I am sure I have walked it twenty times. Such a flood of feeling invariably took possession of me that it is useless to try to describe it, but I know my visit there changed the course of my living. It led me to think differently. "I went down into the Holy Sepulcher thoroughly skeptical, but with the rest of my companions, none of us the most reverent of mortals, I found myself involuntarily kneeling, and I kissed the stone. If any man had told me before that I would have performed this oscillatory act, in all probability I should have laughed in his face. While I remained in Jerusalem I lived with the monks. They never charge anything, but one is at liberty to give them what he thinks is right, if he can afford it. I learned to love the order, and I always carry with me to this day a pack of snuff which I offer them should I chance to meet any."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Gift of Whistling.

Whistling has become to be quite as great if not a greater nuisance than cigarette smoking. Indeed, I notice that a number of broker offices on Wall street have signs conspicuously displayed above the cashier's window, politely requesting young men who deliver stock not to whistle while they are waiting for their checks. Exactly why the sibilant gift has been endowed in the human race is not altogether apparent. If it were limited alone to men who own dogs we might still, with the exception of mosquitoes and a few other annoyances, justly contend that Nature had made nothing that was utterly useless. But when the whistle—I allude to the intransitive verb and not the nickel plated instrument—is made to do service to Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, popular marches or sentimental ballads, it is, if not used with the greatest judgement and control positively fatal. If there was such a thing, for instance, as getting out an injunction against this counterfeit on music, or even if it were possible to corner the market, the benefit that would accrue from such a state of affairs is quite incalculable.—John Preston Beecher in New York News.

"Did you see any Quakers in Philadelphia?" was asked of a De-troitier who lately returned from that city. "Only one that I was sure of." "Did he 'tee' and 'thon' 'trout'?" "He did. He got down of the back of a horse." "All right, I'll knock thy head in."—The Homer GUARDIAN. One dollar a year.

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Trouble in the Press Club.

Last night the name of G. Worthington, of Chicago and now of the Chronicle, was presented for membership in the Press Club. The committee reported unfavorably on Mr. Worthington's application on the ground that he had been caught taking an undue advantage of his fellow-reporters in a poker game.

Mr. Worthington gasped when he heard the report and arose to reply.

"Gentlemen," said the applicant, in tones in which surprise and indignation struggled for the mastery, "do I hear right? Is it objected to me that I held four aces and gave a Call reporter a king full? Permit me to explain. I was the stranger in the game and they took me in. After a long and arduous night's playing, I found myself at 9 o'clock in the morning out of funds and owing money to the kitty. I skinned over the deck and found only forty cards there. I looked around and saw some player with cards up his sleeves, another with cards under his coat collar. Then I raised a hand. I held out four just such an emergency as is customary in Chicago, and played it from the shoulder. I won \$7, paid the kitty and had breakfast money left. That is all." There being no further opposition, the gentleman was declared unanimously elected.—San Francisco Post.

A Child Carried Away by an Eagle.

A dispatch from Wichita, Kansas, says the baby of a farmer William Beatty who lives on the Cimmaron river north of the Territory line, was carried away by an eagle Saturday. Beatty went to work in the morning leaving in his dug-out his two children, one five years old and a baby aged two months. About noon Beatty returned home and found his girl in tears. She said she had taken the baby into the yard and left it while she went into the house. In a few minutes she heard a cry and on looking out "saw the baby flying away as she expressed it. The father knew at once that the eagle visited, and summoned his neighbors to the wooded banks of the river for which the eagle had made. In about an hour the sound of a shot summoned the searchers together. One of the men had found the eagle and was engaged in a deadly conflict with it. He had emptied his gun at the big bird and broken his wing and was using his gun as club when reinforcements arrived. The eagle was shot and the baby was rescued. The body of the eagle was sent to the Smithsonian Institution.

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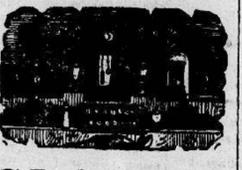
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