Tombstone Epitaph.

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TOMBSTONE EPITAPH.

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Society Notices.

KIN SOLOMON LODGE NO. 5, F. & A. M.

MEETS THE THIRD SATURDAY in each month at Masonic Hall. Visiting Brothers in good standing are invited to attend. Special meetings when the days are noted on the dial.

CHAS. SMITH, W. M.
A. L. GROW, Sec.

R. A. M.

STATED MEETINGS ON THE third Wednesday of each month in Masonic Hall. Notice of special meetings by mail or special flag. Sojourning Companions cordially invited.

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REGULAR MEETINGS OF this Camp the first and third Fridays of each month, in Masonic Hall. Notice of special meetings given by hoisting the flag.

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REGULAR MEETINGS OF THE POST will be held on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month in Masonic Hall. Notice of special meetings given by hoisting the flag.

I. H. AMPHLETT, P. C.

TOMBSTONE TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION NO. 127.

MEETS FIRST SUNDAY IN EACH month, at 3 o'clock p. m.

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UNITED STATES DEPUTY MINERAL Surveyor, Tombstone, Arizona. Member the American Institute of Mining Engineers. Attention given to the care of mines for non-resident owners and corporations. The best of reference given. Correspondence solicited.

Notice for Publication.

(Homestead Application No. 163.)

LAND OFFICE AT TUCSON, ARIZONA, March 8, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Tucson, Arizona, on April 26, 1890, viz.: George W. Bryan, of Benson, Arizona, for the SE¼ of Sec. 9, Tp. 17 S., R. 20 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.: William Ohnesorgen, Austin N. Gray, H. Gerwein and William Callahan, all of Benson, Ariz.

HERBERT BROWN, Register.

First publication March 15, 1890.

Notice for Publication.

(Homestead Application No. 229.)

LAND OFFICE AT TUCSON, ARIZONA, March 8, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Tucson, Arizona, on April 21, 1890, viz.: William Callahan, of Benson, Arizona, for the SE¼ of Sec. 3, Tp. 17 S., R. 20 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.: William Ohnesorgen, H. Gerwein, Austin N. Gray, G. W. Bryan, all of Benson, Arizona.

HERBERT BROWN, Register.

First publication March 15, 1890.

Notice for Publication.

(Homestead Application No. 239.)

LAND OFFICE AT TUCSON, ARIZONA, March 8, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Tucson, Arizona, on April 26, 1890, viz.: William Ohnesorgen, of Benson, Arizona, for the SE¼ of Sec. 9, Tp. 17 S., R. 20 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.: H. Gerwein, Austin N. Gray, G. W. Bryan and William Callahan, all of Benson, Ariz.

HERBERT BROWN, Register.

First publication March 15, 1890

Notice for Publication.

(Homestead Application No. 728.)

LAND OFFICE AT TUCSON, ARIZONA, February 13, 1890.

I, John J. Huffaker, of Tres Alamos, who made Homestead Application No. 728 for the N½ of SE¼ of Sec. 32, Tp. 15 S., R. 6 E., do hereby give notice of my intention to make final proof to establish my claim to the above described, and that I expect to prove my residence and cultivation before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Tucson, Ariz., on the 10th of June, 1890, by two of the following witnesses: J. W. Caskins, Wm. Skinner, Jr., John D. Aiden and T. J. White, all of Tres Alamos, Arizona.

HERBERT BROWN, Register.

(First publication April 19, 1890.)

PROPOSALS FOR ARMY TRANSPORTATION.—Headquarters Department of Arizona, Office of Quartermaster, Los Angeles, Cal., March 17, 1890.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 11 o'clock, a. m., THIRD DAY, April 17, 1890, and opened immediately thereafter in the presence of bidders for Transportation, by wagon, of military supplies during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, on routes in the Department of Arizona, as follows: ROUTE No. 1.—From any station on the Atlantic and Pacific, or Prescott and Arizona Central Railroad to Fort Verde, A. T. ROUTE No. 2.—From Phenix, A. T., to Fort McDowell, A. T. ROUTE No. 3.—From Bowie Station, A. T., to Fort Bowie, A. T. ROUTE No. 4.—From Bowie Station, or Willcox, A. T., to Fort Thomas and San Carlos, A. T., and from Fort Thomas to San Carlos, A. T. ROUTE No. 5.—From Willcox, A. T., to Fort Grant, A. T. ROUTE No. 6.—From Holbrook, A. T., to Fort Apache, A. T. ROUTE No. 7.—From Tucson, A. T., to Fort Lowell, A. T. ROUTE No. 8.—From Huachuca Station, A. T., to Fort Huachuca, A. T. ROUTE No. 9.—From any station on the A. T. & S. F. R. R. to Fort Stanton, N. M. ROUTE No. 10.—From Watrous, N. M., to Fort Union, N. M. ROUTE No. 11.—From Winslow Station, N. M., to Fort Wingate, N. M. ROUTE No. 12.—From Silver City, N. M., to Fort Bayard, N. M. ROUTE No. 13.—From Railroad Station at Santa Fe, N. M., to Fort Marcy, N. M. Specifications, general instructions to bidders and blank forms of proposal will be furnished on application to this office, or to the Assistant Quartermaster at Tucson, A. T., or Santa Fe, N. M.

A. S. KIMBALL, Quartermaster U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster.

PROPOSALS FOR FUEL, FORAGE & STRAW.—Headquarters Department of Arizona, Office of the Chief Quartermaster, Los Angeles, Cal., March 22, 1890.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office, and at the office of the Quartermasters at each of the stations below named, until 11 o'clock, a. m., on Tuesday, April 22, 1890, and opened immediately thereafter in the presence of bidders, for the furnishing and delivery of fuel, forage and straw, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, at military stations in the Department of Arizona as follows: Forts Apache, Bowie, Grant, Huachuca, Lowell, Mojave, Thomas and Verde, and San Carlos, Whipple Barracks, and Tucson, A. T., Los Angeles and San Diego Barracks, Cal., and Forts Bayard, Stanton, Union and Wingate, and Santa Fe, N. M. Preference given to articles of domestic production and manufacture, conditions of price and quality being equal, and such preference given to articles of American production and manufacture produced on the Pacific Coast to the extent of the consumption required by the public service there. Proposals for either class of the supplies mentioned or for quantities less than the whole required, or for delivery of the supplies at points other than those above named, will be entertained. Specifications, general instructions to bidders and blank forms of proposal will be furnished on application to this office, or to the Quartermasters at any of the stations named above. A. S. KIMBALL, Quartermaster U. S. Army, Chief Quartermaster.

PROPOSALS FOR BEEF AND MUTTON.—Headquarters Department of Arizona, Office Chief Commissary of Subsistence, Los Angeles, Cal., March 18, 1890.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office, and at the offices of the acting Commissaries of Subsistence at the following named posts until 12 o'clock noon, on Monday, April 21, 1890, and then opened in the presence of bidders for furnishing and delivering such quantities of Fresh Beef and Mutton, on the hoof, as may from time to time be required at San Diego Barracks, and Forts Apache, Bowie, Grant, Huachuca, Lowell, McDowell, Mojave, Thomas and Verde; San Carlos and Whipple Barracks, Arizona; and at Forts Bayard, Marcy, Selden, Stanton, Union and Wingate, New Mexico, from July 1, 1890, to June 30, 1891. Contracts made under this advertisement shall not be construed to involve the United States in any obligation for payment in excess of appropriation granted by Congress for the purpose. Preference will be given to articles of domestic production. The Government reserves the right to reject any and all proposals. Full information will be furnished on application to either of the above named offices. Envelopes containing proposals should be marked "Proposals for Fresh Beef and Mutton," or for "Fresh Beef only," (as the case may be) addressed to the A. C. S., of the post bid for, or to the undersigned. W. A. ELDERKIN, Major and C. S., U. S. Army, Chief C. S., Department of Arizona, Los Angeles, Cal.

More and Larger Prizes than in any Other Lottery.

M. A. S. L.

Montana State Lottery Company.

First authorized by the Legislature, August, 1887; has been doing business ever since.

Its drawings take place every month in the year, and are always held in public at the Turner's Theater, Butte, Montana.

READY FOR THREE YEARS for integrity of its drawings and prompt payment of its prizes.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWINGS

at the Turner's Theater, Butte, Montana, every month, as follows: 1890

Class A, January 18th	Class G, July 19th
Class B, February 15th	Class H, August 16th
Class C, March 15th	Class I, September 13th
Class D, April 19th	Class K, October 18th
Class E, May 17th	Class L, November 15th
Class F, June 21st	Class M, December 20th

Capital Prize, $15,000.00

76,000 Tickets at $1 Each, $76,000.

No Fractions.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Prize of $15,000 is	$15,000.00
1 " 10,000 is	10,000.00
1 " 5,000 is	5,000.00
200 Prizes of.... 50 are	10,000.00
300 " .... 25 are	7,500.00
3,081 " .... 7.50 are	7,702.50
3,584 Prizes, amounting to	$55,202.50

AGENTS WANTED!

For Club Rates or any further information, address J. J. JACOBS, BUTTE, MONTANA, or J. J. JACOBS, HELENA, MONTANA.

REMEMBER that there is a guarantee of $100,000 that every prize will be paid in full; and that $1.00 is the price of a whole Ticket and that one Ticket can draw the whole of any prize.

IMPORTANT!

Buy Tickets from Lottery Agents generally, or Remit by Post Note, Express, Money Order or Bank Exchange, or Express, at my expense for $5.00 or over. Address

m22 J. J. JACOBS, BUTTE, MONT.

GRAND DRAWING OF THE

LOTERIA DE LA BENEFICENCIA PUBLICA,

OF THE

STATE OF ZACATECAS, MEX CO.

A syndicate of capitalists have secured the concession for operating this

LOTTERY,

And will extend its business throughout the United States and British Columbia.

Below will be found a list of the prizes which will be drawn on

MAY 27, 1890,

AT ZACATECAS, MEXICO,

and continued monthly thereafter.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.00

100,000 Tickets at $10.00; Halves, $5.00; Tenths, $1.00; American Currency.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 PRIZE OF..... $150,000 is	$150,000
1 PRIZE OF..... 50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF..... 25,000 is	25,000
5 PRIZES OF..... 10,000 are	50,000
2 PRIZES OF..... 5,000 are	10,000
5 PRIZES OF..... 2,000 are	10,000
10 PRIZES OF..... 1,000 are	10,000
20 PRIZES OF..... 500 are	10,000
200 PRIZES OF..... 200 are	40,000
300 PRIZES OF..... 150 are	45,000
500 PRIZES OF..... 100 are	50,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES:	
100 PRIZES OF..... $150 are	$22,500
100 PRIZES OF..... 100 are	15,000
100 PRIZES OF..... 50 are	7,500
999 Terminal Prizes of... 50 are	49,950
2497	$524,950

CLUB RATES, 6 tickets for $50.00.

SPECIAL RATES ARRANGED WITH AGENTS.

AGENTS WANTED In every town and city in United States and British Dominions.

The payment of Prizes is guaranteed by a special deposit of five hundred thousand dollars ($500,000), with the State Government, and approved by Justo Arechiga, Governor.

Drawings under the personal supervision of Lic. Germinio Arteaga, who is appointed by the Governor as Interventor.

I CERTIFY that with the State Treasurer all necessary guarantees are deposited, assuring the payment of all prizes of this drawing.

"GERMINIO ARTEAGA, Interventor."

IMPORTANT.

Remittances must be either by New York Draft, Express or Registered Letter, American money. Correspondence can be made by express companies or Banks. Tickets sent direct to ma a cement will be paid by drafts on New York, Montreal, St. Paul, Chicago, San Francisco or City of Mexico. For further information address

JUAN PIEDRAS, Manager,

Zacatecas, Mexico.

Apartado 48.

Summons.

In the District Court, First Judicial District of the Territory of Arizona, in and for the county of Cochise.

John S. McLeod, plaintiff, vs. Belle McLeod, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the First Judicial District of the Territory of Arizona, in and for the county of Cochise, and the complaint filed in the said county of Cochise, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The Territory of Arizona sends greeting to Belle McLeod, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the First Judicial District of the Territory of Arizona, in and for the county of Cochise, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons (if served within this county, or if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days, otherwise within thirty days), or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The object of the action is to obtain a decree of divorce and to dissolve the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and the defendant.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the First Judicial District of the Territory of Arizona, in and for the county of Cochise, this 10th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

(SEAL.) A. H. EMANUEL, Clerk.

3-15

PROPOSALS FOR MILITARY SUPPLIES at road stations.—Headquarters Department of Arizona, Office of the Chief Quartermaster, Los Angeles, California, April 8, 1890.—Sealed proposals, in duplicate, will be received at this office until 11 o'clock, a. m., THURSDAY, May 8, 1890, and opened immediately thereafter in the presence of bidders, for the furnishing of full forage and water at Road Stations in the Department of Arizona to passing public teams, and detachments of troops, during the fiscal year commencing July 1, 1890, and ending June 30, 1891. Blank forms for proposals, containing particulars of the supplies required and instructions to bidders, will be furnished on application to this office, or to the Quartermasters at Forts Apache, Bowie, Grant, Huachuca, Lowell, McDowell, Mojave, Thomas and Verde, and San Carlos, Whipple Barracks and Tucson, A. T., and Forts Bayard, Selden, Stanton, Union and Wingate, and Santa Fe, N. M. The Government reserves the right to reject any or all bids. A. S. KIMBALL, Quartermaster, U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster.

WAVES AND MIST.

This is the fancy that thrills through me
Like light through an open scroll,
The waves are the heart throbs of the sea,
And the white mist is her soul.

—William H. Hayne in The Century.

NO LONGER A MYSTERY.

Two miners prospecting in Sulphur gulch, in the coast range mountains, near San Felipe, discovered a grave containing the bones of a woman and many gold and silver trinkets.

This discovery has solved a mystery that for a long time has puzzled the inhabitants of the San Joaquin valley, as there is but little doubt that the remains were those of Zarifa Martinique, the daughter of Jose Martinique, who, fifteen years ago, was sheriff of Fresno county. In a small iron chest found buried by the side of the skeleton were several Spanish coins and a faded photograph which bore the woman's name.

The grave was discovered at the foot of a tall redwood tree at the head of the gulch and was surrounded by bowlders that had rolled down from the mountains above. In the trunk of the redwood were the initials Z. M. and J. R., cut deeply, and as it seemed, with a sharp knife. The remains were taken to San Felipe and buried in a plat in the cemetery, where sleep her father, mother and two brothers.

There is a romance connected with the life of Zarifa Martinique that the pioneer settler of the San Joaquin valley never fails to relate to the visitor. As the story goes she was a beautiful girl, with the grace of an American mother and the heat of Spanish ancestors in her disposition. No man in the San Joaquin valley could hold the bit in a horse's mouth with steadier hand than could Zarifa, and she rode like a queen with or without a saddle. She could shoot with the accuracy of a practiced marksman, and possessed a spirit as fearless as a lion. She was a perfect type of the wild western girl, but the inhabitants of San Felipe, among whom she had been born and reared, loved the harum scarum girl, for there was always a bright smile on her pretty face, and in her bosom beat a heart as tender and sympathetic as that of a child.

At the age of 18 years Zarifa was loved and courted by Octave Morez, a young Spanish rancher in the valley who had accumulated a considerable fortune, and her father was anxious that his only daughter should become the wife of Octave, but Zarifa, when the subject was broached to her, angered her father and astonished her suitor by declaring that her heart had long ago been given to Jack Raymond, and she should never marry if she could not be his wife. Jack Raymond, upon whom the sheriff's daughter had bestowed her affection, was a handsome fellow, shiftless and daring, who divided his time between the gaming table and prospecting for gold among the hills. In the latter pursuit he was generally successful, in the former he was always unfortunate, so that he managed with but little trouble to keep his accounts balanced. No one accused Jack of being bad at heart, but he was looked upon as a fellow absolutely worthless to himself and everybody else. Jack and Zarifa had met, and between the handsome spendthrift and the beautiful girl had sprung up a mutual affection that was nursed until it grew to mad infatuation.

When Zarifa's father learned the trend of his daughter's love, he instituted a series of persecutions against Jack, in the hope of driving him from the country. He was frequently thrown into jail on petty charges, and as often set free after paying a heavy fine, for the courts were with the sheriff and the community was prejudiced against Jack, so that it was a hard matter for him to establish his innocence of any charge brought against him. But he had friends in his own class who stood faithfully by him.

These persecutions on the part of her father seemed only to strengthen the love of Zarifa for Jack, and her dislike for Morez grew into open hatred, which exasperated the young rancher beyond control, and he swore vengeance on Raymond, openly vowing to shoot him on sight if he ever again showed public recognition of Zarifa. One day, while Jack was seated by a table in a saloon conversing with friends, Morez came in much the worse for drink, and recognizing his rival uttered an oath, and, drawing his revolver, opened fire on him. Jack drew his own pistol and with unerring aim sent a bullet through his rival's heart. Knowing his popularity in that community, Jack fled the town, taking refuge in the mountains, and though diligent search was made for him under the direction of the sheriff, the hiding place of the refugee could not be found.

Zarifa never lost track of her lover. In Sulphur Gulch, under the old redwood where her remains were found, the two had met for months, and this trysting place had always been kept a secret between them. Here the two continued to meet after Jack was a fugitive from justice. Zarifa owned a horse, a fiery black animal, the gift of her father, and on this horse she was in the habit of taking daily rides through the valley. So persistently did she continue this custom after Jack's disappearance, and so long did she remain absent each day, the suspicions of her father were aroused, and through carefully following her he one day discovered the tryst, and a week later, with a posse of citizens, managed to capture Jack, who was taken back in triumph to San Felipe and lodged in prison.

Zarifa was inconsolable, for she knew that her father would never be satisfied until Jack was dead, and she knew he had sufficient influence in that community to carry out any plan he might form. She could see no escape for her lover. The jail in which he was imprisoned was carefully guarded, and she could lend him no assistance, but she did not despair. She watched her father with the cunning of a cat.

The sheriff thirsted for Jack's blood, although he knew he had killed Morez in self defense, for he had ruined his prospects for becoming father-in-law to the richest rancher in the San Joaquin valley. His Spanish blood was up to white heat, and he spent day and night in the saloons of San Felipe haranguing against Jack Raymond and urging the citizens to see that in his case the ends of justice were not cheated. The words of the sheriff were effectual, for he was a man of influence and his utterances were not to be considered lightly. One night a mob with their brains aflame with whisky and the fiery speech of the sheriff set out with a rope for the jail, bent on lynching Raymond. The sheriff headed the mob, and this gave them courage. The jail was reached, and the jailer, seeing the determination of his visitors and recognizing in their leader the sheriff of the county, offered but little opposition, and Jack was soon in the hands of the howling mob, the object of kicks, threats and curses.

The night was well calculated for such work. The rainy season had set in, and a sky heavy with clouds hung over the valley. A strong wind came down from the mountains, driving before it a drenching rain. The night was black, and a half dozen lanterns carried by the mob did but little toward dispelling the gloom about them. In the eastern outskirts of the town stood a tall eucalyptus tree, and toward this they dragged their helpless victim. They were soon there and the rope thrown over a limb.

Jack had stood the ordeal without a murmur. He looked defiance at the crowd around him, and when the sheriff asked in a thick voice if he had anything to say before the noose was placed about his neck he replied firmly, "Nothing."

"String 'im up, then, boys," yelled the sheriff, "let's git rid of 'im as soon as we can, it's too d—d wet and cold to be foolin' around here."

The noose was quickly adjusted about Jack's neck, around him was a living circle and at the other end of the rope stood a dozen sturdy men, anxiously waiting for the sheriff to give the signal to settle back on it. He was but a single step from eternity. The half dozen lanterns flittered and gasped in the rain and surrounded the victim with a weird, ghastly halo. "When I count three, boys," said the sheriff, "pull back on 'im," and immediately he cried "one," and then "two," his voice had just begun to swell into the "three," and the men at the end of the rope with tightening muscles had just begun to brace themselves for a "long pull and a strong pull," when there was the clatter of galloping feet and the rush of a black lady through the lines into the middle of the circle. Before the half paralyzed mob could recover its senses the sheriff's daughter had cut the ropes that encircled her lover's neck and bound his hands. She shouted to him to mount the horse in front of her. He was up in an instant, and before the men sent sprawling in the mud by the horse had recovered their senses Jack and the sheriff's daughter were rattling away through the darkness with the speed of the wind toward the mountains. Several shots were sent into the darkness after them, but they went wide of the mark.

From that night to the day her remains were discovered Zarifa Martinique was never seen by the inhabitants of the San Joaquin valley, nor could the retreat of her lover, who became a notorious outlaw, be discovered. Three-fingered Jack, as Raymond came to be known in after years, became the terror of the San Joaquin valley, and no less than seven of the men who had attempted to lynch him were sent to their graves by bullets from his rifle. Eight years ago he was captured in a desperate saloon fight in Red Cliff and hanged for his crimes. Before his execution he sent for Jose Martinique, and in an interview told him that his daughter had lived with him five years, then died, and that he had buried her remains in the mountains near his retreat, where nobody could find and disturb them. On the gallows he cursed Martinique roundly, and charged him with being the cause of his turning his hand against the law and the people.

Jose Martinique became demented and roamed among the mountains, continually searching for the grave of his child. His body was found one morning at the bottom of Sulphur Gulch, where he had died of exposure and exhaustion.—Chicago Herald.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

The once flourishing town of Solitaire, in Arizona, is now entirely deserted. The man who name the town builded better than he knew.—Norristown Herald.

Mme. Patti has decided to learn to play the banjo, and if at any time within the next two months a man with disheveled hair, a wild, haunted look in his dark eyes, buttons missing from his pants and socks that wear a neglected appearance, is found wandering aimlessly around solitary places in Europe, his name will probably be Nicolini.—St. Paul Globe.

A bright newspaper woman in New York gained admission as a lunatic to an insane asylum and remained there a couple of weeks taking notes, which she worked up into a graphic newspaper article. It is suspected that she deceived the physicians in charge by wearing a fashionable bustle as large as a flour barrel and having her hair banged within half an inch of her eyebrows.—Norristown Herald.

Natural gas is a great boon to the people of Pittsburg, but the people there make light of it.—Norristown Herald.

"I was in hopes, professor," said a hospital under surgeon, "that I would be given that leg operation in the poor ward." "No, I assigned it to Young Sawbones, but I'll give you a whack at the autopsy."—The Epoch.

It costs something to die respectably in Omaha. On the case inclosing the body of a man sent from there to Akron, O., for burial, was the following itemized bill, to be "collected on delivery or contents returned:" Undertaker's bill, $60; hospital expenses, $20; physician's fee, $10; liver, $6. The bill was paid, but the rest of the family will get back to Akron in time to die there.—Exchange.

Husband (suffering from influenza)—Do you know why it is, by dear, that colds always add by in the head? Wife (thoughtfully)—Why, I believe, John, physicians hold that colds always attack the weakest spot.—The Epoch.

A Consummation Devoutly to Be Wished.

"Now, George," said his rich uncle, "you know that you are my heir, and if you will only behave yourself at college, do what is right, study hard and graduate with honor, I feel that I shall die happy."

"Dear uncle," responded George, with emotion, "words cannot express my gratitude to you nor the earnestness with which I shall go to work."—New York Sun.

His Money's Worth.

Mrs. Isaacstein to husband at Coney Island—Vot you sthay in dot water so long for, Jacob?

Mr. Isaacstein (teeth chattering and blue with cold)—Dot bath vas twenty-five cents mit no limit. I sthay in so long as I see could, so hellup me!—New York Sun.

Mistaken Her Calling.

"And what does your husband do for a livin'?" asked Mrs. Chatterwell during her first call on a new neighbor. "He's a reporter." "A what?" "A newspaper reporter; he goes about everywhere, learns all the news and takes it to the paper." "And do they pay for that?" shrieked Mrs. Chatterwell, rising to her feet in sheer amazement. "Yes; $80 a month." "Oh, mercy on me! I've lost mer'n $20,000 good money since I've lived in Talkertown!" She makes a straight rush for the newspaper office.—Journalist.

Not a Dead Language.

A traveler in Greece says that the Greek language has never died, some few learned men having always spoken the classical idiom. In that country the newspapers are the chief promoters of the literary language.—Chicago Herald.

The Later the Better.

Passenger—Is this train on time, conductor?

Conductor—One hour late.

Passenger—Well, that's outrageous. I'm in a hurry to get to East St. Louis.

Conductor—Have you ever been in East St. Louis?

Passenger—No.

Conductor—When you get there you will be sorry the train wasn't later.—The Epoch.

As to His Expectations.

"To put this business on a cash basis, Mr. Peduncle," said the father of the young lady, "in case you should marry Irene you must have something to live on. What are your expectations?"

"Why, as to that, sir," replied the somewhat embarrassed young man, "I shouldn't expect much, of course, at the start, though it's kind of you to ask. May I inquire the amount of life insurance you carry?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Dangerous Joke.

It doesn't pay to be too sharp, as a West Side German barber has discovered, for he lost a customer recently by trying to be facetious. He was shaving an Irishman, as he had done many times before, but never without an argument as to the relative merits of each one's nationality. These controversies had always been good natured, but on the occasion in question the barber said, as he finished brushing the Irishman's hair, "Vell, I vas rather shave dree Germans as von Irishman any day in dot week."

"Phat's that?" cried the man from Cork. "Maybe yez hev a sinsible rayson for that same; if yez have, it's more thin I've heard from yez yit."

"You bet I vas had some goot reason," replied the barber, with a broad smile. "I vas got dirty cents for dree Germans, and I vas only get den cents for von Irishman; you see dot?"

The Irishman had argued for months, and had never lost his temper, but to have a joke sprung on him in that cold manner was more than he could stand.—Chicago Herald.

Deathbed Meanness.

From a reader at the south I have the following, which, if rather apocryphal, is at least not half bad:

Your clever account of "Old M.," the old German of the past generation who hoarded his money by pinching and stinting, recalls to my mind an incident in the life of H——, of Baltimore. During the last illness before his death he became unable to turn over in his bed, and though his riches might well have surrounded him with every comfort, he stoutly refused to hire a nurse. He sent for an upholsterer, who was directed to suspend from the ceiling a heavy piece of picture cord. This he was to use to pull himself over from side to side. The upholsterer's charges were seventy-five cents. H—— then told the upholsterer that he had but a few more days to live and asked him to take back the cord at his death for fifty cents and collect the twenty-five cents for the wear and tear from the estate.—Town Topics.

An Evidence of Insanity.

"Mr. Yoder, your daughter Irene has given me her permission to ask of you her hand in marriage; but before I ask for your formal consent you will pardon me if I make the inquiry, as it is a matter of lifelong consequence to me, whether or not there have ever been any indications of insanity, so far as you know, in your family?"

"You say Irene has accepted you, Mr. Hankinson?"

"I am happy to say she has."

"Then, sir," said the old man, shaking his head dejectedly, "it is my duty, as her father, to tell you that I think Irene is showing decided indications of insanity."—Chicago Tribune.

Dark Days Ahead.

Stranger (to Arizona citizen)—What's wrong in this town? It's as quiet as a graveyard.

"A big calamity, pilgrim. Col. Bilks is dead, and I don't see how we'll get along without him."

"Why? Was he necessary to the town?"

"Necessary? Guess so, stranger. He was the only man in these parts that could make a hangman's knot."—Lincoln Journal.

Popularity.

Mr. Small—That man over there makes half a dozen trips down town every day, and scores of women he don't know nod to him and try to stop him.

The Victim—Is he an actor?

Mr. Small—No, a street car conductor.—Life.

Children and Fools.

Mrs. Westerfield—Ah! I am delighted to learn that Mrs. Stuckup and family have returned from the seaside at last. You stayed unusually late this season.

Little Dick Stuckup—Yes'm. The landlord wouldn't let our trunks go.—Philadelphia Record.

UNCLE IKE AND THE BEAR.

A Rock Bottom Fact Story of a Freshet Down in Georgia.

"Speaking 'bout bahs," broke in another, "you nevah hearn tell of my Uncle Ike a tellin of a story that wan't rock bottom fack. He wuz in the Har'son fresh, and got out cypress ovah on Bah Crick when the fresh it come. What he didn't know about bahs the bahs didn't know themselves. He could tell whah the biggest bahs used by the mawks on the trees, and the young bahs by the little mawks. Lohd, wouldn't this fresh 've knocked him all out of jint. He thought that was a big flood, and he usend to tell us boys, 'Pshaw, you young bucks don't know when thar's a big rise in the rivah. You oughten for to have seen the Har'son fresh.' But that ain't comin' to my Uncle Ike's bah story. My Uncle Ike, he was a cuttin' of cypress ovah on Bah Crick, and his shanty was 'pon a high knoll, and the watah had kivered everything in two states, 'cepting that knoll. One night along about the turn of the night thar come a knock on the doh and my Uncle Ike sez 'Come in,' and who should step in but a big black bah. A light was blazin' from a pine knot in the chimley, and Uncle Ike riz up in bed to see who mout come in on him, and thar was the bah, and the teahs was runnin' down his eyes. My Uncle Ike was about to rech for his gun, but when he seed the teahs streamin' down he hadn't the heart to shoot, and the 'pealin' look was too much for Uncle Ike.

"'Drowded out, by thundah,' said my Uncle Ike.

"The bah nodded his head.

"'Hungry as a bah, too,' said my Uncle Ike.

"The bah nodded his head.

"'An' you'd as soon lunch on me,' said my Uncle Ike, and this time he rech for his shootin' iron.

"The bah shook his head and began to cry.

"'I won't play a low down trick on that bah, by thundah,' said my Uncle Ike, 'if he snakes me out. Thar's a pot of hominy ovah by the jam,' says my Uncle Ike to the bar, 'help yoursel.'

"The bah went over and took the clapboards off the pot and went down in it with his nose and eat half of the mess.

"'Go the whole hog,' says my Uncle Ike, 'I'll have another mess inside of it in the mawnin if I ain't inside of you.'

"Well, sah, gentlemans, my Uncle Ike says the bah eat the whole mess, and laid down on the puncheons by the side of the bank, with a grunt. The next mawnin' the watah was lappin' the doh step and was on a stand, and for foh days the bah and my Uncle Ike et outen the same pot. On the fifth day the bah left early in the mawnin', and that night a little aftah the moon riz, while my Uncle Ike was setting by the firelight smokin' his cohncob pipe and wonderin' what had become of his cypress raft and the bah, thar comes the same rap at the doh, and who should come in but the identekittle bar, not a teah in his eyes, but his leetle black eyes shone like a bead, and he lays down a whole hog right by the side of my Uncle Ike.

"'Hog and hominy, by thundah!' says my Uncle Ike. Well, sah, the bah hep' my Uncle Ike in hog and hominy until he took the raft down the Savannah."

"I'm somewhat of a liar myself," said one gentleman, "but I'll not tell my alligator story on this trip," and the disgusted native bid us good night.

"Now, thar's a man admittin' he's a liar himself," said the man who told the bear story, "and you couldn't expect him to believe another man's story, but everybody who knew my Uncle Ike never heard of him telling of a story that wan't a rock bottom fack."—Savannah News.

Distorted.

"Helen, what in the world is the matter with your face? You look as though you might be first cousin to the mikado."

"Why, I've done up my front hair in papers, and I guess it's a little tight."—Harper's Bazar.

Culture's Cost.

Fond Father—I declare, Aggie, you are a perfect fac-simile of your mother when she was your age.

Aggie (just home from boarding school)—Please call me Agonies, papa. As you say, I presume I am a fah simmeel of mamma in her younger days.

Fond Father (communing with himself in the woodshed a few moments later)—Papa! Mamma! Agonies! Fah simmeel! Jumpin Jerusalem! Is that what I pay $150 a term for?—Chicago Tribune.

Keeping It Up.

"It doesn't matter how little you may save," moralized Jiggs, "as long as you put it away regularly it amounts up at the end of the year. Now, I put away 10 cents every night."

"But you can't keep up a resolution like that."

"I have."

"When did you begin?"

"Last night."—New York Evening Sun.

Tired of Stripes.

Boodler (just released from penitentiary, to tailor)—I want you to get me up a first class suit of clothes.

Tailor (innocently)—Yes, sir; something in the way of a nice stripe?

Boodler eyes him darkly, and then orders a pronounced check.—The Epoch.

Rules