

A Sea Song. Hurrah for the sea, where the chowders be...

HATTIE'S HATRED.

"I never look ridiculous," cried Hattie Hall, "but some one appears to whom I am particularly anxious to look...

wrestling his features. "You have learned nothing new, I presume, Mr. Wright," he said...

The Mule and the Bull.

I rode once with some cattle-buyers through the stock ranges of Nevada...

Story by a Fort-Niner. "I tell you what, sir," it was an old forty-year man who spoke...

The Society Novel.

During the last few years the line, "A new society novel," coupled with eulogistic adjectives...

"Is Life Growing Longer?" To be told that under proper conditions we ought to live one hundred years...

Shapely Women.

A staymaker, asked by a reporter if he ever thought of studying women's figures with respect to their nationalities...

The astronomical observatory. Berlin, says a translation from Nya Pressen Helsingfor, a discovery has lately been made...

The Marriage of a Poetess.

The marriage of Miss Ella Wheeler has given the writings something to write about, and we may expect to see a good deal of coarse humor printed...

Bergh's Sympathy for the Mule. Mark Twain tells this story of Mr. Bergh: A lady was talking with Mr. Bergh one day...

A Fierce Battle For Life.

On last Friday a combat between a ten-foot man-eater shark and a seven-foot alligator was witnessed at East pass, near Pilot Cove...

Farm notes: Rest and freedom from annoyance are essential to animals that are being fattened for market...

Hard Glove Fight Between Sparrows.

Beneath a sign, over the door of one of the busiest establishments in Lewisville, there was a sign that read...

Oh, what is the row in Wall street about? And why do you act as if there's a row? As if every broker a slapper?

WIT AND HUMOR.

Always laugh at your own jokes. "If you want anything done well, do it yourself." Little red-headed girls are not from the west, but they all have a color red-dy style about them.