

Table with columns: Time, 1 in., 1/2 col., 1 col., 1 1/2 col., 2 col., 3 col., 4 col., 5 col., 6 col., 7 col., 8 col., 9 col., 10 col., 11 col., 12 col. Includes rates for advertising and transient advertisements.

THE HOSTLER'S STORY.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE. What amused us most at the Lake house last summer was the performance of a bear in the back yard by a chain, which gave him a range of a dozen or fifteen feet. It was not very safe for visitors to come within that circle, unless they were prepared for rough handling.

quiet neighbor was something that happened about a year after that. "There was a roving family of Indians encamped near the settlement; hunting, fishing and making moccasins and baskets, which they traded with the whites. "One afternoon the Red-Sky-of-the-Morning, wife of the Water-Snake-with-the-Long-Tail, came over to the settlement with some of her truck for sale. She had a papoose on her back strapped on a board, another squaw traveled with her, carrying an empty jug.

just followed her instinct, and ran with Johnny in her arms, or dragging him after her, to where her husband was chopping. "Well," continued the one-eyed hostler; "I needn't try to describe what followed. They went back to the house, and Rush took his rifle and started on the track of the bear, vowing that he would not come back without either the child or the bear's hide. "The news went like wildfire through the settlement. In an hour half-a-dozen men with their dogs were on the track with Rush. It was so much trouble for him to follow the trail that as soon as he overtook him with the help of the dogs.

It was at a miner's cabin in Tennessee; a dozen or so of rough, uncouth, unkempt-looking fellows sat over a stove in an atmosphere redolent with cold coffee and tobacco. "Talkin' about your stories," said a grizzly, gray old fellow removing his pipe from between two shaggy masses of tawny hair, while his companions gave each other significant glances—'talkin' about your stories, why, y'e all hear on Bill Hess, him as was killed in '76, a moonshiner, Well, Bill an' me was old cronies. A year after the war Bill, he swalled of a peach pit. It troubled him on a kinder, but no one thought much on't; but Bill's appetite it got stronger and stronger, till at last he'd eat and devour of every thing as what he could lay his hands on. An' the mystery about the affair was that the more Bill he would eat, the thinner did he become.

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Curious Method of Catching Quail. The following passage, from a work called "Sport and Work on the Nepal Frontier," describes the manner of capturing quail in the East Indies: "Traveling one day along one of the glades I have mentioned as dividing the strips of jungle, I was surprised to see a man before me in a field of long stubble, with a cloth spread over his head and two sticks projecting in front at an obtuse angle to his body, forming horn-like projections, on which the ends of his cloth, twisted spirally, were tied. I thought from his curious antics and movements that he must be mad, but I soon discovered that there was method in his madness. He was catching quail. The quail are often very numerous in the stubble fields, and the natives adopt very ingenious devices for their capture. This was one I was now witnessing, overing themselves with their cloth as I have described, the projecting ends of the two sticks representing the horns, they simulate all the movements of a cow or bull. They pretend to paw up the earth, toss their make-believe horns, turn round and pretend to scratch themselves, and, in fact, identify themselves with the animal they are representing; and it is irresistibly comical to watch a solitary performer go through this *al fresco* comedy. I have laughed often at such cunning old herdsmen or shepherds. When they see you watching them they will redouble their efforts, and try to represent an old bull going through all his pranks and practices, and throw you into convulsions of laughter. Round two sides of the field they have a large cage with a decoy quail inside, or perhaps a pair. The quail is a running bird, disinclined for flight except at night; in the daytime they prefer running to using their wings. The idiotic-looking old cow, as we will call the hunter, has all his wits about him. He proceeds very slowly and warily; his keen eye detects the convey of quail, which way they are going, his ruse generally succeeds wonderfully. He is no more like a cow than that respectable animal is like a numskull; but he paws, and tosses, and moves about, pretends to eat, to nibble here, and switch his tail there, and so on manuevers as to keep the running quail away from the unprotected edges of the field. When they get to the verge protected by the net, they begin to take alarm; they are probably not very certain about the peculiar-looking "old cow" behind them, and running along the net they see the decoy quail evidently feeding in great security and freedom. The V-shaped mouth of the large basket cage looks invitingly open. The puzzling nets are barring the way, and the "old cow" is gradually closing up behind. As the hunter moves along, I should have told you, he rubs two pieces of dry hard sticks gently up and down his thigh with one hand, producing a peculiar crackling or crackling sound, pointing to a spring that opens to make them get out of the way of the "old cow." One bolder than the others, possibly the most timid of the covey, irritated by the queer crackling sound, now enters the basket, the others following like a flock of sheep; and once in, the puzzling shape of the entrance prevents their exit. Not infrequently the hunter bags twenty or even thirty brace of quail in one field by this ridiculous-looking but ingenious method.

ITEMS OF INTEREST. A horse-race—Colts. "Branch-houses"—The florists. There are fifty substitutes for coffee, and 129 for tea. The lighthouses of the world are estimated at 2,814. One-third of Chicago's population is German, or of German origin. The man who was lost in slumber probably found his way out on a nightmare. Many of the provincial cities of China have populations of from 500,000 to 1,000,000 each. We suppose no one would care to do without a tongue. But, after all, it is only a matter of taste. Young ladies think they miss it by not, and many a married lady thinks she Mrs. it in being married. The Erie canal was commenced in 1817 and completed in 1825. The main line measures 363 miles in length, and cost about \$7,200,000. The Pekin (China) Gazette, the oldest daily newspaper in the world, was first issued about A. D. 1850. It is still in existence, and is an official journal. A FACT IN ANATOMY. If the moon were like some men, Every night she'd be snoring, For instead of quartering then She would be full all the time. On the Atlantic ocean, during the prevalence of a heavy storm, the extreme altitude of waves above the intervening depressions or hollows was found to be forty-three feet. New Mexico has 1,000,000 head of sheep, valued at \$1,500,000; Colorado 950,000 head, valued at \$1,000,000; Wyoming territory 225,000, valued at \$450,000. The difference between the thermometer on a July day and a meadow lark is that the latter rises three hundred feet, while the former goes up nearly a hundred degrees, above nothing.—N. Y. News. Two lovers at the gate; They linger, linger, linger; He binds the ring of fate— The ring of love and fate— With a kiss upon her finger. —Somebody. One lover at the grate; She lingers, lingers, lingers, "Heigho! this ring of fate," She says, "I've seen of late Upon six others' fingers." —London Courier-Journal. Foolish Every-day Questions—Askin the orange peddler, "Are they sweet?" Inquiring of your friend Smith as to what the weather is going to be in the future time, certain or indefinite. Demanding "What's the news?" with the expectation of getting any answer other than "O-o-h, nothing." Hailing Tom, Dick and Harry with "How'd ye do?" "How are ye?" as though you cared a rush how they did or how they were.—Boston Transcript. A Newswoman's Journalist, in an interesting article on "What a resolute drive, says: "The cattle go to the river for water at noon, with the exception of a few, which remain behind to take care of the calves. One cow may often be seen watching twelve or fifteen calves, while their mothers have gone with the remainder of the herd to drink. After the return of the herd the 'watchers' take their turn. This interesting fact is vouched for by several old ranchmen." David Crockett once visited a menagerie at Washington, and, passing a moment before a particularly hideous monkey, exclaimed: "What a resemblance to the Hon. Mr. X." The words were scarcely spoken when he turned, and to his great astonishment, saw standing at his side the very man whom he had complimented. "I beg your pardon," said the gallant colonel; "I would not have made the remark had I known you were near me, and I am ready to make the most humble apology for my unpardonable rudeness; but"—looking first at the insulted member of Congress, whose face was anything but lovely, and then at the animal compared to him—"hang it, if I can tell whether I ought to apologize to you or to the monkey!" The Custom of "Treating." "Treating" constitutes one of the chief perils attaching to the custom of imbibing spirituous liquors, and there are now few persons who could not, if free from its shackles, restrict the indulgence of their thirst to a decent moderation. A man meeting a group of his friends just as he is bent on obtaining his afternoon allowance of "sherry and bitters" must, if he does not violate usage, and if he wishes to do what is expected of him, ask them all to join him. Suppose the whole party to number seven. Seven drinks are poured down seven throats, willing or unwilling. What is the immediate result of this hospitality? Six other individuals feel themselves mortgaged with an obligation to equal it. There may be a little chat, and then some one says: "Ah, let's have another drink!" Then seven more drinks are poured down seven throats. More talk. Another happy thought by another member of the party. Seven more drinks descend the seven throats. More talk. A fourth inspiration by a fourth participant. Some one who has done his fated duty tries to beg off; has business to transact; ought not to drink any more. His objection is vetoed by the asking party, who is already slightly stimulated perhaps. "No shirking old feller, come on!" Repetition of the gulping act by seven performers. Every one feels the mellowing influence by this time. "Charley," says No. Six affectionately to the genius of the bar, "giv's mother! All hands round!" Enroute the feast of seven men swallowing seven drinks. No. Seven's turn has arrived. The happy relief is near. He happens to be the least experienced of the party. He is already full of bliss. His words are few but expressive. "Set 'em up agin, hic!" Up they go, and then down they go—seven more drinks. Let us see. Seven times seven are forty-nine. And all because one man felt like taking a little "sherry and bitters." Perhaps he goes home to his dinner afterward. Perhaps he don't. Perhaps he fails to see his wife and mother-in-law until the next day. Such is life in a country where "treating" is the custom.—New York Herald.

But what split him for being a

She hardly knew what she did, but

Soak the foot in warm water for a

Relief From a Corn.

A Custom of the Country.

Just before the last holiday week she

Thus matters stood up to a recent