

OUT OF THE WOODS.

Fresh from the People Around Rocky Creek.

Bill Simpkins and His Bird Dogs Make Trouble—Deacon Joiner Comes Up "Most Feloniously Drunk."

The gonebyest and most tremendous fuss and confusionment you ever heard tell of, perhaps, white people, is now going on between the Larys and the Simpkinses. The storm riz down in the Flat Woods one day last week and has been blowing high and fast and furious henceforward.

It is all on account of a dead dog, which in the fullness of life and flesh belonged to Bill Simpkins. Whilst I haven't been down there in the thick of the fuss, as it were, the mainest facts in the case have come to me on the general rounds.

The Wherefores and Whenceance. It would seem like Bill Simpkins sent the dog from town down there for Dan Lary to train in hunting.

"What little I don't know in regards to dogs and guns and such like must be dened out of the books before my day and generation," says Dan, and that settled it. Bill he sent his fine dog right on down to Flat Woods next day, and on the next return mail he got the news that the dog was well stricken with buckshot from a shotgun in the hands of a man by the name of Lary. Dan sent word to Bill that he was mighty sorry but the dog went mad and he was necessary compelled to kill him. But in the main-time Bill had lit out for Flat Woods to see about it—which, he says, that dog cost him \$15 as a puppy and \$50 wouldn't of bought him. Naturally of course he was a heap more sorry about it than Dan, but he didn't git mad till Dan put in to give him all the facts and general circumference of the calamity.

"You ought to know, Bill, that I did mortally hate to do it," says Dan, "but the blame dog was ravin mad, if there is anything in signs, and I felt like it was my private and public duty to kill him on the spot. It was rather early for hunting anyhow, and the weather was sweeter in hot, but I got down my old musket that evening and started over to the swamp, thinkin maybe I might jump some rabbits or pick out a few squirrels. We had got way over there in my pea field nearly to the swamp, and the dog was runnin round and round like he had struck a hot trail and lost it, when all of a sudden like he stopped short and quick as if he was shot and straightened out his tail, tremblin all over, and freeze stiff in his tracks. I loved at first maybe he had et somethin at dinner which went back on him—seein him tremblin all over that way like somethin was hurtin of him powerful. I called and called, and whistled and whistled till my mouth was tired, but he didn't budge nary inch. Then I thought I would go up close and look at him and see if I could tell what was the matter. And, man, sir, it did just natually beat anything I had ever saw. The blame dog was plum paralyzed from the end of his nose clean back to the tip of his tail, and he couldn't move a peg. I whistled and called, but he didn't move. I helleered at him and kicked him, but he didn't stir a hair. Buley, Bill, I don't believe the blame dog could move, and more than that I took particaler notice that he was painin and feamin at the mouth considerable. If that went a mad dog, Bill, then I hope and trust I will never see one. At any rates, he will either foam mad or ravin crazy, and I loved his time had come to die. So I backed off a few steps and cocked my gun and let him have it—which you understand I had put in a lead of buckshot that evenin so as to be ready if in case the dog might jump a turkey or a deer."

The Birds Were There.

"Did you see any birds around there?" says Bill. "Birds?" says Dan. "Well, I should say. And right along there, Bill, is where my huntin luck shows up plum marvelous. When the gun fired a big drove of partridges flushed and riz and blamed if I didn't find three dead ones layin around there on the ground which I had killed with stray shot."

"That was a bird dog—tae finest that ever went to the field—you long-haired, cream-eyed idiot," says Bill, "and you are the durndrest biggest fool in 17 states and territories."

And from that the whole thing started, Bill got hotter and hotter as they went on till he said everything he could lay his tongue to except his Sunday school lesson, whilst Dan held out and maintained to the last that "the durn dog was either foam mad or ravin crazy."

The women folks have now put their fingers in the pie and stirred and talked and talked and stirred, till such another mixtry and messment you never heard tell of. The dog is dead now, and I am in hopes that Bill will recover and let the rest bile down, and cool off and quit.

The Deacon "Feloniously Drunk." One day week before last Deacon Joiner went to town and that night he come up "most feloniously drunk." That was none of my business, and no skin off my shins, you understand, and I wouldn't be spreadin the news now if it hadn't already leaked out promiscuous in the settlement. Every body in this country for miles and miles around knows that Deacon Joiner got drunk. Even the deacon knows that to the extent that he don't utter half way make out like he didn't git drunk. But the most strangest part of the

business is that the deacon now swears and maintains that he didn't drink "narry drop of spirits," so help him God. On Saturday night before the last Third Sunday, which is regular meetin day over at Bark Log—where for somethin better than 30 years the deacon has held forth as one of the shinin lights—they had the old rooster up before the church on a general, sweepin charge of drunk and disorderly.

Now, as I said before, it was nothin to me, and I am the last man in the world to be meddlin and mixin myself up with things that don't belong to me. But it so come to pass that I was over at Bark Log that day and heard the deacon give in his side of the strange and peucurious case. From what the deacon says with his own mouth it was nothin more and nothin less than a plain and regular case of drunk, but the way in which he says it was brung on—that's where the rancid and fishy smell comes in.

The Deacon "Fesses Up." "I will have to own up to it, brethren, that I was drunk—most feloniously drunk"—says the deacon, as he went down into his side coat pockets after his old landana handkerchief and mopped out the salt water which had backed up in his eyes. "But I must go on and tell you—and I would swear to it on a stack of Bibles ten feet thick and a mile high—that I never drunk nary single drop of spirits, so help me God. No doubts it will be hard for some of the brethren to believe that—particularly them that have traveled the downward road for lo these many years and are consequentially famillious with the common way of bringing on a plain, old-fashion drunk. But nevertheless, henceforth and notwithstanding, brethren, I never drank nary single drop of spirits. I have spoke the truth—the naked unwashed truth—and nothin but the truth, so help me God."

"But everybody says that Deacon Joiner was drunk. So he was—so he was—and it was the most filthiest and low downest drunk that has ever come to pass amongst the members of Bark Log church. And yet I never drunk nary single drop of spirits that day."

"How did it come to pass? Well, you see, brethren, I had went to town that mornin, and one of the hands on the place—which his wife and seven of the children was all sick abed with chills and fever—he ask me if I wouldn't be so kind, condescendin and oblige as to fetch him a quart of spirits. So I had got the spirits accordin, and as I hid along the road on my return back home that evening I broke out all over with the mad itch in spots as big as your hand. The more I scratched the worse I got with the itch till it did natually look like I would go slap slam crazy. It was wrong, brethren, I know it was wrong, but I then got mad—mad to think that I had lived in this vain and feeble world close up to 70 years, and then finally at last had to break out with the itch. Some people might maybe call it skin rupture or the exemas, or by some other fancy name, but to me it was the itch—nothin but the itch, and a scoundlous bad case of it. As I rid on it got so bad till I would have to dismount and git down along the road and rub and scratch myself agin the trees like a munny, lousy hog. Then presently I thought about that quart of spirits which I had bought for the sick, and says I to myself, it maybe might cure the itch. So I went down into my saddle bags and got out the bottle, hitched my horse and slipped off down in the woods, crawled out of my shirt and poured on the spirits, and rubbed, till my itchin skin soaked up all the spirits, whereas I felt a whole lot better. I then mounted my horse and rid on towards home. I didn't feel any more sufferin from the itch, but I didn't go more than a mile or so before I felt the spirits powerful. At first I didn't know what in the round created world was the matter with me—I did feel so tremendous loose and mellow and rich and good. But presently I was took with a powerful swimmin of the head, and then I got sick—so ortel, mortal sick. About that time I reckon I must of fell off of my horse, and henceforward after that I didn't know a blessed thing till I woke up at home next mornin with my head feelin as big as a hamper basket, and—and—but I reckon the brethren can see the pint I am drivin at. But the itch was gone—knocked sky high and cured on the first round."

"I have now give unto you all the mainest facts in the case, brethren, and I hope you will deal kind and gentle with me accordin. I am willin for you to know—I am willin for the whole discovered world to know—that Deacon Joiner got drunk—most feloniously drunk. But please remember that I never drunk nary single drop of spirits."

All Lovely at Bark Log. The case was then turned over to a committee of 15. The committee went out and held a confabulation. Finally at last they reported back in favor of findin the deacon not guilty, providin he would promise on his word as a Christian man that he would never more use spirits in a plain case of itch.

Old Parson Travis was there, and whilst he want on the committee, he said if he was in order he would love to make a few scatterin remarks in passin. He was bound to believe what Deacon Joiner said in regards to the itch and the spirits, but yet still he thought it might be the best thing they could do to withdraw church fellowship from the deacon for a few months at any rates. "If you don't do somethin along that line, brethren," says he, "I am fearfully afraid there might be a general breakin out of the itch amongst the members at Bark Log."

But the committee stood flatfooted on their report. The deacon put on his long-meter face and gave his solemn vows accordin. And now once more all is lovely over at old Bark Log.

RUFUS SANDERS.

ARP'S BLUNDERBUSS.

He Fros a General Broadside at People and Affairs.

Tackles Various Topics—Talks of Reforms Religion, Politics, Cycling—Disserates on Paint and Broken Glass.

One time there was a generous, big-hearted man by the name of Col. Griffin, living at Gainesville, Ga., and his heart's desire was to see peace on earth and good will among men. His hand was open as the day to charity, but his chief delight was to reconcile those who were at enmity and make peace between neighbors. He worked diligently along this line for several years and was called the peacemaker, but in course of time he seemed to lose his influence, and if he succeeded in smoothing a quarrel it broke out again. Politics got rampant and church members got at outs, and it took a good deal of his time visiting around and pleading for peace. At last he pondered over the matter, and like old Rip Van Winkle, he "swore off." "I can't do it, judge," he sadly confessed to his old friend, Judge Lumpkin, "I can't do it. I thought I could reform mankind, but I can't. They get worse instead of better. Society is like a mill dam. It is always springing a leak, and as fast as you stop one hole it breaks out at another. Nothing but the grace of God can keep peace among the people, and even that does not seem to circulate in this region, so I have quit."

The judge comforted him and told him not to despair, but Griffin retired from the contest a sadder and wiser man. The strife and slander and backbiting went on, and it took peace warrants to keep the peace. No one man can reform society, and with many reformers it is soon discovered that they need a little reformation themselves.

Henry Ward Beecher was a great preacher and a reformer of social conduct, but fell from grace just as Solomon did. Most of these reformers are in earnest, but there are cranks and are righteous overmuch. Parkhurst brought schism and discord in his church by excessive zeal. Tom Dixon is doing the same thing by dabbling into politics. A respectable minority of his members are silver democrats, and his pulpit talk has insulted them. When a preacher assumes to know it all he loses his influence. Humility is the best credential a man of God can have. Vanity and conceit may not be sins, but they are traits that nobody forgives. Political preachers may get office, but they make enemies, and that is a bad sign. Drawing crowds and creating a sensation is one thing, but saving souls through the power of the Gospel is another. I wish every preacher would let politics alone, for when he abuses the democrats he makes them mad, and it does not reconcile them if he abuses the republicans and the populists, too. It is as if he said: "Everybody is a rascal but me." Of course we all get more or less excited about politics, and let our prejudices get the better of our judgment, and at such times it becomes the preacher to be calm and serene and tolerant and to keep the peace. I see it charged in the northern press that we have no fair elections in Georgia. I deny the allegation and defy the allegation. I have been on the watch for years, and have no reason to suspect that any man, black or white, has been defrauded of his vote in my county. I believe that men have voted who were not entitled to vote, but it was no part of a scheme by the officials or managers, and was wholly unknown to them. I believe that the elections in Georgia are as fair as in any state in the union. The defeated party always cries fraud, but never proves it. Slander is a cheap solace, but is hard to undo, and the further from home it travels the deeper it settles in the public mind.

Intolerance is the bane of society, both in church and state. I was reading to-day some bitter things against women riding bicycles, and in the same paper a temperate sensible article in defense of the sex. It was written by a woman—a lady—and I concurred in all she said. I can see nothing immodest in a girl riding if she is modestly dressed in skirts and blouses, or don't ride at all. There is more immodesty in promiscuous surf bathing and in the round dances of the ballroom than in riding the bike, even in bloomers. A few years ago I was shocked at the idea of any decent girl riding the wheel, but my prejudices have passed away. It now seems a graceful thing to do, and I admire the poetry of their motion. My wife is in love with the wheel, and says that if she could call back forty or fifty years she would have one. Two of her grandsons came over from Rome on their wheels, and one moonlight night she remarked that if there was nobody to see her she would go down to the tennis court and take a round on the fly. "Merciful father! Horrible! Dismal! See your tyrannism!" I exclaimed. "You couldn't ride if you would, and you shouldn't if you could, and you shant even think about it. Now there," and I departed those coasts and walked out in the hall to let my cholera down. Pretty soon the boys came out on the veranda, and I heard her laughing and telling them how she arouses my indignation. So I came back and made out like I was funny, but I want to see me fall off, I reckon, but I'm not going to try it. My time is past for athletics. I can chop wood and roll the bicycle and ride in the quadricycle, but this double spinning wheel business don't suit an old man with a very high center of gravity. It doesn't suit a woman of that kind, either.

But after all the bike is rather an expensive toy. The boys say that a good one will last about two years, and in the meantime the repairs will average a few dollars a year, and so I don't see that it is any cheaper in the long run than a

horse. But the price is entirely too high. A man who knows told me that the actual cost of a hundred-dollar bike was about \$35. I know a broker who sold 42 in three months, and this commission was \$17 on each and a bonus of \$300 extra when his sales amounted to \$3,000. Our people are buying thousands of them, and our money just pours into their hopper like it always does for everything they make and put at us. If it is not a Chicago exposition it is something else, and they keep us poor all the time. But Cobé says: "That's all right, major, for everything is adopted, and the world is obliged to have poor folks to keep rich folks in money. If there wasn't any chickens there wouldn't be any hawks. If there wasn't any rats there wouldn't be any cats, for everything is adopted." "And if there wasn't any girls there wouldn't be any boys to fool 'em," said 'I. "Jes so, azakly so," said Cobé, and he shifted his tobacco to the other jaw.

But I can still work around the house and the garden. The flower pit was dilapidated, and my wife called my attention to it several times. And so yesterday I repaired the broken grass and then got my can of red paint and gave the sash a new coat. It looked fine and I was proud of it, and luxuriated in advance upon the praise she would bestow upon me, but when I came into her august presence she discovered some paint on my pants and vest. "Was there ever such a man in this world; painting in his best clothes—the only decent pants you have got," and she looked afar off and sighed. "Well," she continued, "take them off right now before the paint dries and let me work on them. I never can get you to change your clothes when you are going to do dirty work." So I changed them and she got the benzine and perfumed the room with it, and in half an hour my garments were cleaner than ever. "What makes you do that way," she said. "Why, my dear, I thought I could paint and not get a drop on my clothes, and I feel so much like a gentleman with my best clothes on that I hate to take them off, but I won't do it any more." In course of time she got over it, and I got some praise after all. Things are now calm and serene.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

LONDON'S "TOSHERS."

A Peculiar Class of English Laborers.

Shoremen, or shore-workers, they sometimes call themselves, but their most familiar appellation is "toshers," and the articles they pick up "tosh." They really belong to another well-known class, the mudlarks, but consider themselves a grade or two above these latter, for the genuine tosher does not condescend himself, as they do, to trawling through the Thames mud and picking up old pieces of coal or wood, copper nails, bolts, iron and old rope. The tosher, when the coast is clear of police, makes his way into the sewers, and will venture sometimes for miles in quest of valuables that occasionally find their way into them by the kitchen sink or the street grating. When about to enter the sewers these men provide themselves with a pole seven or eight feet long, on one end of which there is a large iron box, a bag carried on the back or a canvas apron tied round them, and a dark lantern similar to a policeman's. This they stow to their right breast, so that while walking upright through the large sewers the light is thrown straight in front. When they come to the branch sewers and have to stoop, the light is thrown directly at their feet. As they make their way they use their hoe in the mud at their feet, and in the crevices of the brickwork, and occasionally shillings and silver spoons find a temporary resting-place in the bag on their back or in their capacious coat pockets. The toshers generally go in gangs of three or four, both for the sake of company and the better to be able to defend themselves from the rats with which they come near a street grating they close their lanterns and watch an opportunity to slip past unnoticed, for otherwise a crowd of people might soon collect at the grating, whose presence would put the police on the alert. They find great quantities of money, copper money especially, in the crevices of the brickwork a little below the grating, and not infrequently shillings, half-crowns and silver pieces, with an occasional sovereign or half-sovereign. When "in luck" they may find articles of plate, spoons, jades, silver-handled knives and forks, rugs and drinking cups, and now and then articles of jewelry. They generally also manage to fill their bags with the more bulky articles found in their search, such as old metal, bones and ropes. These they dispose of to marine storedealers and rag-and-bone men, and divide the proceeds, along with the coins found, among the different members of the gang. At one time the regular toshers used each to earn from 20 shillings to two pounds a week, but with the construction of new sewers, graded at the mouth, their industry is not so easily exercised, and is consequently less profitable.—London Mail.

Six Female Fall Bearers.

The unusual sight of female pall-bearers was witnessed at Port Jarvis, N. J., the other afternoon at the funeral of Mrs. Helen Gilson Hissam, wife of Frank Hissam, of this place. Mrs. Hissam was a member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, in which organization she took an active part. The members of the order attended the funeral services at the Methodist church in a body and selected six women to officiate as pall bearers. They carried the casket to and from the hearse, the church and the grave, performing the same service heretofore allotted only to men.

A Way of Escape.

"What do you think of all the new decadent literature, Osmund?" "This is a free country, I don't have to think of it at all."—Chicago Record.

A GOOD CITIZEN.

Sam Jones Enumerates the Good Qualities in His Make-Up.

What a Young Man Must Be to Serve His Country Acceptably—No Overproduction of Good Citizens—Demand Greater Than Supply.

It is worth our while in these days of platforms and parties to consider what are the essential elements of a good citizen. The first essential is intelligence. The boy who grows up to manhood untrained and untaught, ignorant of the history of nations and peoples, who could not define the difference between a monarchy and a republic, who does not know the difference between organic law and statute law, who is a democrat or a republican or a populist or a greenbacker, simply because his father was, with a blind adherence to partyism and absolutely ignorant of principles, can never be a good citizen. But the young man who walks up to the ballot box for the first time thoroughly posted on political economy and governmental principles, intelligently expressing his views in his ballot—he starts out with one of the elements of a good citizen.

Another element which lies at the very basis of good citizenship is patriotism, love of country, devotion to her institutions, loyalty to her laws. The highest patriotism in the world is the patriotism that helps protect the innocent, that supports the weak, that which helps the enforcement of law, the punishment of criminals, and allies himself with everything that tends to good government, law and order. I am sure it is not the highest patriotism that lives disregarding of all the best interests of our government and then when the declaration of war is made to shoulder a gun and go to the front and be willing to die for your country. He is a much better citizen who is willing to live for his country. Best citizenship is not expressed in whooping for Old Glory while political speeches are being made or bursting firecrackers on the Fourth of July.

The next element of good citizenship is a good moral character. Let a man live so that every deed and word of his life but furnishes a maxim for universal application, so that if every man did and thought as he did the world would be purer and better. Let a man have personal honesty, commercial honesty, political honesty, and honesty fostered by a good conscience and a determined heart and will, the honesty which makes a man's word his bond. Let him have not only the morality which makes a man honest, but the morality which is made up of the effects of Christianity, which scorns profanity, despises uncleanness and shuns evil associations; the morality which is the result of purity of character, the morality which is able to resist temptation, to conquer the besetting sins of life, and which lifts you above the shafts and slings of your enemies.

Another element of good citizenship so essential is courage—not the courage that makes a town bully of you, or that carries a pistol around in your hip pocket, but the moral heroism which had rather be right than rich, had rather be poor than be a prince, that would rather carry around a good conscience than to own the world—a courage that lifts me above the slavery of partyism and takes me out from under the pressure of machine politics and blind prejudice and makes me what I am because what I am is right and keeps me from doing the wrong because it is wrong. I have no patience with the man who sells out; I have less patience with the man who is scared out. Many a man in this country would be a better citizen if he had the courage to be. Cowardice and contumacy are twin brothers. The courage that transforms opinions into convictions, the courage that follows convictions to the gallows, the block, or the stake—the courage like Saint Paul had when he said: "None of these things mock me; neither count I my life dear unto myself."

Another element of good citizenship is a neighborly spirit. An intensely selfish man can never be a good citizen, but he who looks not upon that which is his own, but upon the things of another, a neighborly disposition which makes him a brother to every man, a father to every orphan, a husband to every widow, a good neighbor who always picks up the wounded man by the wayside and carries him to the inn and foots the whole bill from start to finish. Another characteristic of a good citizen is that he is a man who fosters all good. He believes in the churches, in Sunday-schools, in Y. M. C. A.'s, and in every institution which tends to elevate man and which tends to develop the moral side of man. I have no patience with the American citizen who gathers a lot of bums and thugs around him and who says the church is full of fools and hypocrites, and that Christianity is a failure. I believe an infidel is incapable of being a good citizen, for no man can be a friend to men who is an enemy of God. This country has never elevated an infidel to position or place, so far as I know. Faith in God and a good moral character are essential to good citizenship.

Another element of good citizenship is industry. The man who chooses rational employment and stays by his job, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, is a good citizen—not the little stock speculator who lives on puts and calls, bears and bulls, and ups and downs from the New York, Chicago or St. Louis stock exchanges, or the wheat, corn and cotton future speculations of this country. The man who to-day plowed an acre of corn, or made a pair of shoes, or dug coal from under the earth is a better citizen than any member of the New York stock exchange, everything else being equal. Industry is essential to good citizenship.

Another essential element to good citizenship is sobriety. No habitual drink-

ing man is a good citizen. He furnishes not only a bad example to his own boys but a despicable example to the boys of all other homes. No good citizen will vote for or patronize the saloons, for the saloon is the worst enemy any government can foster or any citizen patronize, for there is not a worse thing this side the gates of predition than an open saloon. The drunkard would not be in the gutter but for the saloons. The saloon would not be in the state but for the law that created it. The law and the saloon and the drunkard would not be in existence but for the legislature that made the law, and the legislature that made the law, that created the saloon, that made the drunkard would not be in existence but for the voter; and after all the voter is at the bottom of every good thing and every evil thing; and when good citizens only vote then we will rid this country of every evil thing and only create and maintain that which is good and that which makes good citizens.

A good citizen is also a man of integrity. His word goes, his promises are sure. You can rely upon them. His word is equal to the bond of a millionaire; his character is worth more than sureties. A good citizen is a man who is a good husband to his wife, a good father to his children, a good son to his mother, a good member of his church, and a man who is faithful in all his relations of life, fostering everything that is good, championing everything that is noble, and everlastingly set against everything that is bad. In every community in America we have good citizens, but we must beval the fact that they are not always in the majority. Good citizens make a good community, a good city, a good state, a good nation; bad citizens make a bad community, a bad city, a bad state, a bad nation. The best service a man can do for his country is to turn out the boys from his home at the age of 21 with all the essential elements of good citizenship. The worst thing a man can do for his country is to turn out his boys from his home as they reach maturity indolent, vicious, lawless rascals.

We need good citizens. The homes of this country can furnish them if they will. There is no demand for horses now. We have largely supplied their places. Very little is the demand for wheat and corn and oats. They say we have over-production, but there is an under-production of good citizens. The demand is great. Let the homes of this country go to work and supply the demand, and the world will be richer and better in the coming years.

SAM P. JONES.

HANK THOMPSON'S DISCOVERY.

He Mistook a Dudo Young Man for an Easy Mark.

One day in the old days at Cheyenne, when it was still the terminus of the great Pacific road, there arrived, all by himself, a young man about 25 years old, who had such a lisp and looked so girlish that the rough crowd looked him over in astonishment. It was Hank Thompson who finally walked up to the young man on the street corner and gruffly demanded: "Say, baby, are you looking for your nurse's bottle?" "Thir, do you address me?" asked the young man, as he straightened up. "You bet! What's yer name, and how did you happen to get lost?" "My name is Hank, thir, and I am not loth! You are very rude, thir!" "You are very rude, thir!" mocked the terror, as he beckoned to the boys to close in and see the fun. "It seems to me, thir," said the young man, as he looked the other over, "that you don't like my looks?" "No, I don't."

"And that you want to pick a futh with me?" "A fuss with a baby—ha! ha! ha!" roared Hank. "Thir, I can take care of myself!" "Don't want any ma to rock you to sleep, eh?" "No, thir, and I want you to go away before I hurt you. When I'm riled I thoot!"

"Hear him—he thoots!" shouted the terror, as he laughed all over. "Say, boys, what is this thing, anyway?" "Wath you referring to me?" asked the young man. "Of course I was! Whose trunk or carpet bag did you escape from?" "Thir, I thee thath you want me to thoot you, and therefore I will thoot unless you go away!" "He will thoot—ha! ha! ha! Somebody git some sugar and a rag—mebbe he's hungry."

"I don't like to thoot, but I thee I must!" said the young man, and before anybody realized what he was at he had pulled out a little popper of a pop and sent six buckshot bullets into Hank Thompson's anatomy. The big fellow staggered about and fell down, and everybody thought he was done for until a doctor looked him over and said no vital spot had been touched. Hank lay with his eyes closed for a long, long time, but he finally opened them and faintly asked: "Boys, have I bin shot, or what?" "Yes, you've bin shot, answered one. "Who did it?" "The young feller that looks like a girl and lisp."

"Great Scott, but you don't tell me!" "Yes, he driv six bullets right inter yer carcass, Hank, and you won't catter about for a month to come." "And it was that feller?" "Yes." "Wall, turn my hie! I've allus heard that nuthin' on the face of this earth could lisp and shoot, too, but the feller that told me hadn't never run up ag'in a baby!"—Chicago News.

Accounting for It. Bunker—I wonder what made Hillber walk out of the church during the sermon. Hill—He must be a somnambulist.—Truth. Feeling the Pinch. "Hello! Why don't you speak to a fellow? Feeling your oats, ain't you?" "No, my corns."—Up-to-Date.