

Fifteen years ago the buffalo ranges of Kansas and Colorado were covered with thousands of these animals.

Tulane university, at New Orleans, to which a New York woman has recently given \$100,000, is to be the recipient of the valuable archives of the Louisiana Historical Society.

"She can't control her tongue" or "He can't control his tongue" are frequently heard in this world where people, being unable to control the very tongues that make use of the phrase, talk a great deal about their neighbors.

"The straightest and probably the best built 400 miles of railroad in the world," says Demas Barnes, just back to New York from Russia, "is between St. Petersburg and Moscow.

"The St. Louis Globe-Democrat relates that while Edwin Booth was in Milwaukee this year he had a very curious experience with an autograph hunter.

When after long battle the prize has been gained, When after long searching the jewel is found, When after long climbing the peak is attained, When after long sowing the harvest is bound.

That's a great note of Jim's, I do think, marrying a church woman. They say she teaches a class in Sunday-school, too, and has a face as flat and solemn as a hat-based pancake.

Tiger-Slayer Simpson, lately back from Bengal, says it is little short of madness to try to foot to come up with a tiger. Though the beast have a ball in his heart he still can charge over a hundred yards, and then strike a murderous blow with his mighty paws.

An ex-Confederate gives the following description of the guerrilla General and ex-Cousin to Hong Kong: "John S. Mosby is a slight, bent, blonde man, with a cold gray eye containing no more expressive than a boy's marble.

one of his old-time jollity of speech and demeanor, and he seemed to retain all his old pleasure-loving disposition.

Still, it came to be noted after awhile that he was not exactly the old Tom. As the years rolled by and three handsome children began to accompany their mother to Sunday-school, and who were so neatly clothed and well-behaved as to call forth the admiring comments of all who saw them, their father grew a trifle more staid and dignified, as one beginning to be somewhat impressed with the more serious aspects of life.

The Lion Hunter's Pet. The story is told of Gerard, the great lion-hunter, that he captured a whelp in the mountains of Jebel-Mozous, Algiers, named it "Hubert," and brought it home as he would bring up a dog from puppyhood.

How George was Captured. You look very much excited, dear," he said, when she entered the parlor where he was waiting for her.

A Sweetheart's Ingenuity. "A minister who used to live here in the town of Perry," said he, "was once visited by another minister on a Sunday, so he killed two ducks and ordered his hired girl to dress and cook them for dinner.

Where to Reside. A good place for anarchists—Bombay. No ring there—Belfast. Free from riots—Concord.

Something He Forgot. When Mr. Jenkins was trying to set a game hen at Point a Prince when the game cock flew in his face and pecked him severely on the left eyelid.

Lincoln's Mother. There is something very pathetic in the story of Abraham Lincoln's loss of his mother when but a little boy, as told in Nicolay and Hay's life of Lincoln.

At night upon the porch roof, flat, The fellows make a clatter, The sleepless boarder yells out "scat!" And they—"don't scatter."

A Gentle Hint. He had been courting her a long time, so long that she began to get tired; so one night she said to him:

Not a Manufacturer. A stranger who had, upon arriving in Little Rock, met a friend, was walking along the street with him.

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smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas-check, and sighted a line for a ringing laugh, and the query from Mrs. Jenkins:

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TWO OLD PEOPLE. Once he was twenty and she only ten, She was a child, he scarcely in his prime; Youth seemed so long, and age so distant then,

But later on they chanced again to meet, And he was thirty and she twenty now; "Why, he is old," exclaimed the maiden sweet,

Moves in the best society—A fan. The first woman in the land—the first woman who was born—Sitting.

Who is rich? And who is happy? Who could be content with less? Let us see—his name is—Pshaw, we've lost the man's address!

The smallest Kingdom. On the northeast coast of the island of Sardinia lies the much smaller island of Tavolara, five miles long and one broad.

Dancing Sand-Hill Cranes. The last time I went hunting I witnessed a scene which I had often heard of but never seen.

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