

A ZOOLOGICAL REPORTER.—His name was not Sniffin, but that will do to designate him in this narrative. He professed to wish to learn to be a reporter, and he was sent out to the Zoological Garden to hunt up an item and to prove what his capacity was. The impression prevails that he never really visited the garden; but, at any rate, he came back to the office late in the day and handed in a "local," which he had entitled "An Extraordinary Occurrence!" When it had been read with amazement by one of Sniffin's superior officers, Sniffin was called in and interrogated:

"Mr. Sniffin, did this thing happen precisely as you state it?"

"Why, of course."

"You saw it yourself out at the Zoological Garden, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Sniffin.

"Well, Mr. Sniffin, it certainly is the most extraordinary occurrence with which I am familiar. You say that 'While the keeper was engaged in feeding the bears the Egyptian opossum, which was hovering over the pits, flew at him and beat him with its wings, and tried to pick out his eyes with its horny beak.' Now, Mr. Sniffin, the most ordinary familiarity with natural history would have informed you that an opossum has no wings, that it cannot hover, and that its beak is not horny. Children usually know these things. Mr. Sniffin, if you ever do observe a winged opossum buoying itself in the air, let me advise you to knock it down with a club. I guarantee that the Zoological Society will give you \$1,000,000 for it, and vote you a medal. Your best hope in life is to reach for that aerial animal."

"I'll do my best," said Sniffin.

"And then you go on to say in your report:—'When the keeper struck the infuriated bird'—referring to the opossum, of course; this is simply maddening—'When the keeper struck the infuriated bird to the earth it was instantly seized by the crane, which was browsing upon the grass plot close at hand. The opossum fastened its talons in the long mane which hung from the arching neck of the crane, and the latter, balancing itself upon its hind legs, held its victim in its teeth and strove to kill the opossum by striking it with its front hoofs. The combat ended by the crane killing the sacred bird of the Egyptians, and then, as the keeper removed the body, the crane walked away, nibbling the grass and whisking off the flies with its flowing tail.' Mr. Sniffin, did I understand you to say that you saw the whole of this transaction with your own eyes?"

"Well I—that is—I—I—"

"O, no matter! It is immaterial, sir. Testimony from a man who talks about the hind legs of a crane, and who accuses it of having a mane and nibbling grass is not of sufficient importance to warrant the taking of much pains to secure it. Hind legs of a crane! Sniffin! I wish you'd sit down sometime and throw together on a piece of paper your general idea of the appearance of a crane. Make a sketch of it. I want to preserve it as a curiosity. But I'm afraid that your career as a journalist will have to come to an end. You are not promising as a reporter. You mean well, of course, but people are getting particular now about the kind of reading that they find in newspapers, and your style makes them feel mad, and gloomy and murderous. If you stay in the business I don't know but that, some day, when nobody's watching you, you may cram in something

about two legged mules with feathers, or anacondas spinning webs in a garret, or sheep storing honey in their nives, or cows tearing somebody limb from limb and flying to their nests in the mountain crag with their booty. It won't do, Mr. Sniffin, it really won't. The people are too fastidious. So I'll excuse you now if you want to leave. Good morning."

HOW JOHN PRINCE JOHNSON HURT HIS DEAR WIFE'S FEELINGS.—John Prince Johnson had an object in getting drunk. John Prince Johnson's wife is not more than nine-tenths an angel according to his story, and he wanted revenge on her. The other day she said to him:—"Get up and dust, and go out and work and earn some cash and help me pay rent and buy wood and keep something in the cupboard."

That was a nice way for a loving wife to talk to a fat husband with a bald spot on his crown. He wanted to sit around and get his breath for the coming campaign, but she didn't seem to care if he worked himself to death. He looked at her across the stove and replied:—"Florida Jane, I'll make you feel bad for saying them words," and he put on his boots and went out into the cold world. When His Honor asked the prisoner if he had any excuse for being drunk, John Prince looked greatly pleased and replied:—

"None at all. Fine me five dollars and she'll have to pay it out of her own money!"

That was his plan to secure revenge. His Honor also seemed tickled when he heard it, and he made the sentence for six months or fifty dollars fine. When Johnson heard the words, his legs gave out and his teeth chattered. He said he had a lame leg, the asthma, a touch of consumption and a taste of dyspepsia, but nevertheless he would go right out and tear ground and throw bricks around and strike a job if the court would let him off. The court wouldn't do it, and Mrs. Johnson, who was in the audience, went out doors saying: "He may howl, and rave, and perspire and expire, but right up there is where he'll roost till his time is out."

VERY DOUBTFUL SUNSTROKE.—Wm. Kerrigan, a laborer, while sawing wood on a summer day, fell from the effects of the heat, and was insensible for half an hour. Mr. Kerrigan explained as follows:

"It is thrue, I was lift insensible, but whether it was the sunstruck or what it was remains to be investigated. I was sawin' wood for Mrs. McDennin. Mrs. McDennin several times came and looked at me as I was a sawin' of the wood in her back yard, sayin' to me:

"William, it is awful hot the day."

"Yer right there," ses I, 'tis powerful hot, Mrs. McDennin."

"Then ses Mrs. McDennin—she standin' in the kitchen in the rear of the house at the time—ses she: 'I finds nothin' like cowlid tay for the bate,' ses she, and she tuck a taypot off the shelf and tuck a schwig."

"Well, she several times came out, and sayin', 'William, the bate is severe,' tuck a schwig from the taypot."

"Prisently, finding the bate oppressive, I went in on my own invitation and tuck a schwig from the taypot. Thin I tuck another, and thin I tuck another, and whin I was finally lifted up from beside me sawbuck, I towld thim that was all I knew about the sunstroke."